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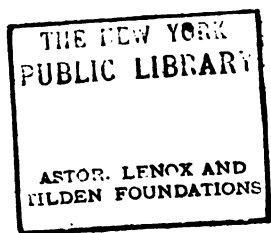
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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. LI.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE THIEVES' CORNER.

AT the foot of the hill on which stands the Campidoglio at Rome, and close beneath the ruins that now encumber the Tarpeian rock, runs a mean-looking alley, called the Viccolo D'Orsi, but better known to the police as the "Viccolo dei Ladri," or "Thieves' Corner"—the epithet being, it is said, conferred in a spirit the very reverse of calumnious.

Long and straggling, and too narrow to admit of any but foot-passengers, its dwellings are marked by a degree of poverty and destitution even greater than such quarters usually exhibit. Rudely constructed of fragments taken from ancient temples and monuments, richly-carved architraves and finely-cut friezes are to be seen embedded amidst masses of crumbling masonry, and all the evidences of a cultivated and enlightened age mingled up with the squalor and misery of present want.

Not less suggestive than the homes themselves are the population of this dreary district; and despite rags, and dirt, and debasement, there they are—the true descendants of those who once, with such terrible truth, called themselves "Masters of the World." Well set-on heads of massive mould, bold and prominent features, finely-fashioned jaws, and lips full of vigour and sensual meaning, are but the base counterfeits of the traits that meet the eye in the Vatican. No effort of ima-

gination is needed to trace the kindred. In every gesture, in their gait, even in the careless ease of their ragged drapery, you can mark the traditional signs of the once haughty citizen.

With a remnant of their ancient pride, these people reject all hired occupation, and would scorn, as an act of slavery, the idea of labour; and, as neither trade nor calling prevails amongst them, their existence would seem an inscrutable problem, save on the hypothesis which dictated the popular title of this district. But without calling to our aid this explanation, it must be remembered how easily life is supported by those satisfied with its meanest requirements, and especially in a land so teeming with abundance. A few roots—a handful of chestnuts—a piece of black bread—a cup of wine, scarcely more costly than so much water—these are enough to maintain existence; and in their gaunt and famished faces you can see that little beyond this is accomplished.

About the middle of this alley, and over a doorway of sculptured marble, stands a small statue of Vesta, which, by the aid of a little paint, a crown of gilt paper, and a candle, some pious hands had transformed into a Madonna. A little beneath this, and on a black board, scrawled with letters of unequal size, is the word "Trattoria," or eating-house.

Nothing, indeed, can be well further from the ordinary aspect of a tavern than the huge vaulted chamber, almost destitute of furniture, and dimly lighted by the flame of a single lamp. A few loaves of coarse black bread, some wicker-bound flasks of common wine, and a wooden bowl containing salad, laid out upon a table, constituting all that the place affords for entertainment. Some benches are ranged on either side of the table, and two or three more are gathered around a little iron tripod, supporting a pan of lighted charcoal, and over which now two figures are to be seen cowering down to the weak flame, while they conversed in low whispers together.

It is a cold and dreary night of December; the snow has fallen not only on the higher Apennines, but lies thickly over Albano, and is even seen in drifts along the Campagna. The wailing winds sigh mournfully through the arches of the Colosseum and amongst the columns of the old Forum, while at intervals, with stronger gusts, it sweeps along the narrow alley, wafting on high the heavy curtain that closes the doorway of the Trattoria, and leaving its occupants for the time in total darkness.

Twice had this mischance occurred; and now the massive table is drawn over to the door, to aid in forming a barricade against the storm.

"'Tis better not to do it, Fra Luke," said a woman's voice, as the stout friar arranged his breastwork. "You know what happened the last time there was a door in the same place."

"Never mind, Mrs. Mary," replied the other; "they're not so ready with their knives as they used to be, and, moreover, there's few of them will be out to-night."

Both spoke in English, and with an accent which told of an Irish origin; and now, as they resettled themselves beside the brazier, we have time to observe them. Faint as the flicker of that flame is, it is enough to show that the woman belongs not to the land where now we see her. Scarcely above forty years of age, but looking older from the effects of sorrow, her regular features and deeply-set eyes bear traces of once beauty. Two braids of rich brown hair have escaped beneath her humble widow's cap, and fallen partly over her cheeks, and, as she tries to arrange them, her taper

and delicately-formed fingers even more strongly still, proclaim her of gentle blood; her dress is of the coarsest woollen stuff worn by the peasantry, but little cuffs of crape show how, in all her poverty, she had endeavoured to maintain some semblance to a garb of mourning. The man, whose age might be fifty-seven or eight, is tall, powerfully built, and although encumbered by the long dress of a friar, shows in every motion that he is still possessed of considerable strength and activity. The closely cut hair over his forehead and temples give something of coarseness to the character of his round full head; but his eyes are mild and gentle-looking, and there is an unmistakable good-nature in his large and thick-lipped mouth.

If there is an air of deference to his companion in the way he seats himself a little distance from the "brazier," there is, more markedly still, a degree of tender pity in the look that he bestows on her.

"I want to read you the petition, Mrs. Mary," said he, drawing a small scroll of paper from his pocket, and unfolding it before the light. "'Tis right you'd hear it, and see if there's any thing you'd like different—any thing displeasing you, or that you'd wish left out." She sighed heavily, but made no answer. He waited for a second or two and then resumed: "'Tisn't the like of me—a poor friar, ignorant as I am—knows well how to write a thing of the kind, and, moreover, to one like *him*; but maybe the time's coming when you'll have grander and better friends."

"Oh, no, no!" cried she, passionately; "not better, Fra Luke—not better; that they can never be!"

"Well, well, better able to serve you," said he, as though ashamed that any question of himself should have intruded into the discussion; "and that they may easily be. But here's the writing; and listen to it now, for it must be all copied out to-night, and ready for to-morrow morning. The cardinal goes to him at eleven. There's to be some grandees from Spain, and maybe Portugal, at twelve. The Scottish lords come after that; and then Kelly tells me he'll see any that likes, and that has letters or petitions to give him. That's the time for us, then; for ye see Kelly doesn't

like to give it himself: he doesn't know what the Prince would say, and how he'd take it; and natural enough, he'd not wish to lose the favour he's in by any mistake. That's the word he said, and sure enough it sounded a strange one for helping a friend and a countrywoman; so that I must contrive to go myself, and God's my judge, if I wouldn't rather face a drove of the wild cattle out there on the Campagna, than stand up before all them grand people!" The very thought of such an ordeal seemed too much for the poor friar, for he wiped his forehead with the loose cuff of his robe, and for some minutes appeared totally lost in reflection; with a low sigh he at last resumed: "Here it is, now; and I made it short, for Kelly said, 'if it's more than one side of a sheet, he'll never look at it, but just say "Another time, my good friend, another time. This is an affair that requires consideration; I'll direct Monsignore to attend to it." When he says that, it's all over with you,' says Kelly. Monsignore Bargalli hates every one of us—Scotch, English, and Irish alike, and is always belying and calumniating us; but if he reads it himself, there's always a chance that he may do something, and that's the reason I made it as short as I could."

With this preface, he flattened out the somewhat crumpled piece of paper, and read aloud:—

"To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the true-born descendant of the House of Stuart, and rightful heir to the Crown of England, the humble and dutiful petition of Mary Fitzgerald, of Cappa-Glyn, in the county Kildare, Ireland—"

"Eh, what?" cried he, suddenly; for a scarcely audible murmur proclaimed something like dissent or correction.

"I was thinking, Fra Luke," said she, mildly, "if it wouldn't be better not to say 'of Cappa-Glyn.' 'Tis gone away from us now for ever, and—and——"

"What matter; it was your's once. Your ancestors owned it for hundreds and hundreds of years; and if you're not there now, neither is he himself where he ought to be."

The explanation seemed conclusive, and he went on:—

"County Kildare, Ireland. Ay! May it please your illustrious royal highness, the only sister of Grace

Geraldine, now in glory with the saints, implores your royal favour for the orphan boy that survives her. Come from a long way off, in great distress, mind and body, she has no friend but your highness and the Virgin Mary—that was well known never deserted nor forsook them that stood true to your royal cause—and being in want, and having no shelter nor refuge, and seeing that Gerald himself, with the blood in his veins that he has, and worthy of being what your royal highness knows he is."

"That's mighty delicately expressed, ye see; not to give offence," said the friar, with a most complacent smile at his dexterity.

"Hasn't as much as a rag of clothes under his student's gown, nor a pair of shoes, barring the boots that the sub-rector lent him; without a shirt to his back, or a cross in his pocket; may at a minute's warning be sent away from the college, by reason of his great distress—having no home to go to, nor any way to live, but to starve and die in nakedness, bringing everlasting disgrace on your royal house, and more misery to her who subscribes herself, in every humility and contrite submission, your royal highness's most dutiful, devoted, and till death release her from sorrows, ever attached servant,

"MARY FITZGERALD."

"I didn't put any address," said the Fra, "for, you see, this isn't one of the genteelst quarters of the town. Here they are, Mrs. Mary—here they are!" cried he, suddenly, and while he spoke, the hasty tramp of many feet, and the discordant voices of people talking noisily, was heard from without.

"Sangue dei Santi!" shouted a rude voice, "is this a fortress we have here, or a public tavern?" and, at the same instant, a strong hand seized the table in the doorway and overwhelmed it on the floor.

The fellow who thus made good his entrance, was tall and muscular, his stature seeming even greater from the uncouth covering of goat-skins, which in every conceivable fashion he wore around him, while in his hand he carried a long lance, terminating with a goad, such as are used by the cattle-drivers of the Campagna.

"A hearty reception, truly, Signora Maria, you give your customers," cried he, as he strode into the middle of the chamber.

"It was as a barrier against the storm, not against our friends——"

"Ha, you there, Fra Luke!" shouted the other, interrupting him, while he burst out into a fit of coarse laughter. "Who could doubt it, though; wherever there's a brazier, a wine-shop, and a pretty woman, there you will find a Frate! But come in, lads," added he, turning once more towards the doorway; "here are only friends—neither spies nor Swiss amongst them."

A ragged group of half-starved wretches came now forward, from one of whom the first speaker took a small leathern portmanteau that he carried, and threw it on the table.

"A poor night's work, lads," said he, unstrapping the leather fastenings around it; "but these travellers have grown so wary now-a-days, it's rare to pick up any thing on the Campagna; and what with chains, bolts, and padlocks around their luggage, you might as well strive to burst open the door of the old Mamertine Prison yonder. There's no money here, boys—not a baiocco—nor even clothes, nothing but papers. *Maladizione* be on those who ever taught the art of writing!—it serves for nothing but to send brave men to the galleys."

"I knew he was a courier," said a small decrepit-looking man, with a long stiletto stuck in his garter, "and that he could have nothing of any use to us."

"Away with the trunk, then; throw it over the parapet into the ditch, and make a jolly blaze with the papers. Ah, Signora Maria, time was when a guidatore of the Campagna seldom came back at night without his purse filled with sequins. Many a gay silk kerchief have I given a sweetheart, ay, and many a gold trinket, too, in those days. Cattle-driving would be but a poor trade, if the Appian Way didn't traverse the plain." While he spoke he continued to feed the flame with the papers, which he tore and threw on the burning charcoal. "Heap them on the fire, Fra, and don't lose time spelling out their meaning. You get such a taste for learning people's secrets at the confessional, you can't restrain the passion."

"If I mistake not," said Fra Luke, "these papers are worth more than double their weight in gold. They treat of very great matters, and are in the writing of great people."

"Per Bacco! they shall never bring me to the galleys, that I'll swear," cried the herdsman. "Popes and Princes would fret little about me when they gained their ends. There, on with them, Fra. If I see you steal one of them inside those loose robes of yours, by the blood of the martyrs, I'll pin it to your side with my poniard."

"You mangy, starved hound of a goatherd," cried Fra Luke, seizing the massive iron tongs beside him; "do you think it's one of yourselves I am, or that I have the same cowardly heart, that can be frightened because you wear a knife in your sleeve. May I never see glory, if I would'nt clear the place of you all with these old tongs, ay, and hunt every mother's son of you down the alley." The sudden spring forward as he said this, seeming to denote an intention of action, so appalled his hearers that they rushed simultaneously to the door, and, in all the confusion of terror, fled into the street, the herdsman making use of all his strength to cleave his way through the rest.

"Think of the Vendetta, Fra Luke! They never forgive!" cried the woman, in a voice of anguish.

"Faix, it's more of the police, I'm thinking, Mrs. Mary," said the friar. "You'll see, them fellows will be off now, to bring the Swiss guard. Burn the papers as fast as you can; God knows what mischief we're doing, but we can't help it. Oh, dear! isn't it a sin and a shame? Here's a letter, signed Alberoni, the great Cardinal in Spain. Here's two in English, and what's the name—Watson, is it? No; Wharton, the Duke of Wharton, as I live! There, fan the coals; quick, there's no time to lose. Oh, dear, what's this about Ireland? I must read this, Mrs. Mary, come what may. 'Cromarty says that the P—— regrets he didn't try Ireland in place of Scotland. Kelly persuades him that the Irish would never have abandoned his cause, for any consideration for themselves or their estates.' That's true, any how," cried the Fra. "And that as long as he only wanted rebellion, and did not care to make them loyal

subjects, the Irish would stand to him to the last.' Faix, Kelly's right!" murmured the Fra. "'The Scotch, besides, grow weary of civil war, and desire to have peace and order; while the others think fighting a Government the best diversion at all, and would ask for nothing better than its continuance. For these reasons, and another that is more of a secret, the Prince is sorry for the choice he made. As to the secret one: there was a certain lady, of good family, one of the best in the Island, they say, called Grace Fitzgerald——'"

A shriek from the woman arrested the Fra at this instant, and with a spring forwards, she tore the paper from his hand to read the name.

"What of her—what of Grace?" cried she, in a voice of heart-rending anxiety.

"Be calm, and I'll read it all, Mrs. Mary. It was God's will, may be, put this into our hands to-night. There, now, don't sob and agitate yourself, but listen. 'She followed him to France,'" continued he, reading.

"She did—she did!" burst out the other, in a passion of tears.

——"To France, where they lived in retirement, at the Château de Marne, in Brittany. Kelly says they were married, and that the priest who solemnised the marriage was a nephew of Cardinal Tencin, called Danneton, or Banneton, but well known as Father Ignatius, at the Seminary of Soissons. To his own dishonour and disgrace, and perhaps to his ruin also, this happy union did not long continue. He was jealous at first; at last he neglected her. Be this as it may, Godfrey Moore and O'Sullivan broke with him for ever, on her account; and Rutledge tore his patent of Baron to pieces, and swore, to his face, that one who could be so false to his love, could be little relied on in his friendship."

"Who writes this, Fra Luke? Who knew these things so well?" cried the woman.

"It is signed 'R. W.,' and dated from Ancona, something more than ten years back. The remainder treats of money matters, and of names that are new to us. Here is the postscript: 'You are right in your estimate of him—too right; still I am inclined to think that Kelly's influence has worked more ill than all his misfortunes.

They drink together all day, and even his brother cannot see him without his permission; and if you but saw the man—coarse, low-minded, and ill-educated, as he is—so unlikely in every way to have gained this ascendancy over one of cultivated taste and refinement; but Kinloch said truly, "What have your Royal Highness's ancestors done, that God should have cursed you with such companionship!" To what end, then, this new plan—this last attempt to avert failure? I'll go, if I must, but it will be only to expose myself to the same imper tinences as before."

"I wish I could make out his name, or even to whom it was addressed; but it is only inscribed 'G. H., care of Thomas Foster.' Is that any one coming, Mrs. Mary?"

"No, it's only the wind; it often sounds like voices moaning through those old corridors," said the woman, sorrowfully. "You'll keep that letter safe, Fra Luke?"

"That I will, Mrs. Mary. I'll put it now with the rest, in that old iron box in the wall behind the chimney."

"But if we should have to leave this?"

"Never fear, I'll take care to have it where we can come at it." He paused for a second or so, and then said, "Yes, you can't stay here any longer; you must go at once, too."

"Let it be, then, to some spot where I can see him," cried she, eagerly. "I've borne the misery of this gloomy spot for years back, just because that each day he passes near my door. Down the Capitoline, to the old Forum, is their walk; and how my heart beats as I see the dark procession winding slowly down the hill, till my eyes rest on him—my own dear Gerald. How proudly he steps in all his poverty!—how sorrowful in his youth! What would I not suffer to speak to him—to tell him that I am the sister of his mother—that he is not all forgotten or forsaken, but that through long days and nights I sit to think on him."

"But you know this cannot be, as yet."

"I know it—I know it," cried she, bitterly. "It is not to a home of crime and infamy—to such pollution as this—I would bring him. Nor need this any longer be endured. The slavery is now unrecompensed. I can

earn nothing. It is four months since I last sent him a few pauls."

"Come, come, do not give way thus; to-morrow may be the turn to better fortune. Ask of the Virgin to aid us—pray fervently to those who see our need, and hope—ay, hope, Mrs. Mary, for hope is faith."

"My heart grows too cold for hope," said she, with a faint shudder; and then, with a low "good night," she

lighted the little lamp that stood beside her, and ascended the narrow stairs to her room, while the Fra proceeded to gather up the papers that lay scattered about; which done, he listened for a while, to ascertain that all was quiet without; and then, drawing his cowl over his head, set out for his humble home—a small convent behind the Quirinal.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LEVER.

FOR many a year after the failure of the Jacobite expedition—long after all apprehension from that quarter had ceased to disturb the mind of England—the adherents of Charles Edward, abroad, continued to plot, and scheme, and plan, carrying on intrigues with nearly every court of Europe, and maintaining treasonable intercourse with all the disaffected at home. It would, at first sight, seem strange that partisans should maintain a cause which its chief had virtually abandoned as hopeless; but a little consideration will show us that the sympathy felt by foreign Governments for the Stuarts was less based on attachment to their house, than a devotion to the religious principles of which they were the assertors. To Catholicize England was the great object at heart—to crush that heresy, whose right of private judgment was as dangerous to despotism as to bigotry—this was a cause far too portentous and important to be forsaken for any casual check or momentary discouragement. Hence, for years after the hopes of the Pretender's friends had died out in Scotland, his foreign followers traversed the Continent on secret missions in every direction, exerting at times no slight influence even in the cabinets we believed to be best affected towards us.

There was, it is true, nothing in the state of Europe generally, nor of England itself, to revive the hopes of that party. Of the adherents to the Stuart cause, the stanchest and the best had paid the penalty of their devotion; some were exiles, and some, like Lord Lovatt, had purchased safety by dishonour, but scarcely one was to be found ready to peril life and fortune once more in so barren an enterprise.

None, indeed, expected that "the king should have his own again," but many thought that the claim of a disputed succession might be used as a terrible agency for disturbance, and the cause of a dethroned monarch be made an admirable rallying-point for Catholic Europe. These intrigues were carried on in every court of the Continent, but more especially at Rome and Madrid, between which two capitals the emissaries of the Prince maintained a close and frequent intercourse.

With all the subtlety of such crafty counsellors, every question of real moment was transacted in the strictest secrecy, but all trivial and unimportant affairs were blazoned forth to the world with a degree of display that seemed to court publicity. In this way, for instance, every eventful era of the Stuart family was singled out for observance, and the ceremonies of the Church were employed to give the epochs a due solemnity. It is to an occasion of this kind we would now invite our reader's presence—no less a one than the birthday of Charles Edward.

From an early hour on the morning of the 20th of December, 178—, the court-yard of the Altieri Palace was a scene of unusual stir and movement. Country carts, loaded with orange-trees and rare plants from the conservatories of the princely villas around Rome, great baskets of flowers—bouquets which had cost a twelvemonth's care to bring to perfection—were unpacking on every side, while delicious fruits and wines of extreme rarity were amongst the offerings of the auspicious day. Servants in the well-known livery of every noble house, passed and repassed, and the lodge of the porter was besieged by crowds, whose rank not entitling them to be presented,

were still desirous of testifying by their names their respect for the exiled majesty of England. The street front of the palace was decorated with gorgeous hangings from all the windows, some emblazoned with the armorial insignia of royalty, some with the emblems of different orders of knighthood, and some simply with the fleur-de-lis or the cross of St. Andrew. A guard of honour of the Pope's Swiss stood at the gate, and two trumpeters, with two heralds in full costume, were mounted on white chargers within the arched entrance, ready, when the clock struck eleven, to proclaim the birthday of the king of England.

For years back the occasion had been merely marked by a levee, at which the Prince's personal friends and followers were joined by a few cardinals and one or two of the elders amongst the noble families; but now, from some unexplained reason, a greater display was made, and an unusual degree of splendour and preparation showed that the event was intended to be singled out for peculiar honour. Picquets of dragoons, stationed at intervals through the neighbouring streets, also showed that measures were taken to secure public tranquillity, and prevent the inconvenience that might arise from overcrowded thoroughfares. That such precautions were not unneeded, the dense mass of people that now crowded the streets already showed.

Few, indeed, of the assembled multitude knew the meaning of the ceremonial before them. To most, the name of England was like that of some fabulous dream-land. Others clearly saw some vassalage to the Pope in this temporary display of royalty; a yet smaller number looked on with compassionate sorrow at this solemn mockery of a state so unreal and unsubstantial. Meanwhile, a certain cautious reserve, a degree of respectful quiet, pervaded all the arrangements within the palace. The windows of the apartments occupied by the Prince were still closed, and the noiseless tread of the servants, as they passed in that direction, showed the fear of disturbing him. For above a year back Charles Edward had been suffering severely from ill health. Two attacks of apoplexy, one following quickly on the other, had left him weak and debilitated, while from the abandonment

of his habits of dissipation, enforced by his physician, there ensued that low and nervous condition, the invariable penalty exacted from debauchery.

He had lived of late years much secluded from society, passing his time in the company of a few intimates whose character and station were, indeed, but ill adapted to his rank. Of these, the chief was a certain Kelly, an Irishman, and a friar of the order of Cordeliers, with whom the Prince had become acquainted in his wanderings in Spain, and by whose influence he first grew attached to habits of low dissipation. Kelly's recommendations to favour were great personal courage, high animal spirits, and a certain dashing recklessness, that even to his latest hour had a fascination for the mind of Charles Edward. Perhaps, however, there was nothing in Kelly's character which so much disposed the Prince towards him, as the confidence—real or pretended—with which he looked forward to the restoration of the exiled family, and the return of the Stuarts to the throne of England. The prophecies of Nostradamus and the predictions of Kelly fostered hopes that survived every discomfiture, and survived when there was really not even a chance of their accomplishment. This friar had become, in fact, though not formally, the head of the Prince's household, of which he affected to regulate the expenditure and watch over the conduct. The reckless waste, however, that prevailed; the insubordination of the servants; and the utter disorganization of every thing, were far from being complimentary to his administrative powers.

The income of the Prince was small and precarious. The sums contributed by Spain came irregularly and late. The French contingent was scarcely better paid. The Roman portion alone could be relied upon to maintain the cost of a household, which, for its ill management and profusion was the scandal of the city. There were many rumours current of Kelly's financial resources—traits of pecuniary strategy which might have shamed a Chancellor of the Exchequer; but these, of course, were difficult to prove, and only natural to prevail on such a subject. Although there is abundant evidence of the man's debasement and immorality, it is equally well known that he amassed no wealth in the service of

the Prince. We have been somewhat prolix in this reference to one who is not a chief figure in our picture, but without whom any sketch of the Pretender's household would be defective. The Fra Laurentio, as he was called, was indeed a person of importance, nor was any name so often uttered as his on the eventful morning we have referred to.

Soon after ten, a certain movement in the streets, and the appearance of the dragons waving back the populace, showed that the visitors were about to arrive; and at last a stately old coach, containing some officials of the Pope's household, drove into the courtyard. This was quickly followed by the judges of the superior courts and the secretaries of the tribunals, to whom succeeded a long line of Roman nobles, their sombre equipages broken occasionally to the eye by the scarlet panels of a cardinal, or the emblazoned hammercloth of a foreign ambassador. Despite the crowd, the movement, the glitter of uniform, and the gorgeous glare of costume, there was an air of indescribable gloom in the whole procession. There was none of that gorgeous courtesy, that look of pleasure, so associated with the trace of a royal birthday; on the contrary, there was an appearance of depression—almost of shame—in the faces of the principal persons, many seeming to shrink back from the gaze and retire from the chance mention of their names by the people in the street, as they passed.

Amongst those who watched the proceedings with a more than common interest, was a large burly man in the brown robe of a Carthusian, and whose bald, bare head overtopped the surrounders. Closely stationed near the gate, he had formed an acquaintance with a stranger who seemed familiar with almost every face that came by. The friar was our friend Fra Luke; and truly his bluff, honest features, his clear blue eye, and frank brow, were no unpleasing contrast to the treacherous expressions, and gaunt, sallow cheeks on either side of him. Few of the names were familiar to the honest Carthusian; and it is but truth to say, that he heard of the great Spanish diplomatist, Guadalaraza, the wily Cardinal Acquavesia, and the intriguing envoy, Count Boyer, without a particle of interest in them; but when his inform-

ant whispered, "There goes the Earl of Dunbar, that sallow-faced man in deep mourning; that, yonder, is the Irish chieftain, O'Sullivan," then the friar's eyes brightened, and his whole countenance gleamed with animation and excitement. This faithful adherent to the Stuart cause was now in his eighty-seventh year, but still carried himself erect, and walked with the measured step of an old soldier; his three-cornered hat, trimmed with ostrich feathers, and wide-skirted blue coat, turned up with red, recalling the time of Louis XIV., of whose court he had once been a distinguished ornament. Soon after him came Mac Niel of Barra, a tall, harsh-visaged man, but whose muscular figure and well-knit limbs were seen to great advantage in the full dress of a highland chieftain. He was preceded by the piper of his clan, and a henchman, with a pistol, on full cock, in his hand, walked after him. A few of lesser note, many of whom exhibited unmistakable signs of narrow fortune, came after these. It was a group which had gone on diminishing each year, and now, by the casualties of death, sickness, and exile, had dwindled down at last to scarcely a dozen; and even of these few, it was plain to see, some were offering the last homage they were ever like to render on earth.

Equipage after equipage rolled into the court; and although a vast number had now arrived, the rumour ran that the windows of the Prince's apartment were still closed, nor was there any sign of preparation in that part of the palace. The vague doubts and surmises which prevailed amongst the crowd without were shared in by the guests assembled within doors. Gathered in knots, or walking slowly along through the vast salons, they conversed in low whispers together—now stopping to listen for any thing that might indicate the approach of the Prince, and then relapsing into the same muttering conversation as before. So estranged had Charles Edward lived latterly from all his former associates, that it was in vain to ask for any explanation from those whose titles implied the duties of his household; and Keith, Murray, Mac Niel, and Upton frankly avowed that they were as great strangers within those walls as any of those who now came to offer their formal compliments. Kelly alone, it would



seem, by the frequent mention of his name, could account for the Prince's absence; and yet Kelly was not to be found.

Ill regulated and ill ordered as were all the arrangements of that household, there seemed something beyond all bounds in this neglect of fitting courtesy; and many did not scruple to say aloud how deeply they felt the insult. At one moment they half resolved on deputing a message to the chamber of the Prince; at another they discussed the propriety of departing in a body. Various opinions were given as to the most fitting course to follow; in the midst of which, their debate was interrupted by the hoarse flourish of trumpets without, and the loud-voiced proclamation by the heralds, "that his Majesty of England had entered in his fifty-second year." A faint cheer—the tribute of the careless crowd in the street—and a salvo of cannon from the Quirinal, closed the ceremony, and all was still—so still that for some seconds not a word was heard in those thronged and crowded salons.

"Ma foi," cried Count Boyer, at last, "I suppose we may go home again. Not ours the fault if our duty has not been offered with sufficient respect."

"My master," said the Spanish envoy, haughtily, "will probably think my patience but little deserving of his praise."

"And I," said a German baron, all covered with decorations, "have brought this letter of gratulation from the Margrave of Baden, and, for aught I see, am like to carry it back to his Serene Highness."

"As for me," said Count Bjosterna, the Swedish minister, "I serve a master who never brooked an insult; and lest this should become such, I'll take my leave."

"Not so, Messieurs," cried O'Sullivan, stepping forward, and placing himself in front of the door. "You have come here to pay my master, the king of England, certain marks of your respect. It is for him to choose the time he will accept of them. By heaven! not a man of you shall leave this till his good pleasure in that matter be known."

"Well said, O'Sullivan," said General Upton, grasping the old man's hand; while Mac Niel and some other chieftains pushed forward and ranged

themselves before the door in solemn silence.

"Nay, nay, gentlemen," interposed the Cardinal-Secretary, Gualtieri—a man whose venerable appearance commanded universal respect; "this would be most unseemly on every hand. We are all here animated by one feeling of sincere deference and attachment to a great prince. There may be good and sufficient reasons why he has not received our homage. It would ill become us to inquire into these. Not enough for us that our intentions are those of respectful duty; we must mark, by our conduct, that we appreciate the rank of him to whom we offer them." To these words, uttered aloud, he added something in a whisper to the principal persons at either side; and, seeming to yield to his instances, they fell back, while O'Sullivan, bowing respectfully to the cardinal, in token of acquiescence, moved slowly away, followed by the chieftains.

This little incident, as may be supposed, contributed nothing to remove the constraint of the scene; and an almost unbroken stillness now prevailed, when at length a carriage was seen to drive from the court-yard.

"There goes Monsignore Alberti," said Count Boyer. "Where the secretary of the Pope gives the initiative, it is surely safe to follow. My duty is paid." And so saying, and with a deep obeisance to all at either side of him, he passed out. The Spanish minister followed; and now the whole assemblage gradually moved away, so that in less than an hour, except O'Sullivan, Mac Niel, and a few highland chieftains of lesser note, the salons were deserted, and none remained of all that crowded mass which so late had filled them.

"One might be tempted to say that there was a curse upon this cause," said Mac Niel, sternly, as he threw himself down into a seat. "Who ever saw a morning break with brighter hopes; and see, already scarcely an hour past the noon, and they are all gone—wafted to the winds."

"No, no, Mac Niel," said O'Sullivan, gravely; "you are wrong, believe me; these butterflies knew well that it was only a gleam of sunshine, not a summer. The hopes of the Stuarts are gone for ever."

"Why are you here, then, if you

think so?" cried the other, impetuously.

"For that very reason, sir. I feel as you and all these gentlemen here do—that fidelity is a contract made for life."

"They were the luckiest that closed that account first," muttered one of the lairds, half aloud. "By my saul, Colloden wasn't colder lying than the Campagna!"

"Come along, we may as well follow the rest," said Mac Niel, rising. "Will you dine with us, O'Sullivan? Mac Allister and Brane are coming."

"No, Mac Niel. I have made this anniversary a day of fasting for many a year back. I took a vow never to taste meat nor wine on this festival, till I should do so beneath the king's roof, in his own land."

"Ye're like to keep a black Lent o' it, then," muttered the old laird, with a dry laugh, and shuffled along after his chieftain, as he led the way towards the door.

O'Sullivan waited till they had gone; and then, with a sad glance around him, as if like a leave-taking, left the palace, and turned homeward.

#### BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.\*

THE history of civilization in England has sprung, like Pallas, armed from the brain of its author. No premonitory pains prepared us for such a birth. When my Lord Macaulay has retired from Parliament, or Mr. Dickens has gone to winter in Paris, we are prepared for the birth of another delightful volume of historical fiction, or fictitious history, as the case may be. The favoured correspondent of the *Athenæum* has seen the *layette* of the long-expected book, and confidentially whispers that it has kissed the blessed babe, passing in sheets between Pater-noster-row and the Albany.

But Mr. Buckle has taken the world by surprise. Unannounced by the *Athenæum*, unexpected by students of history, the future historian of England has brought forth his introductory volume. It is a goodly octavo, extending to 854 pages; and were this all, we should acknowledge that Mr. Buckle deserved a place among the historians of England. But this is only a part of a general introduction, preparatory to the work itself. Before attempting to write the history of civilization in England, Mr. Buckle considers he must first take a view of civilization in general, and then of its particular aspects in France, Spain, Germany, and Scotland. If the rest of the work is constructed on the same scale as the introduction, Mr. Buckle must either live longer or

write faster than other historians have done. But the days of man's age are but three score years and ten. Sydney Smith warned Dr. Parr, who spent ten years on a pamphlet, forgetting that the age of antediluvians was over—"Look on Noah's ark, and be brief."

Mr. Buckle must beware of spending his strength on the *façade*, and exhausting himself and his reader before he approaches the main pile of the building. There is nothing in worse taste than those Palladian churches, so common in Rome, in which the *façade* overtops the roof of the building, and an imposing front is seen from the street—

"Which, like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

We could dispense with Mr. Buckle's theories of civilization, on condition that he lays before us the facts of its rise and progress in England: "*Festinat al eventum*" should sound in his ears as a warning to proceed. He should remember that, to an insular people as we are, the civilization of France, Germany, or Spain can only throw a side light. Such as we are we made ourselves, without much help from our continental neighbours. Our Reformation was our own—our great Rebellion was the first of its kind; and for a long time we were thought of in Europe as those ferocious island-

\* *History of Civilization in England*. By Henry Thomas Buckle, vol. i. London: John W. Parker and Son.

ers who had cut off one of their king's hands, and would end with hanging another. All up the rugged steep of constitutional freedom we have clambered on alone—we have had no guide but our own daring spirit of liberty; and, therefore, in writing our history, there is less need to explore the passes by which others have attempted the same heights as ourselves, and often so signally failed.

But Mr. Buckle has undertaken to write the history of English civilization after a method of his own; and, therefore, it is only fair that he should be judged by that method.

Our civilization is either a chance medley of persons and things—a fortuitous concurrence of atoms of coal and units of men dropped on our coast from Jutland or Gaul; or it is the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God; or, lastly, it is the result of certain antecedents, physical and moral, which, if we can trace them out, will give us that complex thing, modern English civilization.

On one of these three hypotheses men have accounted for the greatness of England; more often they have combined the three together in a kind of medley, half religious, half scientific, which, if not very exact, has been hitherto found satisfactory enough. Mr. Emerson, as a good, popular instance of this philosophy made easy, is worth quoting:—"Nature held counsel with herself, and said, 'My Romans are gone. To build my new empire, I will choose a rude race, all masculine, with rude strength. I will not grudge a competition of the roughest males. Let buffalo gore buffalo, and the pasture to the strongest; for I have work that will require the best will and sinew. Sharp and temperate northern breezes shall blow to keep that will alive and alert. The sea shall disjoin them from others, and knit them to a firm nationality: it shall give them markets, border wars, seafaring sea risks, and the stimulus of gain.'"

The philosophy of history has been thus taken up by a class of popular lecturers whom the awful face of exact science would scare away. The favourite theory on which this arm-chair philosophy of history is constructed is that of race. "Races," they say, "are imperishable, but nations are pliant." By the dexterous use of two words, "des-

tiny" and "race," a whole philosophy of history may be drawn out, like a sovereign, by a wire-drawer, to make a girdle round the globe. The word destiny satisfies the theological side of the question, and race the physical; so that the divine and human ends of history meet and kiss each other. But what, after all, do the varieties of race mean? What, for instance, is the Anglo-Saxon? Did God, at the beginning, create men Anglo-Saxons and Celts, and do the two races exist unmixed in any corner of the earth? If so, then varieties of race will account for the varieties of modern civilization: that if the Anglo-Saxon, for instance, is a type, not of purity of race, but of its mixture, then superiority of race, so far from producing a superior type of civilization, is rather the result of it. The *phynque* of an Englishman is robuster than that of a Fuegian or a Papuan, because "these great shins of beef," which were the wonder of Frenchmen, have made John Bull what he is—the Minotaur of men—

"Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem."

And the *morale* of an Englishman is also robuster; because he has learned, instead of praying to gods of theft, lying, and lust, to hate all these, as the works of the devil. To prate about the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race is about on a par with the philosophy of Dr. Brewer, who tells the intelligent youth why his pudding cools sooner when spread on a plate—that the caloric leaves it faster. We are a superior people—all the world knows that; and our slave-holding cousins in America threaten to flog creation into a becoming sense of the importance of the breed. But to tell us we are superior, because we are more broad-chested, more broad-browed, have higher foreheads, and handsomer countenances than the modern Fuegians, or our savage forefathers, is only to tell us that "whatever is, is." These short cuts on the road of history are found to lead nowhere. What we really want is to trace out the steps by which a savage people have become civilized, and a barren country has been made productive; and this our popular lecturers on the philosophy of history neglect to do. Mr. Buckle treats the theory of race

with the contempt it deserves ; he despatches it thus in a note at the outset of his inquiry :—

"I cordially subscribe to the remark of one of the greatest thinkers of our time, who says of the supposed differences of race, 'of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences.'—*Mill's Principles of Political Economy*, vol. i., p. 390. Ordinary writers are constantly falling into the error of assuming the existence of this difference, which may or may not exist, but which, most assuredly, has never been proved. Some singular instances of this will be found in *Alison's History of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 336 ; vol. vi., p. 136 ; vol. viii., pp. 525, 526 ; vol. xiii., p. 347 ; where the historian thinks that, by a few strokes of his pen, he can settle a question of the greatest difficulty, connected with some of the most intricate problems in physiology. On the supposed relation between race and temperament, see *Compte, Philosophie Positive*, vol. iii., p. 355."

It is time that we describe Mr. Buckle's view of the philosophy of history. He dismisses, in a few short sentences, the theory, that to write events as they happened, is to write history. We have had such collectors of materials in abundance—chroniclers, memoir writers, and antiquarians, and of late political economists and moralists have brought their contributions to swell our stock in hand of historical data. But what of this ? Sawyers and stone-masons are very useful men in their way ; but, without an architect to put their materials together, they only lumber the ground, and their labour is lost. Mr. Buckle values the ordinary compilations as the architect would the workmen's sheds that rise up around the site of some intended public building—they are weather-tight, and useful for working in on rainy days, but must come down sooner or later ; and, therefore, the more their temporary use is understood the better for all.

The philosophic method of history which Mr. Buckle proposes to substitute for these *Memoires pour servir* seems to be this : Human actions are the result of a complicated series of laws, physical and mental. To take up, therefore, any problem of history,

we must have unrolled before us all these laws. The direction of human affairs is along the resultant line between the two forces, physical and moral, which, together, make up his nature ; the amount of progress depends upon the strength with which these forces meet at the angle of contact. Thus, the general history of civilization is simple enough : given, the laws of matter and of mind, the result is, human civilization moving at an angle between them. So far, the problem is as simple as any in geometry. But in the special history of civilization in any given country, we have to take into account the amount of force which the laws of climate or soil on the one hand, and mental and moral peculiarities on the other, produce, and so the calculation becomes a difficult one. It is not so much in the geometrical as the dynamical part of the problem, that error creeps in. All are pretty well agreed that the two factors of human progress are climate and soil on the one hand, and mental peculiarities, on the other. The real difficulty is in estimating the amount of these. Some put down at too high a figure the physical condition of civilization, others the mental ; and notwithstanding Mr. Buckle's expectations that by taking in all the laws of the simpler sciences into the calculation of the social science, a positive philosophy of history will result, we still think that it must always remain a speculative science, because we never shall agree, in fixing a unit of value for these various constituents of human progress. The moralist will still continue to attribute the superiority of English civilization to moral causes ; the economist, to her liberal tariff and the laws of trade ; the politician, to her representative system ; the geologist, to her coal and iron ; while the religionist, stepping into the arena of strife, will ascribe it to manifest destiny—the theological mind which to Mr. Buckle seems as dull as the great Anarch of the Dunciad—

"Let's the curtain fall,  
And universal darkness buries all."

Mr. Buckle, in his first chapter, grapples with the question whether history must always remain in its present empirical state, and never rise to the rank of a science. The

question, he says, is simply this—“Are the actions of men and, therefore, of societies, governed by fixed laws, or are they the result either of chance or of supernatural interference?”

Two obstacles must be cleared away before the positive method can hold its ground in the social sciences. The one is the doctrine of the spontaneity of the human will, the other of the absoluteness of divine decrees. The one is a metaphysical, the other a theological dogma; but they lie in the way of all inquiry as to whether human actions obey any uniform law or not.

The conclusion Mr. Buckle comes to is, that neither the predestinarian nor the free-will hypothesis is correct, and that neither is the will free in the Arminian sense, nor governed by divine decrees in the Calvinistic. Both hypotheses are rejected, and the conclusion he comes to is—“That when we perform some action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that these motives are the result of some antecedents, and that, therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents, and with all the laws of their movements, we could, with unerring certainty, predict the whole of their immediate results.”

Now, as all antecedents are either in the mind or out of it, “all the vicissitudes of the human race, their progress or their misery, must be the fruit of a double action: an action of external phenomena upon the mind, and another action of the mind upon the phenomena.”

Thus the materials out of which a philosophic history is to be constructed are twofold—we have man modifying nature, and nature modifying man, while out of this reciprocal action all events in history spring.

It cannot be denied that this philosophy of life is as striking as it is simple. If the simplest hypothesis is always the truest, then, no doubt, this hypothesis of the positive school is the true one. It gets rid at once of that troublesome pronoun of which the Germans make so much account, the *ego*. Could we only eliminate the varieties of character, innate and acquired, out of the calculation, and only look upon society as acted on by two constant forces—the power of

nature, and the laws of mind—the problem of life would become simple indeed. The science of statistics seems to comprise this. It is remarked that, with all the varieties of character, crimes, such as suicide or murder, vary little, if at all, from year to year. The average, under every circumstance, is the same with wonderful uniformity; and if it exceeds or falls short from year to year, it can be accounted for from other secondary causes, such as political or mercantile excitement, or the misery caused by the dearth of food. The conclusion seems to follow that the varieties of the individual disappear, when treated in the mass, as the light of single stars is lost in the galaxy; and that from the uniformity with which crimes recur, that individual character is hardly a perceptible item in the great sum of national good or evil. To use Mr. Buckle's words, “we conclude that the offences of men are the result, not so much of the vice of the offender, as of the state of society into which that individual is thrown.” Now, in this view of the case, there is so much truth that it is hard to disentangle from it the error: the one lends strength to the other.

Admitted, that in social science the material and moral condition of society are the two items that enter into the calculation; admitted, that dearth and plenty, panics and gluts, and other fluctuations in the material well-being of society, affect crime; but is not the moral condition of the community also a varying quantity—varying sometimes directly, sometimes inversely, with the increase of wealth? The standard of virtue is on a sliding scale as well as the tariff of prices: it rises and falls, sometimes with and sometimes against the markets. Luxury produces vice of one kind, poverty of another. So that, as the community is always growing richer or poorer, so it is always growing more or less virtuous. But the standard of virtue does not fluctuate so rapidly as the standard of prices. It will take a generation or two to degrade or elevate a community in moral well-being—one or two harvests will enrich or impoverish them. Thus, year by year, so many are born below and so many above the average standard of right moral training. The reason, therefore, of the uniformity

of crime is—not that external things remaining the same, so many will be led on to crime by these externals, though there is a measure of truth in this view of the case—but that so many will be born outlaws to virtue by the fault of their parents, and so turn to crime as a necessary result of their birth. Let but the standard of virtue be raised, and fewer will be born below the new level of crime—fewer crimes will be committed. Religion, therefore, which Mr. Buckle keeps out of sight altogether, enters largely into the composition of true statistics of crime. Let but the fear of God or the law, and the love of God or the Gospel, be more shed abroad in society than now, and the result will be like the application of increased heat to a residuum at the bottom of a crucible—more will be vaporised. In an ideal state of the world, it is quite conceivable that crime will disappear altogether—so then what becomes of the constancy of statistics?—It is only the indicator in the barometer of crime which is fixed, because there is no change in the atmosphere. But its value is, that it fluctuates with the weather—its constancy within certain limits is only a proof that society is not fluctuating rapidly for better or worse, which we know is the case. Of all things, moral character is the most stationary, and hence that uniformity in the statistics of crime of which Mr. Buckle makes such account.

And, now we are on the track, we may as well trace to its source the error which pervades Mr. Buckle's book throughout, and which, because a foundation error, renders his whole superstructure of history insecure. After discussing the physical differences of mankind which go to make up civilization, he proceeds to consider the intellectual and moral differences. He says that the conduct of mankind is regulated by the moral and intellectual notions prevalent in their time. Which, then, of these two contributes most to the progress of mankind? Is civilization the result of moral progress chiefly, or of intellectual? It is evident that a great deal turns on this question. Mr. Buckle rejects the moral element in civilization, and accepts the intellectual. His words are these:—

“Applying this test to moral motives, or to the dictates of what is called moral

instinct, we shall at once see how extremely small is the influence those motives have exercised over the progress of civilization. For there is, unquestionably, nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which moral systems are composed. To do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbour as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to honour your parents; to respect those who are set over you; these, and a few others, are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce.

“But if we contrast this stationary aspect of moral truths with the progressive aspect of intellectual truths, the difference is indeed startling. All the great moral systems which have exercised much influence have been fundamentally the same; all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different. In reference to our moral conduct, there is not a single principle now known to the most cultivated Europeans which was not likewise known to the ancients. In reference to the conduct of our intellect, the moderns have not only made the most important additions to every department of knowledge that the ancients ever attempted to study, but besides this, they have upset and revolutionized the old methods of inquiry; they have consolidated into one great scheme all those resources of induction which Aristotle alone dimly perceived; and they have created sciences, the faintest idea of which never entered the mind of the boldest thinker antiquity produced.

“These are, to every educated man, recognised and notorious facts; and the inference to be drawn from them is immediately obvious. Since civilization is the product of moral and intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing, it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent; because, when surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect. The only other agent is the intellectual one; and that this is the real mover may be proved in two distinct ways: first, because being, as we have already seen, either moral or intellectual, and being, as we have also seen, not moral, it must be intellectual; and secondly, because the intellectual principle has an activity and a capacity for adaptation, which, as I undertake to show, is quite sufficient

to account for the extraordinary progress that, during several centuries, Europe has continued to make."

Now, the gist of the whole matter seems to be in this—whether a stationary condition of morals does not produce a stationary condition of society, and a progressive a progressive. Mr. Buckle tells us, very superciliously, that not one discovery has been made in morals for two thousand years, and yet that civilization has made immense progress. In Lord Macaulay's sparkling but shallow summary of the Baconian philosophy, the same verdict is come to. "It is a better thing to have a good temper than to cobble shoes well," says the sparkling essayist; but we can succeed, by the Baconian method, in cobbling shoes, whereas the stoical method of restraining the temper has failed—ergo, we are more indebted for our civilization to physical than to moral progress. Mr. Buckle and Lord Macaulay are at one in their theory of civilization. But are there not certain moral maxims which lie deep at the foundations of all society, on the sacredness of which society itself depends, and which are to modern civilization as the base in any chemical compound? The laws of marriage, the rights of women, even liberty of conscience, though long lost sight of during many ages of Christendom—all these are moral elements, without which our modern civilization would be impossible. Mr. Buckle sneers at the theological age, as an obstructive age, and rejoices at the emancipation of the European intellect from the bonds of superstition into the glorious liberty of positive science. He is right, no doubt, in this, that the theological spirit, as enforced by a hierarchy, has a repressive influence adverse to modern civilization. But, underneath all this religious worldliness, there was another spirit at work—not earthly, but heavenly.

Those ages that Mr. Buckle denounces as the dark ages, during which society was at a stand-still, were, when we take a deeper view of things, ages of real and substantial progress. Christianity, plunging into the forests of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, was like the sun, in winter, struggling through banks of clouds and fog, and hardly gaining a clear space to shine at noon, and then hid again during a long night. It has little light, and

apparently no heat; but where there is light there is life—vegetation is torpid, but not dead; and every day, as the sun climbs higher, it gives more light and chases away more vapours. First, the light rays give life to the buried seed, and afterwards the heat rays nourish and cherish it; and, at last, summer sets in, and the victory of life over death is complete.

We would, therefore, seek the beginnings of European civilization in the very darkest periods of the dark ages. What Mr. Buckle considers retarding influences, we must consider as quickening. There is a thousand years' interval, it is true, between the effete civilization of Rome and the new civilization of modern Europe. As Mr. Hallam has elegantly expressed it, the contrast between the age of Gregory I. and the age of Nicholas V. is that between Michael Angelo's figures of Night and Morning: "they seem to stand at the two gates of the middle ages, emblems and heralds of the mind's long sleep, and of its awakening."

But this interval was not altogether time lost in the history of human progress. The sun had not yet warmed the earth—he only seemed to draw out more exhalations; and as a mist goes up from the face of the earth to hide the sun in January as soon as it rises, so that night is often clearer than day, so the first dawn of Christianity among the barbarous tribes of Europe, so far from dispelling the darkness, only drew up the mists of superstition, so that the greater the light of revelation, the thicker the mantle of ignorance to hide it from view.

Still there was progress; these mists could only hide the sun—they could not extinguish it. At last the earth was dry—at last the exhalations of Pagan ignorance had been all drawn out, and the spring-time of positive science and discovery had set in. The fore-runners of the father of the inductive method, and his modern disciples of the positive school, are to be sought in those monkish missionaries who, in Christianizing Europe, civilized it. The institutions of the middle ages prepared the way for the discoveries of our modern. Theirs were the light rays, and ours the heat; theirs gave life, and ours growth. Ancient history is pregnant with example, that any society whose foundations are

out of course, is ready to perish; and that stability depends not upon intellectual advance so much as moral principle. The sacredness of marriage and the family tie made Rome great in her early days of conquest; as she grew dissolute, she grew weak. Those old-world stories of Noah, and Sampson, and Lot, teach the same lesson of chastity and temperance: by the neglect of these, nations and men fall. The same lesson that the chosen people were raised up to teach their more civilized neighbours in Babylon and Egypt, the Christianity of the dark ages also taught. Both were imperfect and partial systems. As Judaism, when its mission was ended, was superseded, so, with the theological spirit of the middle ages, we have no wish to revive either; but we are quite certain that neither one nor the other deserve the sneers of M. Compté or his English disciples.

Mr. Buckle's reason for selecting the history of England as the best illustration of the progress of modern civilization, is this, that here the progress of the people has been less disturbed by agencies not arising from themselves:—

“Every foreign or external influence which is brought to bear upon a nation is an interference with its natural development.”

Again he says:—

“Of all European countries, England is the one where, during the longest period, the Government has been most quiescent, and the people most active; where popular freedom has been settled on the widest basis; where each man is most able to say what he thinks, and do what he likes; where every one can follow his own bent, and propagate his own opinions; where religious persecution, being little known, the play and flow of the human mind may be clearly seen unchecked by those restraints to which it is elsewhere subjected; where the profession of heresy is least dangerous, and the practice of dissent most common.”

Hence it is that the history of England is more valuable than any other. As it is with the body of the stripped Athlete, the anatomist can best study the free play of muscle, so the freest people in Europe must furnish the fittest model in which to study the progress of modern civilization.

Mr. Buckle is at the opposite extreme from those who hold that good laws make good states. So far from the English constitution making the English people—it is the people who have made the constitution. He attacks, without mercy, the Tory position, that the governing classes have made the people what they are; his position, from first to last, is the opposite one—that the people have made themselves what they are, *in spite* of the governing classes. He dwells with peculiar complacency on the paradox, that the worst men have made the best rulers, and the best men the worst rulers. Neander remarks of the rise of Christianity in the Roman empire, that the best emperors were its most bitter persecutors. Marcus Aurelius and Julian were the ablest upholders of the majesty of Rome, and, therefore, the most consistent persecutors of those who would not burn incense to Cæsar. Commodus and Elagabalus, on the other hand, were the most infamous, and neither of them cared to check the new religion which was undermining the empire. In Spain we have another example of the same paradox:—“Llorente, the great historian of the Inquisition, and its bitter enemy, had access to its private papers; and yet, with the fullest information, he does not even insinuate a charge against the moral character of the inquisitors; but, while execrating the cruelty of their conduct, he cannot deny the purity of their intentions.”

Turning to the history of England, Mr. Buckle finds a fresh illustration of the same paradox in the case of two of our kings—the one the most moral, the other the most profligate who ever sat upon the throne of England. The domestic virtues of George III. are as much above the level of our kings as the domestic vices of Charles II. are below that level. Yet under a corrupt king and court the cause of liberty thrived, while under a decorous king and court liberal opinions stood still. Charles was the most un-English of our kings—bred up on the continent, a papist at heart, bribed by the French king, and lolling out his existence between the caresses of spaniels and mistresses. George III. was perhaps the first king who ever thought the seventh commandment binding upon kings as well as people, the first of his house who could speak English.



and who hated Popery and Frenchmen with a hatred which the traditional John Bull only can feel. Who would have thought that constitutional England owes a deeper debt of gratitude to the profligate Charles than to the pious George? But so it is. The paradox is not novel—but it is nowhere more clearly traced out than in Mr. Buckle's pages:—

“Never before was there such a want of apparent connexion between the means and the end. If we look only at the characters of the rulers, and at their foreign policy, we must pronounce the reign of Charles II. to be the worst that has ever been seen in England. If, on the other hand, we confine our observations to the laws which were passed, and to the principles which were established, we shall be obliged to confess that this same reign forms one of the brightest epochs in our national annals. Politically and morally, there were to be found in the Government all the elements of confusion, of weakness, and of crime. The king himself was a mean and spiritless voluptuary, without the morals of a Christian, and almost without the feelings of a man. His ministers, with the exception of Clarendon, whom he hated for his virtues, had not one of the attributes of statesmen, and nearly all of them were pensioned by the crown of France. The weight of taxation was increased, while the security of the kingdom was diminished. By the forced surrender of the charters of the towns, our municipal rights were endangered. By shutting the Exchequer, our national credit was destroyed. Though immense sums were spent in maintaining our naval and military power, we were left so defenceless, that when a war broke out, which had long been preparing, we seemed suddenly to be taken by surprise. Such was the miserable incapacity of the Government, that the fleets of Holland were able not only to ride triumphant round our coasts, but to sail up the Thames, attack our arsenals, burn our ships, and insult the metropolis of England. Yet, notwithstanding all these things, it is an undoubted fact that, in this same reign of Charles II., more steps were taken in the right direction than had been taken, in any period of equal length, during the twelve centuries we had occupied the soil of Britain. By the mere force of that intellectual movement, which was unwittingly supported by the crown, there were effected, in the course of a few years, reforms which changed the face of society. The two great obstacles by which the nation had long been embar-

assed consisted of a spiritual tyranny and a territorial tyranny—the tyranny of the Church and the tyranny of the nobles. An attempt was now made to remedy these evils—not by palliatives, but by striking at the power of the classes who did the mischief. For now it was that a law was placed on the statute-book, taking away that celebrated writ which enabled the bishops or their delegates to cause those men to be burned whose religion was different to their own. Now it was that the clergy were deprived of the privilege of taxing themselves, and were forced to submit to an assessment made by the ordinary legislature. Now, too, there was enacted a law forbidding any bishop or any ecclesiastical court to tender the *ex-officio* oath, by which the church had hitherto enjoyed the power of compelling a suspected person to criminate himself. In regard to the nobles, it was also during the reign of Charles II. that the House of Lords, after a sharp struggle, was obliged to abandon its pretensions to an original jurisdiction in civil suits, and thus lost for ever an important resource for extending its own influence. It was in the same reign that there was settled the right of the people to be taxed entirely by their representatives; the House of Commons having ever since retained the sole power of proposing money bills and regulating the amount of imposts, merely leaving to the peers the form of consenting to what has been already determined. These were the attempts which were made to bridle the clergy and the nobles. But there were also effected other things of equal importance. By the destruction of the scandalous prerogatives of purveyance and pre-emption, a limit was set to the power of the sovereign to vex his refractory subjects. By the Habeas Corpus Act, the liberty of every Englishman was made as certain as law could make it; it being guaranteed to him that, if accused of crime, he, instead of languishing in prison, as had often been the case, should be brought to a fair and speedy trial. By the statute of Frauds and Perjuries, a security hitherto unknown was conferred upon private property. By the abolition of general impeachments, an end was put to a great engine of tyranny, with which powerful and unscrupulous men had frequently ruined their political adversaries. By the cessation of those laws which restricted the liberty of printing, there was laid the foundation of that great Public Press, which, more than any other single cause, has diffused among the people a knowledge of their own power; and has thus, to an almost incredible extent, aided the progress of English civilization. And, to

complete this noble picture, there were finally destroyed those feudal incidents which our Norman conquerors had imposed—the military tenures, the court of wards, the fines for alienation, the right of forfeiture for marriage by reason of tenure, the aids, the homages, the escuages, the primer seisins, and all those mischievous subtleties, of which the mere names sound in modern ears as a wild and barbarous jargon, but which pressed upon our ancestors as real and serious evils."

During the reign of George III., on the other hand, the cause of liberty and progress languished under conditions that we should have thought favourable to it. To the excellence of George III.'s private character Mr. Buckle hardly does justice; but had he lived and died one of those Berkshire farmers, whose dress he adopted and whose ideas were more congenial to him than the *caviare* of a court, the philosophy of Burke, or the wit of Sheridan—the tombstone in some village church, that described him as a good husband, faithful in the discharge of all conjugal duties, a good father, and a loyal subject to the constitution, in Church and State established, would have been as true an epitaph as was ever set up. But this king, who first brought reform into the corrupt atmosphere of a court, seems to have been born with an innate horror of reform anywhere else. His obstinacy cost us our American colonies. In Africa he protected the slave trade, and opposed emancipation as a measure akin to revolution. He withstood the liberty of the press, the relaxation of the law of libel, the repeal of the game laws, and a penal code, the most bloody in Europe. George III. was consistently, and throughout his long life, opposed to every measure of reform. His boast was that he would hand the crown to his successor unimpaired by any reforms; and he made good his boast during the longest reign in English history. The two greatest measures of this century, Catholic Emancipation and the Reform of Parliament, were stayed off to the next generation by the king's obstinacy. Had he been a worse man, he would have dismissed all scruples about his coronation oath; had he been a wiser king, he would have understood, with Burke, that the coronation oath was not intended to bind the crown in its legislative capacity.

In George III. we have a striking instance that a good man is not always a good ruler. The cause of this is evident. A good man is anxious to act conscientiously—to let conscience, as he thinks it, decide in every case. But conscience is not the absolute king, he has many councillors who govern in his name, a whole *camarilla* of prejudices use the signet and sign manual of conscience to cover their own selfish designs. So it often is with minds of the calibre of George III., proving that responsibility and power are dangerous trusts to commit even to the clearest heads; they often turn the heads of weaker men, who, in an humbler station, would have passed through life honoured and beloved.

Mr. Buckle has pointed out most clearly the gain of liberty under a corrupt king, and the loss of liberty under a correct king. In fact, it falls in with his whole theory of civilization, which is simply this, that the powers that be are always obstructive, and that government, laws, and religion, at least in their outward shape, are impediments, not helps to progress. It is curious to contrast this modern theory of the use, or rather uselessness of both Church and State with the ancient and time-honoured theory of their divine right.

In China the scholar is taught at a government school to repeat, "Oh! how magnificent are the affairs of government;" "Ah! what respect is due to the officers of government!" In China society goes by machinery. Men and women are only puppets, and the barrel of state is wound up to go a certain length of time, and perform certain airs without further adjustment. The same theory has travelled further west than China. To this day the statescraft of modern Europe has no more favourite maxim than this, "Every thing for the people, nothing by them." Set the government machine going—pay priests and politicians to keep it in working order—amuse the people, employ them, flatter them; but never let them think or act for themselves. Hobbes, who did not, and the Jesuits, who did believe in the dogma of original sin, came to the same conclusion, that human nature was not to be trusted—that man was a great beast, to be caged and starved into submission by a keeper,

who was responsible to God alone for his conduct to those under authority. This politico-religious theory is as fresh to-day as two centuries ago, when Hobbes wrote the *Leviathan*. In Naples Hobbism is the court creed. *Il padrone assoluto e unico* is the "*Leviathan or mortal God*" of Hobbes. In Vienna, Rome, and Paris, the doctrine, in one shape or another, has met with much acceptance of late. Berlin even does not disdain it, and court preachers, with that keen sense of the prerogative which becomes their office, have held up the theory in Protestant as well as Popish pulpits.

The whole question turns upon this—are these two classes, not *de facto*, but *de jure*, the governing and the governed? Is the progress of mankind most promoted by allowing every man to do what is right in his own eyes, and wrong too, as the Irishman would have it—or by dictating to every man what he shall do, and what he shall believe, whom he shall worship, and with whom he shall trade.

Mr. Buckle takes his stand on the side of independence. He has pledged himself to prove that our greatness as a people depends upon the policy of non-interference of authority with private judgment. Another modern historian, equally keen and conscientious, has taken the opposite side. Mr. Fronde has told us that the secret of English greatness, that which got her the name of "*Merry England*,"

"In times ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man,"

was the opposite policy of interference. The Church then regulated men's belief, and the State their conduct. Trade guilds and corporations directed men in what market to deal. Tradesmen who took advantage of the fluctuations of the market were rebuked by Parliament for "their greedy and covetous minds, as more regarding their own singular lucre and profit; the commonweal, in a high and remarkable degree, being presumed to be the first object with every honest man."

Mr. Fronde writes with all seriousness, "the people, not universally but generally, were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice, by a true conviction that they were bound to think first

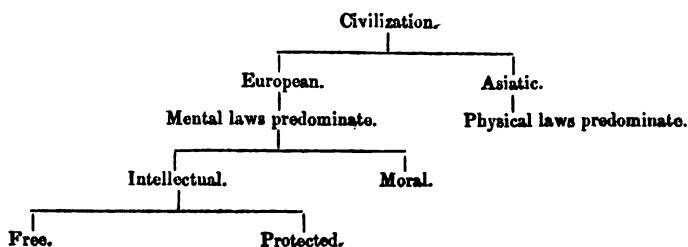
of England, and only next of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this, we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors." Mr. Fronde admits over and over again that these principles are contrary to those of political economy, and even of human nature. No laws, he says, are of any service that are above the working level of public morality, and the deeper they are carried down into life, the larger become the opportunities of evasion; and yet with this wise caution before him, he has written a philosophical romance, like the "*Cyropædia*" of Xenophon or the "*Germany*" of Tacitus, to prove that we are not so wise as we think ourselves, and that there was some method in these preventive and protective schemes in Church and State which we have long since discarded.

At present, our task is not with Mr. Fronde. We only wish here to indicate the strange contrast between Mr. Buckle's position and that of Mr. Fronde. The two books, indeed, are complementary, one of the other. Mr. Buckle's deficiencies Mr. Fronde supplies, and the contrary. Mr. Buckle is deficient in sympathy with the past, Mr. Fronde is almost in excess. Mr. Buckle will allow no credit for these ages of history when the human mind was not so much set upon discovery without as within; when men went to school to know themselves, rather than the properties of matter, and their application to the useful arts. Mr. Fronde is of opinion that this moral cultivation must precede material. With Mr. Buckle modern civilization began with the age of Bacon; with Mr. Fronde with the monks and missionaries who kept schools or converted savages in the ninth and following centuries. The reaction from the assumptions of the age of priestcraft has left Mr. Buckle with little or no sympathy for that submissive, it may be credulous, spirit which underlies all priestcraft—the latent electricity of spiritual religion, which worldly-minded and ambitious priests collect in a battery, to terrify mankind with successive shocks of superstition and tyranny. The reaction from the same spirit of priestly assumption has left Mr. Fronde with a genial admiration for our fore-

fathers, who so long lay in fetters forged by their own fears. He is not a disciple of positivism, like Mr. Buckle, and is, therefore, not pledged to study English history in its three stages of the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. The contrast between these two historians is curious and instructive. Both are enthusiasts, and set out with a pre-established theory, into which their facts are made to fit as the pieces into a dissected map or Chinese puzzle. We seek not to prejudice the reader in favour of one theory more than the other—we must make up our mind for ourselves whether a *paternal* government (the modern euphemism for absolutism) or no government at all is the ideal state to which civilization is tending. But we cannot go wrong in comparing the results of the two systems in the pages of Mr. Buckle and Mr. Fronde. Of the two Mr. Buckle is nearer the mark in his study of English history. His eye is steadier—he is more of a philosopher. Mr. Fronde has too much of the “fine frenzy” of an enthusiast upon the age of the Reformation. He has written the *Henriade* of English history, and “bluff King Hal” is his hero. But on this we will not further dwell. Our object in bringing him forward was to indicate, by contrast, those points in which we think Mr. Buckle defective. As Aristotle depicted the niceties of human conduct by delineating strongly the character in excess or defect, leaving the student to choose the mean for himself—so with our ideal of English history. We can no more

describe the true historian than Aristotle could the virtuous man. But we can indicate how far in the one extreme Mr. Buckle is by pointing to Mr. Fronde in the other. Let the student discover, if he can, a mean between the two.

As we cannot discover the laws of society by studying the history of a single nation, Mr. Buckle purposes, in his introduction, to travel across Europe, and to settle down to the study of English history, enriched with experience from the history of our continental neighbours. His first generalization is that between civilization in Europe and in Asia. In the European division man is more powerful than nature: in Asia, nature is more powerful than man. Rejecting the latter, he has to treat of a civilization in which mind is superior to matter. The mental laws are next resolved into moral and intellectual, and the intellectual preferred, as most conducive to modern civilization. The next step is to ascertain the fundamental condition of intellectual progress—what peculiarities in the social or political condition of the leading countries of Europe have retarded or advanced civilization. Having considered all these, we are, at last, in a condition to take up the study of civilization in England. Mr. Buckle's method is worthy of Aristotle. He attempts to study history in the good old style of a genealogical tree, the *summum genus* and *infima species* all set forth in a diagram. Mr. Buckle's method will run into the following lines:



Thus following out the scale from the highest genus to the lowest species, we reach a condition of things in which—1, man is superior to nature; 2, in which the intellectual powers prevail over the moral; 3, and lastly, in which these intellectual

powers are greatest, and governmental restraints fewest. A state in which all these conditions meet in their perfection would be perfectly civilized; but inasmuch as some of the qualities of civilization on the right hand scale run into and intermix with those on

the left, our author has to study these in order to understand what are the retarding agencies which keep England back from reaching the highest pinnacle of civilization. Thus, some of the elements of the non-European civilization retard our progress. In Ireland, for instance, a dense and poor population subsisted on the potato, as in India a population subsists to this day on rice. In both cases the powers of nature (Aristotle's *δυναμεις*) prevails over the energies of mind (*ενεργειαι*).

Again, although with us in England intellectual laws are more active than moral, still moral restraints interpose to stop our progress. Superstition has less hold on the national mind than in other parts of Europe, but it still exists, and, therefore, in order to estimate the retarding influences of superstition and priestcraft, it behoves us to study the less civilized nations of Europe before we take up our own.

In the last category of all the protective spirit is a check to the highest advances of civilization in modern England; and inasmuch as France is the most civilized country in which the protective spirit is very powerful, we may trace the occult tendencies of that spirit among ourselves by studying its obvious tendencies among our neighbours.

Thus, having lightly touched upon non-European civilization in which physical laws predominate, Mr. Buckle proceeds to deal with European civilization, properly so called. The retarding principle in European civilization, he calls the protective spirit. This spirit has predominated either in a political or a religious form. In France the political, in Spain the religious face of this Janus protection is to be seen. The French, as a people, have, for two centuries, at least, been remarkably free from superstition, but have submitted, without much resistance, to political power. In Spain, on the other hand, the Church has been always supreme; the laws of ecclesiastical protection may then be studied on the same scale as those of political in France. To apply the fruit of these generalizations to the study of English history will be Mr. Buckle's after purpose; at present he is only collecting them.

The bulk of this volume, is, therefore, taken up with the study of French history. We are then to

gather the effects of the protective spirit in its political form from our civilization in general. His view of the French people is, therefore, briefly this: They are a great and intellectual people, blessed with a fertile soil and a temperate climate; endowed with a keen, inquisitive intellect; superior, moreover, to those superstitions, bred of ignorance and fear, which bar the advance of less cultivated races, and wanting only one faculty, that of self-government, to rise to the highest pinnacle of modern civilization. How it is, that after emancipating themselves from the thralldom of the powers of nature, of their own superstitions, and, to a great extent, of an ambitious hierarchy, they have not been able to reach the last step of emancipation—to break the strong arm of centralized despotism, and establish a representative form of government in its place, is the curious problem to which Mr. Buckle draws our attention. The facts of the case are as he states them.

The feudal system, which took its rise about the eleventh century, grew up in France and England under different circumstances. It was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who granted the conquered lands to his barons, under conditions favourable to the crown, and not favourable to the growth of a strong and independent aristocracy. Thus, early in our history the nobles were thrown upon the people to support themselves against the crown. About a hundred years after the conquest, the Normans and Saxons amalgamated, and both parties united against the king, in order to uphold their common rights. Thus, when the Earl of Leicester raised a rebellion against Henry III. he applied to the people, and it is thus to the resistance of the aristocracy against the monarchical, that we owe the third element in our mixed constitution—the people were called in as allies to the nobles, and we owe our liberties to this alliance.

But in France it was otherwise. There the nobles held their lands, not by grant from the crown, but by prescriptive right. The supreme authority of the crown was not so soon established, and, therefore, the nobles were not forced to combine against it. Had there been more centralization

in France six centuries ago, there would be less now; a check would have been put, as in England, to the oppression of the crown, by calling out the people to assist the nobles, and so a constitutional system would have grown up with them as with us.

But it was ordained otherwise. That which was the greatest misery to England at the time—her conquest by the Normans—has been the cause of all her prosperity since. France was spared these miseries, only to forfeit that mixed constitution which is the true foundation of national liberty.

It is difficult, indeed, to compare French and English history together, or to judge of one by the other. The key to our history is the growth of the constitution. As early as the twelfth century the rudiments of that middle class who virtually govern the country, by governing the governing class, existed in our yeomanry, copyholders, and burgesses. At one time their alliance was sought by the crown against the nobles, at another by the nobles against the crown; and thus, as the governing classes weakened themselves by their constant feuds, the governed grew in importance, and

“By-and-by the people grew the stronger.”

In the wars of the Roses, the nobles exhausted their strength and sank back into comparative insignificance; from that time out we hear no more of Warwick king-makers. The crown then grew in importance, and under the house of Tudor threatened the liberties of England. Happily for us, they were succeeded by a race of princes perverse beyond precedent, and whom experience only confirmed in obstinacy. The reign of the Stuarts fostered our liberties through the seventeenth century, as the wars of the Roses had during the fifteenth. During the one period we were cured of excessive fondness for a feudal aristocracy, during the other, of all superstition in the right divine of kings.

France has been denied, from causes too minute to be here investigated, this early schooling in liberty. The key to her history is the growth of the kingdom of France out of the petty fief of the Isle of France. By alliance, or conquest, the line of Capet, whose county of Paris was in extent

one of the smallest, became suzerains of the great Duchies of Normandy, Burgundy, and Brittany, the largest fiefs in France. A map of France, in provinces, explains its history. The kingdom of France has grown out of its capital, so centrally situated. “Paris is France,” was true long before centralization and the absolute monarchy had made it so in another sense.

Thus early began that divergence between French and English history, which has widened to our day; until, in the nineteenth century, we have the strange spectacle of two great nations divided from each other by only a narrow strait, equally civilized, equally free from superstition, sitting down, the one under a military despotism, the other under a constitution, almost, if not quite, democratic.

It would lead us too far to trace the different stages by which the protective system riveted itself on France, while it relaxed its hold of us in England. But this much deserves to be noticed. In England we humbled the pretensions of the Church at the age of the Reformation, so that absolutism, which ever leans upon a hierarchy as one of its chief supports, fell soon after the fall of the priesthood. The Reformation was the sure antecedent of the Revolution; the great Rebellion broke out between these two events from the stupidity of the Stuarts in not perceiving the march of events. “No bishop no king,” was the wisest saying of the modern Solomon; but he wanted the wisdom to yield to the spirit of the age; and, instead of lowering the pretensions of the Crown to a level with those of the clergy, he attempted to raise those of the clergy to that of the Crown. The result was inevitable—both king and clergy were tumbled together in the dust, and when restored again it was with more moderate pretensions. A reformed clergy and a limited monarchy are inseparable. In England we got the birthright, first, of religious freedom, and, therefore, we earned, a century later, the blessing, as well, of civil liberty.

In France it was, unhappily, otherwise. There the alliance between the two forms of absolutism was strict and inseparable. With us the struggle between authority and reason both began earlier, and was spread over a

longer period of time. The first blow was struck at the Reformation, the victory was won at the Revolution. During a period of a hundred and fifty years, freedom's battle was

"Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son."

But in France, the great struggle between authority and reason did not break out till after the death of Louis XIV., and was consummated at the execution of Louis XVI—the whole being compressed into a period less than one-half of that during which the same struggle lasted in England.

The longer that the demands of reason are resisted by authority, the more exacting they become. Reason, at last, assumes some of the unreasonable temper of its adversaries. So it proved in France during the eighteenth century. Too long the clergy had asserted that Christianity itself was bound up with them and their interests. The philosophers were not, therefore, to blame, if they took them at their word. "If," as Mr. Buckle says, "that which was the tree of life was, in reality, so corrupt that it could only bear poisonous fruits, then it availed little to lop off the boughs and cut down the branches. It were better, by one mighty effort, to root it up from the ground, and secure the health of society, by stopping the very source of the contagion."

Living in England, and in the nineteenth century, it is difficult to look at Christianity in the light in which Frenchmen looked at it a century ago. We do not at once set down a church reformer as an infidel. When Mr. Horsman rode a tilt, year after year, at the Bishop of London, the country understood it was a question of bishop's sleeves, and no more. The religion of England had but an infinitesimal interest in the revenues of Dr. Blomfield—it was a question of vulgar arithmetic; given, a bishopric to break up, how many curates can be fed on the fragments of London House? But in France it was otherwise; there men seriously believed—as some superstitious churchmen still do with us—that Christianity and a state hierarchy were one and inseparable. To oppose the church, was to oppose Christ. Voltaire was thrown into

ecstasies of satisfied vanity, when denounced by a Capuchin friar, as the predicted Antichrist. The clergy had dubbed him Antichrist, and so he was at no little pains to deserve the epithet. In judging an age, we must remember this action and reaction of opinion: and we are to look for not a little of the infidelity of French infidels, in the system which taught that to touch the clergy was to touch the cause of God himself.

The age of reason, as the eighteenth century has been called, may be divided into two epochs: during the first, the attacks were directed against the church in France; during the second against the government. The first epoch, which closes about 1750, is represented by Voltaire; the second by Rousseau. These two remarkable men represent the French mind during the seventy years of preparation for the French Revolution, from the death of Louis XIV. to the death of Louis XVI. Both were anarchists: the one religious, the other political and social. To overturn the clergy, Voltaire bowed himself against the pillars of the Temple of God, and buried himself beneath the ruins of religion. To overturn a despotic hierarchy, Rousseau attempted to pull down civilization itself, and broke away into the state of nature from the stifling atmosphere of a corrupt society. It has been commonly said, that Rousseau only adopted an ingenious paradox; that he no more believed in the virtues of the savage state, than Voltaire, that he was the Antichrist. It is thus that we are misled in judging one age by another; we forget that long oppression drives men mad. They see no way of escape from present ills, than in adopting one half of Jeremiah's commission, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down; but for the other half, "to build and to plant," they have no heart. To pull down the Bastille, to turn St. Genevieve into the Pantheon, was the work of the eighteenth century. Men worked at it with the strength of Sampson, and also with his blindness; and so did their work only too well.

In England we have been spared these tremendous shocks between reason and authority. Our civilization has been hammered out like theirs,

by blows struck on both sides ; but each blow has not been a thunder-bolt. Happily for us, the hand that struck on one side, struck also on the other. Our two most illustrious Liberals were religious men : Milton was as great a Marprelate as Voltaire ; but how unlike the spirit of the blind old Seer, to that of the French Antichrist. Locke led on a Revolution with his pen like Rousseau ; his doctrine of Social Contract suggested the same to Rousseau ; his "Thoughts upon Education," the "Emile" of Rousseau. But the Confessions of Rousseau breathe another air than the Commentaries and common-place book of Locke. English influence went a little way, but only a little way, in moulding the French mind during last century. Mr. Buckle overwhelms us with a list of eminent Frenchmen who had studied our language and literature : Buffon, Brissot, Helvetius, Jussieu, Lafayette, Montesquieu, Maupitius, Moullet, Mirabeau, Roland, Rousseau, Segur, Suard, Voltaire, are only a few of a catalogue of names of Homeric length and minuteness, collected by Mr. Buckle to prove the influence of England on French thought last century. But he has not stated where that influence stopped short ; when the admiration of Frenchmen ended in indifference or division. Our religious opinions never crossed the channel. The only work of English theology ever received with any favour in France was Bishop Bull's defence of the Nicene Creed. Hence it was that France imbibed our liberalism without its checks. The age of reason dawned in England at the time of our Revolution ; it set in blood a century after in the French Revolution. Mr. Buckle, who has ransacked every authority, and almost exhausted the subject of English influence on French character during last century, is thoroughly defective here. He has not noticed the fact, that English liberalism was generally Christian, and French anti-Christian. Nor has he remarked, that while the religious writers of England were unheard of even by name in France, the Chubbs, Collins, and Tindals, were attracting more attention even in France than at home. Hume fled from the ungenial air of

his native Scotland to sun his atheism in the *salons* of Paris. Gibbon almost forgot his native language. Bolingbroke, the father of English Deists, spent many years of his long life in France. His letters to Madame de Ferriol and the Abbe Alari were written in French, and afterwards collected and published. Deism in England died out, for it had no root in the heart of the people ; it struck when transplanted to France, for there it fell on a hot-bed of superstitious ignorance. Christianity there had not kept pace with the age, and so men turned away from it to worship, for want of something better, their own reason.

We had reserved our judgment on Mr. Buckle's book, as a whole, till we had laid before our readers a summary of its contents. As it is impossible to do the one, we shrink from the other. It is not without a feeling of enthusiasm that we contemplate this beginning of a national history of England. The lines are so vast that we doubt if it will ever be completed, but yet so symmetrical, that we are sure that, if completed, it will make a successful launch into fame. This Leviathan of books appals us already. Like its namesake, it is to be built up in compartments and joined together. These compartments are complete works by themselves. We have not got through the civilization of France ; and that of Spain, Germany, and America, are all to follow. Will the same engineer who has built the compartments, live to join them together, and launch his leviathan history, in one broadside, into the river of time ? Mr. Buckle should have lived in the age of the giants, for then length of years would have been insured him. Now, in the middle of his magnificent sweep of all the sciences which embrace history—the result of them all—he may be cut off, and then "all his thoughts perish." Mr. Buckle also recalls to us the age of the giants in his attempt to scale heaven from the level of human science. In his positive method, the sciences are superimposed, the one on the other ; the mechanical on mathematical, and mental on mechanical. Pelion on Ossa, Ossa on Olympus. The key to human history is hid with God in heaven. We may philosophize about history, but the philo-



sophy itself has never yet been unrolled. The Bible gives us a glimpse of it, but it is only a glimpse. Bossuet and others have taken that glimpse for a full view, and from God's dealings with the Jews in a corner of the world, read off the whole of human history, present and to come. But human history, as a *whole*, has never been studied, for the simple reason that, as a whole, it does not exist. It is a cyclorama, of which some scenes have been unrolled, but what the rest will be no wisdom can conjecture. Bishop Berkeley, writing on the planting of America, said

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,  
The first four acts already past;  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day—  
Times's noblest offspring is his last."

But if history is a five-act drama, where have the four acts been played out? Is it in Asia or in Europe, or in both? The four great monarchies, it is true, exhaust ancient history; but what of modern? America is only the second act of the drama, if even the second. Africa and Asia have each a part to play in modern history. And that fifth continent, Australia, may be appropriately left to play out the last act.

"Time's noblest offspring is his last."

But Australia, not America, is now the youngest son of time. But Mr. Buckle, led away by the positive method, asserts that the philosophy of history is to be sought in the grounds of human science. Setting out with the development hypothesis, he ascends from a molecule to a man. The study of man is, therefore, the study of all the natural sciences, *plus* the social science. But the social science is not a singular science, unlike the rest. It is in advance of them only because its phenomena are more complicated. Man is acted on by a multiplicity of forces, and as these cross and twist, the study of man becomes complicated. Human actions are not the result, even in part, of what we call a *bias* or *character* stamped upon it at its birth; for this is a hypothesis positivism will not hear of. Every action is the result of antecedents *external to the agent*. Man is the slave of circumstances, and, therefore, to study these circumstances is to study human

nature and history. That here we have a truth every candid mind will admit, but not the whole truth. We are acted upon, it is true, but we are also agents. The will not only *assents*, it *consents*. Character is not innate, but it is acquired, and once acquired, becomes itself an agent and reagent. How curiously contrasted in this are the views of two independent thinkers, both standing aloof from dogmatic Christianity. "Social life," says Carlyle, "is the aggregate of all the individual men's lives who constitute society: history is the essence of innumerable biographies." Mr. Buckle says of Montesquieu, that "his first great merit was, that he effected a complete separation between biography and history, and taught historians to study, not the peculiarities of individual character, but the general aspect of the society in which the peculiarities appeared." Mr. Carlyle believes in heroes, Mr. Buckle only in general laws—the one, that great men produce the age; the other, that the age makes the men great. According to one view, history is always supernatural; according to the other, natural laws alone have been at work from the very first. Both views are exaggerations, and the one extreme corrects the other. Mr. Carlyle and the English school, of which Mr. Fronde and Mr. Kingsley are the most eminent disciples, will counteract the French school of M. Compté, now naturalized among us by Mr. Buckle. To the continued inspiration of Mr. Carlyle's heroes, we oppose the cold materialism of M. Compté. The one is the Vulcanist, the other the Neptunist of history; the one only sees the succession of catastrophes, the other the slow action of the same forces that are at work still. Mr. Carlyle writes of Cromwell or Mirabeau in the language of Sampson or Jephthah; M. Compté would dissect Hebrew history with the cold steel of the positive method.

We have indicated the source from which Mr. Buckle draws his method, but it would be unjust to accuse him of thorough participation with all M. Compté's opinions. He does not stretch the Baconian expression, "knowledge is power," the length of absurdity that M. Compté carries it. His enumeration of the causes

from beneath which have civilized modern Europe is complete; the religious side of civilization he either takes for granted, or passes by as inoperative. Has Mr. Buckle ever read Mr. Mackenzie's Hulsean essay on "The Christian Clergy of the first ten centuries—their influence on European civilization?" His book would be almost perfect if it had given the religious as well as the positive source of modern civilization. After the tenth century, we admit

the clergy were obstructions, and it is only at this point that Mr. Buckle takes up modern history. But taking it with these deductions, it is the greatest attempt to write a complete history of England in the language. Even as a fragment, the volume would survive to tell a future generation with what great stones the future temple of history must be built, and men will say, that in the good old days of Queen Victoria, the race of giants were not extinct.

#### THE EARLS OF KILDARE.\*

The Geraldines! the Geraldines! 'tis full a thousand years  
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle spears;  
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were known,  
And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne;  
But never then, nor thence till now, has falsehood or disgrace  
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

AN historical memoir of the illustrious house of Fitzgerald has just been issued from the press by its accomplished descendant, the Marquess of Kildare. The example thus set is deserving of all commendation; and most anxiously do we hope that it may lead to other equally valuable contributions to biographical literature.

His lordship's story of the Geraldines is simply and gracefully told; full of anecdote and historic lore—a worthy memorial of a time-honoured race. Is it not a subject of national reproach to England, that the Talbots, the Percys, the Nevilles, and the Stanleys, and to Ireland, that the Butlers, the Nugents, the De Courcys, the St. Lawrences, the O'Briens, and the O'Neills, whose achievements form the brightest episodes of our annals, have no such printed histories, commemorative of the ancestors to whom they owe the wealth, station, and power they possess?

True it is, that the tree of Irish genealogy is oftentimes but a barren trunk; yet it is not always so. Many an old stem still flourishes, with the green leaves of tradition and ancestral renown hanging freshly around it; and foremost in this class are the Fitz-

geralds. "*Hibernis ipsis hiberniores*," they stand the highest on the roll of our nobility—a nobility which, despite the pretensions of France, Germany, Spain, and even Venice, commands a very prominent place in European genealogy.

The utmost limit to which the Montmorencys, the Premier Barons Chrétien, the Tremouilles, the Rochefoucaults, the Richelieus, can go back, with any degree of certainty, is the eleventh century; none of the grandees of Spain, of whom it was arrogantly said, "*Principibus præstant et regibus æquiparantur*," ascend higher than the tenth; and in Germany, the best descended and noblest families can very rarely establish so early an ancestry. In Italy, indeed, loftier pretences appear sustainable, especially those of the patricians of Venice, and the houses of Massimo, Falconieri, Ursini, Frangipani, and Colona, at Rome; but, after strict investigation and poising the facts fairly in the balance, few of the continental nobility will be found parallel in antiquity to the O'Briens, the O'Neills, and the O'Connors of Ireland, whose progenitors were sovereign princes on the arrival of the English in the 12th

\* *The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors, from 1057 to 1773.* Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co., 1857, (printed for private circulation.)

century. Inferior only to these in regality of origin, their superiors in historic distinction, are the Fitzgeralds; and it is most gratifying to see the noble heir of this renowned race, revisiting, as it were, his fathers' graves, and, in the double affiliation of a son of Ireland and the Geraldines, passing along the line of their common illustration, with reverence and affection. And they were men of no common order, those Geraldines—on the battle-field where they conquered, mid the ruined strongholds where they dwelt, in the sacred fane which they founded or enriched, or wherein their ashes repose—unconquerable, like Gerald, "who should rule Ireland, because all Ireland could not rule him;" brilliant, like "Silken Thomas;" lovely and beloved, like the fair Geraldine, whom Surrey sang; and amiable and interesting, even in error, like Lord Edward. Was not Ireland their glory, and they the glory of Ireland?

The Fitzgeralds are descended from "Dominus ORHO," who is supposed to have been of the family of Gherardini of Florence;\* and this notion is confirmed by the Latin form of name, Geraldini, assumed by his descendants. This noble passed over into Normandy, and thence, in 1057, into England, where he became so great a favourite with Edward the Confessor, that he excited the jealousy of the Saxon Thanes. However derived, his English possessions were enormous, which, at his death, devolved on his son WALTER, who, it is somewhat remarkable, was treated after the Conquest as a fellow-countryman of the Normans. This fortunate heir put the cope-stone to his prosperity by a marriage with Gladys, the daughter of Rhiwallon ap Cynfyn, Prince of North Wales; and his son, GERALD FITZWALTER, though with little of the same good fortune, married Nesta, the daughter of Rhys ap Gruffydd, Prince of South

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\* Remote as was the kinship of the Fitz-Geralds to the Gherardini of Florence, it was a source of much pride and gratification to "the Great Earl," as appears from the following letter, found among the Gherardini papers, and reproduced in the Marquess's volume:—

"To be given to all the family of the Gherardini, noble in fame and virtue, dwelling in Florence, our beloved brethren in Florence. Gerald, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of the Kingdom of Ireland, sends greeting to all the family of Gherardini dwelling in Florence.

"Most grateful to us have been your letters to us, most illustrious men. From them we have learned to know the fervour of the fraternal love that you bear to your own blood. But, in order to increase your joy still more, I will briefly inform you of the state of your relations in these parts. Know, then, that my predecessors and ancestors passed from France into England, and having remained there for some time, they, in the year 1140 (1170), arrived in this island of Ireland, and by their swords obtained great possessions and achieved great feats of arms; and up to the present day have increased and multiplied into many branches and families, insomuch that I, by the grace of God, possess, by hereditary right, the earldom and am Earl of Kildare, holding divers castles and manors, and by the liberality of our most serene lord the King of England, I am now his deputy in the whole of Ireland, during the pleasure of his majesty; an honour frequently obtained, heretofore, by my father and my predecessors. There is also a relation of ours in these parts, called the Earl of Desmond, under whose lordship there are 100 miles, in length, of country. Our house has increased beyond measure, in a multitude of barons, knights, and noble persons, holding many possessions, and having under their command many persons. We are most desirous to know the deeds of our ancestors; so that if you have in your possession any history, we request you to communicate it to us. We wish to know the origin of our house and their numbers, and the names of your ancestors; whether there are any of them settled in France; and who of our family inhabit the Roman territory. I also wish to know the transactions of the present time, for it gives me great joy always to hear news of our house. If there is any thing that we can procure for you through our labour and industry, or any thing that you have not got, such as hawks, falcons, horses or dogs for the chase, I beg you will inform me of it, as I shall, in every possible way, endeavour to obey your wishes. God be with you, and do you love us in return. From our Castle of Castledermot, 27th day of May, 1507.—GERALD, Chief in Ireland of the family of the Geraldines, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of the most serene King of England, in Ireland."

Wales, a lady, like the Grecian Helen, more remarkable for her charms than her purity.

We will not pause to give the narrative of the beautiful Nesta's abduction by Owen ap Cadwgan, or of the revenge taken by her husband, Gerald Fitzwalter. The romantic story forms an interesting episode in Lord Kildare's volume.

Gerald and Nesta's son, MAURICE FITZGERALD, was the patriarch of the Irish Geraldines. In 1168, Dermot Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, driven from his territory by Roderick O'Connor, King of Ireland, sought assistance from the English, and succeeded in enlisting in his cause the renowned Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke. Having reached St. David's, on his way back to Ireland, Dermot was hospitably received by David Fitzgerald, Bishop of the diocese; and at the prelate's persuasion, his younger brother, Maurice, and his half-brother, Robert Fitzstephen, engaged to assist Mac Murrough with their forces. Soon after, Maurice embarked for Ireland, with two ships containing a small body of soldiers, and after having been invested with the lordship of Wexford, marched forward and took Dublin. But the Irish king was no idle or unconcerned spectator of this achievement. In 1171, he had gathered such an increase of strength that though Maurice was by this time joined by Strongbow, Roderick was able to invest Dublin with 30,000 men, while at sea he blockaded it with a fleet of thirty Manx vessels. The case of the English, with only 600 troops, seemed well nigh desperate. In this emergency, by Maurice's advice and earnest and inspiring exhortations, the beleaguered garrison, like our own Havelock at Lucknow, determined to trust to their superior warlike prowess and daring, and regardless of the disparity of numbers, to encounter the foe. The bold exploit was crowned with success: the Irish were completely defeated; and the king, Roderick, with difficulty escaped. Maurice died at Wexford in 1177, and was buried in the Abbey of Grey Friars, without the walls of Maynooth. "His death," says the old chronicler, "was not without much sorrow of all his friends, and much harm and loss to the English interest in Ireland. He was a man witty and manfull; a truer man,

not steddaster, for constancy, fidelity, and love, left he none in Ireland." "In truth," continues Geraldus Cambrensis, "Maurice was an honourable and modest man; with a face sunburnt and well-looking, of middle height; a man well modelled in mind and body; a man of innate goodness; desiring rather to be than to seem good; a man of few words, but full of weight, having more of the heart than of the mouth, more of reason than of volubility, more wisdom than eloquence; and yet when it was required, earnest to the purpose. In military affairs valiant, and second to few in activity, neither impetuous nor rash, but circumspect in attack and resolute in defence; a sober, modest, and chaste man; constant, trusty, and faithful; a man not altogether without fault, yet not spotted with any notorious or great crime."

Notwithstanding the quaintness of this eulogy, its language is as energetic as it is simple, and reminds us much of some of Froissart's admirable descriptions. Nor, judging from all his actions, was Maurice unworthy of such a chronicler. Upon a wider field of action, and one of more general interest to the world at large, his life would have formed one of those brilliant pages of history upon which the memory loves to dwell, and which are read and re-read with unabated gratification. But mankind, partly from necessity, and in part from inclination, are so much wrapt up in the present, that they have little time to spare for the records of the past; and of that little the greater portion is, of course, devoted to the actors on the largest and most familiar stage. The son of this redoubtable warrior was **GERALD FITZMAURICE**, who received summons to Parliament, as **BARON OFFALY**, in 1205, and died the same year. MAURICE the second baron, who bore the name of his grandfather, the gallant companion of Strongbow, was not unworthy of it. Piety, it is evident, formed a strong ingredient in his character; for, in 1216, he introduced into Ireland the order of the Franciscans; in 1229, that of the Dominicans; and, in two years after, he built the Franciscan Abbey of Youghal. In connexion with this event, Lord Kildare relates a story which strikingly illustrates his kindly disposition. As a statesman, the second Lord Offaly

exhibited considerable ability in the office of Lord Justice of Ireland; and, as a soldier, he seems to have fallen little short of his gallant predecessor, Maurice Fitzgerald.

Like him, he marched from victory to victory, his career being as splendid as that of many a modern conqueror; and yet how little does it interest a reader of the present day to be told of his burning towns, storming castles, and subjugating provinces. History, in this case, touches the harp of the past in vain; the sound which it returns has little power over our feelings in the nineteenth century, when the very results of the hero's deeds have as much mouldered away as his own bones. Eventually, Lord Maurice, exchanging the casque for the cowl, retreated from the world's conflicts, and, in the calm retreat of his own Monastery of Youghal, ended his days in holiness and peace. Passing over a succession of names, all more or less illustrious, we stop for a moment at the sixth baron, to relate the curious traditions which explain how the monkey came to be the crest of the Geraldines of Offaly.

JOHN FITZ-THOMAS FITZGERALD, afterwards the first EARL OF KILDARE, then an infant, was in the Castle of Woodstock, near Athy, when there was an alarm of fire. In the confusion that ensued the child was forgotten; and on the servants returning to search for him, the room in which he lay was found in ruins. Soon after a strange voice was heard on one of the towers, and, upon looking up, they saw an ape, which was usually kept chained, carefully holding the child in his arms. The earl afterwards, in gratitude for his preservation, adopted a monkey for his crest; and some of his descendants, in memory of it, took the additional motto, "*Non immemor beneficii.*"

But stories of this kind generally assume a multitude of changing hues and forms, according to the memory or imagination of the narrator. Another less romantic, and certainly less pleasing, tradition tells us, that "Thomas Fitzmaurice (of the Desmond line), was only nine months old when his father and grandfather were slain at the battle of Callan, in 1261. The child was at Tralee; and on his attendants rushing out, alarmed at the intelligence, he was left alone

in his cradle, when a tame baboon or ape took him up in his arms, and ran with him to the top of the tower of the neighbouring abbey. After carrying him round the battlements, and exhibiting him to the frightened spectators, he brought the infant back to its cradle in safety. Thomas was, in consequence, surnamed, in Irish, *An Appagh* (*Simiacus*, or the ape), and became ancestor to the Earls of Desmond."

The life of JOHN FITZ-THOMAS FITZGERALD, the child thus miraculously preserved, abounds in adventures that would form a fitting subject for romance. He was at variance with William de Vesci, Lord of Kildare, a baron much esteemed by the reigning monarch, Edward I.; their disputes arising from the contiguity of their estates. De Vesci, who was Lord Justice of Ireland, openly declared that John Fitz-Thomas was the cause of the existing disturbances, and that he was "in private quarrels as fierce as a lyon, but in publicke injuries as meeke as a lambe." This having been reported to Fitzgerald, he, in the presence of the lords of the council, replied:—"You would gladly charge me with treason, that, by shedding my blood, and by catching my land into your clouches, that but so neere upon your lands of Kyldare, you might make your sonne a proper gentleman." "A gentleman!" quoth the Lord Justice. "Thou bold baron, I tell thee the Vescis were gentlemen before the Geraldines were barons of Offaly; yea, and before that Welsh bankrupt, thyne ancestaur, fethered his nest in Leinster;" and then accused him of being "a supporter of thieves, and upholder of traytours." "As for my ancestor," replied the baron, "whom you terme a bankrupt, how riche or how poore he was upon his repayre to Ireland, I purpose not at this time to debate; yet this much I may boldly say, that he came hither as a byer, not a beggar. He bought his enemies' land by spending his bloud: but you, lurking like a spider in his cobweb to entrappe flies, endeavour to beg subjects' livings wrongfully, by despoiling them of their lives. I, John Fitz-Thomas, Baron of Offaly, doe tell thee, William Vesci, that I am noe traytour, noe felon; but that thou art the only battress by which the king's enemies are supported." Google

Both parties being summoned to the royal presence, Fitzgerald maintained the same bold language, accusing the justiciary of corruption, and saying that, while the nobility were excluded from his presence, "an Irish cow could at all times have access to him. But," continued Offaly, "so much as our mutual complaints stand upon, the one his yea, and the other his nay, and that you would be taken for a champion, and I am known to be no coward, let us, in God's name, leave lying for varlets, bearding for ruffians, facing for crackers, chatting for twattlers, scolding for callets, booking for scriveners, pleading for lawyers; and let us try, with the dint of swords, as becomes martial men to do, our mutual quarrels. Therefore, to justify that I am a true subject, and that thou, Vesci, art an arch traitor to God and to my king, here, in the presence of his highness, and in the hearing of this honourable assembly, I challenge the combat."

De Vesci accepted the challenge, amidst the applauses of the assembly; but either he doubted the goodness of his cause, or feared to contend with so formidable an adversary. Before the appointed day he fled to France, whereupon the king declared Offaly innocent; adding, "albeit De Vesci conveyed his person into France, yet he left his lands behind him in Ireland;" and he granted them to the Baron of Offaly, who subsequently, in many a hard-fought day, showed himself no less true than valiant. For his good services the English monarch (EDWARD II.) created him EARL OF KILDARE, and assigned to him the town and castle of that name.

Again we pass over many illustrious chiefs of this house, to come to GERALD, the eighth Earl of Kildare; and here we cannot help remarking on a singular fact. While in the royal succession of England we never find a continuity of three distinguished monarchs—not often two—there does not appear to have been an Earl of Kildare who did not fully maintain the name and honour of his race. Not one of them but stands out prominently as an honourable landmark in the Irish annals.

Gerald, eighth Earl of Kildare, called by the Irish, "Geroit More," or the Great, both in his character

and the events of his life, presents us with all the brilliant colours of romance. He was constituted lord deputy; but his feuds with the Butlers and the enmity of the Bishop of Meath were the cause of the king's revoking the appointment, and sending over Lord Grey, of Codnor, to supersede him. To this mandate, sealed with the king's private seal, the undaunted Gerald paid no attention, but set the new deputy at defiance. The consequence was, that the king summoned both parties to appear before him, when the earl managed matters so adroitly, that he was re-appointed to the office of deputy to Richard Duke of Gloucester—a conclusive proof that he was no less politic than valiant. Confirmed Yorkist as the earl was, still the accession of the Lancastrian prince, Henry VII., did not prevent his continuance in office; till after a time, the king, suspecting he was engaged in a plot against him, commanded his attendance in England. This order Gerald dexterously evaded. He summoned a Parliament, and induced the lords to send letters to the king, representing that, in the affairs about to be discussed, the lord deputy's presence was absolutely indispensable. But the king's suspicions were justified by the event. The earl joined in acknowledging Lambert Simnel as the veritable Edward, Earl of Warwick, son of George Duke of Clarence, who, in that character, pretending to have escaped from the tower, set up a claim to the English throne in opposition to the king *de facto*. The example of Kildare, in countenancing the impostor, was followed by nearly all the lords of the pale. Simnel was crowned, with much solemnity, in the cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin—a crown being placed upon his head that had been borrowed from a statue of the Blessed Virgin in St. Mary's Church, near Dame-gate. But Simnel, returning to England to try his fortunes, was met at Stoke, and utterly defeated; and the Earl of Kildare, like his companions, was fain to implore the king's pardon. This was at once granted by Henry, who limited the expression of his anger to a taunt upon their gullibility with reference to Simnel, observing, that "they would at last crown apes, should he be long absent." At the same time, well knowing the earl's influence with

the lords of the pale, he sought yet further to confirm him in his allegiance, by continuing him in his office of chief governor of Ireland.

It would be a long and not very profitable task to follow the earl through his various feuds upon his return to his own country. In 1491 "a great war broke out between Con O'Neill and Hugh Roe O'Donnell; and they went to the lord justice, the Earl of Kildare, but they returned without peace." The origin of this feud has outlived the details of the feud itself, and is sufficiently characteristic to be recorded. "Send me tribute, or *else*—," was the brief but threatening message of O'Neill. "I owe you no tribute; and *if*—," was the equally laconic reply of O'Donnell.

A new claimant to Henry's crown arising in the person of Perkin Warbeck, the earl again became an object of suspicion with the English monarch, who, in consequence, removed him from the office of lord deputy. He had also contrived about this time to quarrel with the Bishop of Meath, against whom he was so bitterly exasperated, that he one day followed him into a church whither he had fled for sanctuary. The earl bade him come out, and, upon his refusal, entering, sword in hand, the chancel, where the prelate was kneeling, swore, "by St. Bride," (his usual oath,) "were it not that I know my prince would be offended with me, I could find it in my heart to lay my sword upon thy shaven crown." But, though he spared the bishop's life, he kept him prisoner until the lord deputy demanded his release.

Receiving the promise of a pardon for these and other offences of the same kind, the earl ventured, in all good faith, to Dublin. The lord deputy, however, had him arrested in the evening; but, as timid as he was false, did not choose to pronounce judgment upon his prisoner, and sent him over to England in a barque which had been kept in readiness for that purpose. There he was detained for two years a prisoner in the Tower of London, when he was at last brought before the council. The outrage on the bishop stood foremost on the list of his offences, whereupon he said—"he was not sufficiently learned to make answer to such weighty matters.

The bishop was a learned man, and so was not he, and therefore might easily outdo him in argument." The king then said, "he might choose a counsellor." The earl replied, "I doubt I shall not have that good fellow that I would choose." The king assured him he should, and added, that "it concerned to get counsell that was very good, as he doubted his cause was very bad." The earl replied: "I will choose the best in England." "And who is that?" asked the king. "Marry, the king himself," quoth the earl, "and, by St. Bride, I will choose no other." At this the king laughed, and turning to the council said, "a wiser man might have chosen worse." The earl was then accused of having burnt the cathedral of Cashel, in consequence of a feud with the archbishop, and many witnesses were present to prove the fact; but, contrary to their expectation, he not only confessed it, but exclaimed, "By my troth I would never have done it, but I thought the bishop was in it." The archbishop being present, and one of the busiest of the accusers, the king laughed heartily, and was so favourably impressed by the bluntness and frankness of the earl, that on the Bishop of Meath exclaiming, "all Ireland cannot rule this man," he at once replied, "then he shall rule all Ireland." And accordingly Kildare was restored to his forfeited estates and honours, and again appointed lord deputy, though, at the same time, the monarch retained his eldest son Gerald, as a hostage. And well, both by his fidelity and his talents as a statesman and a soldier, did the great earl repay the king's confidence. Perkin Warbeck, on his landing at Cork in 1497, was successfully opposed by the Earls of Kildare and Desmond, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. For this good service, King Henry conferred on Kildare several manors in the counties of Warwick and Gloucester. With a strong hand, too, the Earl controlled the unruly native chieftains, and, if he could not entirely extinguish the spirit of revolt, yet he so well managed his affairs, that rebellion never dared to show its head, but it was instantly put down, and forced to save itself by submission. So pleasing were his efforts to Henry, that he was re-

ceived by him with the highest favour upon his again visiting England to give an account of his government, and returned *magno cum honore et novis instructionibus*, taking with him his son Gerald, who, shortly afterwards, was made high treasurer of Ireland.

That unquiet spirit, to which we have just alluded, again broke out and showed itself in a formidable array against the king's authority, amongst many of the most powerful native chiefs under the Lord of Clanricarde, who had married Kildare's daughter, but had so neglected her as to excite much ill blood between the lady's husband and her father. Never had Gerald's pre-eminent skill and courage been more severely tasked. When he came in sight of the rebels they were drawn up in full force upon *Knock Tuagh*, or the *hill of axes*, now called Knockdoe, about seven miles from Galway. Many of the lords of the pale began to be alarmed for the result, on seeing the overwhelming strength of the enemy, who had collected the largest army ever seen in the country since the invasion of 1169. They would have persuaded the earl to offer terms of peace, but the stout old soldier refused to listen for a moment to such timid counsels. Having drawn up his men in battle array, he bluntly told them that their own safety, as well as the king's honour, rested on their unflinching valour in that day's service.

The onset was made by the rebels, and in a gallant style, but they were received with such a volley of arrows from the Leinster men that they fell back in confusion. The earl then commanded his vanguard to advance, when his son Gerald, in the impatience of youthful courage, charged without orders at the head of his men in such a brave and resolute manner as no one could do better. "Far away from the troops," says the Irish chronicler, "were heard the violent onset of the martial chiefs, the vehement efforts of the champions, the charge of the royal heroes, the noise of the swords, the clamour of the troops when endangered, the shouts and exultations of the youths, the sound made by the falling of brave men, and the triumph of nobles over plebeians."

It was a fierce battle, such as had

not been known in latter times. Of Clanricarde's nine divisions which were in solid array, there survived only one broken battalion. The rebels were completely routed, their slain being computed at nearly nine thousand men, and, though this may be exaggeration, there can be no doubt that the battle of Knock Tuagh broke the strength of the western and southern septa. For this good service Kildare was created by Henry, a Knight of the Garter.

The days of this great man were now drawing fast to a conclusion. In 1513, he marched against Lemyvannon, or O'Carroll's Castle, now called "Leap Castle," in the King's County; but as he was watering his horse in the river Greese, at Kilkeen, he was shot by one of the O'Mores, of Leix, and after lingering for a few days, he died of his wound, and was buried in his own chapel, at Christ Church, before the high altar. Holinshed describes him as a "mightie man of stature, full of honours and courage, who had bin lord deputie and lord justice of Ireland three and thirtie yeares. Kildare was in government milde, to his enemies sterne. He was open and playne, hardly able to rule himself when he was moved; in anger not so sharp as short, being easily displeased and sooner appeased."

GEROIT Oge, i.e. GERALD, the younger, the NINTH EARL OF KILDARE, entered upon his office of lord deputy under less favourable auspices than his predecessor had done, for Henry VIII., if not more suspicious than his father, was much inferior to him in his knowledge of men, and in the way of ruling them by the show of a magnanimous confidence. Still, it must be allowed, that Gerald, as governor of Ireland, seemed to consider himself as representing the king's interests only in the pale, which, at that time, included the counties of Dublin, Louth, Meath, and Kildare; ruling the rest of his possessions as independently as any native chief, and these were tolerably extensive, for he and his kinsmen occupied the counties of Kildare and Carlow as far as the bridge of Leighlin, exacting coin and livery within those bounds. In fact, while he was English to the Irish, he was, to a certain degree, Irish to the English



who were placed in this unfortunate dilemma ; they must of necessity support the lord deputy from his influence over the pale, which was their instrument for curbing the rest of Ireland, then divided amongst about thirty great Anglo-Irish lords, and sixty Irish chieftains. On the other hand there was always a danger of the lord deputy's growing over-powerful, and turning round upon his masters. The only thing, as it seems, that prevented such a casualty, was the rooted hatred borne by the Irish chieftains towards the pale, which they justly considered as the great obstacle to their regaining that absolute independence which was the constant object of all their struggles when not engaged in feud amongst themselves.

Thus it happened to Gerald Oge, as it had happened to his predecessors, to more than once incur the jealousy of the English government, and to be deprived of his office of lord deputy. What was yet worse, he unluckily drew down upon himself the hatred of the stern and lynx-eyed Wolsey, and nearly lost his head in consequence. The story is worth extracting, as it serves to show how the cardinal dared at times to act in independence of his master, who yet was sufficiently jealous of his royal power, and did not lightly endure any encroachments upon it. Kildare having been accused of treason by the Earl of Ossory, was ordered to England to answer for his conduct ; upon his arrival he was immediately committed to the tower, and soon afterwards appeared before the council, where, according to Holinshed, the cardinal made a furious attack upon him, and, among other things, charged him with having taken no steps to arrest the Earl of Desmond, who had fallen under the displeasure of the English government—"Yet had you," continued the haughty favourite, "lost a cow or a horse of your owne, two hundred of your retainers would have come at your whistle to rescue the prey from the uttermost edge of Ulster. The Earl! nay, the King of Kildare ; for when you are disposed, you reigne more like than rule the land."—While the cardinal was speaking, the earl showed signs of impatience, and at last interrupted him thus—"My lord chancellor, I beseech you pardon me, I

am short-witted, and you, I believe, intend a long tale. If you proceed in this order, halfe of my purgation will be lost for lacke of carriage. I have no schoole trickes, nor art of memory except you heare me, while I remember your words ; your second process will hammer out the former." The lords of the council, deeming this request reasonable, besought the cardinal to allow the earl to proceed after his own fashion. He acceded, and Kildare entered on his defence : so graphic, so characteristic is the speech as reported by that trustworthy old chronicler, Holinshed, that we cannot forbear to give it :—

"It is good reason," urged the earl, "that your grace beare the mouth of this boarde. But, my lord, those mouths that put these things in your mouth, are very wyde mouths, such indeed as have gaped long for my wrack, and now, at length, for want of better stuffe, are faine to fill their mouths with smoke. What my cousin, Desmond, hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long. If hee can be taken by my agents, that presently wait for him, then have my adversaries betrayed their malice, and this heape of haynous words shall resemble a scarecrow or a man of strawe, that seemeth at a blush to carry some proportion, but when it is felt and poyssed, discovereth a vanity, serving onely to fear crows ; and I verily trust your honours will see the prooffe by the thing itselfe within these few dayes. But to go too, suppose hee never bee hadde, what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossorie ; notwithstanding his high promises, having also the King his power, is yet content to bring him in at leysure. Cannot the Earl of Desmond steale, but I must be of counsell? Cannot hee bee hyden, except I winke? If hee bee close, am I his mate? If hee bee friended, am I a traytour? This is a doughty kind of accusation which they urge agaynst me. When was the earle within my viewe, and who stode by when I let him slip? But I sent him worde to beware of me. Who was the messenger? where are the letters? Of my cousin Desmond they may lie, since no man more can well contrarie them. Touching myselfe, I never acted in theym eyther so much wit or so fast fayth that I would have gaged upon their silence the life of a goode hounde, much lesse mine own. It grieveth me that your good grace, whom I take to be wise and sharpe, should be so farre gone in creditting these corrupt informers. Little know you, my lord, how necessarie it is, not onely for the

governour, but also for every nobleman in Irelande, to hamper his uncivil neighbours at discretion, wherein if they waited for processe of lawe, and had not those lyves and landes within their reach, they might happe to lose their owne lives and landes without lawe. Touching my kingdom, I know not what your lordship should meane thereby. If your grace imagin that a kingdom consisteth in serving God, in obeying the prince, in governing with love the common wealth, in shouldering subjects, in suppressing rebelles, in executing justice, in brideling blind affections, I would be willing to be invested with so vertuous and royall a name. But if, therefore, you terme me a king, in that you are persuaded that I repine at the government of my soveraigne, or winke at malefactors, or oppress civil livers, I utterly disclaime in that odious tearme, marveyling greatly that one of your Grace his profound wisdom should seeme to appropriate so sacred a name to so wicked a thing. But, however it be, my lorde, I woulde you and I had changed kingdoms but for one monthe, I woulde trust to gather up more crummes in that space than twice the revenues of my poore earledom. But you are well and warme, and so holde you and upbrayde not me with such an odious terme. I slumber in a hard cabyn, when you sleepe in a soft bed of downe. I serve under the king his cope of heaven, when you are served under a canapie. I drinke water out of my skull, when you drinke wine out of golden cuppes. My courser is trayned to the field, when your genet is taught to amble. When you are begraced and beloved, and crouched and kneeled unto, then find I small grace with our Irish borderers, except I cut them off by the knees."

Hollinshed continues—

"The cardinal perceiving that Kildare was no babe, rose in a fume from the counsaile-table, and commytted the earle, and deferred the matter till more direct probations came out of Irelande. There he was heartily beloved of the lieutenant, pittied in all the court; and standing in so harde a case, altered little his accustomed hue, comforted other noblemen, prisoners with him, dissembling his owne sorrow. One night, when the lieutenant and he, for their disport, were playing at slide-grote or shuffle-boorde, sodainely commeth from the cardinall a mandatum to execute Kildare on the morrow. The earle, marking the lieutenant's deep sigh, 'By St. Bride, lieutenant,' quoth he, 'there is some madde game in that scrole; but, fall how it will, this throw is for a hud-

dle.' When the worst was tolde him, 'Nowe, I pray thee,' quoth he, 'doe no more, but learne assuredly from the King his owne mouth, whether his highness be witting thereto or not.' Sore doubted the lieutenant to displease the cardinall, yet of verrie pure love to his friend, he posteth to the king at midnight, and delivered his errand (for att all houres of the night the lieutenant hath access to the prince upon occasions). The king, controlling the saunciness of the priest (for those were his termes), delivered to the lieutenant his signet in token of countermande; which, when the cardinall had seen, he beganne to brake into unseasoned language, which the lieutenant was loath to hear. Thus broke up the storm for that time."

Thus did the stout earl weather the storm which had so well-nigh foundered him, and even again attained to his former dignity; but it was only to relapse into suspicion and disgrace. He was once more called over to England and recommitted to the tower.

"He was," says the old chronicler, "a wise and prudent man, valiant without rashness, and politic without treachery; such an oppressor of rebels that they dared not beare armour to the annoyance of any subject; whereby he heaped no small revenues to the crowne; guarded in safety the pale; continued the honour of his house, and purchased envy to his person. His great hospitalitie is to this day rather of each man commended than of any followed. He was so religious addicted to the service of God as what tymes soever he travelyed to any part of the cuntry, such as wear of his chappell should be seur to accompanie him."

Before his departure from Ireland, he constituted his son Thomas, Lord Offally, vice-deputy; and strictly enjoined him to be "wise and prudent," and to submit in all things to "the sounde and sage advice of the council." Nevertheless, "the hot and active temper" of the young lord could not be restrained. The murder of Archbishop Alen, perpetrated by his followers, led to the severe sentence of excommunication pronounced against him; which being shown to the old Earl in the Tower, had such an effect on him, that he died, shortly after, of a broken heart. His remains received sepulture within the Tower walls, in St Peter's Church,—a sorry recompense for all his services.

The excess of jealous suspicion which made the English government

so uncertain in their treatment of the Fitzgeralds—one day creating them lord deputies, and the next imprisoning them in the Tower, provoked the very evils they were so anxious to avoid. Some time before the ninth Earl died, a report reached Ireland that he was to be beheaded. A strange story is told by Holinshed, how this report was further confirmed in secret letters, written by certain servants of Sir William Skeffington. "One of these letters fell into the hands of a priest, who threw it among other papers, meaning to read it at leisure. That night a gentleman, a retainer of Lord Thomas, lodged with the priest, and sought in the morning when he rose for some paper to darn on his strayed stockings; and, as the divell would, he hit upon the letter, and bore it away in the heele of his stocke." At night he found the paper, and seeing that it announced the earl's death, he carried it to his son, LORD THOMAS, who immediately resolved to throw off his allegiance to the English crown. From this moment the adventures of THOMAS, 10TH EARL OF KILDARE,\* known (from the fringes on the helmets of his retainers) as "Silken Thomas," would form no uninteresting chapter of a romance; and, after all, his determination was not so hopeless of success as many at the time imagined it to be,

so extensive was the influence of the Geraldines. In disclaiming the English rule, the young earl proceeded with all the chivalric honour of a knight of old. He called a meeting of the council at St. Mary's Abbey, and when he had seated himself at the head of the table, a party of his followers rushed in, to the sore amazement of those who had not been previously warned of his intentions. The words in which he then addressed them were worthy of his great ancestors, and show of what metal the Geraldines were made:—

"Howsoever," he began, "howsoever injuriously we may be handled, and forced to defend ourselves in arms, when neither our service nor our good meaning towards our prince's crown availeth, yet say not hereafter but that in this open hostility which we here profess and proclaim, we have showed ourselves no villains nor churls, but warriors and gentlemen. This sword of estate is yours, and not mine. I received it with an oath, and used it to your benefit. I should disdain mine honour if I turned the same to your annoyance. Now have I need of mine own sword, which I dare trust. As for the common sword, it flattereth me with a painted scabbard, but hath indeed a pestilent edge, already bathed in the Geraldine blood, and now is newly-whetted in hope of a further destruction. Therefore save yourselves from us as

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\* The Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald,—the "Fair Geraldine" of Surrey's poetry—was half sister of Silken Thomas, and daughter of Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, by the Lady Elizabeth Grey, his second countess, whose grandmother, Elizabeth Woodville, became Queen of Edward IV. The Fair Geraldine was educated at Hunsdon, and, in 1543, married Sir Anthony Browne, K.G., then sixty years of age:—

"From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race,  
Fair Florence was some time her ancient seat;  
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face  
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.  
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;  
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood.  
From tender years in Britain doth she rest  
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.  
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.  
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;  
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,  
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.  
Her beauty of kind, her virtues from above,  
Happy is he that can attain her love."

*The Earl of Surrey to the Fair Geraldine.*

It is said that Lord Surrey, at a tournament at Florence, defied all the world to produce such beauty as hers, and was victorious. He is also said to have visited, at that time, Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchymist, who revealed to him, in a magic mirror, the form of the fair Geraldine, lying on a couch, reading one of his sonnets by the light of a taper. This incident has been happily introduced by Sir Walter Scott, in his "*Lay of the last Minstrel*."

from open enemies. I am none of Henry's deputie: I am his foe. I have more mind to conquer than to govern; to meet him in the field than to serve him in office. If all the hearts of England and Ireland, that have cause there-to, would join in this quarrel (as I hope they will), then should he soon aby (as I trust shall) for his tyranny, for which the age to come may lawfully scourge him up among the ancient tyrants of most abominable and hateful memory."

He then tendered his sword of state to the chancellor (Cromer). The gentle prelate, who was a well-wisher of the Geraldines, besought him, with tears in his eyes, to abandon his purpose; and might, perhaps, have succeeded, but that Nelan, an Irish bard, then present, burst out on the sudden into a heroic strain, in his native tongue, eulogistic of "Silken Thomas," and concluded by warning him, that he had "lingered there over long." The earl was roused by the fervour of this appeal. Addressing the chancellor somewhat abruptly, he renounced all allegiance to the English monarch, saying, that he chose rather "to die with valiantness and liberty."

Never was there a finer scene for poet or painter than this at St. Mary's Abbey; and never has ancient history left us a happier theme for either of them than "Silken Thomas." His subsequent career fully corresponded with this commencement. For a length of time he resisted, successfully, the famous lord deputy, Skeffington, with all the support that England could afford him, or that he derived from such of the native Irish septs as had been previously hostile to the earl, or were bought over by the hope of present advantage. When, finally, deserted by the last of his allies, Kildare found himself obliged to surrender, it was upon a promise, sealed upon the holy sacrament, that he should receive a full pardon on his arrival in England. But this pledge was shamefully violated by Henry VIII. For sixteen months the earl was incarcerated in the Tower of London, and then, together with his five uncles, two of whom had always been stanch adherents of the king, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, on the 8th of February, 1537, being then but twenty-four years of age.

The rebellion of "Silken Thomas"

is well and ably told by Lord Kildare; and perhaps the whole range of history produces no more affecting a story.

"This unfortunate earl was," says Holinshed, "a man on whom nature poured beauty and fortune, and withal somewhat ruddy, delicately in each lymme featured; of nature flexible and kinde; a young man not devode of wit."

It is melancholy to contrast the early condition of the gay, glittering noble, "the Silken Lord," Vice Deputy of Ireland, and head of one of the most illustrious families in the world, with that bitter suffering which he described in a letter to an adherent, while a prisoner in the Tower:—"I never had eny money syns I cam unto prison but a nobull, nor I have had nethyr hosyn, dublet, nor shoyes, nor shyrt, but on. . . . I have gone barefote dyverse tymes (when ytt hath not been very warme) and so I should have don styll, and now, but that pore prysoners, of their gentylnes, hath sometyne gevyn me old hosyn and shoyes and old shyrtes. This I wryte unto you, not as complayning on my fryndes, but for to shew you the trewth of my gret nede." The generous, self-sacrificing spirit of the youth still shines through all his sufferings; and the reader will scarcely fail to be struck with the marked resemblance between "Silken Thomas" and another equally ill-fated Geraldine, of a much later period—the amiable and high-minded Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Both were led away by the enthusiasm of their nature; both were chivalrously honourable; both displayed, throughout the contest, an unflinching spirit; and each, in the bloom of manhood, paid the penalty of his error in a violent death.

Though attainder followed, the House of Kildare was not destined to perish. Thomas's half-brother, GERALD, the eleventh Earl of Kildare, then a minor, only twelve years old, became the male representative of the Geraldines. So great was the sympathy in his favour, from one end of Ireland to the other, that the English Government became, beyond measure, anxious to get him into their power; but all their efforts were in vain to corrupt the fidelity of those to whose charge he had been entrusted. By them he was safely conveyed to the Continent, where he found a welcome

reception; and, though the English monarch was successful in having him dismissed from one place of refuge after the other, yet he could not persuade any one of his friendly allies to give the boy up. At length, he obtained a safe retreat in Rome, with his kinsman, Cardinal Pole, who caused him to be educated, and subsequently sent him, at his own desire, upon his travels. He afterwards entered the service of Cosmo de Medici, Duke of Florence, who appointed him Master of his Horse. Returning to England, after the death of King Henry, in company with some foreign ambassadors, he was present at a masque given by Edward VI., where he met, wooed, and won his future wife, Mabel, daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, K.G. Through Sir Anthony's influence, the young king gave Gerald back his Irish estates and conferred on him knighthood; and, at a later period, Queen Mary restored to him his hereditary honours. After a brilliant career, Earl Gerald died in London, in 1585, but his body was taken back to Ireland, and buried in Kildare.

There is less of romance, but scarcely less of historical interest, in the lives of the succeeding Earls of Kildare; but the details are suited rather to the genealogical than the general reader. In this brief sketch our purpose has been to shadow forth the career of as noble a race as ever graced the page of history; but, to be felt and comprehended in its full extent, the tale should be read in the delightful pages of Lord Kildare's own book.

There is abundant evidence of research in his lordship's labours. It is, however, to be regretted that the manuscript sources, locked up and unknown in the public offices of Dublin, and loudly calling for a new Record Commission, to give their treasures to the world, could not be more thoroughly ransacked. Mention is made of a

"chest or secure place in the Castle of Mainoth," for the custody of family papers, to which three locks, were, for their better safety, to be affixed during the minority of George, sixteenth earl. We trust the "secure place," was not robbed of its deposit at the ruin of the castle by Preston and the confederate Catholics, who plundered "the library of great value" in 1642, and dismantled the building in 1646, since which time it has remained uninhabited.

Though there thus seems, unfortunately, but too good grounds for apprehension that the muniment room of Carton is less rich than that of the great rival race of Ormonde, in Kilkenny Castle; still report states that many valuable manuscripts are preserved at the former mansion, as, for instance, the "Book of Kildare" (perhaps the manuscript mentioned at page 113, as "the Earl of Kildare's Red Book"), and the "Book of *Obits* of diverse gentlemen of the Geraldys," which would, if given in an appendix, have been a valuable document in illustration of the collateral branches of the family. The history of those offshoots, in many instances deduced by Lodge, does not enter into the plan of the present work. This we regret, as the Duke of Leinster, however times have changed, is still a great Chief, the head of a widely-spread and powerful clan, who still look to him with all the respect given to the ancient leader, though he no longer calls on them to follow his feudal banner to the field.

In conclusion we will only add, that few will rise from the perusal of Lord Kildare's memorials of the great race from which he springs, without cordially coinciding in the remark that the family of the Geraldines is "so ancient, that it seems to have no beginning, and so illustrious that it ought to have no end."

*Record Tower.*

B. B.

## A WEEK WITH "THE TIMES."

"TIME," says the Archbishop of Dublin, after Dr. Copleston, "is no agent. When we speak of such-and-such changes being brought about *by* time, we mean *in* time." Several hundred years before either of these clever writers, the elder Scaliger had pointed out this distinction to Oardan. "You say that all things are originated, and destroyed by time, a sentiment as trite as it is deficient in subtlety. When Aristotle for a moment assumes a similar saying, he carefully guards it by his "as they are wont to say, time destroys all things." "Time is a measure to the mind, and does nothing." Time in this way becomes what some philosophers call a *symbolical cognition*; and it stands for the sum total of unknown multiplied causes which have produced a given effect.

Without further refinement, it may be said that in the silent lapse of events, old political influences have become effete, and new influences come to the birth, quite as remarkable as any which have distinguished the tumult of public revolutions. No salvo of artillery, no tramp of excited myriads, have hailed the noiseless dawning of the birthday of agencies that wield a more than imperial power. The historian cannot note the day or the hour when the child came into the world. We have an instance of this in the imperceptible growth of opinion, which has wrested the guidance of popular sentiment from the isolated dictatorship of the political writer, and committed it to the republic of a newspaper. There was a day in England when parties were moulded by the essays and pamphlets of some "great hand," who primed the prime minister and led the town. Only turn to Swift's Journal to Stella, covering those busy years of political intrigue from 1710 to 1713. He who reads those strange papers will be fascinated by the play of wit, and giddied by the whirl of change from "our society," which blackballs dukes, to beefsteak and bad wine with the printer in the city. He will feel almost awfully the life and stir, the ever-thronging and

passionate pursuit of those gallant lords and splendid ladies, the youngest of whom has been cold in the grave for more than a hundred years. "Alas their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished." But the anxious spirit of Harley; the careless and magnificent genius of St. John; the subtle-witted ladies who met to play ombre at Lady Betty Germaine's, or Masham's, or to talk in the anteroom of some "lady, just after lying in, the ugliest sight, pale, dead old, and yellow, for want of her paint, but soon to be painted and a beauty again"—are alike susceptible to the spell which has been cast over them by that mysterious parson from Ireland. If the Whigs are to be lashed into fury; if the profligacy of Wharton or the covetousness of Marlborough, are to be made odious—if the war is to be rendered unpopular, and brought out from the blaze of glory with which it is illuminated—Dr. Swift flings off an "Examiner," or goes to Barber with a "Conduct of the Allies." The town rings with the pamphlet. The young bloods and Mohocks of the opposite party vow personal vengeance against the author. The tantivy High-church Tory squires of the country party rant out its arguments in the House. Dr. Swift thinks for the Tory party, writes the Queen's speech (or at least retouches it), and to a certain extent leads the country.

But a change has passed over the political writers, akin to that which has passed over the political leaders of England. Mr. Gladstone has subtlety enough to admit of his being split into two premiers, one for either side of the House. Lord Palmerston has exquisite tact, invincible audacity, and an oratory whose occasional hesitation only adds a barb to the sting in the tail of every sentence. But thoughtful men often ask with some impatience for the first-rate figures of other days. They demand the Foxes and Pitts, or even the Cannings and Peels. Yet the demand is somewhat unreasonable. In a regiment of Ghoorkas, an English heavy dragoon

passes for a giant; among his own comrades he is no more than up to regulation height. And so in an age of little reading, when political economists were merely calculating in rude and imperfect schemes the nativity of their science, it was comparatively easy for a man of genius to appear a giant. Adam Smith and Ricardo have supplied stilts which put the most unequal statures more nearly on a level. And in the same way we shall never again hear of political writers like Swift, or Junius, or Burke; not that such pens will never again be found, but that too many are at work for any one to be so conspicuously pre-eminent.

We have sometimes regretted the waste of talent in the papers of the day, and more especially the *Times*. A leader appears. It flashes the keen blade of its wit, or thunders with impetuous eloquence over every house in England. But its coruscations are as meteoric in their rapidity as in their splendour. Very few know the author. Only one here or there can clearly recall its drift after many days. They can only speak of it, as little Peterkin did of the great battle of Blenheim. "A famous article—splendid—such a stunner; but I cannot recollect what it says." And then there is the weary and unsuccessful hunt through old files and crowded drawers, and those other receptacles to which the muse of Dryden has followed the poems of MacFlecknoe. There is a culinary machine called by good housewives "a digester." We are tempted to wish for "a digester," which, every month or every year, might reduce the bones of the *Times* articles into portable compass, and keep them for future use. Then, when the ingredients are good, they might enrich the stock of literary and historical food; when the chemists detect any deleterious mixture, the pernicious stuff may be exposed: whereas, at present, the good is too hastily swallowed, and the bad circulates extensively, because no one has time to analyse it. We make a very humble commencement by giving a hasty abstract of the articles in the *Times* for a single week. This will give us an opportunity of saying some things, chiefly about politics, in our own way. We shall conclude by some general observations on the office and character of the great newspaper.

The week which we select is that which commences with Thursday, December 3, 1857.

There is an article which anticipates the *programme* of the Queen's speech. It sneers at the time when "the communication of a few garbled extracts of the intended speech from the throne was made the subject of official mystification, and of special favour." It predicts, what it needs no prophet to foresee, that the subject of India will be the political Aaron's rod to swallow all others. There has been a Roman Catholic, a Reform, an Income Tax, a Corn Law session; the one now about to open will be an Indian session. It may be supposed that there will be a paragraph to announce the determination of ministers to redeem their pledges upon Parliamentary Reform. Now, seeing that the *Times* of the next day is driven to confess that the introduction of this topic is *inconsequent* and inopportune, it may be hard to convince the world that the editor has not received "the special favour" of which he speaks so slightly. There is one point which will "necessarily be recommended to Parliament, the distressed condition of the operative classes." On the whole, this is a slow and pompous article, couched in the rapid mysteriousness of semi-official reserve, and reminds one of Talleyrand's famous account of words, that they were given to conceal thoughts.

The same paper contains an article on India of better calibre. Though the question of the Bank Charter Act may be the first to present itself, "the Indian discussion will be the chief business of the session." The out-and-out apology for Government which follows, contains the somewhat startling admission, that "it was slow to credit the true meaning of the mutinies; but in its incredulity it did but follow its natural guide, the Government of India. The Calcutta authorities believed the Bengal officers, and our home Government the Calcutta authorities; so that troops which might have sailed from England in April or May did not sail till July or August." Three broad general conclusions are deduced from our recent experience: first, that the military strength of the Indian Government must be no longer based upon a dominant Sepoy army; next, that the personal capacity of

both classes of Indian officers has been placed beyond a doubt; and finally, that this machinery should be allowed full play by the substitution of a responsible Government for a divided direction. Let us add a very few words of our own on the first of these points. We have had the advantage of hearing eminent military opinions. The maintenance of an enormous European army in British India is out of the question. It will be advisable to increase the British troops to a reasonable extent, but this should be supplemented by levies from Africa, Caffres, and others. A force of about 10,000 Sikhs and Ghoorkas will be large enough to do essential service, and not too large to be manageable in case of emergency. Of the splendid capacity of the Indian civil and military officers it would be criminal to entertain a doubt; but to this grave and majestic deliberation of policy and empire, every man who can use his pen or his tongue, shall contribute his quota. We make bold to assert that the younger civilians must learn to lean less entirely upon native officials. The application of black ants, each as long as a finger joint, to the breast; the infernal cataplasm of red pepper to the shaven head of the unfortunate native, to extort confession of theft, the proceeds of which find their way to the pockets of the police; are things that must be repressed sternly and for ever. If the natives of India rebel, let it not be (as Sully says) "*par impatience de souffrir*," but "*par envie d'attaquer*." And as to the army, it must always have an able Commander-in-Chief. That high office, with its splendid emoluments of £18,000 a year, and almost royal patronage, must no longer be entrusted to a chief who spends his time in playing backgammon, and potting pines in the delicious air of the Nilgervy hills, while the army is managed by a masculine lady or by an ambitious secretary.

The *Times*, of the 4th, leads off by recording that "Queen Victoria yesterday presided at the opening of another session of the British Parliament." This article is evidently written by one of the most brilliant gentlemen of "Our Staff," and is extremely elegant and graceful. No wonder the writer was inspired by the day and by the scene. The stately pageant moved on through the clear

and temperate air of a pleasant winter morning. There were five carriages, with six bay horses, one with six blacks, and the state coach, containing the sovereign, with eight cream-coloured steeds. Then there were the mounted and sabred Life Guards; and, as the pageant came to its goal, the sparkling diamonds and gay colours, the peers in scarlet and ermine; the picturesque costume and tawny complexion of the Siamese embassy; the stars, collars, and ribands of the *corps diplomatique*; the broad Orange sash, starred with diamonds of Prince William of Prussia; the gorgeous procession of heralds, pursuivants, pages, and officers of state; the Queen's tiara of diamonds, crimson robe of state, embroidered, and skirt of white, damasked with gold; and then that voice, ringing like a silver bell through the great chamber. "Small need," says our elegant writer, "was there of the soft persuasion of that gentle voice, although its every accent will ring through every land where men speak with the English tongue." He adds that the great reality before us is "the development of that policy which Clive apprehended a century back in the little grove by Plassey, and which Sir John Lawrence has recently carried out in the Punjab, and under the walls of Delhi. We have to conceive and establish a system which shall last for centuries to come." We only add one reflection, by way of note. It is known to all men, who are intimately acquainted with Indian affairs, but utterly unknown to the public generally, that the views of the illustrious brothers, Sir Henry and Sir John Lawrence, on the administration of the Punjab, were diametrically opposed. Sir Henry was the advocate of a policy of conciliation, to be carried out through the great hereditary princes and nobles. Sir John as steadily insisted upon a stern policy of repression. Here alone is a question of transcendent importance, not to be met by crude and hasty legislation.

The writer of this article is obliged to confess that the introduction of Parliamentary Reform is "somewhat importunate and out of place." It is confessed that the demand is not backed by any "very fervent desire on the part of the people." This is surely mild language. Much may be allowed to the almost passionate feelings of



the great leader of the old Whigs on this subject. But surely it should be remembered that the essence of the Lower House does not consist in the popular origin which it has in common with every branch of the legislature, but in its being the reflex of popular feeling. It should not aim at being more popular than the people, more democratic than the democracy. To propose a reform which no one calls for, is the very caprice of mutation. It is the experiment of an empiric. It is stimulating a healthy patient with brandy, on the ground that he may one day have a fever. It is the characteristic of temperate progress to preserve a substantial identity of the body politic under successive changes. Aristotle has remarked that we speak of a fountain as the same though its waters are always changing, and of a state as the same though the individuals are always changing. With a slightly different application it may be said that over-hasty reformers are turning the waters into new fountains. We do not deny, in the abstract, the importance of some rectifications in the electoral system. In particular, we should like to see a sound and well-considered *educational* franchise; but premises on this subject have been too hastily formed to give much confidence in any conclusion which can yet be drawn. The sentence is too vast and weighty to be hitched into a parenthesis of the session.

Another clever article, of the same date, treats of Parliamentary Opposition. The author seems to consider that this is like the Eglinton tournament, a majestic spectre of the past, unnaturally revived, to walk every now and then upon the earth, before it sinks for ever into the silent and sombre gulf from which it has emerged. "It has its bits of declamation, like Burke; its displays of conventional humour, after Mr. Canning; its long strings of irrelevant statistics, from the great financiers of the past. We all of us have our acquaintances, with whom we talk politics, and we find among them no traces of a division into two hostile camps." If we remember, something of the same kind was expressed by the same authority, after the famous manifesto of the Aberdeen ministry; yet a few months brought out a fierce explosion of party spirit. Party is the normal state of

the English constitution. The stroke of the representatives of the two great principles of order and freedom welds the political mass into shape. We are in an abnormal condition just now. An ambidextrous minister grasps both hammers, one in his right hand, the other in his left. The two great wars have lifted him into a position which he may, probably, occupy for the rest of his life. If he has not the broad philosophical grasp of Burke, nor the prophetic gaze of Peel, nor the financial knowledge and metaphysical nicety of Gladstone, he has vast experience in affairs, a tact which supplies the place of philosophical maxims, and a voice whose joyous manly defiance finds its way to every English heart. He has attached to himself most of the talent of the Peelites. Lord Derby has not earnestness enough to rally a great opposition round him. Mr. D'Israeli is a clever financier, an able essayist, a sharp hitter; but he inspires no confidence. Sir John Pakington and Lord Stanley are too advanced for most of their followers. The witches' pot is seething, and through the smoke and bubble one cannot distinctly see the rising shapes. But we can dimly behold a party of the future rising. They will repress the ultra-liberalism of England, and breathe life and progress into the stagnant Conservatism of Ireland. They will be at once Protestant and tolerant. They will not govern England upon national, and Ireland upon provincial principles. They will sweep away the mock court, which exercises such a benumbing influence, and cease to dispense their patronage upon motives which should not be allowed much sway in the election of a dispensary doctor.

In pursuance of his train of thought the *Times'* politician maintains that neither Lord Derby, nor Mr. D'Israeli, can have expected to produce any practical effect by his speech. In the course of a single year there have been dissolutions and elections. The ministry have concluded the Persian war, sent out a force to China, and met the great storm, by despatching to India the largest army which ever left these shores. In the Upper House, "the only serious charge" is, that the London and Calcutta governments did not at once appreciate the gravity of the early mutinies in India.

It must surely be admitted that we

have here the apologies of the ministerialist, and not the impartiality of the historian. Let us glance at the facts established by Lord Derby and Lord Ellenborough. Lord Ellenborough, on the 19th of May, called attention to the necessity of reinforcements, and again on the 11th and 23d of June; but Mr. Vernon Smith met these frequent appeals with milk-and-water and unsatisfactory statements. On the 29th of June, when some bad news came, Lord Ellenborough's suggestions were received with a cool indifference, akin to contempt. On July 16th, Lord Palmerston said that the militia was not to be called out. The reinforcements, then, were not sent in June, nor by the shortest route. Early in July, the Sultan granted his firman for the passage of troops across the Isthmus of Suez, and the Emperor Napoleon gave his permission that they should cross the territory of France. It appears to be indisputable that troops might have reached India by the middle of August. But the Government refused the offers of the Sultan, the Pasha, the Emperor; and the first troops actually arrived in India by the end of October. Such was the substance of Lord Derby's speech. This was put in a yet more pointed form by Lord Ellenborough. How many of the 2,000 troops, first called out, sailed for India by the 23rd of June? Not one left for India in the five weeks immediately subsequent. They only actually sailed from these shores in the five weeks following; so that there was a loss of five weeks. Lord Ellenborough wrote a private note to Lord Panmure, that the vessels carrying troops to China should stop at Point de Galle, and be there placed at Lord Canning's disposal. And when these troops were sent, five weeks too late, how were they despatched? In old ships, which had been trading to India fifteen years ago. Ten or twelve ships on the African coast might have been made available in towing them through the calms in crossing the Line. Who can say what difference to Havelock and Outram those wasted weeks might have made?

To those telling arguments the *Times* of the 3rd ventures no reply. By the 10th, however, it has probably discovered the tone of popular opinion, and gives a sensible article on Lord

Hardwicke's question to Lord Panmure, in reference to the conveyance of troops to India. Let it all fall on Sir C. Wood's broad shoulders is the drift of the writer's remark. For the sake of clearness we notice that article in this place.

After noticing Lord Panmure's statement as to the business of the 94th regiment, and the "Austria," which cost the nation £30,000, the political critic asks, with Lord Hardwicke, why we make no use whatever of our 270 navy steam vessels, and splendid reserve of 10,000 seamen? Lord Panmure's reply was of a very singular and illogical character. In the first place, the East India Company was responsible. Then, if the "Austria" was a failure, it was a single failure; and, finally, while he agreed with his noble friend about the steamers, the time would be made up by sending the regiment overland. The latter part of this answer subjects Lord Panmure to inevitable criticism. He admits the use of this navy, which is vainly ploughing the harvestless sea, or rotting in docks, yet 35,000 men have been despatched in transports! It is plain that reinforcements might have arrived in India six or eight weeks ago. The objections to turning ships of the royal navy into transports are utterly futile. If naval officers have a dislike to the employment, they must submit their dislike to the exigencies of the public service. The protection of our own shores would be amply guaranteed by one-half of that numerous and magnificent flotilla. "We trust that when the next navy estimates have to be moved, Sir Charles Wood will be brought to strict account as to the cost of the transport of troops to India; and that if, as seems but too possible, a great disaster should occur from their tardy arrival, the nation will know upon whom to fix the blame."

To any one who recollects the storm of indignation which Crimean mismanagement brought upon the Aberdeen Ministry, these might seem to be dangerous accusations. But the opposition is weak in talents, and weak in the sentiments of the people. Men are unwilling to lose the exuberant gaiety, the vast personal influence, the jaunty defiance, the European fame of Lord Palmerston. He may occasionally be flippant, when most wise

men would assume a serious brow; he may hardly be "the man of God" for which a zealous contemporary once took him; he may at times steer the vessel of the state rather too near the breakers, to show his dexterity; his statesmanship may be founded upon the sands of passing opinion and temporary exigencies rather than upon the massive rock of eternal principles; he may be more influential than respected, and rather an uncommonly clever fellow than a great man: but the nation is unwilling to exchange his popular address, his varied experience, his dexterous tact, for the careless *insouciance* of Lord Derby, the cold cynicism of Mr. D'Israeli, or the infinite subtlety of Mr. Gladstone. The undisciplined guerilla of the opposition may yet cohere into one army, with a great war-cry, and united banners. At present they have no common cause, and no common chief.

Lord Derby never displayed his inability to rise to a great occasion—never more completely failed to touch the heart of the nation—than in the cold and measured tone in which he spoke of the prospects of Christianity in India. Men have neither forgotten nor forgiven Mr. D'Israeli's onslaught upon the missionaries. We do not want to be told by Lord Derby that "we are to abstain from the slightest interference by force or authority with their religious or superstitious, however *debased* and *revolting* they may be to our feelings." Our position as a conquering people, the deathless instincts of Christian morality, the voice of all believing men, from one end of the land to the other, demand that the toleration which we extend to the superstitions of India shall be strictly limited by the laws of public virtue, decency, and well-being. Lord Derby speaks coldly of the "somewhat hopeless talk of Christianizing India." This is not the spirit which breathes in the words of the Divine Founder of Christianity, who, in sight of the organised system of Pharisaism, surrounded only by a few timid followers, exclaimed, "Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." Surely, it requires no prophetic eye to

see that the fierce political theocracy of the Mussulman, and the lascivious exoteric system of Brahminism, or its vaunted esoteric philosophy, are plants that have only refreshed their leaves for a moment in a shower of blood, and will soon be withered for ever. Never have the exertions of all missionary societies in these islands been more intense; never have they proposed to themselves loftier ends. And they appear to aim at a truer harmony than ever; not so much by the hopeless attempt to eliminate all differences, as by taking their separate fields, and leaving them to their respective occupants.

We must now return to the *Times* of the 5th of December, taking first the Indian articles in chronological order to the 11th, and then briefly noticing those on more general topics.

The leader of the 5th, while speaking of Wilson and Havelock, Outram and Greathed, Home and Salkeld, Chamberlayne and Eyre, alludes, with much justice, to the merit of exploits that have been overlooked. It points especially to the vigorous resident at Hyderabad, and to the Punjab; Sir John Lawrence, at Lahore. Cotton and Edwards, at Peshawur, are not likely to be forgotten. "As things stood, it was perfectly possible that 30,000 mutineers might have marched from the Punjab to join their accomplices in treason within the walls of Delhi. As events actually turned out, no one doubts that the success of the siege, and the salvation of the outnumbered British force, were due to the administrators of the Punjab." There are two Irishmen to whom, we think, full justice has hardly been done. We do not wish to strip one laurel from the wreath which Sir John Lawrence has won—we wish him star, and peerage, and golden pension; but if ever his fancy recurs to the country of his birth, he will recollect that dark, square schoolhouse, just outside the city of Derry, with its narrow strip of grass sloping down to the waters of the Foyle. The Diocesan School of Derry, in his time, sent three great officers to India,\* who met at the same council-board. While Sir John recalls his brother's long,

\* Foyle College also sent to India a young soldier who fell gloriously before Delhi, and was spoken of by Sir H. Barnard in a despatch, as a most promising officer, Robert Waller Alexander, Lieutenant 3rd Reg. N. I.

worn face and thoughtful features, he will not forget the radiant brow and stately presence of Robert Montgomery, Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab, now resident at Lahore. To Mr. Montgomery's sound judgment, moral courage, unwearying assiduity, and perfect knowledge of the country, British India, the East India Company, and the Home Government, owe a deep debt of gratitude. The other Irishman to whom we allude is General Reid. That gallant officer's health, indeed, robbed him of the honour of taking Delhi. But it was he who concerted with Sir John Lawrence the flying column which has become so famous, and done such good service.

Under December 6th, we have an abstract of the further issue of official despatches. The general tenor of these is too well known to require repetition. But it may be worth while to record the official returns of killed and wounded in operations at Delhi and its vicinity, up to August 31. Total (native and European), 2,110, men and officers; casualties of the assault, killed and wounded, 1,170; so that 3,280 were placed *hors de combat* before Delhi was taken; a larger number than actually commenced the siege under Sir Henry Barnard. A second document shows the army by which 15,000 "desperate and disciplined" fanatics were dislodged from their stronghold:—Artillery, 1,595; engineers, 940; cavalry, 634; infantry, 4,500 (European).

The leading article of the 8th sums up the intelligence from the seat of hostilities:—Lucknow still holding out. Three thousand "desperate and disciplined" troops (this is evidently by the same hand as the last) are in the midst of ten times their number, at least. The advantage of position is clearly on the side of the British. The enemy have 300 guns, but considerable allowance is to be made for "telegraph guns;" and, on the whole, there is little reason to doubt that, if provisions only hold out, the garrison of Lucknow will maintain their position. There is no complaint of *matériel*, the question is simply one of food. The last days of a beleaguered garrison can scarcely have arrived, when two convoys are safely passed through the besieging force. The fall

of Delhi, and the arrival of British troops, were perfectly known to the rebels.

The Indian article of the 9th speaks of the death of Henry Lawrence, Neill, Nicholson, Wheeler, Barnard, and Banks, *apropos* of the Queen's message for the pension of £1,000 a-year to Havelock. The assent was demanded in the Peers by Lord Granville; in the Commons by Lord Palmerston. A fine panegyric is passed upon Havelock. He is no "carpet knight—no member of the English Brahmins." The wonderful march from Allahabad to Cawnpore is eloquently described. Debilitated as they were by fever and cholera, four times did these wonderful men totter into action, and four times came out victorious. The advance on Lucknow, the retreat, the second advance of Outram and Havelock are commemorated.

On December 10th, the Indian telegram adds but little to the stock of information. Except in Oude and Rohilcund things are quiet. Bombay, Madras, the Deccan, and the Punjab, are tranquil; but Lucknow is in terrible straits. On September the 25th, Havelock and Outram attacked Lucknow, and relieved the Residency. Three miles south of Lucknow is the Alumbagh, a walled garden, defended by stone bastions. Here Outram left his baggage, sick and wounded, before attacking Lucknow Proper. The Residency is on the further side of Lucknow, which is made up of enormous rambling streets. The English fought their way to the Residency with the loss of 700. It is inferred that provisions must be scanty. Little has been heard since Havelock and Outram entered Lucknow. *Seventy thousand* of the enemy hemmed in the little band, cutting off communication with the Alumbagh; but from that place to Cawnpore the road is open, and provisions and necessaries are sent. Meanwhile, one message alone has been received from Sir Henry Havelock. The general, with 1,400 men, besides woman and children, are closely blockaded. The last news up to October, 21st was, "that food was running short, and gun-bullocks being slaughtered." It remains to consider the prospects of relief. Greathead reached Cawnpore October the 26th; Sir Colin Campbell was expected there

by November the 2nd, and would march on Lucknow with 4,000 infantry and 800 cavalry; so that, united with Greathed, he might head 7,000 men. The terrible question occurs: can the garrison hold out so long? The writer is disposed to answer favourably.

The 11th produces two leaders connected with Indian affairs. One of these attacks Mr. Gladstone, for his asserting it to be constitutional doctrine that "the Crown is the fountain of honour," and that the interposition of the members of the House, in the case of General Havelock, was irregular. The true view is represented to be that the Crown gives rewards upon the recommendation of ministers, and that ministers represent the opinion of Parliament. This very pungent performance concludes by maintaining that "with all deference to Mr. Gladstone, the House had a perfect right to express itself."

The other leader is on the brief code of maxims which has been placed by Sir Colin Campbell in the hands of all commissioned and non-commissioned officers in India. This paper asserts, that "with ordinary attention to the laws of hygiene, Europeans may live as long, and preserve health as well in India as in Britain." Hot countries require not only a dress, but a diet and economy of their own. The head of the native is protected by a voluminous white turban; his unencumbered neck lets the blood circulate; he lives upon wheat-cake and rice, drinks no spirits, and bathes often. Europeans will use beef, rum, and fruit, as at home. Stimulants of all kinds are much used. The Asiatics, too, feel exhaustion, but they meet it by repose. Air and exercise are necessary in India. Sir Colin recommends that "at night the two side-walls of the tent should be removed; protection from rain and dew is all that is wanted." Englishmen in arctic regions are as hearty as Esquimaux; so ought they to be in India. The general *morale* of Sir Colin and of the *Times* is, that Anglo-Saxons will not degenerate into Indians without stimulants; and that spirits and heavy meats had better be avoided, when water, flour, rice, fish, carrots, onions, and turnips, are to be had in such abundance. May we ask these sublime authorities, if Bass's bitter beer is to be banished under this

new "law of hygiene?" We have thrown the Indian articles together for convenience; there are a few others on general subjects which we must not omit.

There is a sparkler on the 6th of December, upon the robbery of Lady Ellesmere's jewels. Nothing in Jack Sheppard or Oliver Twist is richer. Messrs. Whitty, Saint, and Atwell; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson; Polly Gentleman; Mr. Brighton's three pounds for that trunk, as precious as Sinbad's valley, are touched with a quaint and quiet humour.

On the 8th of December there came out one of those seasonable articles which render the *Times* so valuable as a social instrument. This was an advice addressed to the operatives in the present distress. They were entreated not to listen to demagogues. The vitality and activity of commerce are ever accompanied by peculiar epidemics. It is possible, that as the science of finance improves such sudden misfortunes may be more and more guarded against; but at present they are inevitable. Then, this emergency will not last for ever; and in the meanwhile the whole property of England, and every farthing of it, must go to the dogs before any one man shall be allowed to starve. The operative has necessarily suffered. There is a guarantee to him upon the security of the whole property of England that he shall not suffer the last extremes.

On the 9th and 10th will be found two articles of somewhat undue acerbity, but of much power, addressed to the opponents (if there be such) of Lord Shaftesbury's new clause in the Religious Worship Act, as the writer terms it; or as it might be more accurately designated, the Religious Worship Act Amendment Bill. The opposition to it, argues the *Times*, is based upon what artful or stupid men call "a principle," in reality, a "dodge," to enlist prejudice upon its side. The opposition would be more intelligible from a Congregationalist, or Independent, than an Episcopalian; and the principle is the incumbents' absolute parochial autocracy. The objection, that services ought not to be held in unconsecrated buildings is designated as a hypocritical argument. The school-rooms are alleged as a case in point; and the high church party, in

especial, are said to have plumed themselves upon being more elastic than the stiff, conventional Anglicanism of older days. The autocracy of the incumbent so far from being a high ecclesiastical principle is rather the reverse. The old theory of the church is, that the incumbent of the parish is only the deputy of the bishop, preaching and ministering in his stead; and upon the orthodox *rationale* the whole parochial systems of a diocese is only an episcopal mission from the cathedral city. Hence it is concluded that the established authorities ought to have such a power as the Bishop of London now claims: and the new clause is consistent with the plainest demands of common reason and common sense.

The same subject is resumed on the 10th. The opposition of the Bishops of Oxford and St. David's, and Lord Derby, is said to be particularly feeble. "We will, as a matter of courtesy, consider them *opponents*. But what kind of opposition is it? Nothing would be easier for them than to say, and to say now, what their opinion is—to say that they are opposed to the clause, if they really are so. But do they say this? Not one of them does. The Bishop of Oxford, for one," was not prepared to say whether he should give his assent to the noble lord's principle; he cannot, therefore, think it revolutionary. Lord Derby concurs in much that Lord Shaftesbury says. The Bishop of St. David's has not committed himself to either side. The fact is, that the parochial system is unable to provide for dense masses. It is, in such cases a mere "paper ministry of baptisms, marriages, and funerals"—an affair of registers, boundaries, beadles, and poor laws. Can you looked after these people, is the question every incumbent has to answer. There is in England a dishonest reverence for names. This is an Egyptian reverence, but Christian reverence is honest.

We shall not attempt to decide the question. The temporal and spiritual peers referred to may say in reply, that they merely ask for time to consider. There is a good deal of question-begging appellatives in these articles, and attempt to identify the dispute with an unpopular party. Yet the Archbishop of Canterbury appears to have gone with those who pleaded

for delay at least, and Bishop Thirlwall is a man who has no more sympathy with extreme views than the Archbishop of Dublin. If Mr. B. Hope be the exponent of the high church party, that party cannot be charged with much reverence for the parochial system. Something of the kind, under proper regulation, seems, indeed, to be highly desirable. Yet our churches and cathedrals have not yet done their utmost that the poor should have the Gospel preached unto them. Meanwhile there is too much setting up of the parochial against the extra-parochial agency. There is room for both. There is room for the Boanerges who can roll the thunders of his eloquence over the masses of the people, and pierce their hearts with his darts of fire and his polished arrows. There is room also for the minister of different qualifications; who hollows the stone, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*; who writes the earnestness and simplicity of his purpose upon the souls of his people, not by the eloquence of rounded periods, but by the simple rhetoric of a holy life. The popular sermon is a blessed and a powerful agency. But such visitations as Chalmers made of his enormous parish in Glasgow—lectures in private rooms and schools, are agencies more laborious, less startling, yet, it may be, not less honoured. "The dishonest reverence for names" we hold to be a mischievous fallacy. For what is the use of the more abstract and general names? Let the great Leibnitz answer. "We often use signs in place of things, the distinct explication of which we omit for the sake of brevity; as when I think of a chiliagon, I do not consider the nature of a side, of equality, &c.; but I use those words (whose sense is obscurely and imperfectly before the mind) in place of the ideas which I have concerning them, since I remember that I possess the signification of the word, but do not think it necessary to explain them distinctly; such a thought I call *cogitatio caeca* or *symbolica*." All language is full of such names: virtue, duty, goodness, loyalty—all those august words that touch the passionate and poetic chords of the human heart, are such. There are men who would die for loyalty and patriotism, who cannot distinctly explicate the myriad conceptions

wrapped up in the words. Shall we teach them that a Queen is only an animal, and not one of the highest kind, that a reverence for royalty is only "a dishonest reverence for a name?" Such reverence is neither a base dishonesty, nor an Egyptian stupidity; it is one of the most divine and wonderful parts of our nature: and he does ill who seeks to eradicate it rather than to train it in a right direction.

The 11th of December gives us a discourse on the Jewish disabilities. It has been objected that the annual bill is a farce; that the country is tired of the question; that it is simply the hobby of one or two of the Whig leaders. Lord John Russell, in the eleventh year of the discussion, could bring forward nothing new. But devices have been resorted to in order to soften opposition. Lord John proposes that to the form devised last year, the words "on the true faith of a Christian" should be added, omitting them only in the case of a Jew. The question really is, the *Times* asserts, whether religious exclusion shall be retained, or swept away. On the 10th of December, 1847, the Jewish Disabilities Bill was first brought forward by Lord John; on the 10th of December, 1857, he appears with the same demand. It is argued that the affirmation of this measure is the logical conclusion of the last thirty years. Unitarians, Quakers, Swedenborgians, Mormonites, may be elected, why not Jews? The intention of the legislature in framing the Abjuration Bill is often referred to; but if the law did not contemplate the Jews, neither did it contemplate Quakers or Unitarians. All that was really required was a legislature, and official body, firm in allegiance to the Protestant succession. It was aimed against Popish recusants, Jacobites, or Papists. The exclusion of a certain class of English citizens from Parliament is therefore indefensible. The notions of a national Christianity, separate from the Christianity of the individual units who make up the nation, is scorned at. Until the House of Lords yield, one or more sects must be vacant. The Jews are not powerful, like Catholics or Dissenters, and may be kept out of Parliament a little longer.

Here, again, "the reverence for a name" is potent with the opposers of

this measure. That name is Christianity. To them it is a symbol which includes the strength of their stormy manhood, and the hope of their declining age—all that makes life tolerable, and death blessed—all that is beautiful in national morality or in private virtue. It is the restorer of their shattered natures, and the giver of peace to their guilty consciences. The Romanist may hold anti-social and un-English doctrines; but there is a great gulf between that and declaring the Divine Founder of Christianity to be a fanatic or an impostor. It should seem that while the old-fashioned reverence for a name continues, things are likely to remain as at present.

We have completed our abstract. A word of the wonderful newspaper from which it is taken.

Of its history and its trophies we have not space to speak, nor indeed do we know enough. We have no introduction to the mysteries of Printinghouse-square. We have seen gentlemen who enjoy among their friends, the reputation of "writing for the *Times*," though we question their claims to the honour. We have been assured that *this* article was written by Mr. Cranky, because his wife was not invited to Lady Palmerston's parties; and *that*, because Mr. High had obtained a government office. We have observed—more, however, some years ago, than at present—a kind of unity of style in the articles, as if they were written in some cases by young men of talent, and corrected by an old hand. In particular, scarcely one leader used to be without a quaint application of Scripture phrases.

But, however this may be, of the general excellence and marvellous ability of the *Times* there can be no doubt. It has been censured as unprincipled—it has been termed democratic; yet, on the great questions of the Church, of University Education, and many others, it has taken a sound and moderate line. It is rarely personal, never immoral or irreligious. It forms a national taste for good English. Day after day flings upon our breakfast tables essays of transcendent merit. There are men among the crowd in London, who can write with the nerve and succulence of Junius, with the pure English wit of Swift, with the majestic swing and exuberant fancy of Burke. Macaulay has nothing more sparkling, Berkley no-

thing more beautiful, Gibbon nothing more ornamented and epigrammatic, than leaders in the *Times*. We have read articles occasionally that were patriotic and thrilling as the speech of Pericles, some few—such as that on the confirmation of the Princess Royal—which had the gravity and piety of Hooker. It is something to rise above the slipshod of personal politics. It is something to have the mind of the nation tinged with the colour of minds which have all the air of the best society that the human intellect can give. It is something to read contemporary history, and to view questions of the day as they are written by men who have learned to think from the great masters of antiquity. Aristotle, Plato, and Thucydides *crop out* through the *Times*. Its essayists are generally men into the soil of whose intellect the leaves of ancient and modern literature have rotted, and made it rich and teeming. It has been said of Captain Sterling,

that he first brought the *Times* into prominence by his faculty of “redacting into leaders the multifarious babblement of every day.” It must be confessed that it often exhibits the rarer spectacle of passing events, gauged by immutable principles of experience. Grant that if it often leads, it sometimes follows public opinion—grant that it is not always consistent, that it helps ministers into power, whom it also assists to overthrow—yet, it is marvellous that such power should exist among us; more marvellous still, that it should be brought together six days out of seven with unfailing punctuality. The proverbial irregularity of the sallies of genius is brought under the yoke. The editor is never at a loss through the indolence of a Steele, or the fastidiousness of an Addison, haunted by the ghost of some happier expression. The quantity is as surprising as the matter is generally excellent.

#### A YEAR OF REVOLUTION.\*

THE task of contemporary history has ever been a most difficult one. Independently of the embarrassments which surround him who would treat of events and their actors, while the drama itself is yet proceeding, there is, besides, the greater difficulty of speaking with that unreserved openness, without which history fails in its greatest and best prerogative, that of guide and director.

If there have been always great obstacles, far greater are they now, in an age where the public channels of information have arrived at an amount of accuracy in detail and ability in discussion, utterly unparalleled at any former period. To compete with the newspaper in early tidings of a fact, or to rival the tone in which the fact would be examined in the “leader,” would be no mean pretensions. These features of our “Daily Press,” gradually maturing from year to year, seem to have

attained a most remarkable development by the great events of modern Europe. The convulsions of ’48 and ’49, and the Russian war, having opened new fields of literary enterprise to many who never before had entertained the thought of professional authorship.

With the altered condition of the world, with the new aspects of society around us, new writers, and new descriptive modes have sprung up, and a school of writing been inaugurated which seems to have caught its inspiration from the daguerreotype. Compare for a moment the narratives of any occurrence in the old Peninsular struggle with the account of a street fight in Paris, a march on the Adige, or a bivouac before Sevastopol, and you will readily see how far these latter transcend in all the characteristics of picturesque and vivid description. To “Our Own Correspondent,” indeed, are we indebted for an intimate ac-

\* *A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept in Paris in 1848.* By the Marquis of Normanby, K.C. Two vols. London; Longman, Browne, Green, Longmans, and Roberts.



quaintance of events and scenes, of which without his aid we should have possessed but some bare and bleak details. Contrast the dry enumeration of incidents, the lists of killed and wounded, with the stirring recitals wherein human passions have their place, and you will see that the writers of our daily press combine all the distinctive qualities which give strength and brilliancy to narrative.

If it was, therefore, a bold enterprise to encounter the rivalry of such competitors, it was no less a worthy one which engaged Lord Normanby to enter upon his present task. "I am convinced," says he "that a sufficiently vivid recollection has not been retained by the very generation amongst whom the events occurred, of the real character of that revolutionary spirit which, in 1848, paralyzed the governmental action of most of the countries of Europe. . . The abortive results of so many day-dreams of Utopian perfection;" which "long left people not only less free, but less hopeful of freedom hereafter. There are others, too, of opposite tendencies, to whom salutary reflection, founded on accurate information as to the events of '48, might operate as a useful warning."

These words are at once an explanation of the intention of the volumes before us. The author does not profess to be able to tell us much that is new. He as rigidly abstains from revealing circumstances which could only be obtainable through the peculiar facilities of his official station; so that his task is mainly that of impressing upon an age eminently rash in its judgments, and hasty in its conclusions, some of the all-important truths to be derived from a "Year of Revolution."

Whether we regard the magnitude of the events themselves, the rapid order in which they succeeded, or the unexpected results arising from them—a series of surprises which the wisest and most reflecting of politicians had never anticipated—the year '48 stands without a rival in history. Scarcely was Mr. Cobden's laboured prediction of eternal peace uttered, when there burst over the whole of continental Europe the most terrible political tornado the world had ever witnessed—without warning—without, to all-seeming, cause. The most

complicated machine of government was shivered to atoms, and all the authority, all the reverence, and all the traditions of seventeen years of prosperity scattered to the winds, that men might submit their fortunes to the insensate dictation of what has well been called the "*revolution de mépris*."

To place the great incidents of that terrible period well and clearly before us—to arrange them in due and fitting order—to accompany that detail with sketches of those who acted most conspicuous parts in them—to show us wherein lay their difficulties, what perils they surmounted, to what difficulties they succumbed—was a worthy task, alike creditable to the spirit and the industry of him who undertook it. There is a certain *apropos* in the appearance of these volumes, which we own has pleased us. Our Indian difficulties have called forth upon us no small share of French bitterness and sarcasm; and even from those whose well-weighed opinions are guaranteed by the channel of a monthly publication, we have received a sort of chastisement which plainly shows how hollow is that alliance in the hearts of the two nations, which for purposes of state has been ratified by our rulers. While, therefore, the French press rings with accusations of our coldness, our cruelty, our selfishness, and our bigotry, we cannot but hail as well-timed these opinions of an English gentleman upon a "Year of Revolution."

Lord Normanby's volume opens with a memorandum from his journal, dated July, '47, in which we find the following very remarkable appreciation of coming events:—"I wish I could arrive at any other conclusion than this, that a great shock has been given to public confidence in the future duration of a government, which, however precarious its original foundation, has latterly been accepted as a settled member of the European powers." He writes on the anniversary of those memorable days of 1831, and says, that "never was the memory of that struggle hailed with such enthusiasm as in the year before, and yet already the signs of a terrible reaction are palpably evident."

Of whatever real value the English alliance was, with what sincerity that alliance was accepted by the French

people, how far ancient grudges were merged in thoughts of present prosperity, one thing is certainly true, that it was to the breach of that alliance the downfall of the Orleans dynasty is due. The more unpalatable the English alliance was to the sympathies of many in France, the more were they outraged at its rupture for the sake of family objects and personal ends. That the Spanish marriages should break the ties of amity, which had been boasted of as the great political success of the reign, was an insult, which a proud and susceptible people would never overlook; it was, in fact, to declare France nothing, and the House of Orleans everything. The very fact, that the policy of that alliance was beginning to receive a slow, a tardy, an almost unwilling acceptance from the French people, made the abruptness of this breach more offensive still. The ill-chosen moment for the rupture was exactly the time when, having adopted in England certain reductions in our tariff, we offered to friendly nations the most conspicuous advantages in dealing with us: "Railroads, too, to which every one was already looking as a source of national wealth and personal aggrandizement, were all expected to be assisted by English capital." Such was the unhappy conjuncture when the Orleanist policy decided to break with those whose steadfast fidelity had been their protection through many years of trial.

It is a lesson pregnant with wise teaching to reflect upon the course of those events which led to the downfall of that government. Men who applaud—as in certain respects they may well applaud—the promptitude, the certainty, and the secrecy which accompany the acts of an absolute government, are accustomed to dwell upon the immense difficulties of parliamentary rule: the adverse principles developed; the delays, the obstacles, the injurious suggestions which attend all its great decisions; and, above all, the exposure to foreign states of those doubts and difficulties which a wiser policy might have concealed. With all these detracting elements, however, we can recognise, that though such discussions may shake an administration, they strengthen the sovereign; and that while a ministry may fall, the foundations of the throne are but

rendered more secure. It was in the very fact of transferring responsibility from the ministers to himself that Louis Philippe fell; with his own hands he removed the breakwater, which should have borne the force of the waves. Strong in will, and confident of his majority in the chambers, he forgot France! He forgot how little recorded votes of some two hundred mercenaries responded to the wants, the sympathies, and the sentiments of a great people. We have but to mention a fact, recorded by Lord Normanby, to show the utter rottenness of what assumed to be representative government. "Of the majority of 222, I have no doubt there were at least 150 functionaries—a portion of them removable at pleasure. All depend upon the government equally for promotion, for more or less of facility and indulgence in the exercise of their employment." "By the present manner of voting, each of these dependent creatures has to walk up one flight of steps to the tribune, and standing within a few paces of the Minister of the Interior, with his eye fixed upon him, to place a vote either in a white or black urn, and then descend the opposite flight of steps and pass close by the minister on returning to his place."

The crown had virtually and *de facto* possessed itself of the government of the state; and with so little reserve—indeed, so little of decency—had it assumed this supremacy, as to taunt, with phrases of insult, the members of the opposition, and all who followed them. Nothing can more palpably depict the insolence of this domination than the reply of M. Guizot to the demand for some pledge on the subject of reform, and especially as to the reduction of the number of place-men in the chamber.

"Toutes les grandes Réformes, presque toutes, qui ont été opérées en Angleterre l'ont été par les hommes mêmes qui les avaient combattues jusqu'au moment où ils ont cru devoir les accomplir." Can any words more plainly declare that in all the seeming wisdom of a prime minister the country must repose its needful confidence, not alone for the measures which are to benefit it, but for the season wherein they may be accorded. Assuming—what is far from the fact—that the case were so, indeed Lord Normanby mentions how he had quoted for M. Guizot's

information, on the very evening after this discussion, a long list of great measures, carried by those whose strenuous devotion had identified the names with the acts; but even assuming the case to be so, what could possibly have been in worse taste than to base a principle upon the exceptional conduct of one great man in England, and upon whom history has yet to pronounce its verdict.

His lordship only remarks at this place:—"M. Guizot listens always unwillingly, if in fact he listens at all, to any thing tending to prove he has made a mistake."

"February 17. The reform banquet is to take place next Sunday. Twenty thousand national guards are to accompany the banquetteers, unarmed, but in uniform. I thought the king well last night, but low. He seemed at one time inclined to talk to me about the banquet, but I avoided it. I could not say I thought he was right; and it was no business of mine to say he was wrong."

We feel perfectly assured that his lordship was correct in this appreciation of his position, but it will certainly astonish those unaccustomed to the reserve of diplomacy to read how guardedly the ambassador maintained himself within the frontiers of his special functions; and even though he saw the preparations for a fire, contenting himself with the knowledge that he was only "a lodger."

On the 22nd of the same month he records:—"Some who remember 1830 say, it is very like the first day of that period."

"February 23, 6 P.M. So it is said the Guizot ministry is gone at last. If this were accomplished by any other means, I cannot say that there would be the slightest mixture in the feelings with which I regard the event. There was always a distrust of the king's sincerity. There is no longer any believe in his sagacity, since he has been so blind to the signs of public opinion." In these words we read how completely the monarch had uncovered his own position by substituting himself and his own will to the act of a ministry. Had the question confined itself to the change of a set of advisers, the cry of "Down with Guizot" had never involved the safety of the crown; but in total forgetfulness of what should constitute the very essence of par-

liamentary government, the king had usurped an amount of dictation which left the minister powerless; but, at the same time, it was to cost the sovereign the heavy price of removing all the safeguard of his personal irresponsibility. To this accountability the nation now summoned him; and it was a day of victory for which he was lamentably unprepared. Let us proceed with the narrative:—

"The announcement of the dissolution of the Guizot cabinet was received with enthusiasm. The funds at once rose half per cent.; many of the barricades were destroyed by the people who had raised them; a considerable portion of Paris was spontaneously illuminated. Mobs proceeded to the houses of M. Thiers and M. Odillon Barrett, and others, cheering under the windows, as might occur in London before the residence of any popular leaders upon a similar occasion. Up to this moment, all appeared calculated to inspire hopes that, the real cause of the discontent being removed, the town would again to-day resume its tranquillity; when an unexpected incident—a casualty, as it would almost seem—completely changed the face of affairs, and produced events, the effects of which it is impossible not to foresee will long be felt throughout Europe. A mob of about a hundred and fifty, many of them armed, followed by a curious crowd, had been proceeding in different directions, requiring that the houses should be illuminated. They had succeeded in this at the *Ministère de la Justice*, as I am told, and intended to require the same at the *Ministère des Affaires Étrangères*, from which, however, M. Guizot is said to have already removed himself. Upon the arrival of the crowd before the hotel, a single shot—by whom fired will, perhaps, never be ascertained, but coming from the direction of the garden wall—broke the leg of the horse on which the major commanding the detachment of the 14th regiment of the line was mounted. He immediately, without the slightest notice, gave an order to fire a volley into the crowd, which had been collected before the hotel. It is stated that no less than fifty-two people, many of them women and children, were killed or wounded. An English gentleman, Mr. Henry Fitzroy, who was walking quietly along on the other side of the Boulevard, told me that some fell on each side of him. The crowd immediately dispersed into the different quarters of Paris, from which they had been collected, shouting

'Vengeance!' and 'Treachery!' The barricades were reconstructed, new ones were formed in various parts of Paris, and when morning came, it found the whole population in the greatest state of exasperation. Many of the middle classes, who had hitherto remained quiet, became indignant at this, which, at first sight, was supposed to have been a massacre ordered by superior authority. Some attributed it to M. Guizot, who, however, I have reason to believe, had nothing whatever to do with it, and was not even there. Others, unfortunately, openly ascribed what they termed treachery to the king. From the very beginning of this disastrous affair, the misfortune has been that as offence was taken at the king's speech, and as it was generally believed that the words were his own, the disposition has been to attribute every unpopular act to his Majesty personally; and this incident occurring in the interval, after the dismissal of his ministers, increased the exasperation against the king, and rendered any arrangement difficult."

Here, again, do we see how the king stands personally distinctly forward as the responsible actor, the sole individual whose wishes and intentions stand opposed to the sympathies of the nation. The king abdicates; an attempt to proclaim a regency by the Duchess of Orleans in favour of the Count de Paris is at first coldly received, then abandoned; and at last a Provisional Government formed; and the last extract from the noble lord's journal says—"One cannot believe that a great nation like this can permanently submit to the dictation of a few low demagogues. Louis Philippe's reign, however, has so completely demoralized public feeling, there is now nothing to look to." When the mob carried away the throne from the Tuilleries to-day, they said they did so because *he* had stolen it. Nor was the unhappy man spared insult in these last sad moments. As he stepped into the carriage that was to convey him from the Tuilleries, a "strong Legitimist, whose name I will not mention, closed the door, and bowed. The king thanked him, and the other replied—'*Pas du tout, il y a dix-sept ans que j'attends ce jour.*'" To utter the insolence at such a moment was rank cowardice, and no more.

Lord Normanby very clearly shows that the regency of the Duchess of Orleans was lost by the vacillation and worse than vacillation, of Lamar-

tine. He had given a distinct and formal pledge to support that measure in the chamber; but when the trying moment arrived, and when, from the very character of the man, a touching allusion to her who stood there a "princess, a widow, and a mother," might have been expected from him. He sat with his head buried in his hands; and, on being urged to speak, only replied, "*Je ne parlerai pas tant que cette femme y restera.*" "My informant saw there was nothing to be expected from him."

Let us, however, do him the justice to acknowledge, that in the eventful days which immediately followed, he rendered inestimable services to France and to the world. There was a period in which the very turn of a straw might have revived all the terrible scenes of the great revolution. It was a chance musket-shot, fired by an unknown hand, that decided the fortune of a dynasty, and now one voice that should cry out, "*La guillotine,*" might have been the signal for death to thousands. The boldness of declaring abolition of death punishment for political offences was a noble and a splendid triumph, and to accord the full praise to the act, we must recall the moment in which it was dared. We cannot, nor is there need that we should, follow the narrative of those tremendous events—that moving panorama of bloodshed and conflict, dashed with its terrible atrocities, or relieved by touches of noble and generous heroism. The story is too recent for any of us to have forgotten every detail that marked it. By the testimony of M. Dupont de l'Eure, who had assisted at the scenes of the "Convention," they had overcome greater dangers in the first sixty hours than had marked its whole duration."

It will be in the recollection of most of our readers that the Repeal party in Ireland, and others whose views extended beyond that measure, eagerly seized upon the events occurring in Paris, to proffer their sympathies with the cause of revolution, and to induce, if they might, the members of the Provisional Government to utter something which might be construed as a pledge to assist Ireland to achieve independence. There cannot be a doubt, that the very gravest perils might have arisen to us at home, had any (the least)

encouragement been given to this movement; and Lord Normanby exerted himself actively to impress upon Lamartine the importance of dealing boldly and decisively with the deputation. It was, above all, essential that the reply to the address should be delivered by Lamartine, and not by Ledra Rollin, whose sympathies with Irish disaffection were well known. We were not of those who concurred with the Marquis of Normanby in his Irish administration, more than once have we expressed our dissent from the principles of that rule; but we have no hesitation in declaring, that had it not been for the guarantees the character of his administration afforded, it is more than likely he never would have succeeded in influencing Lamartine to adopt the wise course he took.

"M. Lamartine," says he, "used some civil expressions as to being more willing, from recollections of the past, to take *my* opinion about Ireland than theirs." Upon this occasion, therefore, Lord Normanby's services were highly valuable, and he certainly exerted them with equal zeal and ability. An expression of vague or uncertain meaning, a phrase which might have borne a double, or even doubtful interpretation, would readily have been caught up to imply sympathy with Irish wrongs; but Lord Normanby never ceased to insist, that every word should be well weighed, and that not a particle of hope should be thrown out, that France meant to adopt or to aid the cause of Irish insurrection.

"M. Lamartine mentioned to me, this day, that he had settled to receive the Irish deputation on Monday next. He had already seen Mr. Smith O'Brien, and told him *distinctly* that he and his friends must not expect the slightest support, or encouragement of any kind, from the French government." He again repeated to me the substance of the answer he meant to make to them—"That the French Government was on terms of perfect amity with England; that it desired to continue so; and, therefore, to deserve it, that the general rule not to interfere in any way with the internal concern of other countries, was here peculiarly applicable. That if France abstained from meddling with international affairs, with which

she had no business, still more would she decline to do so between any two parties in one country, and would refuse to pronounce any opinion upon these disputes." If the words actually spoken afterwards did not completely tally with these, there was that amount of discouragement to these disloyal men, that showed "Lamartine had kept his promise with me."

We have not space to enter upon the narrative of that network of intrigue, falsehood, incapacity, and dishonesty, which marked the days of the Provisional Government—days unsignalized by a single trait that could give hope to the cause of order, or the prosperity of France. Corruption, venality, and distrust on every hand, soon disposed the country to lament the past, and to see that in avenging the faults of one government, they had precipitated themselves into the far deeper and greater evils of the worst of all rules—the "DESPOTISM OF CHANCE."

"I have watched," says Lord Normanby, "the conduct of those who are now in power for the last few months; and I do not believe they possess any one redeeming quality; nor if they remain can I foresee any other check or limit to the mischief they are doing, except their official incapacity or portending weakness."

The best of these men was unquestionably Lamartine, and yet let the following portrait—faithfully painted, as we believe it to be—show how moderately did the man respond to the emergency. "M. Lamartine is fond of strong figures, and not long ago compared himself with a *para tonnerre*; but his real affinity with the elements might be more accurately described as of quite an opposite character. Never before did a more obtrusive, brilliant "*feu-follet*" dazzle and delude the regular course of a grave debate."

How heartily do we concur in this appreciation of a mere phrasemonger! and how thoroughly sympathise with the exclamation of one of the mob, who, utterly wearied out by his high-sounding platitudes, exclaimed, "*Assez, assez de Lyre comme ça!*" The interruption was infinitely better than the speech it so summarily brought to a conclusion.

Of Louis Napoleon, Lord Normanby's mention is naturally brief and guarded; and we find the very signi-

ficant allusion to his appearance in the chamber. The question had been, as to the exclusion, as candidates for the Presidency, of all individuals whose families had ever reigned in France. He mounted the tribune, to say a few words, becoming in themselves, yet, perhaps, too modest for his position. He found no indulgence in the assembly. M. Anthony Thouret, whose own style hardly qualified him for a critic, somewhat brutally exclaimed, "After what we have seen, the amendment of exclusion is unnecessary."

We are reminded by the incidents of one far inferior in importance, it is true, but not less pointed in its application. When O'Connell, replying to the epithet of "dangerous" used towards him by D'Israeli, exclaimed, "The honourable gentleman is quite safe; nobody will ever call *him* a dangerous man!"

Lord Normanby's comment on the "incident" is remarkable. Whatever defects the refined taste of Citizen Thouret might find in the expressions, Louis Napoleon certainly showed the possession of some qualities which may be of more general application; I mean the self-possession and *sang froid* with which he bore the ungenerous usage; he neither appeared "irritated nor disconcerted."

These volumes close with the election for the presidency, and a brief retrospect of the *annus mirabilis* which had just drawn to a conclusion. We have already remarked that the noble author had attempted an achievement full of difficulty and peril; and now, after a careful perusal of his work, we are bound to acknowledge that he has acquitted himself not only with ability, but with what, in the circumstance, was infinitely more difficult, great de-

licacy and moderation. While frankly criticizing many of the acts of those whose intimacy and even confidence he enjoyed, his remarks are ever characterized by a generous consideration of all the difficulties of the situation they were placed in, while he also makes every allowance, not only for *res dura*, but the *novitas regni*; nor is there throughout the work one expression unbecoming the high station he himself enjoyed.

Equally modest is he as to the services he rendered to the cause of European peace and tranquillity, though a very cursory glance at the pages of his journal will show how inseparably was the thought present with him that the natural impulses of a republic would inevitably tend to a propagandism. Indeed, unaccredited, as for six months he was at Paris—an ambassador only by tradition, since there was not, until August, any regular government to which he could be said to be accredited—it was still mainly by the influence of his wise counsels, the hopeful assurances he gave, too, of English sympathy, if the destinies of the country should be properly directed, and the equal certainty that any plans of invasion would call down upon France the united force of Europe;—by these was he mainly instrumental in deciding the rulers of the period to adopt that pacific policy, any deviation from which would have plunged the whole civilized world into war. So far, therefore, has he done the state good service; and, fresh as we rise from reading the terrible events of those days, we cannot but record our gratitude to him who stayed the course of the pestilence, and arrested the most dire of all the consequences of a "Year of Revolution."

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#### LIVINGSTONE'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS.\*

It is not often that the spectacle is presented to us of the public waiting for a book. What we are accustomed to see is a book waiting for the public. Celebrity usually comes to an author through his work. This work is celebrated because of its

author. A discoverer had escaped the common lot of African enterprise, and appeared in London with a new territory in his portfolio. The world of London, and of the British empire, was content to stand on tip-toe some six months or so, until the successful

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\* *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. London: John Murray.

adventurer had time to arrange and print the material in his hands.

We are far from wishing to be understood as insinuating that it was any part of the author's plan to hold the public in suspense, to stimulate a curiosity and minister to an excitement which might swell the sale or enhance the popularity of the promised volume. No artificial stimulus was needed to raise the number of copies "subscribed" by the trade in anticipation of the expected demand to the enormous amount it actually reached. An honest and healthy curiosity the author was above still further tantalizing. From the first day he arrived in his native land, he freely and openly communicated whatever could be conveyed by word of mouth, to the various scientific bodies of the empire, by them to be afforded the widest publicity; and so copious and unreserved were his revelations, that an unprincipled use appears to have been made of his candour, by the stringing of these separate and fragmentary details into a continuous narrative, purporting to be the genuine, though abridged, relation of the explorer himself. Through these channels—namely, by means of the author's own public discourses, and the spurious summary of them, we were, to a certain extent, prepared with a sketch-map of his route, and had got beforehand an idea of the general amount of geographical, ethnological, and scientific information to be expected in the final publication.

But it is not in this way a wonder-seeking public is to be put off. A thirst, once excited, will and must be slaked. If the surface-water be dried up, men will sink through the hardest strata for a supply. The expectations of the world, baffled in one quarter, were directed into another channel; and—the main features of the expected work being already partially disclosed—a novelty of style and treatment was looked to—perhaps a romantic, perhaps an enthusiastic, or even fanatical element—which should afford fresh aliment to a jaded interest, and redeem the novelty from the disparagement of having been to any extent forestalled.

Under this disadvantage Dr. Livingstone's book has been destined to labour. The freedom with which the curiosity of the public was fed made its taste fastidious. Having familiarized

itself with the traveller, it thought itself entitled to look for the hero or the saint. The incidents having become known, the style of the narrative was expected to lend a new colouring to familiar features; and something of a personal interest was looked to to supersede that derived from mere topographical and ethnographical details. In this respect, however, the reader has been fated to meet with disappointment. The same plainness, simplicity, and unstudied truthfulness which individualize the manners of the man himself in public and private, have stamped his book, and sealed as genuine what might, with a very little adventitious aid, have been exquisitely heightened up for an overstrained curiosity.

The result has only been what might have been expected. No sacrifice was ever made at the shrine of truth, that did not redound to the advantage of the offerer. Exactly in proportion as Dr. Livingstone has scorned the adventitious arts of the mere book-maker, has he unconsciously succeeded in gaining the sympathy and appreciation of readers of true taste and feeling. Many instances of carelessness, some mistakes, much ruggedness, the micrometer of the critic may read off upon these pages; but the candid eye recognizes, and recognizes with satisfaction, an unanticipated charm, the charm of a plain, downright, unaffected Christian simplicity, which will not be seduced into being false to itself or to the reader. We may follow our author—we see this at a glance—with the same confidence into the grandest speculations and the minutest particulars. He will never flatter us, or favour us with a piece of fine writing, even at our utmost need. But he will take us familiarly and frankly by the hand, and lead us along with him; relieving the monotony of the journey by words, thoughts, and descriptions, for the most part singularly concise, often impregnated by a happy spirit of genial humour, and animated throughout by a quiet intensity, finely indicative of the man's character, and carrying with them a sort of earnest that there lie in the path before him achievements still more conspicuous than any he has yet accomplished.

It is understood that the traveller,

having seen his work fairly through the press, and now furnished by Government with ample means, is about to set forth once more in the path of exploration, taking in his way the Court of Lisbon, with a view to opening the channels of communication with the interior of South Central Africa on the east and west—both of them in the hands of the Portuguese—once for all to the enterprise of the world.

In the year 1852, Sir Roderick Murchison, in his presidential address to the Royal Geographical Society, promulgated a theory respecting the physical conformation of the African continent, which was as remarkable for its boldness at the time, as for the striking verification it was to receive three years afterwards. His words were these:—

“Such as South Africa is now, such have been her main features during countless past ages, anterior to the creation of the human race. For the old rocks which form her outer fringe, unquestionably circled round an interior marshy or lacustrine country, in which the *Dicynodon* flourished, at a time when not a single animal was similar to any living thing which now inhabits the surface of our globe. The present central and meridian zone of waters, whether lakes or marshes, extending from Lake Tchad to Lake Ngami, with hippopotami on their banks, are therefore but the great modern residual geographical phenomena of those of a mesozoic age. The differences, however, between the geological past of Africa and her present state, are enormous. Since that primeval time, the lands have been much elevated above the sea-level—eruptive rocks piercing in parts through them; deep rents and défilés have been suddenly formed in the subtending ridges through which some rivers escape outwards.

“Travellers will eventually ascertain whether the basin-shaped structure, which is here announced as having been the great feature of the most ancient, as it is of the actual geography of South Africa (*i.e.* from primeval times to the present day), does, or does not, extend into Northern Africa. Looking at that much broader portion of the continent, we have some reason to surmise that the higher mountains also form, in a general sense, its flanks only.”—P. cxxiii. *President's Address, Royal Geographical Society, 1852.*

This theory of the President of the Geographical Society was not known to the author of the travels before us

at the time he was making himself acquainted, by personal observation, with the physical structure of South Central Africa in 1855. He had made some startling, and to himself inexplicable discoveries. A small river, called the Lotembwa, far in the interior, passing through a lake, was found to flow *two ways*—that is, *out of the lake at both sides*. Here, then, was the watershed of the country; but this point was not more than 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, whereas the hills, both to the westward and eastward of this, near the coast, were considerably higher. He ascertained that the river-systems of the region passed into two main drains, flowing north and south,—that to the north reaching the Atlantic ocean, on the west, as the Congo; that to the south finding its way to the Indian ocean, on the east, as the Zambesi. This great central river-system flowed, he saw, not from among elevated mountains, but through vast plains, nearly level,—the general course of the waters being *from the sides towards the centre*. But, although Dr. Livingstone had perceived that the energy of volcanic action, exhibiting itself parallel with the line of coast, had tilted up the lateral rocks so as to form a sort of barrier, it had not occurred to him to collect and generalize all the phenomena into one simple theory, which should explain not only the lacustrine features of the interior, but also the filling up, by the trap rocks, of the great valley, and the occurrence of angular fragments of the older sedimentary strata therein over extensive areas. The man of science and the man of observation have now resolved the problem between them. The interior of South Central Africa is a *trough*, or *basin*, originally deeper than it is at present, and probably the bed of an extensive lake system, now, and for a series of ages past, in process of elevation, and, as it rises, draining away the waters of the interior through those huge rents and fissures, which have been formed by the convulsions accompanying its upheaval.

At the same time, these discoveries, however interesting to the man of science, would be of little concern to the general reader, were it not that on the physical structure of the continent depend the prospects of social and moral development throughout



that vast region, so surprisingly opened to view in the volume before us. Had Central Africa been—what geographers had always assumed it to be—an arid region, lost in wardly among lofty mountains, there had been little or no hopes for the settler or the missionary; barbarism would have entrenched itself within the defences of nature, and defied alike the Christianity and the civilization that invaded it. It was left for the conspicuous courage, endurance, sagacity, and devotedness of one man to overthrow an ideal barrier, and open a new field for human enterprise and human philanthropy to all succeeding generations.

The great exploratory journey of Dr. Livingstone may be said to have commenced at Cape Town, in June, 1852. For several years previous he had been schooling, as it may be called, for the final enterprise; and, before he set forth, was intimately acquainted with the language, manners, habits, and creeds of many of the tribes of the interior, as well as thoroughly seasoned to the hardships and dangers of a missionary life. His original object was confined to pushing the missionary station of Kolobeng still further into the interior; and, had he found a convenient and salubrious spot in the region bordering on Lake Ngami, it is probable that he and his family would have been, up to this day, stationary among the tribes of that region. But great things were to be accomplished. Sickness had overtaken them; treachery had threatened their lives and plundered them of their property. It was evident that, with females and children the perils of the situation could not be encountered. The missionary's determination was taken. He led his family back to the Cape, shipped them off for England, and set forth alone upon his mission. Not a single word escapes the intrepid explorer indicative of what his feelings and those of the companions and sweeteners of his pilgrimage up to that hour were, at the trying moment of separation,—a separation which was destined to continue for five years. No display of sentiment finds its way into a single page of the book; and we cannot but admire the stern self-abnegation of the man who can pass over such heart-rending scenes as must have marked

the final parting, without any attempt to enlist the reader's sympathies in what is beside the purpose of his travel.

An important discovery had been made by Dr. Livingstone on his previous journey towards the north. The river Leeambye, or Zambesi, marked by the Portuguese on their maps as rising far to the north-east, was touched upon in the interior, nearly north of Kolobeng, as a noble, deep, navigable stream, of some three hundred yards in width in the dry season. This main artery formed a guide to the progress of subsequent exploration. The city of Linyanti, the capital town of the tribe called the Makololo, situated on the Chobe, not far from its confluence with the Zambesi, was the first point to be reached; and here, accordingly, we find the missionary, in March, 1853, making what use he could of the good offices of the young chief, Sekeletu, to render himself thoroughly master of the peculiarities, features, and resources of the country, as well as of the manners and minds of the population. This expedition he had undertaken rather for the purpose of establishing that capital as a starting point, than from any idea that it could possibly itself be made a centre of missionary operations. The country was unhealthy, and the European constitution was unequal to encounter the fever of the district; but, as he advanced into the interior, he became gradually aware of the peculiar character of the country before him, so unlike what he had been led to anticipate. He saw plainly that if he could get a footing in any place where the climate was even commonly salubrious, with such fertility and such water transit as were revealing themselves on every side, an immense field would be open, not to missionary enterprise alone, but also to commercial speculation. To push on was accordingly his paramount object; at first, chiefly for the purpose just indicated; at times, perhaps, with the exploratory element uppermost—an occasional reversal of object extremely easy to be understood, and very readily to be pardoned, under the exciting and unprecedented circumstances of the case.

For reasons which do not appear either very clear or very cogent, Dr. Livingstone decided on ascending in-

stead of descending the Leeambye; and accordingly set forth from Linyanti in company with Sekeletu and about 160 attendants. The habits of the chief are amusingly described.

"Sekeletu is always accompanied by his own Mopato, a number of young men of his own age. When he sits down they crowd around him; those who are nearest eat out of the same dish, for the Makololo chiefs pride themselves on eating with their people. He eats a little, then beckons his neighbours to partake. When they have done so, he perhaps beckons to some one at a distance to take a share; that person starts forward, seizes the pot, and removes it to his own companions. The comrades of Sekeletu, wishing to imitate him in riding on my old horse, leaped on the backs of a number of half-broken Batoka oxen as they ran, but, having neither saddle nor bridle, the number of tumbles they met with was a source of much amusement to the rest.

"When we arrived at any village, the women all turned out to lullilo their chief. Their shrill voices, to which they give a tremulous sound by a quick motion of the tongue, peal forth 'Great lion!' 'Great chief!' 'Sleep, my lord!' &c. The men utter similar salutations; and Sekeletu receives all with becoming indifference. After a few minutes' conversation and telling the news, the head man of the village, who is almost always a Makololo, rises, and brings forth a number of large pots of beer. Calabashes, being used as drinking-cups, are handed round, and as many as can partake of the beverage do so, grasping the vessels so eagerly that they are in danger of being broken."

As far as the waters of the Leeambye lay in the travellers' course, it was their delight, as well as advantage, to avail themselves of them. Thirty-three canoes were chartered for the occasion. Dr. Livingstone's fragile skiff was skilfully handled by six rowers—Sekeletu's, by ten. "It was beautiful," observes the missionary, "to see them (the Makalaka) skimming along so quickly, and keeping the time so well." In everything appertaining to the water they have the advantage of the Makololo, who cannot prevent them from running races with each other, dashing along at full speed, and endangering the lives of the landmen, who are many of them unable to swim.

"We proceeded rapidly up the river,

and I felt the pleasure of looking on lands which had never been seen by an European before. The river is, indeed, a magnificent one, often more than a mile broad, and adorned with many islands of from three to five miles in length. Both islands and banks are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian, or *Ficus Indica*. The islands at a little distance seem great, rounded masses of sylvan vegetation reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scenery of some of the islands is greatly increased by the date-palm, with its gracefully curved fronds and refreshing light-green colour, near the bottom of the picture, and the lofty palmyra towering far above, and casting its feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. It being winter, we had the strange colouring on the banks which many parts of African landscape assume."

Ascending the stream on this royal progress, as it might be called, having been the first visit of the chief to this portion of his dominions, they came, at about 16° 6' South Latitude, upon an extended valley, bearing a remarkable resemblance to the valley of the Nile. This is the true Barotse valley. The banks spread out till they are twenty or thirty miles apart. For nearly 100 miles the Leeambye gently winds through the middle of this space, which is inundated annually by its overflow. The villages are built on mounds, as they are in Egypt. The soil is wonderfully fertile. Two crops are raised within the year. The Barotse say, "Here hunger is not known." Were this region of easy access, it would be, in a sense, a gold-field for European enterprise. But it is too far up on the Leeambye to be easily reached. From the western coast some Portuguese had already penetrated as far as the Barotse valley at the time Dr. Livingstone visited it; but this was *after* he had first struck upon the Leeambye in its central course further down.

At the same time, the main object of the enterprise, namely, to fix the site of a permanent missionary station, was not accomplished. To establish friendly relations in a salubrious position seemed impossible. There were two courses open to the traveller. He might return the way he came, or he might attempt to penetrate to the coast to the westward, and reach

the Portuguese settlement of St. Paul de Loanda.

"Believing," he says, "that it was my duty to devote some portion of my life to these (to me at least) very confiding and affectionate Makololo, I resolved to follow out the second part of my plan, though I had failed in accomplishing the first. The Leeba seemed to come from the N. and by W., or N.N.W.; so, having an old Portuguese map, which pointed out the Coanza as rising from the middle of the continent in 9° s. lat., I thought it probable that, when we had ascended the Leeba (from 14° 11') two or three degrees, we should then be within one hundred and twenty miles of the Coanza, and find no difficulty in following it down to the coast near Loanda. This was the logical deduction, but, as is the case with many a plausible theory, one of the premises was decidedly defective."

In fact, the Coanza is not to be found in that part of the country at all.

Here, then, commenced a series of difficulties—difficulties to have surmounted which proves our author to have possessed powers of body and of mind, perseverance, courage, strength, and judgment, such as few adventurers have ever displayed, and which exhibit him as the man fitted by nature and education to achieve great things. Nor must we omit to pay a just tribute to the qualities of the poor savages who accompanied him in this memorable expedition, and shared his trials, difficulties, and dangers. Dr. Livingstone was at the mercy of the Makololo during the whole of it. He had but the one weapon of defence—Truth—

*αὐτὸν ἀσπίδων ἀκασον.*

He had no sinister or concealed object to accomplish; he had nothing to gain at the expense of these people. He frankly avowed his intentions, and called upon them to further them. The result proved that open and above-board dealing has its effect even upon the barbarous tribes of Central Africa. Black men, who had never seen the white man before, now exhibited themselves ready and willing to accord him the supremacy belonging to his race; and the spectacle which has been so often exhibited on a great scale, was here repeated in the case of the intrepid missionary leading by his single will a chieftain and his tribe along the path which was to open up for themselves for the first time a communication with the world.

The journey from Nariela, at the head of the Barotse valley, to Loanda, was a mistake. Nothing was gained by it to compensate for the unparalleled sufferings and difficulties it entailed. The idea of there being a downward-flowing stream to the westward led to this error. Nevertheless, a line has now been traced across the course of several streams passing to the northward, with an ultimate westerly flow, which may form a base for subsequent exploration in that region of Central Africa. The newly-opened country has been brought into contact with the extreme limits of the Portuguese settlement on the western coast, and the semi-diameter of the continent ascertained, from the centre to the Atlantic. A portion of this country is proved to be at present unfitted for the purposes of civilized life; but its fertility is amazing, and many of its characteristic features are interesting and important to the naturalist and the philosopher. From the moment the traveller fell into the track of the slave-trade, and approached the confines of civilized life, he became the victim of every species of extortion; and he and his companions arrived at Loanda stripped of everything in the way of property they had possessed when they set forth. Victims to cupidity, dispirited by the hostility of successive tribes, and reduced to the last extremity by sickness and fatigue, they arrived at Loanda in a pitiable condition. Here, indeed, they were in some measure compensated for their sufferings. The kindness of the Portuguese was extreme; and in a short time both the white visitor and the black strangers had recovered from the effects of their perilous journey. Here, too, the Makololo exhibited qualities which would have done credit to a higher civilization. Having been stripped of all they possessed, and finding themselves penniless where money was the only medium through which the necessities of life could be procured, they set themselves at once to work to earn their livelihood, and cheerfully hired themselves to the captain of a vessel in the port to discharge coals at a rate lower than labour could be obtained for in the place.

It would now have been easy for Dr. Livingstone to have pursued his own course, and dismissed the atten-

dants whose services could be of no further use. His natural course would have been by sea, either to the Cape or to England. He had much to tell, much to be proud of. A great feat had been performed. His health had suffered. A dangerous and pestilential country lay behind him—before him was health, ease, celebrity, and his family; but, though he had arrived among friends, his friends were in the midst of strangers. The rude but faithful companions who had contributed to his success, and who, under the guidance of his superior mind, had surmounted so many obstacles, were now in their turn at his mercy. There was no choice for them. They must return the way they came. Was he to desert them?

He did not hesitate a moment. The tedious and perilous journey was once more to be performed. His steps were to be retraced from the ocean to the centre. His bones should whiten on the plains of the wilderness, or Linyanti should be reached, and his trust discharged. The noble determination is made without parade. There is no attempt to display the act as a piece of heroism. It is even studiously covered up and concealed in a veil of minor considerations. The cursory reader has his attention drawn from the motives to the incidents and details, not ostensibly springing from them. This, we repeat, is one of the leading charms of the book before us; and our perception of the author's unaffected and unconscious modesty in such personal matters immensely increases our confidence in his statements when he has no check upon him, and we are obliged to take him at his word.

On the 27th of July, 1855, the returning party arrived at the town of Libonta, after a two years' absence, and were received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy.

"The women came forth to meet us, making their curious dancing gestures, and loud lulliloes. Some carried a mat and stick, in imitation of a spear and shield. Others rushed forward and kissed the hands and cheeks of the different persons of their acquaintance among us, raising such a dust that it was quite a relief to get the men assembled and sitting with proper African decorum in the kotla. We were looked upon as men risen from the dead, for the most skilful of their diviners had pronounced us to

have perished long ago. After many expressions of joy at meeting, I arose, and, thanking them, explained the causes of our long delay, but left the report to be made by their own countrymen. Formerly I had been the chief speaker, now I would leave the task of speaking to them. Pitsane then delivered a speech of upwards of an hour in length, giving a highly flattering picture of the whole journey, of the kindness of the white men in general, and of Mr. Gabriel in particular. He concluded by saying that I had done more for them than they expected; that I had not only opened up a path for them to the other white men, but conciliated all the chiefs along the route. The oldest man present rose, and answered this speech, and, among other things, alluded to the disgust I felt at the Makololo for engaging in marauding expeditions against Lechulabete and Sebolamakwaia, of which we had heard from the first persons we met, and which my companions most energetically denounced as 'mashue hela,' entirely bad. He entreated me not to lose heart, but to reprove Sekeletu as my child. Another old man followed with the same entreaties. The following day we observed as our thanksgiving to God for his goodness in bringing us all back in safety to our friends. My men decked themselves out in their best, and I found that, although their goods were finished, they had managed to save suits of European clothing, which, being white, with their red caps, gave them rather a dashing appearance. They tried to walk like the soldiers they had seen in Loanda, and called themselves my 'braves' (batlabani). During the service they all sat with their guns over their shoulders, and excited the unbounded admiration of the women and children. I addressed them all on the goodness of God in preserving us from all the dangers of strange tribes and disease. We had a similar service in the afternoon. The men gave us two fine oxen for slaughter, and the women supplied us abundantly with milk, meal, and butter. It was all quite gratuitous, and I felt ashamed that I could make no return. My men explained the total expenditure of our means, and the Libontee answered gracefully, 'It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep.' Strangers came flocking from a distance, and seldom empty-handed. Their presents I distributed amongst my men.

"Our progress down the Barotse valley was just like this. Every village gave us an ox, and sometimes two. The people were wonderfully kind. I felt, and still feel, most deeply grateful, and tried to benefit them in the only way I

could, by imparting the knowledge of that Saviour, who can comfort and supply them in the time of need; and my prayer is, that he may send his good Spirit to instruct them and lead them into his kingdom. Even now, I earnestly long to return, and make some recompense to them for their kindness. In passing them on our way to the north, their liberality might have been supposed to be influenced by the hope of repayment on our return, for the white man's land is imagined to be the source of every ornament they prize most. But though we set out from Loanda with a considerable quantity of goods, hoping both to pay our way through the stingy Chibouque, and to make presents to the kind Balonda, and still more generous Makololo, the many delays caused by sickness made us expend all my stock, and all the goods my men procured by their own labour at Loanda, and we returned to the Makololo as poor as when we set out. Yet no distrust was shown, and my poverty did not lessen my influence. They saw that I had been exerting myself for their benefit alone, and even my men remarked, "Though we return as poor as we went, we have not gone in vain."

A few weeks later we find our traveller once more at Linyanti, with little in the way of property to show for his lengthened absence and laborious efforts, but with the tidings of a great new route in his pocket.

"A grand meeting of all the people was called to receive our report, and the articles which had been sent by the governor and merchants of Loanda. I explained that none of these were my property, but that they were sent to show the friendly feelings of the white men, and their eagerness to enter into commercial relations with the Makololo. I then requested my companions to give a true account of what they had seen. The wonderful things lost nothing in the telling, the climax always being that they had finished the whole world, and had turned only when there was no more land. One glib old gentleman asked—'Then you reached Ma Robert (Mrs. L.)?' They were obliged to confess that she lived a little beyond the world! The presents were received with expressions of great satisfaction and delight; and on Sunday, when Sekeletu made his appearance at church in his uniform, it attracted more attention than the sermon; and the kind expressions they made use of respecting myself were so very flattering, that I felt inclined to shut my eyes."

- A pleasing illustration of the con-

scientious fidelity of the tribes most hostile to each other, to their common friend and benefactor, became known to the missionary, before his arrival at this the termination of his westward labours. A party of Matebele, the people of Mosilikatse, had conveyed certain supplies for him to the river Zambesi, near the Victoria Falls; but though they declared that they had been sent by Mr. Moffat, his father-in-law, the Makololo would not believe the statement made by their enemies. It was thought to be a trick designed to introduce malignant charms and spells amongst them. The Makololo were the possessors of the north bank; and when the Matebele on the south called to them to come over, they replied, "Go along with you; we know better than that; how could he (Nake or Livingstone) tell Moffat to send his things here, he having gone away to the north?" The Matebele answered, "Here are the goods; we place them here before you; and if you leave them to perish the guilt will be yours."

The Makololo at first feared to stir; but at last plucked up heart, and with many incantations, and no little trepidation, pushed their canoes across the stream, and carried the packages safely to an island in the middle. There they actually built a hut over them to protect them from the weather; and there our missionary found them, a year later, in perfect safety! Such honourable and scrupulous foresight was creditable alike to the rival tribes, and to him whom they both delighted to honour; but it was only indicative of the fact, the great secret of the missionary's success in this country,—that his dealings with the natives were, from first to last, sincere, and were such as could be seen to be actuated by friendly motives towards all parties. The deviation of an inch from the straight line of honesty would have deprived him of this pervading influence, and operated in the end fatally upon his own interests. It is a striking proof of the godly sincerity of the Christian stranger; and, at the same time, points to the true and only legitimate mode of keeping alive and perpetuating the predominance of the white man throughout the regions he has been the first to open up. How long is this influence likely to be preserved through the same means by which it was acquired? Alas! It is not with

missionaries alone the simple barbarians of the interior will henceforth have to do. That mighty river, whose silent bosom has hitherto received only the reflection of the canoe or of the water-bird, will, by-and-by, be ploughed up by the keel of selfish enterprise, and hungry greed; and the simple savages on its banks, if they escape the evils of a slave-traffic they voluntarily contribute to, will find their homes invaded by a horde, which may take an opposite mode of dealing with them; and not requiring their labour and their lives elsewhere, may possibly vote them in the way and a nuisance where they are, and first rob and then exterminate them. The most that can be hoped in such a case is, that the time which may intervene between invasion and extinction may be employed in first Christianizing, and then civilizing them. The rest, the laws which regulate the intercourse of races will effect. It may be ordained that the negro shall continue the inhabitant of the negro's land; but exactly in proportion to the value of the country he inhabits for the purposes of the white man, will be the likelihood of the black man's extirpation. And, grounding our ideas on the estimate of the first discoverer who has passed down the mighty valley to the sea, the capabilities of the region can scarcely be over-estimated. We will conduct the reader in the remainder of this article hastily along that path, and let him judge for himself.

The decision to descend the river was not arrived at without much consideration.

"Certain Arabs had come from Zanzibar through a peaceful country. They assured me that the powerful chiefs beyond the Cazembe, on the N.E., viz., Moatutu, Moaroro, and Mogogo, chiefs of the tribes Batutu, Baroro, and Bagogo, would have no objection to my passing through their country. They described the population there, as located in small villages, like the Balonda, and that no difficulty is experienced in travelling amongst them. They mentioned also that, at a distance of ten days beyond Cazembe, their path winds round the end of Lake Tanganyenka. But when they reach this lake, a little to the north-west of its southern extremity, they find no difficulty in obtaining canoes to carry them over. They sleep on islands, for it is said to require three days in crossing, and may thus be forty or fifty miles

broad. Here they punt the canoes the whole way, showing that it is shallow. There are many small streams in the path, and three large rivers. This then appeared to me to be the safest; but my present object being a path admitting of water rather than land carriage, this route did not promise so much as that by way of the Zambesi or Leeambye. The Makololo knew all the country eastwards as far as the Kafue, from having lived in former times near the confluence of that river with the Zambesi, and they all advised this path in preference to that by the way of Zanzibar. The only difficulty that they assured me of was that in the falls of Victoria. Some recommended my going to Sesheke, and crossing over in a N.E. direction to the Kafue, which is only six days distant, and descending that river to the Zambesi. Others recommended me to go on the south bank of the Zambesi until I had passed the falls, then get canoes and proceed further down the river. All spoke strongly of the difficulties of travelling on the north bank, on account of the excessively broken and rocky nature of the country near the river on that side. And when Ponuane, who had lately headed a foray there, proposed that I should carry canoes along that side, till we reached the spot where the Leeambye becomes broad and placid again; others declared that, from the difficulties he himself had experienced in forcing the men of his expedition to do this, they believed that mine would be sure to desert me, if I attempted to impose such a task upon them. Another objection to travelling on either bank of the river, was the prevalence of the tsetse, which is so abundant, that the inhabitants can keep no domestic animals except goats.

"While pondering over these different paths, I could not help regretting my being alone. If I had enjoyed the company of my former companion, Mr. Oswell, one of us might have taken the Zambesi, and the other gone by way of Zanzibar. The latter route was decidedly the easiest, because all the inland tribes were friendly, while the tribes in the direction of the Zambesi were inimical, and I should now be obliged to lead a party, which the Batoka of that country view as hostile invaders, through an enemy's land; but as the prospect of permanent water conveyance was good, I decided on going down the Zambesi, and keeping on the north bank."

It was shortly after setting out that our traveller arrived at those extraordinary falls, which have been alluded to by name once or twice already, which have attracted the world's wonder more than any other discovery of

the African explorer; but which we have hitherto had no opportunity of mentioning more particularly. Nor, indeed, need we now say much. In a picturesque point of view, and as a study for the naturalist, they are full of wonder and interest. For the purposes of the missionary and adventurer, they present an obstacle, which can only be surmounted by the progress of future exploration pointing out the means of passing up some tributary, as, for instance, the Kafue, and, under the peculiar network system which is said to prevail in that region, getting thence upon a downward stream, which might unite itself with the Zambesi *above* the falls.

This terrific cataract, of which the engraving, we suspect, gives but a very inadequate idea, is exceeded in size by some other known falls; but there are features which make it peculiar. It was visited by our author in the dry season, when the flow of water is comparatively small. During the inundations it is said to be unapproachable. What constitutes its distinctive character is this,—that the river, here estimated at about 1,000 yards in breadth, instead of pursuing its course in a manner and direction similar to that above the falls, is swallowed up, as it were, by a narrow chasm, or fissure, let down like a trap to receive it, and only escapes, after a plunge of 100 feet, by forcing its way laterally along the chasm, which is not more than a few yards wide, into a new channel, leaving what was originally its bed, dry and deserted on the other side. Some convulsion of nature, geologically speaking recent, has opened a vast rent, which reaches thirty or forty miles across the country, in the strata of the central basin, and the river which originally flowed along its more elevated channel, has been sucked bodily down, and carried out of the valley by a new and narrow conduit, “boiling and roaring through the hills.”

Dr. Livingstone exhibits, we think, clear proofs that he was the first white man who ever saw these falls. This is his account of them:—

“After twenty minutes’ sail from Kalai, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour, appropriately called “smoke,” rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and

bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, beside groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean ‘far from home,’ for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or landscape. The silvery mohono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark colour of the motsouri, whose cypress-form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from any thing witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt, is that of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither, there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared, being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it, until creeping with

awe to the verge. I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of 1,000 yards broad, leaped down 100 feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. . . . In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rain-bows on it. (The sun was on the meridian, and the declination about equal to the latitude of the place). From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour exactly like steam, and it mounted 200 or 300 feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure, and a few yards back from the lip, there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf; but as they flow down the steep wall there, the column of vapour, in its ascent, licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.

"On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass, moving away to the prolongation of the fissure, which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of the rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island, and juts out from the water below, and from it, I judged the distance which the water falls to be about 100 feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls, is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall, is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears, and a piece seems inclined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark brown in colour, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discoloured by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapour to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow, a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water, all rushing on in the same direction, each

gave off several rays of foam, exactly as bits of steel, when burnt in oxygen gas, give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere."

Before leaving the island, upon the occasion of a second visit, the intrepid discoverer leaves his mark behind him.

"I selected a spot—not too near the chasm, for there the constant deposition of the moisture nourished numbers of polypi of a mushroom shape and fleshy consistence—but somewhat back, and made a little garden. I there planted about 100 peach and apricot stones, and a quantity of coffee-seeds. I had attempted fruit-trees before, but, when left in charge of my Makololo friends, they were always allowed to wither, after having vegetated, by being forgotten. I bargained for a hedge with one of the Makololo; and if he is faithful, I have great hopes of Mosioatunya's abilities as a nurseryman. My only source of fear is the hippopotami, whose footprints I saw on the island. When the garden was prepared, I cut my initials on a tree, and the date 1855. This was the only instance in which I indulged in this piece of vanity. The garden stands in front, and were there no hippopotami, I have no doubt but this will be the parent of all the gardens which may yet be in this new country."

Sekeletu, the Makololo chief, has accompanied the traveller from Linyanti to the Falls, with a large party. Here he bids him finally adieu, furnishing him, however, with a company of 114 men to carry his ivory down to the coast. The course of the Zambesi is here quitted for some distance, being left to the southward; and its long and partly (as it is conjectured) subterranean passage through the hills, before it again emerges and becomes navigable, is as yet known only by hearsay from the natives. The country through which the party next passes is fertile, but is at present deserted by cattle, the ravages of the tsetse, or poisonous fly, having driven them away. The valley of the Lekone is rocky and rough, though covered with beautiful green trees, yielding abundance of wild fruits. Here Moyara resides.

"The father of Moyara was a powerful chief, but the son now sits among the ruins of the town, with four or five



wives and very few people. At his hamlet a number of stakes are planted in the ground, and I counted fifty-four human skulls hung on their points. These were Matebele, who, unable to approach Sebituane, on the island of Loyela, had returned sick and famishing. Moyara's father took advantage of their reduced condition, and, after putting them to death, mounted their heads in the Batoka fashion. The old man who perpetrated this deed now lies in the middle of his son's huts, with a lot of rotten ivory over his grave. One cannot help feeling thankful that the reign of such wretches is over. They inhabited the whole of this side of the country, and were probably the barrier to the extension of the Portuguese commerce in this direction. When looking at these skulls, I remarked to Moyara, that many of them were those of mere boys. He assented readily, and pointed them out as such. I asked why his father had killed boys? 'To show his fierceness,' was the answer. 'Is it fierceness to kill boys?' 'Yes, they had no business here.' When I told him that this probably would ensure his own death if the Matebele came again, he replied—'When I hear of their coming I shall hide the bones.' He was evidently proud of these trophies of his father's ferocity, and I was assured by other Batoka, that few strangers ever returned from a visit to this quarter. If a man wished to curry favour with a Batoka chief, he ascertained when a stranger was about to leave, and waylaid him at a distance from the town; and when he brought the head back to the chief, it was mounted as a trophy: the different chiefs vying with each other as to which should mount the greatest number of skulls in his village."

The abundance with which nature has supplied articles of food in the region through which the expedition is now passing, is wonderful. The Batoka of the party say "no one ever dies of hunger here." Only clear of the tsetse, and the region would be in most respects highly eligible for the settler. But further on, beyond Kankonka, the country grows still more charming. It is described as an uninhabited, gently undulating, and most beautiful district—the border territory between those who accept and those who reject the sway of the Makololo.

"The face of the country appears as if in long waves, running north and south. There are no rivers, though water stands in pools in the hollows. We were now come into the country

which my perijeration subservient to fecit paradise. Sebituane constraining from it by the Matebele. It lies—from exactly for cattle, corn, and health. The soil is dry, and often a reddish sand; there are few trees, but fine large shady ones stand dotted here and there over the country where towns formerly stood. One of the fig family I measured, and found to be forty feet in circumference; the heart had been burned out, and some one had made a lodging in it, for we saw the remains of a bed and a fire. The sight of the open country, with the increased altitude we were attaining, was most refreshing to the spirits. Large game abound. We see in the distance buffaloes, elands, hartebeest, gnus, and elephants, all very tame, as no one disturbs them. Lions, which always accompany other large animals, roared about us, but as it was moonlight there was no danger. In the evening, while standing on a mass of granite, one began to roar at me, though it was still light. The temperature was pleasant, as the rains, though not universal, had fallen in many places."

Here the party has reached the apex of the ridge, and Dr. Livingstone finds, by the point at which water boils, that its altitude above the level of the sea is over 5,000 feet.

This is the same elevation the hills reach near the western coast, and may be said to be the lip of the cup, once brimming with an inland sea, far exceeding in dimensions the largest existing lakes of the world. As this lip became elevated higher and higher, with its included waters, by forces acting from beneath, its sides at last split open, and through the rents issued the streams destined to form the channels of communication between the outer world and the region from which those waters had been drained.

As the travellers descend the eastern slope, the character of the country and climate continues to exercise the happiest effects upon their health and spirits. Rains are more frequent; and a short grass, or sward, has replaced the rank, tangled herbage of the great valley. War has depopulated the district. The course of Sebituane (for it was from hence he was originally driven) is marked by ruins of buildings, and heaps of bones of cattle which he was obliged to slaughter, after they had been bitten by tsetse.

"Sekwebu (an intelligent native) had been instructed to point out to me the

awe to the verge. I peered ~~for~~ a settle-large rent which ~~had~~ the Makololo had bank to bank to regret. It needed no ~~savagery~~ from Sekwebu; I admired it myself, and the enjoyment of good health in fine open scenery, had an exhilarating effect on my spirits. The great want was population, the Batoka having all taken refuge in the hills."

But here is approached the country of those whom the Makololo deem rebels; and it becomes a subject of anxiety to know how the party will be received.

"On the 4th (of December, 1855) we reached their first village. Remaining at a distance of a quarter of a mile, we sent two men to inform them who we were, and that our purposes were peaceful. The head-man came and spoke civilly, but when nearly dark, the people of another village arrived and behaved very differently. They began by trying to spear a young man who had gone for water. Then they approached us, and one came forward howling at the top of his voice in the most hideous manner; his eyes were shot out, his lips covered with foam, and every muscle of his frame quivered. He came near to me, and, having a small battle-axe in his hand, alarmed my men lest he might do violence; but they were afraid to disobey my previous orders, and to follow their own inclination by knocking him on the head. I felt a little alarmed, too, but would not show fear before my own people or strangers, and kept a sharp look-out on the little battle-axe. It seemed to me a case of extacy or prophetic frenzy, voluntarily produced. I felt it would be a sorry way to leave the world, to get my head chopped by a mad savage, though that perhaps would be preferable to hydrophobia or delirium tremens. Sekwebu took a spear in his hand, as if to pierce a bit of leather, but in reality to plunge it into the man if he offered violence to me. After my courage had been sufficiently tested, I beckoned with the head to the civil head-man to remove him, and he did so by drawing him aside. This man pretended not to know what he was doing. I would fain have felt his pulse, to ascertain whether the violent trembling were not feigned, but had not much inclination to go near the battle-axe again. There was, however, a flow of perspiration, and the excitement continued fully half an hour, then gradually ceased. This paroxysm is the direct opposite of hypnotism, and it is singular that it has not been tried in Europe as well as clairvoyance. This second batch of visitors took no pains to conceal their contempt for our small party, saying to each other in a tone of

triumph, 'They are quite a God-send!' literally, 'God has apportioned them to us.' 'They are lost among the tribes!' 'They have wandered in order to be destroyed, and what can they do without shields among so many?' Some of them asked if there were no other parties. Sekeletu had ordered my men not to take their shields, as in the case of my first company. We were looked upon as unarmed, and an easy prey. We prepared against a night attack by discharging and reloading our guns, which were exactly the same in number (five) as on the former occasion, as I allowed my late companions to retain those which I purchased at Loanda. We were not molested, but some of the enemy tried to lead us towards the Bashukulompo, who are considered to be the fiercest race in this quarter. As we knew our direction to the confluence of the Kufue and Zambesi, we declined their guidance, and the civil head-man of the evening before, then came along with us."

The effect produced by the periodical recurrence of disastrous invasions is more evident every mile. Not only have the innumerable herds of cattle almost disappeared, but the population itself has been lamentably thinned. This state of things has had one good effect, and may, indeed, be considered providential. The people all catch at the Gospel message, as delivered by the missionary preacher; from its burden being *peace*, they cry out, "We are tired of fight; give us rest and sleep." Successive scourges have visited their villages during the last half century. First, Pingola, then Sebituane, then the Matebele of Mosilikatse, have made raids through the country, with no motive whatever beyond a simple love of conquest, and have swept every thing before them; but, since the whole strength of the invasion rests in the ability or energy of the leader, with the death of each the power he has built up is gone, and there is no perpetuation of his reign. Hence no great empire has been established in the interior of Africa; and under such circumstances it is that these barbarous and isolated tribes are in the best possible state for hearing and receiving the Gospel.

In Monze's village, some interesting conversations take place between the missionary and the natives.

"In telling them that my object was to open up a path, whereby they might,

by getting merchandize for ivory, avoid the guilt of selling their children, I asked Monze, with about 150 of his men, if they would like a white man to live amongst them and teach them. All expressed high satisfaction at the prospect of the white man and his path: they would protect both him and his property. I asked the question, because it would be of great importance to have stations in this healthy region, whither agents oppressed by sickness might retire, and which would serve, moreover, as part of a chain of communication between the interior and the coast. The answer does not mean much more than what I know, by other means, to be the case,—that a white man of good sense would be welcome and safe in all these parts. By uprightness, and laying himself out for the good of the people, he would be known all over the country as a benefactor of the race. None desire Christian instruction, for of it they have no idea. But the people are now humbled by the scourgings they have received, and seem to be in a favourable state for the reception of the Gospel. The gradual restoration of their former prosperity in cattle, simultaneously with instruction, would operate beneficially upon their minds."

We wish it were in our power to indulge a reasonable hope, that a discretion equal to that of the first Christian messenger would actuate those who follow him in his track of usefulness. At all events, they have here a manual for their guidance, which will leave them without excuse, should they act in variance with the plain system laid down therein;—to be earnest—to be pure—to be true—to be cheerful—to be conciliating—to be unprejudiced and charitable,—such are the qualities needed. Where will they be found in conjunction as they are in the instance of our author? It is easy to foresee the mischief which a deficiency in tact alone, without any further culpability, might engender and heap around a primitive settlement in these barbarous regions. We should be the more anxious to press our advice upon the destined labourers in such a field, did we not feel that on one quality alone, and that beyond our reach, all the rest may be held to depend. This quality stands higher up upon the category than any of the rest. Christian zeal—an absolute and paramount devotion to the one object, that of doing the work of a Heavenly Father, and making every

other consideration subservient to this,—here is the true constraining motive—the spring of action—from which all the other needful qualities will be sure to flow. We cannot peruse this volume without finding the conviction growing upon us, that the secret of Dr. Livingstone's success—his good humour, his perseverance, his absence of prejudice, his versatility, his nerve—had their origin in the ever-present feeling that he was about his Master's business, and had no right to allow a single selfish consideration to stand in the way. We find him unappalled in the presence of danger and death, unallured by temptations, uninflated by flattery. He presses on, like Christian in his course, with his eye on the wicket-gate, while he makes use of all he sees, and everybody he meets, so as best to aid him in his forward efforts upon the path he has chosen. We confess that in this light his book wears to us a double charm; and we are more than reconciled to what so many have objected to—the title of "Missionary Travels," prefixed to the work.

The party now once more approach the Zambesi, to the northward of which they have travelled ever since they left the Victoria Falls. They are passing down the Kafue, to its confluence with the parent stream.

They are on high ground.

"When we came to the top of the outer range of the hills, we had a glorious view. At a short distance below us we saw the Kafue, wending away over a forest-clad plain to the confluence, and on the other side of the Zambesi beyond that, lay a long range of dark hills. A line of fleecy clouds appeared lying along the course of that river at their base. The plain below us, at the left of the Kafue, had more large game on it than anywhere else I had seen in Africa. Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood lordly elephants feeding majestically, nothing moving apparently but the proboscis. I wished that I had been able to take a photograph of a scene, so seldom beheld, and which is destined, as guns increase, to pass away from earth. When we descended we found all the animals remarkably tame. The elephants stood beneath the trees, fanning themselves with their large ears, as if they did not see us at 200 or 300 yards distance. The number of animals was quite astonishing, and

made me think, that here I could realize an image of that time, when Megatheria fed undisturbed in the primeval forests."

The confluence itself they are not fortunate enough to see, having struck upon the river about eight miles below it. They know when they are approaching the mighty stream, even before they see it, by the prodigious quantities of water-fowl they meet. "I never saw a river with so much animal life around and in it, and, as the Barotse say, 'its fish and fowl are always fat.'" Here it is very much larger than it is above the Falls. Its flow is more rapid than it is farther up; and, what is a novelty at this side of the Continent, its waters are discoloured, and of a deep brownish red. It carries a considerable quantity of reeds, sticks, and trees. There are many islands.

On the 14th of January a sight is seen, which marks an epoch in the exploratory journey of the missionary. Descending to the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, Dr. Livingstone observes some ruins, beside which lies a *broken bell*, with the letters, I.H.S., and a cross, but no date. The Christianity which has penetrated from the East is here met by the Christianity that had come from the West: the one is represented by a broken bell, the other by a living minister. The religion of Portugal, and the religion of Britain are typified in the two. The ruins are the Church of Jumbo, a Portuguese station, through which was formerly carried on the traffic in ivory and slaves. It is now deserted.

Here the natives assemble threateningly, as if for attack. They lend but two canoes to the party to cross the Loangwa. The transit is to be effected the next morning.

"I felt some turmoil of spirit in the evening, at the prospect of having all my efforts for the welfare of this great region and its teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow, who might be said to 'know not what they do.' It seemed such a pity that the important fact of the existence of the two healthy ridges which I had discovered, should not become known in Christendom, for a confirmation would thereby have been given to the idea that Africa is not open to the Gospel. But I read that Jesus said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven

and on earth: go ye, therefore, and teach all nations.....and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'" I took this as His word of honour, and then went out to take observations for latitude and longitude."

The passage is accomplished in safety. Livingstone crosses the last, and is not molested. He feels secure in his master's "word of honour."

Here we will leave the expedition to pursue its course to the Portuguese settlement of Tete, and thence to the ocean. We have accompanied it only while it passed over previously untrodden ground: upon the borders of civilization we quit it; just adding a few extracts, with the object of showing what hopes may be entertained of bringing the native population of the interior within the pale of Christianity, by means of missionary efforts. The following passage refers to a tribe residing south of the Chobe:—

"The Bakalahari, who live at Motlatsa wells, have always been very friendly to us, and listen attentively to instruction conveyed to them in their own tongue. It is, however, difficult to give an idea to an European of the little effect teaching produces, because no one can realize the degradation to which their minds have been sunk by centuries of barbarism and hard struggling for the necessaries of life: like most others, they listen with respect and attention, but, when we kneel down and address an unseen being, the position and the act often appear to them so ridiculous that they cannot refrain from bursting into uncontrollable laughter. After a few services they get over this tendency. I was once present when a missionary attempted to sing among a wild heathen tribe of Bechuanaas, who had no music in their composition; the effect on the risible faculties of the audience was such that the tears actually ran down their cheeks. Nearly all their thoughts are directed to the supply of their bodily wants, and this has been the case with the race for ages. If asked, then, what effect the preaching of the Gospel has at the commencement on such individuals, I am unable to tell, except that some have confessed, long afterwards, that they then first began to pray in secret. Of the effects of a long-continued course of instruction there can be no reasonable doubt, as mere nominal belief has never been considered sufficient proof of conversion by any body of missionaries; and, after

the change which has been brought about by this agency, we have good reason to hope well for the future: those I have myself witnessed behaving in the manner described, when kindly treated in sickness often utter imploring words to Jesus, and I believe sometimes really do pray to him in their afflictions. As that great Redeemer of the guilty seeks to save all he can, we may hope that they find mercy through His blood, though little able to appreciate the sacrifice He made. The indirect and scarcely appreciable blessings of Christian missionaries going about doing good are thus probably not so despicable as some might imagine; there is no necessity for beginning to tell even the most degraded of these people of the existence of a God, or of a future state, the facts being universally admitted. Everything that cannot be accounted for by common causes is ascribed to the Deity, as creation, sudden death, &c. 'How curiously God made these things' is a common expression; as is also, 'He was not killed by disease, he was killed by God.' And when speaking of the departed—though there is naught in the physical appearance of the dead to justify the expression—they say, 'He has gone to the gods,' the phrase being identical with '*abiit ad plures*.'

Having already hinted at the objections made by some persons to the secular tone of this book, evinced in the cursoriness with which religious subjects are disposed of, we think it due to the author to give, at length, his ideas on the prospects of missionary enterprise in general:—

"When converts are made from heathenism by modern missionaries, it becomes an interesting question whether their faith possesses the elements of permanence, or is only an exotic too tender for self-propagation when the fostering care of the foreign cultivators is withdrawn. If neither habits of self-reliance are cultivated, nor opportunities given for the exercise of that virtue, the most promising converts are apt to become like spoiled children. In Madagascar a few Christians were left with nothing but the Bible in their hands; and though exposed to persecution, and even death itself, as the penalty of adherence to their profession, they increased tenfold in numbers, and are, if possible, more decided believers now than they were when, by an edict of the queen of that island, the missionaries ceased their teaching.

"In South Africa such an experiment could not be made, for such a variety

of Christian sects have followed the footsteps of the London Missionary Society's successful career, that converts of one denomination, if left to their own resources, are eagerly adopted by another; and are thus more likely to become spoiled than trained to the manly Christian virtues.

"Another element of weakness in this part of the missionary field is the fact of the Missionary Societies considering the Cape Colony itself as a proper sphere for their peculiar operations. In addition to a well-organized and efficient Dutch Reformed Established Church, and schools for secular instruction, maintained by Government, in every village of any extent in the colony, we have a number of other sects, as the Wesleyans, Episcopalians, Moravians, all piously labouring at the same good work. Now, it is deeply to be regretted that so much honest zeal should be so lavishly expended in a district wherein there is so little scope for success. When we hear an agent of one sect urging his friends at home to aid him quickly to occupy some unimportant nook, because, if it is not speedily laid hold of, he will 'not have room for the sole of his foot,' one cannot help longing that both he and his friends would direct their noble aspirations to the millions of untaught heathen in the regions beyond, and no longer continue to convert the extremity of the continent into, as it were, a dam of benevolence.

"I would earnestly recommend all young missionaries to go at once to the real heathen, and never to be content with what has been made ready to their hands by men of greater enterprise. The idea of making model Christians of the young need not be entertained by any one who is secretly convinced, as most men who know their own hearts are, that he is not a model Christian himself. The Israelitish slaves brought out of Egypt by Moses were not converted and elevated in one generation, though under the direct teaching of God himself. Notwithstanding the numbers of miracles He wrought, a generation had to be cut off because of unbelief. Our own elevation also has been the work of centuries, and, remembering this, we should not indulge in overwrought expectations as to the elevation which those who have inherited the degradation of ages may attain in our day. The principle might even be adopted by missionary societies, that one ordinary missionary's lifetime of teaching should be considered an ample supply of foreign teaching for any tribe in a thinly peopled country; for some never will receive the Gospel at all, while in other parts, when Christianity

is once planted, the work is sure to go on. A missionary is soon known to be supported by his friends at home; and though the salary is but a bare subsistence, to Africans it seems an enormous sum; and being unable to appreciate the motives by which he is actuated, they consider themselves entitled to various services at his hands, and defrauded if these are not duly rendered. This feeling is all the stronger when a young man, instead of going boldly to the real heathen, settles down in a comfortable house and garden prepared by those into whose labours he has entered. A remedy for this evil might be found in appropriating the houses and gardens raised by the missionaries' hands to their own families. It is ridiculous to call such places as Kuruman, for instance, 'Missionary Society's property.' This beautiful station was made what it is, not by English money, but by the sweat and toil of fathers whose children have, notwithstanding, no place on earth which they can call a home. The Society's operations, may be transferred to the north, and then the strong-built mission premises become the home of a Boer, and the stately stone church his cattle-pen. This place has been what the monasteries of Europe are said to have been when pure. The monks did not disdain to hold the plough. They introduced fruit-trees, flowers, and vegetables, in addition to teaching and emancipating the serfs. Their monasteries were mission stations, which resembled ours in being dispensaries for the sick, almshouses for the poor, and nurseries of learning. Can we learn nothing from them in their prosperity as the schools of Europe, and see nought in their history but the pollution and laziness of their decay? Can our wise men tell us why the former mission stations (primitive monasteries) were self-supporting, rich, and flourishing as pioneers of civilization and agriculture from which we even now reap benefits, and modern mission stations are mere pauper establishments without that permanence or ability to be self-supporting which they possessed?

"Protestant missionaries of every denomination in South Africa all agree in one point, that no mere profession of Christianity is sufficient to entitle the converts to the Christian name. They are all anxious to place the Bible in the hands of the natives, and, with ability to read that, there can be little doubt as to the future. We believe Christianity to be divine, and equal to all it has to perform; then let the good seed be widely sown, and, no matter to what sect the converts may belong, the harvest will be glorious. Let nothing that I have

said be interpreted as indicative of feelings inimical to any body of Christians, for I never as a missionary felt myself to be either Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Independent, or called upon in any way to love one denomination less than another. My earnest desire is, that those who really have the best interests of the heathen at heart should go to them; and assuredly, in Africa at least, self-denying labours among real heathen will not fail to be appreciated. Christians have never yet dealt fairly by the heathen and been disappointed."

Probably no man, a member of the society by whom Dr. Livingstone has been employed, has ever spoken so freely, fearlessly, and impartially as he has done in this remarkable passage. That he will find many persons to dissent from him, must necessarily be expected. Prejudice always occupies the approaches to the citadel of truth: it will make the first stand against any one who attempts to carry the place. We do not wish, we confess, ourselves to pronounce a positive judgment in the case. It is, no doubt, a good deal to say that the quality of the religion you propagate has little to do with its value, provided only it emanates from a nominally Christian source. And yet, taking our author's view, the darkness of heathenism seems so deadly, that any glimmer of light thrown in upon it ought to be a blessing. At all events, we will not allow ourselves to doubt that Dr. Livingstone himself, amidst all his secular efforts, and through all his blunt speaking, has done vast spiritual good, and laid a safe foundation for the structure which more detailed and continuous labour must rear hereafter amid those benighted wastes.

With regard to the geographical achievements of Dr. Livingstone, there will be more unanimity of opinion. He has unquestionably accomplished much. The general result of his discoveries may be summed up in a few words. It appears that, on the western, or Atlantic, side of South Central Africa, the interior is shut up, so far as a practicable route by land or water, commencing at Loanda, is concerned. That access might possibly be had to the region by means of one or other of those rivers which he crossed, flowing to the northward; and that, so far, there is an open for future exploration in that direction. But that the interior, to which these routes might

lead, although abounding in tracts of fertile and well-irrigated land, is, under present circumstances, and until the process of desiccation shall be farther advanced, ill-adapted as a field for European enterprise. This estimate applies to the whole of the country explored, lying north and west of the Barotse valley. But that on the eastern side of the continent, below Victoria Falls, unanticipated facilities present themselves; consisting, in part, in the existence of a navigable river, penetrating from the coast far inland; and in part in the nature of the country it traverses, and in the character of its inhabitants. Large tracts are salubrious, fertile, and picturesque. Traces of valuable minerals abound. There is a vast supply of game; and the population, as a rule, are friendly and accessible. That, however, on both sea-boards a European nation, having its interests bound up in the traffic of slaves, has long maintained settlements, and so holds a key to the interior which it might consider it prejudicial to relinquish, or, at least, to relinquish unconditionally. That, therefore, the international difficulty is the first to be surmounted.

Such is a brief recapitulation of the results of Dr. Livingstone's travels hitherto—the material results, we mean: but he justly views “the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise.” It is interesting to learn from himself the objects he proposes to himself, should he be permitted, as he says, “to do something more for Africa.” He will endeavour, in the first place, to secure a permanent path to the highlands on the borders of the central basin, which are comparatively healthy, so as to enable Europeans to pass thither as speedily as possible from the unhealthy region near the coast. He will then try to develop, as far as he can, a trade between the natives in the vicinity of Tete and this country; and, to that end, to distribute seeds of better kinds than those that are indigenous. He hopes that missionary efforts and those of a more worldly character may mutually further each other; for any trade, except that in slaves, has a tendency to elevate the character and condition of a barbarous population.

As a means of working out this idea,

he proposes furthermore the formation of stations on the Zambesi, beyond the Portuguese territory, but having communication through it with the coast. Only let a healthy locality be searched for, and he pledges himself that there is perfect security for life and property among a people who will listen to reason, provided only they are fairly and kindly dealt with.

These efforts seem feasible, because they are moderate. Great caution marks Dr. Livingstone's designs in general. This is, perhaps, the more remarkable as, in a passage which we cannot forbear from quoting, he shows himself one of those who see the hand of a special Providence, almost working miracles to smooth their onward path. The way in which he was led, he says, while teaching the Bakwains, to commence exploration, is clear evidence of this.

“Anterior to that, when Mr. Moffat began to give the Bible—the Magna Charta of all the rights and privileges of modern civilization—to the Bechuanas, Sebituane went north, and spread the language into which he was translating the sacred oracles, in a new region, larger than France. Sebituane, at the same time, rooted out hordes of bloody savages, among whom no white man could have gone without leaving his skull to ornament some village. He opened up the way for me—let us hope also for the Bible. Then, again, while I was labouring at Kolobeng, seeing only a small arc of the cycle of Providence, I could not understand it, and felt inclined to ascribe our successive and prolonged droughts to the wicked one. But when forced by these, and the Boers, to become explorer, and open a new country in the north, rather than set my face southwards, where missionaries are not needed; the gracious Spirit of God influenced the minds of the heathen to regard me with favour; the Divine hand is again perceived. Then, I turned away westwards, rather than in the opposite direction, chiefly from observing that some native Portuguese, though influenced by the hope of a reward from their Government to cross the continent, had been obliged to return from the east without accomplishing their object. Had I gone at first in the eastern direction, which the course of the great Leambye seemed to invite, I should have come among the belligerents near Tete, when the war was raging at its height, instead of, as it happened, when all was over. And again, when enabled to reach Loanda, the resolution to do my duty by

going back to Linyanti, probably saved me from the fate of my papers in the "Forerunner." And then, last of all, this new country is partially opened to the sympathies of Christendom, and I find that Sechele himself has, though unbidden by man, been teaching his own people. In fact, he has been doing all that I was prevented from doing, and I have been employed in exploring—a work I had no previous intention of performing. I think that I see the operation of the unseen hand in all this, and I humbly hope, that it will still guide me to do good in my day and generation in Africa."

In his fresh efforts, we heartily bid him God speed. Whatever the result of the contemplated mission to the court of Lisbon may prove, the labours of the explorer will be but indirectly influenced—his powers as pioneer will remain what they were. The influence of governments and religions may present or remove obstacles, but a discovery is a thing that cannot be ignored or repudiated; and the world's interests will not be prejudiced by the jealousies or superstitions of nations. Such barriers will be removed or broken through. The course of Christianity and civilization may be likened to that of the great artery by which the plains of the interior of Africa are now placed in communication with the world. If

it cannot make its way otherwise, it will force open a gulf for itself, and tunnel the channel it does not find. Under whatever circumstances those vast unknown regions are drawn within the limits of the known, the name of the individual who has first whispered the secret to men, will remain carved upon the tree in the garden he has planted, as it does at this moment in the island overlooking the cataract; and mark him to future ages as an instrument, divinely appointed by Providence for the amelioration of the human race and the furtherance of God's glory. In this estimate of ours, we are happy to observe that the whole civilized world agrees. Abroad as well as at home, in the New World as well as in the Old, Livingstone's name is already famous—blamelessly and irreproachably famous: and should it be his lot, after all, to prove no exception in his fate to that of the explorers of the mighty continent of Africa, his memory will be yet more honoured than his life, and he will be admitted, with acclamation, amongst the illustrious characters who have helped to raise the British name to its unapproachable pre-eminence in the domain of legitimate adventure and scientific discovery.

# M A R I A N N E.

## A LITTLE ROSEBUD DAUGHTER.

BY W. CHARLES KENT, AUTHOR OF "ALTHEIA."

Sweet when on my bosom leaning—  
Trembling out the twilight star—  
Through thine eyes to trace the meaning  
Of those holy lights afar—  
Lights of heaven  
To earth given,  
Rolling, each, a Godward car!

Sweeter when upon my coming,  
Radiant gleam thy baby wiles—  
Royal trumpeting and drumming  
But mean welcome to thy smiles—  
Joy so simple  
In each dimple  
That thy father's heart beguiles.



Sweetest when eve round us creeping,  
 While dreams lift thy soul above,  
 On thy mother's breast thou'rt sleeping  
   Cradled in those arms of love—  
     Arms resembling  
     Nest-boughs, trembling  
 When the night-wind lulls the dove.

Rare as pearl-gleam to the diver,  
   Buddings in thy vermeil mouth :  
 Rarer than to honey-hiver,  
   Dew-bells dripping sugary drouth—  
     Thy gay laughter,  
     Rarest after  
 Rompings in the sunny south.

Dear, when first thy sweet eyes pondering,  
   Gazed and gazed in wondering awe,  
 Hither, thither lightly wandering  
   To whate'er those sweet eyes saw—  
     Baby histories,  
     Endless mysteries  
 In the wavering of a straw.

Dearer far thy lisping rattle,  
   Bubbling, babbling like a bird :  
 Dearest when thine infant-prattle  
   Drops some scarce articulate word—  
     Clipping often  
     Names that soften  
 Into quaintest sounds e'er heard.

Fair, thy little dimpling fingers  
   Dallying with thy bauble toys—  
 Tiny hands, to us the bringers  
   Of such wondrous worlds of joys :  
     Fair thy flustered  
     Tresses clustered  
 'Round calm brows no care alloys.

Fairer thy pure mind expanding,  
   As the water-rings enlarge :  
 Fairest, thy white soul, no branding  
   Blot upon 't from marge to marge—  
     Soul with vision  
     Half Elysian,  
 Fresh come from her Maker's charge.

Sweetest, rarest, dearest, fairest,  
   Bright-eyed little maiden elf !  
 What, ah ! what with thee comparest,  
   What beyond thy fairy self ?  
     Pleasure, treasure  
     More in measure  
 Than to worldling power or pelf !

What, ah ! what with thee comparest ?  
   Toddling where the blowball ran—  
 Sweetest, rarest, dearest, fairest !  
   Laughing where the blowball ran—  
     Bless thy merry  
     Cheek of cherry,  
 O, my little Marianne !

## ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA.\*

THE more civilized a people becomes, and the more harshly it regards any thing in the shape of vagabondism within its own limits, by so much the more it respects the fiery hearts which, flying off from the unceasing but confined whirl of its own busy life, seek amidst distant sunsets and at the cold hearths of buried nations, new warmth of feeling, and new fuel for thought, for the hearts and minds of their own countrymen. During the last four centuries the professed traveller has been regarded by steady commerce-loving Europe as a good citizen, and of at least equal rank with the members of the several learned professions. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, that that quality of the soul which, in old days, demanded eagerly and imperiously the gratification of dramatic representations, seeks now its nourishment in the stories of adventure and of land scarcely known. Another element of this feeling, however, exists of course, in that *earth-hunger* which is said to have been so prominent a feature of the character of the old Norman lords; yet it is not the love of possession, but the feeling of necessity which makes us listen now with so much pleasure to any tongue which tells of the existence of "ample verge and room" beyond our own crowded civilization.

We no longer ask travellers for travellers' stories; not because our love of the marvellous is less keen than that of our forefathers, but because it receives ampler and, indeed, inexhaustible gratification at home. The worlds of thought and feeling, of science and of material nature, are explored at the present day with such incessant keenness of investigation, that every hour produces some new wonder, which is a miracle in every respect, save that it is a result, instead of being an exception to the regular laws of the universe. We no longer take delight in hearing of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. What we ask of travellers

at the present day is, either that they should gratify our feelings of selfishness, more or less refined, by opening to us new landscapes of life, new tracks for commerce, or that they should act before us, on the theatre of distant lands, those dramas of energy and daring which are dear to all men, because all men feel that they too, if need were, could take part in them. But if we of the present hour make, with some eagerness, these demands of the adventurers of our own time, the latter are no less eager in satisfying them. The northern lights do not with more frequency streak the horizon with electric fire than do the wondrous though far off climes beckon to industry to gather the unclaimed wealth with which those climes are burdened. And as for adventure, why there has never been a day for many, many years past, that the whole English nation has not been waiting with earnest longing for news of some man or men hidden from us for a time by the ice mountains of the Arctic seas, by the eye-wearying steppes of Asia, or the sands of African deserts.

Mr. Atkinson, however, to the story of whose travels we wish now to call our readers' attention, did not propose to himself, on setting out on his adventures, to become either the pilot of commerce or a mere wrestler with untamed nature. An artist, he set out to visit lands and climes where the seasons and the mirage had hitherto been the only painters; and, as the first acquirers of the New World, regarding only its gold, knew not the value of their prize, so our artist, seeking only to conquer new realms for his art, has at the same time conquered new realms for thought.

A sense of not unpleasurable mystery accompanies us, as we follow this pilgrim of art, who, seven years wandering amongst the tombs of nations, sought there the ever new. He seeks no Timbuctoo in the desert, no mighty

\* *Oriental and Western Siberia.* By Thomas Witlem Atkinson. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1858.

inland lake; but, in all simplicity and manliness, goes on from mountain range to mountain range, and from sunset to sunset, gathering the rich burden of beauty, which time, and storm, and ancient convulsions, and modern seasons have spread over the wide realms of Siberia and Chinese Tartary. It is a pilgrimage worthy of ancient days, and no unfair type of the present. Comparing it with those made by the old Venetian or Jesuit priests, in the same climes, we find it excelling them, at least in the important particular that it is far more extensive.

"Mine has been a tolerably wide field," says Mr. Atkinson, in his preface, "extending from Kokhan, on the west, to the eastern end of the Baikal, and as far south as the Chinese town of Tchín-si; including that immense chain, Syan-shan, never before seen by any European; as well as a large portion of the western part of the Gobi, over which Genghiz Khan marched his wild hordes toward the west—scenes on which no pencil has previously been employed—comprising a distance traversed of about 32,000 versts in carriages, 7,100 in boats, and 20,300 on horseback—in all, 59,400 versts (about 39,500 miles), in the course of seven years."

Seven years are so large a portion of any man's life, that a consecutive narrative of travels, extending over so long a period, must partake, to a certain degree, of the nature of a biography; and we must confess to having experienced some disappointment, when we found that our author had described the various excursions into which his explorations were necessarily divided, without reference to dates. The consequence is, that we are deprived of any means of marking the mental history of a man, employed during seven years in the prosecution of his art, whilst utterly cut off from all the associations in which that art has its birth, or at least its existence. And if, as is very probable, the traveller were quite indifferent as to affording us this pleasure, he should, at least, have given such a consecutive form to his narrative as would have obviated its present apparent, if not real, confusion of dates and seasons.

Mr. Atkinson's narrative naturally divides itself, to the reader's apprehension, into two portions, which are

mingled together, but are not the less distinct; the one portion treating of the countries travelled over, as they are a portion, an agent, or a resource of the Russian Government; and the other portion referring to the aspects under which they presented themselves to the thoughtful mind of the artist. In each character they have an air of peculiar grandeur; for, as in the one case they are the forge, as it were, in which a great despotism manufactures the implements of its will; so, in the other, they are the great theatre of the old world which has been cleared for the enactment of new historic dramas. The bodies of the last gladiators who trod those boards have been duly dragged out of sight. The volcanoes which lighted their onward march across desert and steppe have long been cold.

In the Oural mountains Mr. Atkinson found the Russian Government in its working dress, but still as polite, and dignified, and stern as ever; and, as he had no occasion to fear its sternness, and was not the sort of man to be overcome by its dignity, he found its politeness no unwelcome ingredient of a visit to some of the most rugged scenery in the world.

There appears to be no limit to the kingdoms of art and poetry. They seize hold of the most unpromising materials and make them their own. We all know that the style of certain famous chess-players is called the *poetical style*, and that a lively imagination is now generally regarded as an important element of the qualities which, when combined, form a genius for this game. But if chess can be poetical, we certainly never supposed, until we perused Mr. Atkinson's pages, that mineralogy was so susceptible, as he has made it appear, of the glamour of art. Leaving our readers, however, to peruse in the work itself his animated descriptions of gold and silver, platinum, copper, and malachite, as they appear in the recesses of their own regal homes, we will here quote some remarks in which he appears to us to have hinted at almost all that can be said for or against a despotism in respect to practical efficiency:—

"The Government employs a great number of its serfs in this zavod (Ekaterineburg) in the machine shop and other works. None of them can be

said to be poor, if by this word is meant want of bread—black bread they have, and salt; these, with a draught of quass (a drink made from rye), is the food of hundreds who work hard for twelve hours in the day, and receive for their labour *fourpence*. The Russian peasants have, most undoubtedly, great imitative genius, and nothing daunts them. Men are brought from a village, never having seen any mechanical operation before, and are taken into the zavod. One is told he must be a blacksmith: he goes to his anvil, without the least hesitation, and begins his work. Another is ordered to be a fitter in a machine shop: he seats himself at his bench, looks at the work he is doing, takes up his file, and commences his new, and to him wonderful, occupation.

"There is one great drawback to the efficiency of the machine works at Ekaterineburg—at present there is no practical head to direct. It is not, as the authorities suppose, sufficient that a man has been educated in the School of Mines at St. Petersburg; and that, after serving a few years in the Altai or the Oural mines, he is sent to England and visits the different mechanical engineering manufactories—walking through them occasionally, and taking notes during a period of twelve or eighteen months. This is not the training necessary to fit a man to direct, efficiently and practically, a great establishment. He must acquire the requisite knowledge by the toil of his own hands. Great mechanics are not made in any other way; nor is it in the power of epaulettes, of whatever size or material, to accomplish this object. In all our great machine works there are good practical mechanics, able to direct, who have worked with their own hands. The great men of England have all done so—there are Fairbairn, Roberts, Nasmyth, Whitworth, and a host of others as distinguished examples.

I have been induced to make these remarks as I have not been an idle spectator on my rambles through the zavods. On the other hand, I have seen, and deeply regret being compelled to admit, that in some of the iron works near the Oural, certain departments have been conducted by my own countrymen who were evidently quite incompetent, as the Russian Government have learned to their cost."

The Oural may be styled the South Staffordshire of Russia; but nature is on far too grand a scale there to be affected by man's puny labours; and works a hundred times more extensive than those which throw a grand kind of desolate gloom over our own manufacturing districts, would but

have the effect of a gipsy's fire on the vast precipices and peaks of Eremit, Pavda, and Katchkanar. The following extracts will give some idea of the gentler characteristics of the scenes from amidst which Russia obtains its diplomatic gold and ambitious steel:—

"On both sides of the valley (of the Issetz) low hills rise up, covered to the top with pine and larch trees, among which are seen the silvery birch, waving its delicate foliage. . . . After passing the zavod the valley extends in width, and in many parts is very pretty. Clumps of trees with grassy meadows, with the river winding along—sometimes lost in woods, then, again, breaking forth, shining like frosted silver as it rolls over its rocky bed."

Again:—

"Having spent two days in this zavod (the Sysserts'kof), sketching a view of the works, on I travelled over a wooded, undulating country. In some parts extensive tracts of rye were growing most luxuriantly; in others, fine pastures for cattle extended far among the trees. . . . From this point the road passes into a fine woodland country—sometimes through rich pasture land, with large clumps of birch and poplars. Occasionally the path was close on the shore of the lake, which was exceedingly shallow and rocky; again the road turned into the woods, winding along some park-like scenery, until at length Hoslinskof was seen standing close upon the margin of the lake, with its zavod sending up a dense black smoke; its churches and other large buildings, with their green domes and golden crosses sparkling in the sun, gave it a grand and imposing appearance."

We fancy that we can perceive a decided addition of freedom to our author's style as he begins to get beyond the range of despotic energy and governmental patronage. His thousand miles' journey from the Oural to the Altai has all the glow and irresistible rapidity of a *special express*; the narrative of it quickening the reader's blood almost as much as the reality must have quickened the traveller's. Let us observe him for a few moments on his way across the boundless Asiatic steppes:—

"I left in a light carriage, drawn by five horses—three yoked to the vehicle, were driven by a Kirghis, and one of the two leaders was driven by a boy of eighteen. My route was across the steppe—a fine, flat country—and it was

soon quite evident that our Kirghis coachman intended showing how his cattle would go. Our speed for the first two or three versts was a sharp trot, after this the horses were put into a gallop, and then driven at full speed. The whip was not once used, the whole being effected by the driver talking to his horses, they apparently understanding every word. At times he used a shrill call, when the animals would bend to their work like greyhounds; and, by speaking to them in another tone, he would bring them up into a canter. . .

. . . We were on a fine, level country, crossing a steppe extending far into Asia, without either fence or tree. The horses were put into a trot for a short distance. I now noticed our Jehu regulate the reins of his three horses, seat himself firmly on the box, and give a whoop, when we went off at a fearful speed. It was a splendid sight—our Kirghis was in ecstasies, *talking to his horses as if they were human beings.* . . .

. . . In a short time fresh horses were yoked, and away we went again at full speed. Though the night was still dark, either the horses or the men knew the road well, as the former bounded on without accident. At first it was not a very agreeable sensation, being carried along at such a speed through the gloom, ignorant of what obstacles might be in the way; the ringing of the bells, however, would warn other passengers of our approach, and make them draw quickly on one side. In some teams we had a bell fastened to each horse; with others, three bells were fastened to the bow which passes over the shaft horse. These keep up a most tremendous clangour, and sometimes have a most melancholy sound when heard in the dark forests of Siberia. . . . We travelled this stage (twenty-five versts) in one hour and a-half. In a quarter of an hour we had fresh horses and galloped away. About three o'clock, the day began to dawn. . . . About half-past three, the sun rose in all his splendour—he appeared as if rising from the sea, for all to the east was an unbounded plain, and that plain—SIBERIA.”

As he approaches the great mountain range, towards which he is travelling, our artist begins to feel it drawing all his soul onwards with a species of magnetic influence. Having set out only to seek objects for his art, he now hurries onwards with all the passion and longing of a lover.

“About three o'clock on the second day I first distinctly saw the Altai mountains, very little elevated above the plain, and watched the misty forms as

we rolled on with intense interest. After galloping for about an hour, much more of the chain was visible, when looking across a small lake, on the banks of which several birches were growing, near the dead trunks of two old willows, now shattered by the storms which often blow with great fury across the steppes.

“Having sketched the above scene I pushed on again, and each ten versts brought other parts of the chain into view. I now noticed a storm gathering over the mountains, which were shortly completely obscured. We were near the post house at which I proposed drinking tea, and, if the weather became bad, remaining for the night, being anxious to see the Altai as we gradually approached the chain. This was explained to the Cossack, who objected to my stopping, the station being small and dirty. He proposed to take me to a village some twenty versts nearer. This plan being agreed to, after riding a few versts further we looked down into a valley in which I discerned a moderately large river running, which they said was the Tcherish. The storm was following the course of this river, and was now not far from us. The thunder, which had hitherto been growling in the distance, bellowed forth in magnificent peals every two or three minutes, bringing the dark mass of vapour nearer.”

“We had reached the edge of the valley, and beheld the village five or six versts distant, just being obscured in the falling rain. Not a drop had yet reached us, but we saw that our turn was coming. After descending into the valley we were going over some very rough ground when a terrific stream of lightning, and a tremendous crash of thunder, burst over us; at the same moment the clouds divided, and rolled off in opposite directions. It was like opening the curtains to some mighty and fearful scene as the heavy dark masses were carried up and off, at either side, leaving a thin vapour between them, hanging like a veil. The sun was setting, casting a pale red tinge on the vapoury curtain, which produced a wonderful effect. I stopped the carriage to watch the changes, and observed the opening gradually extend into a larger space, which became a deeper and deeper red as the vapoury curtain expanded more and more. The hills were now dimly seen through it, much magnified and resembling mountains glowing with fire; not bright, but *more like red-hot metals losing their white heat, and changing into a dark red.*”

The inhabitants of the wide realms, over which Mr. Atkinson's explorations extended, do not seem so much to inhabit as to infest them. They are

not all alike, of course—the Chinese Tartars, for instance, having much the advantage in every respect, except as to the moral virtues, in which they appear to be sadly deficient. But idleness and shiftlessness are characteristics of all of them. They appear to have exhausted their energies eight centuries since in achieving the conquest of half the then known world. Our author, however, has made them more than interesting to us, by representing them, not so much as they differ from, as they resemble us. He has not been over solicitous to show the small harsh details of life into which the uncivilized man is driven, rather by his necessities than his inclinations. He is too old a traveller to be thrown into a paroxysm of astonishment, because the inhabitants of the Kirghis steppe drink *koumis* instead of champagne, or cover themselves at night with a *voilock*, instead of a blanket. When he describes the domestic scenes, if we may so term them, of his seven years' explorations, he does so in much the same spirit, only much more truthfully, in which men generally sit down to write the story of their own lives. And herein lies the secret of the interest which he forces his readers to take in a people who are deficient in many of the more elevated attributes of manhood. He tells us of Kirghis, as though they were our neighbours; of Kalmucks, as though we as well as himself had passed long months and even years under their roofs. He has introduced a new element into the art of relating the story of distant journeys. We shall, henceforth, demand of the traveller pictures of individual character, as well as national characteristics.

Without attempting to show the relations he established, and the footing of dignified equality on which he lived with the people and sultans of the Asiatic plains, we may here quote a picture, so to speak, which the author has also depicted in other colours than those of language.

"An hour before sunset we saw not only pastures, but horses and cattle feeding. This was a joyful sight to man and beast, and we presently reached the herds. We soon came upon some Kirghis, who told us that these were flocks belonging to Sultan Sabeck, who was at his aoul, seven or eight hours distant.

They looked at us with some alarm, until the Kirghis explained their mission to the sultan, when they led the way, and brought us to a fern *yourts* in a small valley. Here we found other herdsmen, and two of their dwellings were given up to us, and a sheep killed; while two men were sent to carry the news to the sultan, and say that we should follow in the morning. Early in the morning fresh horses were ready to take us to the sultan's aoul, to which four Kirghis accompanied us—the route being south-west, leaving the conical mountain to the east. Most part of the way was over good pastures, which our tired horses seemed desirous of enjoying. Before we reached our destination we had a beautiful view of Szan-Shan, taking in the lower chain. Shortly after mid-day a party of six Kirghis met us; they had come to conduct us to the encampment, still several versts distant. They were dressed in rich silk *kalats*, of very bright colours; some had embroidered silk caps on their heads, and others had caps of fox-skin.

"We soon obtained a view of the aoul, standing on the edge of a lake, with high reeds and long grass growing on its banks. As we drew near the *yourts*, I was guided towards one of considerable size, standing alone on the edge of the lake, where a group of Kirghis were waiting in their richly-coloured *kalats*. When we reached them, a tall man stepped forward, took hold of the reins, and gave me his hand to dismount. To refuse such assistance would be a mark of disrespect, and I had by this time reconciled myself to the custom. This was Sultan Sabeck, who saluted me in the usual manner, and then led me into his dwelling, the floor of which was covered with *voilock* and with true Bokkarian carpets. (On these he placed me, and sat down in the *voilock* in front, giving me all the honours; but these I, as usual, insisted should be divided. The place was shortly filled by Kirghis taking the seats in circles, according to their grade, before us.

"A small, low table having been placed between the sultan and myself by a young Kirghi, two others deposited on it Chinese dishes, filled with dried fruits. To these were added plates of small cakes and sweetmeats, the productions of Chinese confectioners, which gave an aspect of variety and elegance to the repast. Then tea was served to the sultan and myself in beautiful Chinese cups. The fruit, cakes, and sweetmeats were delicious. When we had finished, the company were regaled with the beverage. Sultan Sabeck was a tall man, with a ruddy, intelligent counte-

nance, black eyes, and a dark beard. His kalat was of *kanfa* (Chinese satin), of a deep purple colour, with flowers embroidered in various coloured silks, which produced a beautiful robe. A rich yellow crape scarf was tied round his waist. His cap was sable, turned up with crimson silk; and he wore light green boots, and yellow over-shoes. . . . In the evening it was a busy scene round the aoul; the plains were covered with camels, horses, oxen, sheep, and goats, and great numbers of the latter were being milked. My host estimated the number of his horses at eight thousand, and his camels at six hundred."

It would be fruitless to attempt to give, within the limits at our command, even an idea of the contents of this delightful volume, for even itself is but an index to seven years of adventure, peril, and, we might almost say, romance, such as have never, we believe, been equalled. Now watching the cutting of a jasper vase in a government workshop—now shooting wolves in a Mongolian forest—now tracing the history of the art of Damascening steel, or the almost supernatural manoeuvres of the Russian police—and now making extempore ices of crushed berry-juice and snow on the

ledges of the largest mountains in the world, the author is always at home. Whether he be engaged in personal conflict with desperate Tartar bandits; or be hunting the red deer with an eagle for a falcon; or be plucking the scarlet salsola on the borders of the glittering Salt Lake; or be pondering on the fortunes of Zinghis Khan and his sons and grandsons at the foot of the Tangnou mountains, he is always an artist. We feel that he is breathing in his inmost soul, "And this, too, belongs to my art."

We are almost inclined to express dissatisfaction that so valuable and genuine a book of travels as this should have appeared in any form but the old, sedate, sheepskin-covered quarto; but as we gaze upon the wondrous landscapes which Mr. Atkinson has been at seven years' pains to bring for us from scarcely known and almost unvisited lands, and which the lithographer and engraver have here reproduced for us with exquisite finish of tint and tone, we become convinced that they could not have been fitly placed in any less beautiful volume than that which we now heartily commend to our readers' perusal.

#### THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.\*

MR. ATHERSTONE has here given us, not a romance, but a poem in prose. He has been happy in choosing for a subject that which, considering all the attendant circumstances, is, perhaps, the most striking event in ancient history, the Fall of Babylon. There is not, indeed, even in the book of Daniel, a more sublime narrative than that in which we are told how the riotous feasting of Belshazzar and his thousand lords, and their impious mockery of the God of Israel, were changed suddenly into trembling and paleness, when there came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the wall in characters unknown—how Daniel, long forgotten, and now, by the queen's request, con-

sulted, boldly reproved the king, and read in the writing the doom of his kingdom; and which concludes with the simple words, "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain. And Darius, the Median, took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old." On this narrative, combined with what profane history tells us, Mr. Atherstone has founded his work.

Although narrative in form, it has very much of the dramatic spirit; and, indeed, with a little transposition, might be transformed into a trilogy, after the manner of the ancients. The time occupied by the action is only three days, and the scene is constantly either in Babylon itself,

\* *The Handwriting on the Wall.* A Story, by Edwin Atherstone, Author of "The fall of Nineveh," &c., &c. "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting." London: Bentley, 1858.

or in the camp of Cyrus. As was the case with the spectators of the ancient dramas, we know, beforehand, the catastrophe; but this by no means diminishes the interest of the story, although it advantageously prevents us from being continually carried away by violent and transient emotions. It places us, indeed, in the position of a Jew, who rested with unswerving faith on the predictions of Isaiah, which pointed at Cyrus as the destined conqueror of Babilon. We sympathise with this faith. We, too, in reading, feel a faith as strong, though not so tried; and though for a moment we may forget our firm belief, or doubt whether it includes the matters which for the time are in question, yet we feel confident that truth and justice will finally triumph; and in this confidence we are conscious of a high superiority to the changes and chances which may seem to tend to a different result. And this is the highest office of poetry; to elevate our souls for a time above the weaknesses and temptations incidental to our condition, but not essential to it, by appealing to, and exercising, the higher principles within us. In our sympathy with the hero, Michael, we stand without awe in the presence of the impious tyrant, and, our feet fixed upon the truth of God, we take no account of death or torture, when the path of duty lies before us. Where our sympathy is so entire, it is, perhaps, desirable that the hero should be immaculate; and where the action occupies so brief a space, no truth of character is thereby violated. Mr. Atherstone has, indeed, two heroes—Cyrus, the virtuous and great-souled, philosophic, but perplexed with doubts on things beyond this earthly sphere, such as revelation alone can solve; and Michael, a hero of the stamp of young David, fearless and full of faith. In their conversation, Cyrus' language is such as we may often hear, even now, from the lips of men calling themselves Christians, though Cyrus has the advantage in point of tone.

Belshazzar is depicted as a sensual, unfeeling, brutish tyrant; and this character is sufficiently borne out by the brief notices which we possess. His mother, Nitocris, is the bright spot in the darkness of the court; a woman just and religious, according

to her knowledge, and led by strange events, at last, to pray to the one God of Israel.

We proceed to give a sketch of the story.

The hero, Michael, a young man of giant stature, had formerly served, with high distinction, under Cyrus, seeing in him a divine instrument, and by his great achievements, and, especially, by saving the conqueror's life in the battle of Thymbra, had gained his warmest friendship. He has just returned from Jerusalem, whither he had journeyed to procure a ransom for his father, Adad, unjustly imprisoned by a debauched lord of Babilon. In Cyrus' tent he finds Croesus of Lydia, and Tigranes of Armenia, both princes conquered by Cyrus, but who, by his noble conduct, had been made his devoted servants. The time of supper is passed in recounting the generous acts of Cyrus to his adversaries; of oracles and prophecies too is their discourse; but one, at least, there is who does not, for philosophy, neglect his supper. Thus speaks the epicurean, Croesus:—

“Babilon may fall, or it may not; that is a thing pertaining to the future and to the uncertain: but this delicious drink is a thing of the present and the absolute; and he is not a wise man who neglecteth a real and existing good, while musing upon one that is possible and future. I drink to thy health, then.”

Meantime, Cyrus and Michael have been conferring beneath the calm moonlight. They talk of the approaching attack on Babilon, in which Cyrus confidently looks for success, but for which he needs the aid of Michael. The latter will only promise to visit Cyrus again within two days; and after some further discourse on matters philosophical and astrological, they part.

The same evening King Belshazzar dreamed a dream of warning, but which, as interpreted by his Magi (who tell him of the Jewish prophecies of Cyrus), only excites him to further cruelty towards the Jews. He seizes two lovely maidens, Ruth and Naomi; the latter majestic, yet gentle, the betrothed of Michael; the former musical as a nightingale, and tender as a dove, the beloved of Araspea, Croesus' nephew. The reader will pardon the



insertion of the following exquisite picture:—

“Ruth, the younger by one year only, was somewhat above the common height of woman; and could, at times, look with much of the stately grace of her sister: but the prevailing expression of face, form, and motion, was that of a sweet cheerfulness; an acute sensibility to all impressions, whether upon sense or upon spirit. The love of music was, in her, as a very principle of life. Even in her dreams, was there an outpouring of sweet sounds from her soul, as from a fountain always full and overflowing. So melodious was her voice, that her simplest speech sounded like music; and, even amid grave discourse, would snatch of sweet melody distil unconsciously from her; like the few soft notes breathed forth at intervals, as in his own despite, by the nightingale, when he fears danger to his nest, and will not give forth his song. Beauteous, perhaps, as her sister was she: but that beauty was of different order—the beauty of a garden filled with sweet flowers, as compared to that of a majestic, cedar-topped hill. Lamentably blue were her quick, mild eyes; her hair like a streak of golden cloud. As a rose among thick leaves, was her smile-loving mouth, embedded in dimples, ever changing and shifting, as the wind-dots on a clear water: and like the rose-tinge on a white lily, was the bloom on her cheeks.”

To render intelligible what follows, it is necessary to observe that Belshazzar had been endeavouring to persuade Croesus to withdraw his allegiance from Cyrus, and to promise to betray him in the heat of battle. Croesus puts him off, from time to time, with ambiguous answers; and with one of these is Michael now intrusted, to be conveyed, in the first instance, to Araspes. The latter has, therefore, ready access to the king; and now, by pleading his influence with Croesus, obtains the king's promise that the maidens shall be released, if Croesus promise to do battle for him in the next conflict. Michael then is ushered into the despot's presence, that he may be questioned about the Persian camp.

Michael amazes the king with his great strength; he strings the bow of the great giant Sangarnebo; and though he refuses to shoot an old slave who had been set up as a target, he pierces in the eye, at three hundred paces, a wooden god of Ind.

His reward is the jewelled sword of Arphaxad, and five score shekels of silver. Belshazzar would have him then, as the price of Naomi's freedom, engage to take the life of Cyrus. “Not, O king! were thy crown and empire to be the reward, would I do that wickedness,” is Michael's answer. “And for thee, king of Assyria, if this thing should be spoken abroad, would not all nations of the earth cry shame upon thee?” For these words, and that he may not publish Belshazzar's shame, Michael must die speedily and secretly. With fair words he is dismissed; but after him are the assassins sent, to dog his footsteps, and slay him unsuspecting. They, however, return, declaring that by magic he had escaped their hands. By magic truly: by their terror at the good sword of Arphaxad, wielded by Michael's giant arm, and the charm of the silver shekels, the royal present, which Michael flung on the ground before them. The king, in his rage, orders that fifty of the chief men among the Jews be seized, and proclamation to be made that those fifty shall be hanged, if Michael be not given up. Obal, however, a Phrygian soldier attached to Michael, informs him that the king seeks his life, and warns him to flee. He accordingly betakes himself to the camp of Cyrus, leaving with his family orders to follow him, for his father Adad has before this been ransomed. Scarcely, however, has he reached the camp, when Araspes comes in haste to inform him that fifty chief men of the Jews are standing in the public place, with ropes around their necks, the king mocking them, and threatening them with death, if Michael is not given up. Forthwith, Michael resolves to surrender himself to death, in order to save the lives of these fifty. In the meantime, these men have been already slain, in spite of the king's promise; but neither Michael nor Araspes is aware of this, and so the former submits to be bound and cast into prison. First, however, he hears Belshazzar's scheme of persecution:—

“‘Ha—’ cried the tyrant, with a fiendish grin; ‘then rare sport shall there be for the people, during many a day. Harken thou to me now. Tomorrow hold we the great festival to Baal; and much merriment, as thou

knowest, will there be throughout the city,—eating, and drinking, and dancing, and music, and amorous delights; even through the day, and through the night; so that, for the morrow, sufficient of such pastime will it be for them, to see thee alone in the midst of the fire; and to hear thy yellings: but, while thou shalt be thus making for them sport, fifty of thy brethren, as thou callest them, shall be taken out of prison; and be brought where they also can see thee, and hear thy music; and command shall be given them, on pain of like torment, to deny your God of Israel, and to bow down before Baal. Methinks that, when they shall see thy flesh, and hear thy voice, they will not disobey: but, if they dare to refuse obedience, then, on the day after, shall there be fifty fires, like thine; and those fifty Jews shall burn therein: and from the prison shall there be brought another fifty of thy brethren; and they shall stand nigh, and see the burning, and hear the howling: and then they, too, shall be commanded to deny your God of Israel, and to bow down before Baal: and if they also, like the first, refuse to obey, then, on the next morrow, shall fifty fires be again lighted; and those fifty Jews shall stand in them; and another fifty shall be brought forth to look upon them. How long, thinkest thou, sorcerer, will your headstrong madmen, hearing and seeing these things, remain rebellious to the king's command? But, by Baal, and all other gods do I swear, that, if they bend not their stiff necks, and give worship to the true gods, every day shall fifty of them roar in the fire, even till the last man of your hateful race shall have gone up in smoke and stench; and the earth shall be purified from their presence.' ”

Michael is conducted to the river-dungeon. Between the ancient and the more recent palace of Babylon, there was a passage by means of tunnel beneath the river, and in this passage, at a short distance from the entrance of the vault, was dug a dungeon. To this was Michael brought, and though the door, which for three years had stood ajar, had become so warped by the damp, that it could not be closed; yet was he securely bound by the same chain which had held the giant Lapidoth. Here he walked within the narrow limits which his chain allowed, buried in meditation, and confiding that God would rescue him from death; for had not Daniel charged him, by message, to do his work, even as Cy-

rus had desired him? Obal, the Phrygian, having stolen the key of the fetter-lock from the drunken Nebuzaradan, now offers liberty to the prisoner; who refuses to purchase his own life at the price of the possible death of the fifty, who, though he knows it not, have already ceased to live. But after Obal left him, in the thick darkness, the dead, down-pressing darkness, horrible thoughts and fearful doubts assail him. Had his hope in the word of the prophet been but a dream? Does God indeed regard the affairs of men? Surely his hours are numbered, and the rising sun will bring to him death; and what a vision of death!

Suddenly the vision ceased, and he beheld a form of light, beautiful beyond all beauty of man: “the roseate tint of morn was on the face; the eyes seemed embodied love; the lips as a smile from heaven.” This angelic being reproves Michael for his unbelief in Baal; tells him that Israel's unbelief it is which has led to their sufferings and their captivity; reminds him of the great antiquity of Baal-worship, which an erring man, who thought himself inspired, led Israel to abandon; and foreshows the sufferings which will be the lot of Michael's loved ones, if he lay not hold on the true faith. In proof of his divine mission, this being loosens his fetters, and, opening the dungeon door, brings in Naomi, who avows that she has this day abjured Jehovah, and fallen down before Baal; and now beseeches her beloved to shake off his hitherto blind belief, and follow her example. Manfully he resists. “The fire-pang is as nothing to this misery. ‘O God of Israel, have mercy upon her!’ Swift as thought, the cords were again on his limbs; the chain, with furious clangor, begirt his body: the dungeon was dark and silent as the grave.” With more propitious vision was he presently rewarded.

Naomi, by a feigned message from the queen, who had shown great favour to her and Ruth, had been brought to the chamber of the vile, drunken Belshazzar. He threatens her, if she do not yield, with the death of her father, her mother, and her lover; but she only resolves that the dagger which she has concealed in her bosom shall, if needful, free her from the loathsome importunities of the

monster. Thus terminates the interview:—

“‘Hast thou answer for me?’ he demanded, at length, standing directly before her.

“‘I have,’ she replied. ‘Could I believe thy words all truths, I still should answer, “NEVER!” but false as the fiends do I believe thee to be, and thy promises all lies. I will not now do evil, that good may come, else had it been worse for thee; still less will I do evil, knowing that the tempting good is a hollow deceit, like that poor falsehood which lured me hither. King, though thou may slay me, yet shalt thou not bring pollution upon my soul. I am in the hand of God; and, in Him trusting, I tell thee that, to my latest breath, will I resist thee.’

“‘She-devil!’ cried the infuriate monster, with every moment more and more maddened by the drink; ‘submit in quietness, or I will summon hither a score of women, who shall rend the raiment from thee, as a wild cat rends the feathers from a dove.’

“‘Never will I submit to thy infamy, baser than beast!’ cried Naomi, her brow contracting now, her eyes sparkling, and her right hand buried in her vest.

“‘Then, by Baal,’ roared he out, ‘I will strike thee down, and trample on thee, and use thee like a harlot!’

“‘He sprang towards her, and grasped her by the left hand. In a moment, the dagger gleamed over his head; in another moment would it have fallen; but, suddenly, a look of terror inexpressible shot over his face; his eye-balls started and stared, yet not at the dagger; he saw it not; he saw no longer the hand that grasped it: on something behind that threatening form his look was fixed. His face grew pale as the dead; he shrank together, like a leaf before the fire; he howled, like the dying dog, in his last feeble cry; and, at last, dropped to the floor, collapsed and helpless, as a corpse drops from the gallows, when the rope has been cut.

“‘Naomi sheathed her dagger, stooped, took from his vest the key, unlocked the door, drew it wide, and sent forth her voice, ‘Help, help! the king is smitten with sickness.’”

Naomi’s first thought was, how to find her brother in the dungeon of the river vault. She knew not the way; but as she walked onward, she reached a descending flight of steps, which she resolved to follow, lead whithersoever they might. Soon she was in darkness; and in fear and doubt she felt her way down and along until

her hand touched a door. It yielded not, however, to her touch; nor to her anxious call, “Michael,” was there any reply. Searching with her palm, at last she touched a key; but neither would that yield to her feeble force. While waiting and doubting what to do, a sound reached her ears, as of another person approaching with stealthy tread. It was Obal, the Phrygian, again seeking the dungeon of Michael. He led Naomi thither, and now conveyed the information of the slaughter of the fifty chief men, and the royal feast which had been provided at the place of execution. Enraged at this news, Michael puts forth the strength of his forefather, Samson, and wrenches the chain-ring violently, until the hard ancient bricks are torn asunder, and he stands free. Obal then leads him to the gate which opens on the river bank, and, having promised that Ruth and Naomi shall be conducted to the same gate on the morrow, at midnight, Michael casts loose a boat, and, lying down in it for safety, floats down the stream until he reaches the camp of Cyrus. To Cyrus he is able to communicate most welcome and important information: first, that access to the very centre of the palace can be readily obtained by means of the gate through which he himself escaped; and next, that the following day will be the great festival of Baal, when every man in the whole city will be drunken, so that the river gates will certainly be left open. Cyrus accordingly charges him to select a thousand of the bravest, who shall follow his guiding into the river vault. Then he reflects on the new course which events were now taking.

At early dawn on the following morn the whole city was astir, for the high festival of Baal was come; and, to add to the splendour of the feast, the great Jewish sorcerer would be, as they expected, burned alive, while fifty other Jews would be brought to behold the spectacle; and if they worshipped not Baal, then they too, on the following day, would be condemned to the fire.

But we must hasten to the description of the royal feast. Let the reader judge of the author’s powers of describing such a scene.

“In the greatness of his glory, Belshazzar sat at the feast. In the vast

and gorgeous hall of Baal he sat: and, with him, a thousand of his lords, his ministers, and counsellors; the chief among the Magi, and the captains over his hosts. But not nigh unto the king's majesty sat these.

"Against the southern wall, midway 'twixt east and west,—a blaze of gold and gems,—stood the great throne of state. On a spacious platform of cedar, two cubits high above the floor; and covered with a thick carpet of purple cloth, interwoven with gold, did it stand: and, in front of the throne, and alike glorious to see, stood the table of beaten gold; and the couches of purple silk, stiff with gold, on which sat the king, and his wives, and his princes, and his concubines,—a bed of jewel fire. Steps of cedar wood, covered also with cloth interwoven with threads of gold, ran along three sides of the raised floor; so that, if need were, might the eunuchs, in great numbers, ascend, or descend together, and no confusion rise.

"Five hundred serving men, attired in white linen, edged with silver; with collars of silver round their necks; armlets and anklets of silver; and belts of burnished silver round their waists,—ministered to the guests. But, for the table of the king, were there eunuchs, attired in pale blue tunics, of fine linen, that descended to the ankles: round their loins, and across their shoulders, were silken belts, thickly embroidered, and fringed with gold. Ear-rings, armlets, bracelets, and necklaces, of gold and gems, also had they upon them; so that for splendour, looked they even as lords.

"Of gold, or of silver, were all the dishes, the plates, and the wine-cups for the guests: but the goblet of the king was of finest gold, studded with diamonds and rubies; and, at the royal table, was every vessel of the finest gold.

"Ever and anon, as he ate and drank, did the king, from his high seat, look proudly from end to end of that bright hall; magnificent more than aught of architectural glory throughout the earth beside. Few were the arms that, with strongest bow, could, from east to west, have driven the steel-headed arrow; few that, from north to south, could have sent the rounded pebble from the sling; or with it reached the gold-fretted roof. Great as was the number of the feasters, ample room for thrice their sum had there been; so that, in the centre of the hall, directly before the royal platform, was left a great space; and, at either end, wide apart were placed the tables; and for every guest was there a couch; and for the serving men was there room, as on a highway, to go to and fro.

"Over the lower windows that faced

the west, were hung curtains of crimson silk; so that on the floor fell not the burning rays of the sun; but, through the windows high aloft, its glory entered; and, glancing down on the enamelled walls, emblazoned with gold; on the brightly coloured paintings, and sculptures; the numerous statues of alabaster, of silver, and of gold; the great golden image of Baal; the richly embroidered, and many-hued garments, and thickly sown jewels of the guests; and, brightest of all, on the gem-blazing throne, the table of gold, the jewel-flashing garments of the king, his wives, and his concubines,—kindled up a very fire of splendour, such as, in dreams alone, may the eye of man ever again behold.

"In galleries, at the eastern and western ends of the hall, were musicians, who played upon the harp, and the tabour, and the flutes, and the sackbut, and the trumpet, and the cymbals; and all other instruments of music; and singing men, and singing women, in great numbers; who, when the sign was given to them, played and sang together in loud concert, to make pleasure for the king and his guests.

"With all manner of savory foods were the tables covered, again and again: and wines of rarest delicacy, the vintages of every land in the wide East, were brought freely, as though they had been water: nor was any stint at all thought of; for, dishonour to Baal would it have been deemed, if, on that night, should one man of them all walk with steady foot to his bed.

"At the right hand of the king, and on the same roomy couch, sat the youngest of his wives; and, at his left, the chief favourite among his concubines,—she who the least feared, with free tongue, to speak unto the dreaded monarch; and now, with arch smile, eyes bright as diamonds, and, alas! with heart as hard, thus said she—

"Pleasanter, O king, is the air of this magnificent hall, to those who sit in the sunshine of thy greatness, than the breath of their dark dungeon, to those misbelieving Jews, who lie in the shadow of thine anger; and who tomorrow will be cast into the fire. What if their magicians should suddenly transport them thence; and bring them hither, to look upon the glory and the happiness of those who believe in the true God!"

She tells the king of the wonder wrought on the bodies of the murdered men, for which Sarsechim, the prime minister, is called to account. The king, on hearing his story, makes a proclamation, that if the fifty bodies, and also Michael the sorcerer, be not

delivered up, five hundred more shall be seized, and half burned alive, half crucified, in the sight of Cyrus' camp.

Sarsechim and Hadoram suggest meanwhile a new means of obtaining money from the Jews, and vexing them to the heart. It is, that the sacred vessels of fine gold taken by king Nebuchadnezzar, from the temple at Jerusalem, be brought forth, that the king and his concubines may drink therein, and that thereafter they may be offered to the Jews at a great price. Then might they be induced, in order to save the holy vessels from profanation, to bring forth great wealth, which would otherwise have been concealed beyond discovery. A hundred Jews are brought from the prisons to witness the pollution, and to furnish mirth to the king's guests. His concubines, too, at his command, mock the Jews.

"Down the steps, almost at one leap, sprang the wild-eyed girl; and, singing aloud an amorous song, and with wanton gesture dancing, held aloft the sacred vessels, even close to the faces of the horrified Jews, dancing along the whole line, and, ever and anon, ceasing her song, and crying out, to one or other of them, 'wilt thou drink? wilt thou drink?' Then, as the wretched men turned aside, with loathing and with horror, vehemently laughed the king, and all the guests laughed with him; and again was there heard aloft a laughter, as from things not of this world; a laughter heavy and deep; a sound as of the voices of mirth, and of great torment, mingled in one."

In the midst of their tumult of mirth, and as the king drank, "Glory to Baal, and overthrow to the God of Israel," there fell a darkness throughout the hall, and the gigantic golden statue of Baal fell from its broad pedestal, and plunged headlong through floor and beam, and was lost to sight! For a time there was a hush and a trembling through the hall; but soon the natural cause of the accident was supposed to be discovered, and the impious feast again proceeded. Presently the lamps are lighted, yet Hadoram informs the king that the sun shineth as bright as noon, for it is not the fifth hour after midday. But thicker waxeth the darkness, the lamps go out, and then—

"Ha—a—a! look! look!"

"The priest turned; and every eye

within the hall, turned to gaze; and a low sound of shuddering, and quick-drawn breath, arose throughout the assembly: for, high on the wall, over against the throne, amid the thick darkness, was seen a hand,—an armless hand,—fashioned like that of a man, but of size more than gigantic; and of substance unlike aught of earth!

"And while yet they looked, behold! with extended finger, the hand began to write upon the wall; and, as it wrote, the letters blazed out like fixed lightning: so that, on the solid blackness, followed a great radiance, as of a present sun: and men covered their eyes; or turned away, unable to endure its splendour.

"In their terror, some cried out aloud; and cast themselves on the ground; and some ran like madmen through the doors; fearing they knew not what. But others were there who, though well nigh blinded by the great light, could not turn away from that mysterious hand their quivering eyes. And, while yet they looked, behold! the hand vanished! but the burning letters remained on the wall.

"With glaring eyes, dropped jaw, and corpse-like face, stood Belshazzar; idiot-like, with the excess of terror. *The joints of his loins were unloosed; and his knees smote together.* Turning, at length, with vacant stare, he beheld, close to his right hand, the black eunuch; and strove to speak to him: but his tongue lay dead; and a moaning sound and a chattering of the teeth only, came from his mouth. But he lifted feebly his arm, and looked in the face of Ashkenaz; and his desire was understood. Signing to another eunuch to support the left arm of the king, Ashkenaz sustained him on the right; and thus, staggering at every step, and moaning heavily, was Belshazzar borne to his couch; and laid down, with his face turned away from the terrible writing."

The astrologers fail to read the mystic words; then the queen-mother, Nitocris, comes before the king, and asks that Daniel may be sent for.

"Now, because he knew that Daniel was the chief man among the Jews; and greatly beloved, and revered by that people; his purpose it was, to speak sternly and proudly unto him: but when, with slow, firm step, the prophet had ascended the stairs; and stood, at length, before him, utterly was the spirit of the king subdued. The pale, majestic, power-beaming face; the dark, clear, soul-reading eyes; the lips, eloquent even in silence; the noble form; the long snow-white hair and beard; the dark, flowing robe; the whole grand presence was that of a being as much superior to

kings as kings esteem themselves greater than their slaves: so that, when Belshazzar looked upon him, his tongue for a while failed; and he sat mute, and shifting uneasily upon his seat; turning his eyes this way and that; and knowing not what to do. The prophet gazed upon him for a time; then spake."

Having reprov'd the king for his wickedness and impiety, he proceeds, in the words recorded in the Book of Daniel, to interpret the writing.

Soon as he is gone the Magi and Soothsayers conspire to take his life. The king, indeed, will have nought to do with the deed directly, for he fears his mother, who highly esteems the prophet; but he sanctions the design of the murderers, who persuade him that it is written in the stars, that this night either Daniel or Belshazzar shall be slain.

Meantime come messengers, in breathless haste, saying, that a great host is marching silently up the bed of the river, as on dry land. None regard the strange announcement except Hammalech, the chief captain of the armies of Babylon. He hastens out to ascertain the truth of the report; as speedily as may be assembles the palace guard. But of an enemy within the palace itself, nought dreamed he. Michael, at the head of his thousand has entered the river vault. Placing his guard at the doors, he entered the banquetting hall alone, just as the lords were shouting "Great is Belshazzar, the God of the Assyrians!" and stood before Belshazzar. After a short parley, he hurled the monarch into the vault into which the statue of Baal had fallen. Leaving a guard at the doors, he then went out to meet Cyrus. Before Hammalech had sufficient time to collect his soldiers the Persians had nearly reached the palace walls. But soon was heard the great voice of Michael from within, calling for a cessation of the fight, for that Belshazzar was dead. Hammalech having learned the truth, surrendered. The first thought of Sarsechim was of his master's jewels. He helps, therefore, another lord to descend into the vault to secure this priceless booty. Balak was let down by cords, but when again brought into sight, "behold his face was ghastly as that of a corpse; his eyes glared, as though he had beheld a spirit; and his voice was feeble as that of a far-

off echo, when, with a shudder, he said, 'THE KING LIVETH.'" He had fallen on soft bales of merchandise below. Sarsechim would have him left below as if for safety, but he insists on being brought up. Before, however, he had time to disguise himself, Cyrus entered. He expounds to the lords the rules of justice by which his future conduct will be governed, and which he expects that they also will follow. Hadoram, then, and his fellows, who had been intercepted in the river vault by Michael, are brought in for trial. They plead that they had but done the king's bidding, and had even begged earnestly that Daniel might be spared; but the testimony of the soldiers condemns them. Ashkenaz too eagerly offered his testimony in Belshazzar's favour, and this excited in Cyrus' mind a strange suspicion. "Thinkest thou," said he to Michael, "that solely for the memory of a dead king would that poor black slave have so earnestly spoken?" Search is made for the king. As Michael walks about the hall he is followed by the fierce hate-inflamed eye of Belshazzar.

"An icy fear, at one moment freezing his heart; in the next, was it burned with the fire of vengeance. Dreading to die,—he thirsted to slay. But, greater than even that dread was the fiery thirst. If the cup should be put to his lips, drink he must; though to drop the next moment a corpse! His brain was in a blaze; and with blood only could it be quenched. The keen dagger of Damascan steel, that would pierce, as he thought, through iron armour, as through a robe of linen, was hidden within his vest. Should the detested Israelite draw near, and see him,—as a tiger on a fawn, would he leap upon him; and drive it deep into his breast! Let but that be done, and in his own heart would he strike it next; and so mock and foil the avenger!"

Soon as Michael came near, he was struck, but his good armour well defended him; and the blow served but to discover to him the object of his search. The lately worshipped god of the Assyrians is forthwith condemned to be hanged on the gallows prepared for the Jews. But this night he must pass in the river dungeon, with the condemned astrologers for his companions. The account of his leading thither, we must pass by;

but the scene in the dungeon we cannot omit.

“ ‘Wherefore art thou brought hither, O king?’ were the words of the voice.

“As though, from head to foot, a great spasm had seized him,—stiffened, and motionless, and mute, stood the horrified tyrant. The voice of the grim questioner, about to begin the torments, it seemed to him; and he would not, he could not reply. Flashes of flame appeared to come from his eyes: but they showed him nought. Great noises began to sound in his ears. Fire, and flood, and howling tempest, seemed raging all together; but he knew not where: and horrible cries, as of men in the extreme of torture, began to mingle with them: and, anon, the terrific yells of the Ethiopian giant, Lapidoth; as, with clapping hands, and shouts of laughter, he had himself heard, and gloated over them, on that day when, at last, the wretch ended life, and misery together, by dashing out his brains against that very wall, towards which his swollen eye-balls were now turned.

“Madness had begun.

“Soon, to terrific sounds, succeeded sights yet more horrifying. Distinct appeared to him the horrible dungeon, as though by a huge red fire it had been lighted up. Yet, that which really was present, saw he not. In the utter darkness and silence were the priests; seated on the floor, their backs against the wall; but them he beheld not. It was the many victims of his damnable cruelty on which he stared; yet, not with pity or remorse; but with a terrible assurance, that all the torments which they had endured from him, were now about to be inflicted upon himself. He heard their shrieks and howlings; and himself began, like them, to howl and shriek. Down to the floor then he cast himself and struggled, as though the red-hot pincers were already eating out his flesh; or the press of iron were crushing his bones.

“ ‘What aileth thee, king?’ said aloud the voice that had before spoken.

“ ‘Ha—torturer,’ shrieked the madman; ‘darest thou mock at a king in his agony? . . . Take off the saw; and I will give thee a kingdom! . . . Ha! my feet are made cinders! . . . My hands have dropped off! . . . Help! help! help! they are thrusting the red-hot steel into mine eye-balls. . . . Help! help to the king! they are forcing him into the iron press! Help! help! help! Ha—a.’

“Again, and louder than before, called out the voice: ‘What aileth thee, king? Art thou beside thyself?’

“But the wretch heard not now; so strong was the torture upon him; so hideous his own yelling.

“The door at length was opened, and, with lamps in their hands, two of the soldiers entered. On the ground lay Belshazzar; his hands clenched; his body, from head to foot, struggling as in the death agony; his countenance fiery red, and horribly disfigured; his eyes bursting from the sockets; his mouth drawn wide, covered with foam and blood; and sending forth, as from the hollow of some infernal trumpet, shrieks and howlings, fittest for the damned.”

His death soon followed.

Mr. Atherstone is often very successful in his analysis of thoughts and feelings.

For the free use of the supernatural, which the author excuses in his preface, we think no apology is necessary. He has indeed managed it so judiciously, that it appears almost natural; and, in its connexion with the great fact which the Bible records, adds essentially to the general harmony of the whole.

We have observed, that with slight alteration the work might be put into the form of an ancient drama. We may add that the part of the chorus is often taken by Cyrus.

His discourse, too, on the duties of a king, and on his own intentions, as governor, would make a fine Euripidean chorus-song. Nor is the poetic diction, fine imagery, or gorgeous painting wanting in Mr. Atherstone's work. How far he has been successful in his attempt to approach the diction of the Sacred Books, our readers may judge from the specimens we have laid before them. For ourselves we need only say, that we think his style is worthy of his matter, and that is no mean praise. We thank him for having given new life to characters and events so interesting, and for having made us as familiar with the captive Jews, and their Babylonian masters, as if we had even known them. We thank him especially for placing before us, in so clear a light, the strong unwavering faith of the pious Jews which teaches (for it is no fiction) such an important lesson to the more enlightened but less spiritual Christians of our own time.

# PASSAGES IN IRISH ETHNOLOGY—RELATION OF THE IRISH TO THE NORTHMEN.

BY R. G. LATHAM, M.D.

## CHAPTER II.

NOTWITHSTANDING our title the present chapter will contain a *minimum* amount of Erse elements. Ireland, in it, will be the least part of herself. It is Scandinavia on which we more especially fix our attention; and, of the parts of Scandinavia, Norway, and Iceland, rather than Sweden and Denmark. Of Sweden the early notices are obscure and fragmentary, and by no means of the full and apparently systematic character of the History of the Kings of Norway. Denmark is represented by Saxo, whose thoroughly scholastic character was noticed in our first chapter.

So Norway and Iceland, and Norway, represent the Scandinavia of the present notice.

These Scandinavians will be shown to have a rich literature, a cultivated language, and a simulated mythology, both full and fanciful. The meaning of the word *simulated* will soon appear. They have, also, a heroic age; real or simulated. They have, also, writers, whose prose compositions, in the native language, equal those of any of their cotemporaries elsewhere. They have this and much beside. But the heroic age is not historical; and the mythology is not half of home growth. Much of it is no Norse mythology at all, but a piece of logography, worked up into some thing like a system by men learned in the history of things that never happened.

So that its elements are heterogeneous; some from one country, some from another, just like the heathen gods and goddesses of 'Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.' What has Iceland contributed? To the mythology, little; to the literature, somewhat more. Little, however, or much (and it would be an over-statement to say that it is the latter), the amount and nature are worth investigating. Neither is it every one who is prepared to investigate it. The notion that the Norse literature and mythology is much more original and indigenous than it really is, is at the bottom of this. It always lends, never borrows. Such is the notion that the

present writer labours to unsettle. It must be unsettled for its own sake—it must be unsettled for the sake of criticism in general. In nature, creeds and literature act and re-act upon each other—giving and taking. In books, the reciprocity is all one side. Nation A has all the cardinal virtues, both of the heart and intellect. What can it get from B, which is lower in character, and poorer in all the elements of a nationality? Something will be done if the existence of Finn, Sarmatian, and Celtic elements in the Norse literature can be made an open question. This being done, the results of a further inquiry will be (there or thereabouts) as follows. The Irish will have supplied little in the way of mythology, the early date of their conversion to Christianity having been unfavourable to the retention of pagan doctrines, and, *a fortiori*, to the communication of them to others. In the way of fictional literature it will have done more. Besides this, the actual contact of the Erse and Norse families was less than that of Northmen with the Sarmatians and Finns. Of Finn elements there will be many; of Sarmatian, not a few.

The text-books that now come under notice are the Eddas—for there are two of them—different in form, different in age, different in character. The second will take precedence. It is ascribed to the writer to whom Iceland owes so much as an author, so little as a man. The ill-tempered, able Snorro, the son of Sturle, wrote it, probably at the middle of the thirteenth century. It falls into two parts. The second is about as much the exponent of Pagan and primitive modes of thought and feeling, as Maltby's 'Lexicon, or the Gradus ad Parnassum.' It is a step to the Norse Parnassus of a very unclassical kind. It is an exposition of the principles, or rather of the prominent and more essential details of Norse poetry. It gives you the uncommon names for uncommon or common objects. It is a list of synonyms; the



effect of which is, to make poetry mechanical. Would you know how many names were applied to Odin—look to the Edda of Snorro Sturleson, the Lesser Edda, as it is sometimes, the Prose Edda, as it is sometimes denominated. For the Edda of Sæmund, the older Edda, is in metre, the metre of the ordinary Anglo-Saxon odes, modified and made complex by being thrown into stanzas.

It falls into two parts. What can be more redolent of the lamp of the student than the part we have just alluded to? It is scholastic, grammatical, Christian, literary, mediæval. As this, it is of interest; perhaps of value, nothing more. It is not even the amber that embalms and preserves a fly; for the names preserved in it, and the fictions alluded to, are all, or nearly all, to be found elsewhere. It is a receipt for writing Icelandic verse, as truly as any text-book of a classical school is a receipt for writing Latin hexameters, or Greek sapphics. Compare it with Seale's 'Greek Metres,' or any work equally umbratile and academic, if you wish to know its real character.

The first part is different, though just as scholastic. What is the following but an allegory, as truly as the vision of Mirza:—

"Then the king asked what that young man could do, who accompanied Thor. Thialfe answered, 'that in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the courtiers.' The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one; but that he must exert himself, if he would come off conqueror. He then arose and conducted Thialfe to a snowy plain, giving him a young man named Hugo to dispute the prize of swiftness with him. But this Hugo so much outstript Thialfe, that, in returning to the barrier whence they set out, they met face to face. They therefore ran a second course, and Thialfe was a full bow-shot from the boundary when Hugo arrived at it. They ran a third time; but Hugo had already reached the goal, before Thialfe had got away."—*From the translation of Mallet's 'Northern Antiquities.'*

Again:—

"'Little as I am,' says Thor, 'let me see who will wrestle with me.' The king, looking round him, says, 'I see nobody here who would not think it beneath him to enter the lists with you; let somebody, however, call hither my nurse, Hela, to wrestle with this god,

Thor; she hath thrown to the ground many a better man than he.' Immediately a toothless old woman entered the hall. 'This is she,' says the king, with whom you must wrestle.' 'I cannot,' says 'Jafnhar,' 'give you all the particulars of this contest, only in general, that the more vigorously Thor assailed her the more immovably she stood. At length the old woman had recourse to stratagems, and Thor could not keep his feet so steadily, but that she, by a violent struggle, brought him on one knee. Then the king came to them and ordered them to desist.'"—*Ibid.*

This is from the account of what was told to *Gylfe*, an ancient and impossible king of Sweden, whose name is, probably, the *Mar-colf* of the French and German fictions, a man skilled in riddles, and intellectual contests in general. He wondered at the respect shown to the *Asas*, who, with Thor and Odin at their head, had just come from *As-ia*, and lived in *As-gard*. So to *As-gard* he went, under the name of Gangler, from the rocks of Riphel, i.e., Walker from the Riphæan mountains.

"He beheld three thrones, raised one above another, and on each throne sat a man. Upon his asking which of these was their king, his guide answered, 'He who sits on the lowest throne is the king; his name is Har. The second is Jafnhar; but he who sits on the highest throne is called Thridi.' Har, perceiving Gangler, desired to know what business had brought him to *As-gard*; adding, that he should be welcome to eat and drink, without cost, along with the other guests of his courts. Gangler said he desired, first, to know whether there was any person present who was famous for his wisdom and knowledge. Har answered, 'If thou art the more knowing, I fear thou wilt hardly return safe; but go stand below, and propose thy questions; here sits one who will be able to answer thee.'

"Gangler thus began his discourse: 'Who is the supreme or first of the gods?' Har answered, 'We call him here *Alfader*; but, in the ancient *As-gard*, he had twelve names.' Gangler asks, 'Who is this God? what is his power, and what had he done to display his glory?' Har replies, 'He lives for ever; he governs all his kingdom, and directs the great things, as well as the small.' Jafnhar adds, 'He hath formed the heaven, the earth, and the air.' Thridi proceeds, 'He hath done more; he hath made man, and given him a spirit or soul, which shall live, even after the body shall have mouldered

away, and then all the just shall dwell with him in a place named Gimle (Vingolf); but wicked men shall go to Hela, and from thence to Nifheim, which is below in the ninth world.' Gangler then asked how this God was employed before he made heaven and earth? Har replied, 'He was then with the giants.' 'But,' says Gangler, 'With what did he begin?' 'Hear,' replied Har, 'what is said in the poem of the Voluspa, "At the beginning of time, when nothing was yet formed, neither shore, nor sea, nor foundations beneath, the earth was nowhere to be found below, nor the heaven above; all was one vast abyss, without plant or verdure."—*Ibid.*

Now, what is this but the Athanasian creed made easy, adapted to the capacity of neophyte Christians, who have not yet unlearned to eat horseflesh, who yet swear by Odin, who yet invoke Freya at christenings, and who indulge in numerous other like profanations and paganities? For it must be remembered that when we come to the etymological part of the question, and translate the names, *Har* means *High*; *Jafnhar*, *Equally High*; *Thridi*, *The Third*; *Alfader*, *The Father of all*.

However, Gangler converses with all three—

"Then Thridi opened his mouth and said—'Yet, before all things, there existed what we call Muspelsheim. It is a world luminous, glowing, not to be dwelt in by strangers, and situate at the extremity of the earth. Surtur holds his empire there. In his hands there shines a flaming sword. He shall come at the end of the world; he shall vanquish all the gods, and give up the universe a prey to flames. Hear what the Voluspa says of him. "Surtur, filled with deceitful stratagems, cometh from the south. A rolling sun beams from his sword. The gods are troubled; men tread in crowds the paths of death; the heaven is split asunder."—*Ibid.*

*Surtur* means the *black one*. The meaning of Muspel is uncertain. It appears, however, in an old German poem (Muspilli) descriptive of the end of the world. How far it is pagan we see from the present text. How far it is Christian we see from the following lines:—

I have heard the wise men say.  
That Antichrist will fight with Elias.  
The champions are so strong,  
The cause is so great;  
Elias fights for eternal life:  
Antichrist for Satan and the old enemy, &c.

They talk, and talk; Gangler asks quite as many questions as can be conveniently answered. Answered, however, they are. There are about the cow, *Eðumla*; Bifrost, or the rainbow; the ash, *Ygdrasil*; Sleipner, the horse of Odin; *Nagalfara*, the ship of the gods; and much more, until, towards the end, the actions of Thor come upon the carpet. Two of these have been already given—viz., the race of Thialfe, one of his attendants, with Hugo, and his own wrestling match with Hela.

Now, Hug is Thought; and Hela, the Goddess of Death. It is not the present writer who says this. It is not even any of his predecessors in the way of commentary. The identification is from the text of the Edda itself.

"Hugo, with whom Thialfe disputed the prize of swiftness, was no other than Thought, or Spirit; and it was impossible for Thialfe to keep pace with that. As to your wrestling with an old woman, it is very astonishing that she could only bring you down upon one of your knees; for it was Death you wrestled with."

Before noticing the Elder, or metrical Edda, the *Heimskringla*, by the author of the Lesser Edda, claims attention. *Heimskringla* means the *Home Circle*, or the *Circle of Earth*. It is the first substantive in the text of Snorro Sturleson's History of the Kings of Norway; and on the principle upon which we give such names as *mandamus* and *certiorari*, &c., to our writs, it stands as the denomination of the work. That the author was a man of great natural abilities and of much acquired knowledge, is beyond doubt. This work is written in a clear, spirited style, manifesting occasional flashes of poetic feeling, and, not rarely, the signs of criticism and even philosophy. He was a man of action, and visited the continent more than once, his enemies said, with no noble intention, and with no good results to his native country; which he is accused of having sold to Norway. At any rate, soon after his return from his last visit, it lost its independence, and became a portion of the Norwegian royalty. He was a man of action, too, as a litigant. His first wife had a fortune of 4,000 dollars; but he left her, to commit bigamy with another woman, also rich. The children of the first marriage accused him of embezzling their share of their

mother's property, which he seems to have done. The daughters married men who eventually became the murderers of their father-in-law. During the troublous times of the last years of his life, the crown of Norway was usurped by a king of the party opposite to Snorro's. His sons-in-law took the other side, and revenged their private wrongs by assuming the garb of patriots, and killing their father-in-law out of public principle. His life is written by one of their descendants; so that allowance must be made when the darker traits of his character come under notice.

Whatever may have been his moral character, there is no doubt as to the vigour of his intellect, and the high literary merit of his works. He has been called the Herodotus of the North; but critics who give names of this kind are easily satisfied if they can say some thing more terse than true. He has been compared, too, to Froissart and to Villehardouin with more justice. The present paper by no means detracts from his merits as the light of a dark age and a remote country.

It is only the first of the Sagas, or narratives, of the Heimskringla that deals with a thoroughly pagan period, and with an impossible series of mythological kings—the monarchs of the Ynglinga Saga, or the Saga of the descendants of Yngve. At the head of these is Odin. Thor is of less importance—of less importance, too, than he is elsewhere, *e.g.*, in the Eddas. Freyr, on the other hand, and Niord are prominent. The Ynglings are kings of Sweden rather than either Denmark or Norway.

It is no hard matter to get at Snorro's authorities; he gives them himself.

"He has had old stories written down as he has heard them told by intelligent people concerning chiefs who have held dominion in the northern countries, and spoke the Danish tongue. Some of this is found in family registers, in which the pedigrees of kings and other persons of high birth are reckoned up, and part is written down after old songs and ballads which our fathers had for their amusement. Now, although we cannot just say what truth there may be in these, yet we have the certainty that old and wise men held them to be true."—*Living's Translation.*

The songs and ballads—these are by Thiodolf of Hvine, and Einar Skallaspiller, for the evidently unhistoric, and for the early part of the possibly historic, period. They will be noticed more fully as we proceed.

The wise men—they who either wrote in prose, or narrated by word of mouth. These are the followers and imitators of Ari the Wise.

"The first man in this country who wrote down, in the Norse language, narratives of events, both old and new. His birth was as far back as the year after Harald Sigurdson's fall."

He wrote, as he himself says, the lives and times of the kings of Norway, from the report of Odd Rollason, a grandson of Hall of Sidu; Odd again took his information from Thor-gier Afradskoll, who was an intelligent man, and so old, that when the Earl Hakon the Great was killed he was dwelling at Nidaros, the same place at which King Olaf Tryggvesson afterwards laid the foundation of the merchant town of Drontheim, which is now there. The priest Ari came, when seven years old, to Hanladal, to Hall Thorarinson, and was there fourteen years. Hall was a man of great knowledge, and of excellent memory, and he could even remember being baptized, when he was three years old, a year before Christianity was introduced by law into Iceland?

We now get something definite and tangible, viz., the authority of Hall, the oldest of the informants of the oldest of the Norse prose writers. And he was baptized at the age of three years, and, consequently, the son of Christian parents. As Christianity, however, was a legal enactment, we must suppose that though Hall was baptized, there were several who were not—in other words, that he might have been a witness to more than one Pagan practice, and cognizant of more than one Pagan creed.

The chief divisions of the earth's surface, according to Snorro, are:—

(1.) Swithiod the Great, or Swithiod the Cold, the country to the north of the Black Sea. (2.) The Serkland, or the land of the Saracens. (3.) Blue-land, where the men are burned blue from the heat of the sun; Blue-land, or Africa, and the South. The river Tanais, formerly called Tanaquial, or Vanaquial, runs through the Great

Swithiod (Swede-land, or Sweden,) into the Black Sea. East of the Tanaïs is Asia, called *Asa-land*, or *Asaheim*, the chief city of which is *Asgard*. Odin dwelt in *As-ia* in the first instance, but migrated with his people through Turkland, Gardarige (Russia), and Saxland (Germany), to Odinsö (Odin's Island), in the Baltic. This deduction of the *Asas*, i.e., the gods, of which Odin was the chief, is truly scholastic, and quite after the fashion of the etymological chroniclers of the time.

Late on the list of Odin's successors comes the actor in the following legend.

King Dygge's son, called Dag, succeeded to him, and was so wise a man, that he understood the language of birds. He had a sparrow, which told him much news, and flew to different countries. Once the sparrow flew to Reidgotaland, to a farm called Varva, where he flew into the peasant's corn-field, and took his grain. The peasant came up, took a stone, and killed the sparrow. King Dag was ill-pleased that the sparrow did not come home; and as he, in a sacrifice of expiation, inquired after the sparrow, he got the answer that it was killed at Varva. Thereupon he ordered a great army, and went to Gothland; and when he came to Varva, he landed with his men, and plundered, and the people fled away before him. King Dag returned in the evening to his ships, after having killed many people, and taken many prisoners. As they were going across a river, at a place called Skiotan's Ford, a labouring thrall came running to the river side, and threw a hay-fork into their troop. It struck the king in the head, so that he fell instantly from his horse, and died, and his men went back to Sweden. In those times the chief who ravaged a country was called Gram, and the men-at-arms under him, Grams. Agne was the name of Dag's son, who was king after him—a powerful and celebrated man, expert, and exercised in all feats. It happened, one summer, that King Agne went with his army to Finland, and landed, and marauded. The Finland people gathered a large army, and proceeded to the strife, under a chief called Froste. There was a great battle, in which King Agne gained the victory, and Froste fell there, with a great many of his people. King Agne pro-

ceeded, with armed hand, through Finland, subdued it, and made enormous booty. He took Froste's daughter, Skialf, and her brother Loge, and carried them along with him. When he sailed from the East, he came to land at Stokkasund, and put up his tent on the flat side of the river, where there was a wood. King Agne had at the time the gold ornament which had belonged to Visbur. He now married Skialf, and she begged him to make a burial feast in honour of her father. He invited a great many guests, and made a great feast. He had become very celebrated by his expedition, and there was a great drinking match. Now, when King Dag had got drunk, Skialf bade him take great care of his gold ornament, which he had about his neck; therefore he took hold of the ornament, and bound it fast about his neck before he went to sleep. The land-tent stood at the wood side, and a high tree over the tent protected it against the heat of the sun. Now, when King Agne was asleep, Skialf took a noose and fastened it under the ornament; thereupon her men threw down the tent-poles, cast the loop of the noose up in the branches of the tree, and hauled upon it, so that the king was hanged close under the branches and died; and Skialf, with her men, ran down to their ships, and rowed away. King Agne was buried upon the spot, which was afterwards called Agnefit, and it lies on the east side of the Taurun, and west of Stokkasund.—(*Laing's Translation.*)

It would conduce but little to our argument to show that *Dag* is as truly the Norse for *day*, as is the Latin *dies*; also, that *frost* is an English word; also, that Finland is a frosty country. Our argument is not so much that this narrative about King *Dag* (who, by the way, is son of *Dyggve* or the *dew*) is the representation or symbolization of a struggle between the powers of heat and cold, as that the story is of foreign origin—no true piece of Norse mythology, but a piece of scholastic eclecticism.

What is Agne? In all the Norse dialects, nothing, i.e., meaningless, so meaningless as to pass for a man's name, with circumstances to match. What is it in the language of the nearest country? Fire. All along the south coast of the Baltic; in Prussia,

in Courland, in parts of Livonia, and in all Lithuania, *ugni* means *fire*. It was no borrowed word; for we have its derivative, *ugneles*, a *little fire*. It is *ogon* in Slavonic; it is *ignis* in Latin; it is nothing in Norse and German. But who thus deified *fire*? Look to Professor Wilson's translation of the Indian Vedas, and see what you find there. Out of 121 hymns in one book 44 are dedicated to Fire. But does he fight? Yes; even as Agne in Finland. But does he fight against frost? No; for there is not much frost in Hindostan. Still he fights—against *Vritra* (winter) or the clouds, the only thing his climate lets him fight against. What is his name? Agni. This is the opening of one of the hymns addressed to him.

1. Royal Agni, I glorify at sacrifices thee who art the lord of vast riches; may we who are in want of food obtain food through thee; and (through thee) may we overcome hosts of (hostile) men.

2. May the undecaying Agni, the bearer of oblations, be a father to us, all pervading and refulgent (may he be) to us of pleasing aspect; supply us plentifully with food in return for our well-maintained household, fire; grant us viands abundantly.

3. You possess (priests) the wise lord of human beings, the purifying Agni, cherished with oblations of butter, the offerer of the burnt-offering, the all-knowing; he among the gods bestows desirable (riches).—*Wilson's Translation.*

How Lithuanic names appear in India, or, *vice versa*, how Indian names appear in Lithuania is a point which it is no part of the present notice to discuss. They will be understood when archæologists (Sanskrit archæologists in particular) have learned to look upon a subject without a preconceived opinion, when they see it with Bacon's "dry light." This will be in the time of our grandchildren, or later.

However, to return. The story of Dag and Agni is a pure piece of scholasticism. It does not look so, because the names are not Aurora and Lucifer. The appearance of them, however, in Norse, is much the same as if we saw a Vulcan and Minerva (*is nominibus*) in Greek. Lempriere, indeed, conjoins them. Now Snorro was the Lempriere, or, perhaps, the Goldsmith of his time—slightly uncritical, eminently eclectic, alone, amongst his congeners, readable.

Then comes Niord. He is one of the twelve Diar, or Drottmar, one of the Dei Majores. Even, according to Snorro, he was a foreigner. When Odin reached Vanaland (which, whatever may be said to the contrary, is neither more nor less than Vendland, or the land of the Vends, as all the Germanic nations call all the Slavonians), embassies were sent on both sides, and the Vanaland people sent Niord, the Rich, and his son Frey. He afterwards succeeds Odin as King.

Niord has taken so fast a root in the calculations of Norse archæologists that the well-known passage in Tacitus where the ordinary texts say, that the Angles and others worshiped *Hertha mater*, a phrase which the vulgar translate as *Mother Earth*, has been converted into *Nertham matrem*, or *Niord the Father—mutato sexu*. However, Niord the sacrificer, is foreign to Scandinavia. Was he indigenous to Vendland? I doubt it. He looks very like the sacrificial patriarch of Genesis; for it must be added that he lives at the *Noatun*, or Noah's Town, and his descendants are called *Semings*, or *Semitidae*. Lest any one think this improbable, let him think of what became of Elias.

Then there is the story of Swegder. What should we say, in the Latin mythology, to a king, or demigod, whose name was Astêr (*Ἄστηρ*), and who had a son and successor named Hellas, who (the son) took up his abode with Nix the Old, in a cold and snowy country, and who was an ancestor of Pyr (*Πῦρ*) and Dies? Never mind what we should say to the astronomy and meteorology of the account. It is not this that we are investigating. We are inquiring how far such stories are of genuine, home growth. What should we say to their claims to be considered Latin? Surely, we should treat them as a mixture of Latin and Greek, at least, if not as a mishmash of other and more heterogeneous elements. *Mutatis mutandis*—this is the case with Swegder, the son of Fiolner, the son of Frey, who took the kingdom after his father, and made a vow to visit Godheim and Odin.

"He (Swegder), went with twelve men through the world, and came to Turkland, and the Great Sweden, where he found many of his connexions. He

was five years on this journey; and when he returned home to Sweden, he remained there for some time. He had got a wife in Vanheim, who was called Vana, and their son was Vanland. Swegder went out afterwards to seek again for Godheim, and came to a mansion, on the east side of Sweden, called Stein, where there was a stone as big as a large house. In the evening, after sunset, as Swegder was going from the drinking-table to his sleeping-room, he cast his eye upon the stone, and saw that a dwarf was sitting under it. Swegder and his man were very drunk, and they ran towards the stone. The dwarf stood in the door, and called to Swegder, and told him to come in, and he should see Odin. Swegder ran into the stone, which instantly closed behind him, and Swegder never came back. Vanland, Swegder's son, succeeded his father, and ruled over the Upsal domain. He was a great warrior; and went far around in different lands. Once he took up his winter abode in Finland, with Snio, the Old, and got his daughter, Drisa, in marriage; but in spring he set out, leaving Drisa behind; and, although he had promised to return within three years, he did not come back for ten. Then Drisa sent a message to the witch, Hulda; and sent Visbur, her son by Vanland, to Sweden."—*Laing's Translation.*

To interpret this, we premise that, in this extract, the equivalent to our imaginary *Astêr* is *Swegder*, inasmuch as the Lithuanic for *star* is *zvaigzde*. But the old Prussian form of the Lithuanic was the language of the country of the Guttones, *Gythones*, *Gothones*, *Guddons*, or *Goths*; whose *land* was *Goth-land*, and whose *home* was *God-heim*, here made the residence of the gods. Vanland is as purely a geographical name as Hellas—indeed, more so. It is as much a geographical name as ἡ γῆ Ἑλλάς. It is as geographical as Greek-land, and more so than Græcia. All this Snorro knew. In the very first section of his work he uses Vana-land and Vanaheim as the names of countries. Visbur seems to be the eponymus of the capital of Goth-land (the island), or Wisby.

But what is the evidence that *zvaigzde*, the hypothetical original of Swegder, was ever a deity in Gothland? Open any collection of the popular songs of East Prussia and Lithuania, and the very first composition which presents itself shall be about either Auszrinis or Vakarinis,

the Morning-star and the Evening-star, and they shall be treated not as mere stars, but like Vesper, Lucifer, or Aurora—as deities. If this be the case even now, what prominence might not they have had in the Pagan period.

This is how they are sung about:—

I.

"O, Sun! G. d's daughter,  
Why delayest thou so long?  
Why tarriest thou so long?  
Now thou hast departed from us.

III.

"O Sun! God's daughter,  
Who in the morn, who in the evening  
Lights thy fire?  
Lays thy bed?

IV.

"The Morning-star, the Evening-star;  
The Morning-star, the fire,  
The Evening-star the bed.  
Many are my kinsfolk."

Again:—

I.

"In the evening of the evening  
There wandered away my lamb.  
Ah! who will help me to seek  
My one lamb?

II.

"I went to the Morning-star,  
The Morning-star answered:  
'I must early, for the Sun,  
Kindle a fire to-morrow.'

III.

"I went to the Evening-star,  
The Evening-star answered:  
'In the evening, for the Sun,  
I must lay a bed.'

IV.

"I went to the Moon;  
The Moon answered:  
'I am cut up by the sword,  
My face is saddened.'

V.

"I went to the Sun;  
The Sun answered:—  
'Nine days must I search;  
On the tenth not rest.'"

It is submitted that, with elements so foreign as the stories of Agni and Swegder, with stories so definitely connected with other countries (countries with which, it is a historical fact, there was much intercourse), the claims of the first part of Snorro's work to be considered a pure exhibition of a home-grown mythology, are unfounded. In so far, then, as they are this, the question, as to the amount of exotic influences upon that complexus of facts, which form the characteristics of the Scandinavian history, is opened. It will be shown, in the next notice, that the Edda, with all its vaunted North-manship, is in the same predicament.

## ENGLISH SCENES.

## III.

## TORQUAY.

## MUSIC AT NIGHT.

Still lingers eve with fond delay,  
 Though night has claim'd yon lovely shore,  
 And sends from far her shadow grey,  
 Pale twilight stealing on before.

And yonder waves of varying sheen,  
 The distant headland's line of blue ;  
 The tall red cliffs, the soft sea-green  
 Are mingling in one misty hue.

'Tis past—that gleam of crimson light,  
 The last faint blush of lingering day ;  
 Now leaning from her stately height  
 The silver moon looks on the bay.

And restless waves, that loved to chide,  
 And fling their foam like showers of snow,  
 Calm as a lake without a tide,  
 Lie still, and quiver in her glow.

The clouds of grief have dimm'd his eye,  
 The waves of woe have swell'd his breast :  
 What pure, pale planet draweth nigh  
 Whose look can soothe them all to rest ?

Come, fairer than yon crescent moon ;  
 Come, touch the tone he loves so well ;  
 And grief and care shall slumber soon,  
 And sorrow own the soothing spell.

Come with thy calm and quiet grace,  
 Thy meek, soft smile and silver tone ;  
 The rose-tints deepening on thy face,  
 And charm as thou canst charm alone.

There's not a wave on yon wide sea  
 But thrills to that pure power above ;  
 Nor heart-string, weary though it be,  
 But trembles to the touch of love.

From nature's beauteous outward things  
 What gleams of hidden life we win ;  
 For still the world without us flings  
 Strong shadows of the world within.

Sweet scene ! we shall not love thee less  
 Because thy pulses, wild and free,  
 With our home-dream of tenderness  
 This hour have thrill'd in harmony.

Rather a thousand-fold more fair  
 Thy sea—thy shore fresh charm shall borrow ;  
 For they have heard the tender air  
 She sang to night to soothe his sorrow.

## IV.

## TO — DETAINED FROM CHURCH.

Thou hast been dwelling in a gleam  
Of glorious light sent straight from heaven ;  
It mingled with thy morning beam,  
It broke the twilight of thine even.

It came with concord of sweet sound,  
With herald strains of church-bells ringing,  
With words of mercy breathing round,  
And chanted prayers, and choral singing.

Along thy daily path it lay,  
For inward peace, for added grace ;  
And thou did'st linger in the ray,  
The world shut out a little space.

'Tis past—or if it linger yet,  
Poor, weary heart, 'tis not for thee ;  
Still day by day those sweet bells set  
Chime to the murmur of the sea.

Still, by the fair shrine never cease  
The cry of penitence and prayer—  
The answering voice of hope, and peace,  
And pardon—but thou art not there.

In vain the distant measure thrills  
Thine heart, and vibrates in thine ear.  
'Tis but an echo from the hills,  
That cheats the home-sick mountaineer.

'Tis but the wild wave's murmuring tone  
In ocean shell far inland heard ;  
But say not—dream not—thus alone  
Is heavenward thought and rapture stirr'd.

Sweet are the strains that upward float  
When Christian hearts in union meet ;  
And passing sweet the pastoral note  
That bears them to a Saviour's feet.

But those denied, let no quick word,  
Or thought o'erfond, or hopeless sigh,  
O, living temple of the Lord !  
Sin to thine inward commune high.

Thou hast a shrine no hand can close,  
No duty leave its courts untrod ;  
Where the true heart in secret knows  
The presence of the spirit's God.

There grief may all her woes reveal,  
There penitence may bring her shame,  
Submission by the altar kneel,  
And self-denial feed the flame.

There patience, wearing duty's chain,  
And meek-faced love, and pure desire,  
May breathe within as sweet a strain  
As ever thrill'd from yonder choir.



There, though thy heart in vain should yearn  
 For other voice estrang'd or dumb,  
 If thine own incense duly burn,  
 The great High Priest himself shall come.

Ah! dream in sorrowing mood no more,  
 Of vows unpaid, uncanceled sin;  
 Thou art not shut from Eden's door,  
 Thy truest heaven is found within.

Deep in that wounded heart of thine  
 The temple of thy refuge lies;  
 Thyself the odour and the shrine,  
 And thine own will the sacrifice.

C. F. A.

## THE PARTNERS.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE reader will have surmised that the defeat of the Hebrew doctors, and the deliverance of Mr. Henderson from the snare, were due to the whimsical energy of the painter. His original interview with the stranger had convinced Wenlock that the former was at least as sane as Richard himself; and, it may be, partially wrought upon by some conversation with little Mrs. Aubrey, by whom he set great store, the artist resolved to impede, if he could not prevent, the incarceration of the creditor. Hurrying to the house of Ingott, he reached it before the Jews, and speedily made Mr. Henderson aware of the plan devised for putting him out of the way. The trick by which it was baffled was an idea of the artist's own, and one which he insisted on performing—Henderson, in the first outbreak of his fury, having entertained slightly murderous intentions towards the whole party of conspirators.

The next question for the person who had thus been delivered was the course he should adopt towards Mr. Aubrey. For reasons which may hereafter appear, Henderson attributed the whole scheme for his imprisonment to the junior partner, and transferred to his account a good nine-tenths of the revenge which he now meditated. He had known John Ingott for years, and found little difficulty in believing that he had been the tool of a more powerful

mind. The audacity of the attempt upon Henderson's liberty was, he felt, a flight beyond Ingott, and it was upon Aubrey that the returned adventurer resolved to precipitate the whole weight of his wrath.

At the same time his shrewdness could not but apprise him that he himself stood in a position of no small difficulty and danger. He had been absent for years from a country where he had left very few acquaintances, and could scarcely expect to find any, on his return. He had come back in shabbiness and poverty, and he knew well what obstacles they oppose between truth and belief in the mind of all decent people. Also, he had made enemies of a firm of powerful bankers, who had now committed themselves so far in their hostility to him that it was impossible they should recede. And as he thought on this, and his rage against Aubrey increased for the hypocritical mode in which he had at last pretended to recognise the stranger and his claims, Henderson perceived that he must act with considerable caution. A second clutch at him would infallibly be made, and would probably succeed.

Nevertheless, he could not make up his mind to deprive himself of the pleasure of witnessing Ingott's discomfiture at the failure of the attempt, and when the Jews had departed (an operation which they performed with some promptitude at the sight of the

great knife which Henderson brandished in their faces, adding strange threats, specially adapted to members of the Hebrew persuasion), he affected to treat the affair as great fun, and easily persuaded the domestics that he bore no malice, and was a harmless creature. The great footman who, having been used to good society, was excessively disgusted at the violence and scandal of the proceedings that had taken place, conceived a sort of liking for the eccentric visitor, and perhaps by assuming a species of protectorate over him, indemnified himself, and made atonement to his vanity for having, on the first introduction, been frightened and kicked by the stranger. The man, therefore, was easily persuaded to let his master find out for himself what had happened, instead of greeting him with the tidings on his arrival.

When Mr. Ingott thought he might safely venture home, he did so, and his inquiries as to who had called were met by his domestic with answers which, though they were true enough in terms, did not convey the truth—answers of a class found excessively useful in a greater House than the banker's, and highly calculated to promote the best interests of the country. As when, in reply to an interrogatory as to an unsound vessel having been despatched with troops, a Minister shall solemnly assure a querist, that "there was not a single soldier on board the *Perilous*;" and when the rotten *Perilous* hath gone down, the Minister shall be acquitted of insincerity, because every soldier on board was married. Or as when another Minister shall explain that a certain prisoner, erroneously supposed to be a spy, "had not a shilling in his pocket," and it afterwards turneth out that the prisoner, nevertheless, had many sovereigns therein, the Minister shall be held to have spoken guardedly, but truthfully. In the same spirit did Mr. Ingott's menial inform him that two medical gentlemen had been there, and that a strange looking gentleman had been taken away in a coach.

Therefore, when Mr. Ingott entered his dining room, in which the table was then brilliant with the appointments of the long over-due dinner, he was considerably more astonished than pleased to see his friend Mr. Henderson lying on the hearthrug, smoking

his everlasting cigar. As Ingott came in the other started up with great alacrity, and began to reprimand him in a friendly way for keeping dinner back so long. And with much tact, Henderson held on at a rattle of good-tempered oburgation, in order to let his host recover himself.

"So precious inhospitable, Jack, to send a fellow up to your house, and when he's dying to sit down to a Christian meal to keep him fasting on tobacco for all these hours. But you look as if you had the grace to be ashamed of yourself, and so we'll say no more about it this time, and to-morrow, by your gracious leave, Mr. Jack, I'll have the fixing of my own times."

"The servants would have——," mumbled Ingott, by no means sure what he ought to do, and privately consigning his religious partner to as bad a fate as the creed of the latter reserved for all but his own sect.

"Well, I dare say I could have had any thing I liked, but the critters were all in such a state of stand-upon-your-headishness about the scene we had here, that I couldn't find it in my head to order them to work. Very sad thing, that poor young fellow."

"Poor—young—fellow," gasped Ingott.

"Ay; I suppose it was best to take him; but I don't know why they hunted him here. To say nothing of the damage to my fine nerves, they've smashed your fine door, with its painted China fixings, all to smithereens. I wouldn't let the girls come and sweep it up, because I thought you would like to see all about it. Is it law in the old country now, that a set of doctors and their men may break into a fellow's castle, and play the devil's diversions?"

"I'll—I'll quicken the dinner," said Ingott, rushing from the room. The preternatural antics and grimaces of triumph which his friend performed, as soon as the door had banged, would baffle description. Nobody but Mr. Robson, in one of his most artistic paroxysms of self-excitement, could reproduce the demonstrations made by Mr. Henderson at that crisis of his fortunes.

The big footman was summoned by his master into the little room inhabited by great coats, umbrellas, and the *Court Guide*.

"You told me that person had been

taken off in a coach," said Mr. Ingott, with a coarse oath—it being an understood thing that there are coarse oaths and fine ones.

"No, sir," replied the big footman, calmly, for his intellect, though sluggish, had begun to comprehend how the land lay, and his unexcitable nature permitted him to wait with placidity for the annoyance which he was happy to think his ill-conditioned master was about to experience.

"What do you mean by—'No, sir?'" said Ingott, in a rage, "You said that two doctors had been here, and that he'd been taken away."

"Not him, sir."

"Then who the devil has been taken away?"

"Couldn't say, sir."

"Don't be impertinent, sir," exclaimed Ingott; "who do you suppose the person is?"

"Well, sir, I don't much notice that class of persons, but I seem to fancy as if a young man that brought a picture had come back and been took. But I won't take on myself to say it was him."

"The new picture, just come?"

"Yes, sir. I heard the gentleman in the parlour and him talking about it, and saying it was a 'do,' and I seem to fancy as if it was him."

"Did he go away quietly?"

"After the door had been broke down, sir, he made no further resistance."

A thought flashed across Ingott's mind. Perhaps they were all at cross-purposes, and Wenlock, who, as a painter, must be poor, and in debt, had been arrested. Served him right.

"Who were the men that came for him?" he asked.

"Never saw them before, sir. I expect they were Jews."

"That makes it still more likely," said Ingott; for the moment forgetting Dr. Isinglass' looks. "And that gentleman in the parlour—did he see Mr. Wenlock taken away?"

"Is that the young man's name, sir?"

"Don't call him a young man, sir; he is a gentleman. Yes; did Mr. Henderson see him go?"

"That's the party in the parlour, sir?"

"Confound you; yes."

"Yes, sir; he was there."

"And seemed to think it was all right?"

"He didn't say any thing to the contrary, sir, and laughed uncommon."

"D—— his laughing," muttered Ingott. "Dinner directly."

He went up stairs to his dressing-room, and on the way perceived the battered state of the door, and the pink Cupids of its showy finger-plates in piteous dismemberment on the carpet. His musings during a brief toilette were any thing but satisfactory; and, oh, how he vituperated Mr. Aubrey—first for his scheme, and then for its failure. Here he was, after all his endeavours to escape, planted in the house with the friend he had wronged, and compelled to sit down, listen to his reproaches, and give an account of his own career. At all risks—even to that of the ruin which exposure would bring—he entertained thoughts of rushing from the house, and leaving matters to take their own course. But, while this notion was in his mind, he heard Henderson shouting, or rather yelling, to him to come down.

"The soup-pot's on deck," was the form in which the gentleman chose to clothe the information, adding, "scaldings."

There was no escape, and Mr. Ingott and Mr. Henderson sat down to the well-appointed dinner.

"How did it break out in that poor, young fellow?" demanded the latter, after he had applied himself to soup and to fish with an energy and rapidity of execution, which showed how little he regarded such obstacles in making his way to the realities of dinner.

"How do you mean break out?" said Ingott. "Take some of that sherry."

"No; it's beastly. I dare say it's good enough for you folks here, but it won't do for me. Besides, it's full of brandy, and I like my brandy neat. Give me some, Calves, will you?" said he, thus irreverently addressing the grinning attendant. "Give it me in a tumbler. No; in this flat thing, like a saucer," he added, holding out the champagne-glass. "It used to be vulgar to drink out of a saucer, in my time; but make him of glass, and stick a leg to him, and he's the height of politeness. Such is life, and here's your fortune, Jack Ingott."

And the brandy disappeared, and

Ingott secretly hoped that *delirium tremens* might not be out of his friend's fortune.

"But," resumed Henderson, "I asked you how this young chap came to break out."

"I suppose, as all such fellows do. Born to be beggars, you know, with all the fine talents that they are so proud of. We, stupid folks, keep house and home together, and have our mutton and glass of wine; while those clever ones are dodging in attics, and spunging for dinners, or going without."

"That's all right, Jack; and you were a stupid cove, and no mistake. I'm afraid you may be a little cleverer now, but I hope not. It isn't good for you."

The banker looked exceedingly grim, but forbore reply.

"But this painter; I only saw him for a bit, and he was deuced impudent, and ordered me off because he didn't like my clothes; but I took a fancy to him, and I am sorry for his misfortune."

"Well, well, we must see what can be done for him. Perhaps, the lesson may do him good; and if the amount aint much—and we know what wonderful financial operations such gentry perform," said Ingott, with a sneer—"we'll try if we can manage it for him."

"Manage a man out of a mad-house?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Talking about this Mr. Wenlock."

"Well, he has been captured here to-day. A great liberty of him to have such a thing take place in my house."

"But if mad doctors run a fellow to earth, what's he to do?"

"Mad doctors!"

"I can't make this out," said Henderson to himself. "He knows he sent them after me, and it never strikes him that he's shot at the pigeon and killed the crow. He is a dull ass, after all."

"Why, Jack," he said, "I thought Calves had told you. The painter and I were in the drawing-room, when the doctors who had been set on the trail, came after him, with their men. I did all I could to make him go quietly, because though I've lived out of the way of the laws, still I respect them, and they ought to be obeyed. If a man owes you money

in a lawful way, he is bound to pay you; and if he don't, you ought to turn on the screw with a will, don't you see."

The illustration did not seem greatly to delight Mr. Ingott, who made no answer.

"But he would not go, and locked the doors; and he is a much stronger fellow than I am: so, as he was menacing, I got under the sofa to be out of his way. Then the mad-constables broke the door in, and walked him off."

"Walked off Wenlock to the asylum. What a cursed idiot that Isinglass is."

"Who's Isinglass? You know something of the affair then? Has he been in that way before?"

"No, no—yes," said the banker, whose brain, perturbed by the events of the last few hours, had become almost conglomerate; "There's a horrible blunder somewhere, but I'll see to it in the morning. Some more wine, some more brandy, won't you," he added, in a tone which would have suited an invitation to a still hotter draft, something like that which the monkey-cats allowed to boil over and singe their mistress when Faust and Mephistopheles called on her, and found her up the chimney. Henderson sat gazing on him with eyes as glowing with mischief as those of any of the fiend-owls of the same distinguished party.

"Ah, Ingott," said he, "I fear you find business too much for you. It sadly draws on the brain; and that's a bank, my boy, in which your deposits are not exactly enormous. Take warning by this poor young painter, whose head has gone through devotion to his calling. Suppose anything of the kind should happen to you, what would become of the house, and of the hundreds and thousands of people that depend upon its solvency. You are solvent, I suppose, Jack?" he added, with a sudden sharp crack, like that of a rife.

"Hold your tongue," was the infuriate answer of the banker, given in a low voice.

"Calves is not in the room," replied Henderson, quietly. "But, perhaps, it is rather a rude question; only, you know, it's a matter of very great consequence to me, so you'll excuse my impertinence."

Dinner having been got through, and a more miserable one Ingott never ate, his guest once more "lighted up," as he called it, and the fumes of an immense cigar, almost as large as the umbrella of fashionable life in 1867-8, enriched the atmosphere of the room. It was a small addition to Ingott's previous miseries; but he happened to detest tobacco, and therefore suffered all the pangs of the unfortunates who are not followers of St. Nicot of Florida. But Henderson, who was not slow to perceive the effect of the fumigation, was precisely in the humour to administer it without mercy, and did so. At length, Ingott, in sheer self-defence, was driven to the decanters, which he began to empty with a rapidity that gave ominous signs of what was likely to happen. Henderson smoked on, occasionally throwing in a disturbing observation touching the solvency of banks, his own claim on Ingott, and his determination to enforce it; and the persecuted banker rang for more wine, and more. And at last, between the fumes of the tobacco, the irritating talk of his guest, and the wine which he had swallowed, Mr. Ingott was worked into a condition which rendered him despairing but defiant. He cursed Henderson, and abused him with tipsy ferocity, occasionally dropping hints which the other seized and treasured up—hints which revealed how determined were the Partners to resist his demand at all sacrifices. These revelations by no means delighted Henderson, for in the intervals of the discussion, which took a noisy turn, it occurred to him that if the rich firm made so much of a claim like his, it might be, for reasons, very disagreeable to a creditor; and thereupon, blazing up, he intimated to the banker, on his own hearthstone, that he considered him an awful scoundrel, whom he should certainly punish. To this Ingott rejoined with new vituperation; and it is probable, that an interview more scandalizing to the menials gathered round the parlour door has seldom taken place in a respectable household. Could the

haughty Aubrey have witnessed such a scene, how great would have been his disgust; and yet, he had been the cause of all the disasters of the day.

No one would have imagined that such was the kind of machinery that had been put in motion by the calm, cheerful, elegant gentleman, who, seated between his pretty daughter, and her military lover, in a saloon of the Crystal Palace, was giving them a delightful "little dinner," and talking to them with so much mingled good sense and playfulness. While his creditor and his partner, in half-savage drunkenness, were stifling in their heated room, and exchanging the most coarse abuse, the personage who had brought them together, and whose plot, defeated, had led to their orgy, was doing the pleasant honours of a repast, at which there was one very honest, and one very affectionate heart; and whence his own exceeding self-command enabled him to banish all thoughts, save those of kindness. He loved his child; he liked her *fiancé*; and the match in every way suited him; and Mr. Aubrey chose to let no less agreeable considerations intrude upon that meeting. And, about the time that Ingott, now really intoxicated, fought his way out of the parlour, and into the coat-room, where he fell down and slept (and was discovered, shivering and savage, by Calves, when he was about to retire to his truckle), and, about the time that Henderson, seeing that his victim could bear no more for the present, retreated from pursuit, and went back to unlimited smoke, brandy, and commination, Aubrey and his young companions strolled quietly along the nave, and watched the effect of the rising moon upon the white shoulders of nymph or demi-god. And Aubrey's beautiful remark upon the faint cold light that shone upon the Pagan's path, in contrast with the bright effulgence of the revealed creed, was worthy of a bishop, who had discovered that "more bishops" was the cure for the disorganization of India.

## CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Richard Wenlock, having been rapidly assisted into the iron-bound carriage that awaited the lunatic, was carried away in the society of the three sinewy men. The coach drove eastward, and, for some time, the painter was too well satisfied with the success of his stratagem to care about disentangling himself from the snare into which he had wittingly stepped; but after the vehicle had gone a couple of miles, he said,

"Now, my good friends, as I hate to waste words, be good enough to tell me the shortest way in which I can convince you that you have made a mistake, have taken the wrong man, and had better put me out at the nearest cab-stand."

"The very shortest way," replied one of the men, "is for you to go quite quiet where we are taking you, and then you can say all that, and as much more as you like."

"I expected some such answer. Suppose I show you, from my letters and cards, and the marking on my linen, that my name is not that of the gentleman you came for."

"It 'ud be very interesting light reading after tea, sir," replied the other; "but as I don't know the name of the gentleman I came for, the reading wouldn't make much odds."

"This, you perceive, my friends, makes the affair a bore, because I shall have a good way to come back. How many miles from Charing-cross is the house you propose to take me to?"

"Well, sir, I think I wouldn't bother my poor head about miles, if I were you. Some places are a long way off, some are a short way, and ours is among the middlings. I should say, that's as near as it would be worth your while to go."

"A preconceived idea fortifies the mind against conviction; that's certain," said Mr. Wenlock, rather to himself than to his keepers. "I have done a good-natured thing. I have delivered Mr. Henderson from the trap, but I have got into it myself. Perhaps I shall be obliged to accept a night's lodging at the place I'm going to."

"Everybody would be very sorry if you went away without paying them the compliment of taking a bed," said the previous spokesman.

"And so my work will be neglected. Let's see; I had just made the old woman in red carry off the church."

"Strong old party she is, sir," said the other, who saw nothing but madness in this statement of the painter's.

"Ha!" said Wenlock, "and I was going to wipe the moon out, and put it behind a tree."

"Rather inconvenient for travellers, sir."

"Maybe so—maybe so," said the artist, who felt inclined to go on amusing himself in this way, but began to be somewhat restless. "By the way, how is it that you, guardians of lunatics, have no ears?"

"I didn't know I had lost mine, sir," replied the man.

"Pooh, those things—no; but I mean your sense of hearing. Now, you three were on Mr. Ingott's staircase just now, and a gentleman talked to you from the other side of the door; and yet, after all that talk, you fancy that I am the person, merely because you found me on the other side of the door. You take that high, shrill, mocking voice for mine. Don't you know better? It's like taking scarlet for green."

"Nothing green here, sir, I assure you."

"Well, I shall see you after the mistake is cleared up; and so remember what I say to you now, as I shall want a sketch of your face—a very good one—when expressing compunction and sorrow."

They drove on, still eastward, but avoiding the principal arteries of traffic, until reaching Whitechapel, along which they went, and still on through the busy dreariness beyond, until, striking to the right, towards Bow Common, they threaded some lanes, which, even in the light of a summer evening, looked melancholy enough, and, in any less cheering atmosphere, must have been the abomination of desolation. Finally the vehicle drew up at a handsome old red brick house, with little about it to indicate its use, unless it were the high wall surround-

ing it, which was of modern erection. The coach drew up to the little portico, which was of wood, with some carving, nearly obliterated by successive coats of paint; and to the door came a portly and rather gentlemanly man, the owner of the asylum.

"I have been expecting you, sir," he said to Wenlock. "Do me the favour to walk in."

And he gave a hand to the supposed patient to help him to alight, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon those of the latter; but, as Wenlock's did not turn away, nor did he seem restless under the inspection, but rather amused, the other's face assumed more curiosity.

"I read your thoughts, sir," said Wenlock.

"I imagine not," replied the other; "but walk in."

They came into one of those large, old, windy halls which our fathers used to build for reasons which have never been satisfactorily explained; it was hung round with some portraits and a few Hogarth's.

"I must look at these before I go," said Wenlock.

"You will have plenty of opportunity," said his host; "but now will you come into this room?"

They entered a cheerful apartment, in which the furniture was of a gay chintz, and where books, engravings, and flowers took away any idea of a prison. The windows opened upon a garden; but some strong trellis-work, apparently placed for the mere training of the creepers that clustered over it, prevented the room from being overlooked, or its inmates from looking upon the garden itself.

"I will leave you to amuse yourself with these books and things, for a short time," said the host; "but if you should want me before I return, ring the bell."

And this was the humane and considerate arrangement of the asylum. A patient was, unless actually violent, allowed, upon arrival, to remain in rest and peace for some time, in order to enable him, or her, to get over the excitement of the journey, and to generate a feeling of confidence and of friendship in regard to the manager and his attendants. No irritating examination, no staring, no worry. Probably, in many cases, this hour of quiet so afforded to an arriving

patient was the first period of tranquillity which the perturbed mind had been permitted since the disease manifested itself. Somewhat wiser as well as more merciful than the old system of terrorism, in favour of which books have been written, and under which it was held well to thrust a patient into darkness, and to imitate thunder and lightning near him, and by any other terrifying agency, to break, if possible, the bruised reed.

Had the treatment he received been coarse or ludicrous, it is possible that Wenlock's temperament might have induced him to defer explanation a little. But the mode in which he was welcomed, and the kindness of the manager, made it impossible for him to go on for a moment with the deception. He, therefore, said—

"Let me ask your name."

"I am Dr. Samprey, and this is my house. I hope you will be comfortable in it," said the other, about to go.

"Allow me to say a word, then, Dr. Samprey. It would be insulting your kindness did I allow you to remain under a mistake. O, yes, I see the incredulity natural under the circumstances. You have heard the same kind of thing from hundreds of insane persons. I do not expect you to give me credence without inquiry, but I shall be indebted to you to make that inquiry at once. I shall ask you to despatch a messenger to town for the purpose."

"With what message?" said Dr. Samprey, smiling, but compassionately.

"With what message you please, after you have heard what I have to say. You told me, at the door, that you were expecting me. The person whom you were expecting was a Mr. Henderson, and the certificates of two Jew doctors, Isinglass and another, were to accredit him to you. I presume you have them?"

"All will be found regular, I doubt not," said the doctor, quietly.

"I, Dr. Samprey, am an intimate friend of Mr. Charles Aubrey, at the instigation of whose father this Henderson was to be incarcerated. I knew and felt Henderson to be no more mad than myself, and by a stratagem, I have had myself brought here in his stead, in order to give him time to escape. My name is Richard Wenlock."

"I will still ask you to look at some of the books," said Dr. Samprey, who believed that an ingenious story, the product of insanity, was being told him. "On my return, we will, if you like, resume the subject."

"My dear sir, pleasanter quarters no man could desire, and I could amuse myself here for a week. But your kindness ought not to be thrown away upon an impostor. *Liberavi animam*, and I only ask you to promise, when you find out the mistake, not to consider that I have behaved in any ungentlemanly manner. I have done my best to disabuse you."

"I promise to bear no malice," said Dr. Samprey. "If these books do not suit you, ring, and if any others which you may desire are in my library, the attendant shall bring them."

"Who says that truth has an innate force," said Wenlock to himself, as the doctor left the room. "I did not think I had much chance of convincing the men, but here is an acute, educated, kind-hearted fellow, who cannot overcome an impression which he has formed, and who would, I suppose, put hand-cuffs on me, if I tried to break away. Ought anybody to be found fault with for not being able to believe any thing?"

A pianoforte, in some room not far off, here interrupted a train of thought which did not promise to be orthodox, and a female voice, in which there was some pathos, but little cultivation, sang some lines from "Waters of Elle." And as the singer ended—

"Weep for thy fall, in mind, in heart degraded,  
Weep—if thy tears can wash away the stain,"

came a spasmodic burst of sobs and tears, and wild cries, and there was heard a gentle tongue, also a woman's, soothing the sufferer, whose recollections had been awakened by an old song, a favourite in her girlhood, but not in the memory of the present generation. There could be nothing interesting about this middle-aged woman, save her sorrow, but she was tended with the same affectionate care that a mere sentimentalist would have lavished upon some young and beautiful being, whose mind had been disturbed, and would have withheld from a less delicate object of sympathy.

"Poor thing," said Wenlock; "it really will not *do* to be among such neighbours, and suspected of being like them. I am growing nervous, I believe."

And taking writing materials, all ready at a small table, he wrote the following note to Charles Aubrey:—

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—You will by this time have heard, I suppose, that I took the great liberty of saving you from doing a great wrong. I have in the process been removed, as the supposed lunatic, to the asylum designed for Mr. Henderson; and I can only say, that any one placed here is to be envied. I, however, am a trespasser; and of this fact, if you have forgiven my interference (and I think that Mrs. Charles will exert her authority to make you do so), will you come down and persuade the excellent head of the establishment, who naturally regards me as the insane Henderson.

"Ever yours.

"RICHARD WENLOCK."

"Dr. Samprey's Asylum,  
"(I don't know where)."

"Will you," he said to an attendant, who appeared on his ringing, "will you give that to your master; and if he sees no objection to it, we will have it forwarded to London."

Dr. Samprey answered the message in person.

"Your letter, sir, is a most proper one; but to whom do you propose to send it?"

"To young Aubrey, sir, as I mentioned—to the junior member of the banking firm."

"Is it worth while sending it by special messenger to-night? If you wish it to go to his private residence, well and good; but banking hours have long been over. Let it be posted here, and he will have it on arriving at his place of business in the morning. The postman calls for my letters, give it him yourself."

"So be it," said Richard, directing the letter. "Dr. Samprey, please take charge of it. That is off my mind. I have a notion that you are beginning to give me credit; but I can wait very patiently until you are fully enlightened."

"If all should be as you say—and as you suppose, I am sure," said the Doctor, "it will only have been your



spending a night in my house; and I will endeavour to make it pleasant for you, to say nothing of your subsequent revenge for false imprisonment."

"If my object is attained, I shall have nothing to complain of or to regret, Dr. Samprey." And he gave the Doctor an outline story of the afternoon's adventure, suppressing all explanations that could injure Charles Aubrey, whom he had been so eager to save from complicity in an unjust act; but narrating with much humour the storming of the Ingott drawing-room, and Henderson's concealment under the sofa. And as the principal part of the tale tallied exactly with the account given by the sinewy men to their master, Dr. Samprey's convictions began to give way.

"Well, sir," he said, "to-morrow will soon be here; meantime let me try to make you comfortable. I have ordered dinner for you. While it is preparing, will you like to look at the garden? Just the thing, for there is the postman's bell; he is in the lane."

The letter was despatched.

They walked about the grounds, and encountered a number of the patients, who looked healthy and cheerful, and especially pleased to see the Doctor. One very plainly dressed woman, with some remnants of a vulgar kind of beauty, which had probably been her destruction, came up, and, with a profound courtesy, said,—

"Dr. Samprey, if the Earl of Leicester comes to-night, will you desire the seneschal to give him some food and wine; I will not see him. Make him understand that I am highly displeased."

"I will do so, Countess," said the Doctor; and the woman, with another elaborate courtesy, swept away.

"Poor thing! she imagines herself Amy Robsart," said he to Wenlock.

"Some heart affair, perhaps," said the painter, "brought her here."

"The heart—using the word in its broad sense—goes wrong far more seldom than the head. Vanity, and ignorance, and superstition, bring me ten patients for one who has what you would call a romance in her life. Look at that short, ugly, lumpish girl yonder. She is more trouble than any dozen around her, and she

imagines herself the daughter of some lord who is always coming to fetch her. She was a servant girl, idle and insolent; and I believe, that between a vile, brooding temper, some bad reading, and the lies of some of the fortune-tellers, who do more mischief than can be told, her intellects became disturbed. But before this, she frightened a child nearly into idiocy, by dressing up a hideous figure, and stitching it at the foot of his bed, that he might be afraid to disturb her at her penny novel. Perhaps she is better as she is. I wish I could feel more for her."

"Had the child been mine, I would have killed her," said the painter, whom the story had made boil over with indignation.

"We will hope that irresponsibility had begun at the time," said the doctor. "Sit down on this bench for a moment or two, and I will rejoin you."

Wenlock occupied himself with watching a group of girls, all young, and one or two of them pretty, who looked at him in turn, some of them laughing. He took out a sketch-book, and noted down an attitude and a head-dress. In a minute or two they all approached him, but by various ways, and indirectly, as a cat comes up.

"Speak well of me to the prince," whispered one, "and I will give you a kiss," and she darted away.

"If you will be my friend with the Golden Prince," said the next, "you shall marry our daughter when we have one."

"Do you want any money," said a third, "holding his arm, and looking—not in his face—but at his hands."

"Everybody wants that," said the painter, obliged to reply.

"I could let you have a million to-day—make that do until to-morrow." And, snatching his pencil, she wrote some incoherent words, which she called a cheque, and desired him to put it away, as the doctor, though a good man, was very covetous, and killed some body almost every day in order to pick his pockets.

At this revelation the Doctor himself returned.

"An ambassador from the Golden Prince of Peacocks, to take our likenesses to court," the girls exclaimed. One must have started the idea, as

they sat together, and the bewildered brains of the others caught it with the singular facility with which lunacy takes impressions.

"The Prince will choose a very dear, good little bride, let him take which of you he may," said the Doctor, and he led Wenlock on.

"I hope to cure all those," he said, "They are milliner's girls, who have been ill-fed, and worked cruelly hard, and throughout it all have been exposed to perhaps the greater hardship of seeing girls of their own grade, who have forfeited character, in the enjoyment of every luxury. They brood over their wrongs, and then either imitate the creatures they envy, or go mad. I am beginning by giving them perfect idleness, and all they can desire,

I was going to say in reason. By-and-by we shall have them begging for work. And here is your summons to dinner.

The letter we have said was duly despatched, but Charles Aubrey did not come down next day to release his friend. That duty was performed by Mr. Aubrey himself. He had, accidentally, perhaps, opened Wenlock's letter, which was delivered before Charles's arrival at the bank. And the father not only read of Wenlock's incarceration, *vice* Henderson, but he also learned, for the first time, that there was a daughter-in-law in his family. "*And I think Mrs. Charles Aubrey will exert her authority.*" Such are friends.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

The following morning Mr. Ingott did not appear at the banking-house at his usual time. Since he had become a great rich man he had affected a sort of independence as to punctuality, and some other points of business, and his being late did not excite much notice. There had been a time when he would have delivered brutal abuse to any unfortunate clerk who had "stood up" for five minutes, on a wet morning, to avoid passing a day in damp clothes; but of late he had been too important a personage to notice trifles.

Why he was late may be no profound question for a reader. He woke wretchedly ill, and as savagely vindictive as his prostration would permit. Such a scene as that of the preceding night had never been witnessed in his house, and he felt an intensity of wrath against all who had caused, shared, or witnessed the exhibition. Aubrey, his son, Isinglass, the other Jew, Henderson, the footman, were all included in the compass and circle of his hatred; and there was not a bad wish, in regard to any of them, which Mr. Ingott did not storm or growl out while dressing himself. But there was, he knew, a more important matter than any thing in the way of temper or feeling to be dealt with, and so, after a stimulant from the next chemist's, he mounted his horse; and with throbbing temples, parched lips, and a heart full of trouble and

wrath, the banker went for a long ride. If the metempsychosis had not transferred the soul and sensations of some bad banker, of a previous age, into the unfortunate animal ridden by Ingott, that horse—now suddenly whipped into speed, then curbed and cursed for going too fast, and thoroughly irritated and ill-treated throughout that journey—had cause to arraign the general fitness of things in this world.

Mr. Aubrey, resident at the bank, was always early at its duties. The batch of letters brought by the first delivery came under his hand, and he opened that from the lunatic asylum, directed to his son. He read it, laid it aside, went through the rest of the despatches, and gave the instructions which they rendered necessary. He then read Wenlock's letter again.

It told him two things. First, that there had been an attempt to incarcerate Henderson, and that it had failed. Secondly, that there was a Mrs. Charles Aubrey.

We must tell the truth, however reluctantly. This second piece of intelligence disturbed him very little. He was himself an exceedingly moral man; but he was, also, a man of the world, and he believed that he had accidentally been put in possession of one of these little secrets which it is decorous in a well-bred father to know nothing about. Had the letter contained no other revelation, it would

have been destroyed, and Charles Aubrey would never have heard that it had been perused.

But the other news was of a different kind, and unwillingness to annoy his son by apprizing him that his little secret was known to his father, could not, for a moment, stand in the way of explanations.

Charles Aubrey arrived, and being supposed, as has been said, to sleep in Hampstead air, his first business was to see his father. He, therefore, proceeded at once to his room. [I use the word "proceeded," in order to record my acknowledgments to Lord Campbell for lately rebuking a monkeyfied witness who could not say that he "went" up stairs, but must employ the trisyllable.]

"I do not ask you how the air of Hampstead agrees with you, Charles," said his father, after they had shaken hands; "because it would be wrong in me to lead you into a falsehood, now that I have certain lights. Not another word upon that subject. I desire to know nothing about it. If I expected you to be wiser than Solomon, perhaps I was sanguine. No more about that. We will come to business."

"My dear father," Charles began, in much agitation—

"My dear Charles, please oblige me; and unless it is of business you were going to speak, listen to me. I don't think that I have spoken in any way of which you can complain."

"Certainly not, my dear father; but—"

"Well, then, I want no acknowledgments, and no information, except what I am going to ask for. Please to answer me. When did you last see Mr. Wenlock?"

"Last evening."

"Where?"

"At his own lodgings, in Beaufort-street, Fitzroy-square."

"How did he know any thing about that wretched Henderson?"

"Wenlock brought a new picture to Mr. Ingott's just after I had taken Henderson there."

"And he knew that Mr. Ingott intended to lock the man up?"

"I told him so, when I was going to assist in the business."

"You! You take part in such business! I congratulate you on your taste—no, that is not what I would

say. No matter. Pray, tell me what sent you on such an errand?"

"I did not go on it, I am happy to say, now that I see your feeling; but Mr. Ingott desired me to do so, explaining that it was your special wish."

"And yet you did not go."

"I did not. I considered the matter, and when I made up my mind upon it, I was more than glad to recollect that I had no explicit directions from yourself regarding so grave a business—too grave for me to take them at second-hand."

"I am not sorry to find that you have the sense and courage to think for yourself, Charles; but things have gone further than you are, perhaps, aware. This letter was marked 'Immediate,' or I should not have opened it. You need not be annoyed that I have done so. Read it."

Charles Aubrey read Wenlock's letter with a very different feeling, as to the respective importance of its revelations, from that of his father. His private marriage was told out, and what was the locking-up or leaving loose a lunatic compared to that. He looked wistfully at his father, once or twice, before words came; and Mr. Aubrey, interpreting his embarrassment, said, almost severely—

"I hope, Charles, that at a crisis of such importance, you are not childish enough to be occupied with the idle part of that letter. Consider it unwritten. But what do you make of your friend's being in Dr. Samprey's asylum?"

"It is perfectly mysterious to me. I left him at his own lodgings early in the evening."

"Could he have seen Mr. Ingott?"

"Mr. Ingott was to be home to dinner at seven. He has not come yet."

"Now, Charles, I have something to say to you, and I shall say it with less reluctance than I expected, for you have given me proofs that you have a will of your own, which is one of the best things for steering a man through life. This Mr. Henderson has turned up at a most inconvenient time for the firm."

The words were spoken, if not carelessly, in a mere business tone; and they brought back to Charles Aubrey's mind his conversation with his wife, and the earnestness with which he had sought to impress upon her that

her suspicions were absurd. A night's interval had confirmed the young man in his original belief, and he felt ashamed of himself for having yielded to the appeals of Nelly, and to the caprice of Wenlock. The atmosphere of the house of business had slain all sentiment, and he again saw the whole affair as he had seen it on the preceding day; but these words of his father jarred upon his ear.

"It is possible," said Aubrey, in continuation, "that I may have to leave you a good deal in my place, for some little time to come—not to manage, for that labour I *must* discharge; you are young, and Ingott is—well, it has not been his business—but your duty will be to watch, and to report to me."

"On any special matter?"

"Very special. This Mr. Henderson will be here a good deal."

"The madman?" said Charles.

"If he had been locked up, that would be a very proper name for him; as he is at liberty, we may as well call him by his ordinary name."

"Then he is not mad?" asked Charles, hastily.

"My dear boy, that, fortunately, is a question which neither of us has to determine. Dr. Isinglass thinks that Mr. Henderson is mad."

"Dr. Isinglass would think I was mad, if anybody gave him a fifty-pound note for thinking so. I was ashamed to see the disreputable quack taken into Mr. Ingott's room yesterday."

"Eh?" said Aubrey; "that must have been after I left."

"Yes, it was. The fellow wanted me to ride with him in his vulgar carriage. I never felt so much inclined to kick anybody."

"You will not find the world so ready to help you into carriages, that you can generally afford to kick anybody who offers you that advancement," said Aubrey, smiling; "but I am glad you kept out of Isinglass's van."

"But, my dear father, pray clear up the mystery of Henderson's attack upon the firm. Three words from you, and my mind will be at rest."

"What are the three?"

"Henderson is mad."

"I should lie—there are three other words for you, instead."

"And yet—I know you will allow

me to go on—and yet you would have thrown him into an asylum!"

"Mr. Ingott would do so now. I would have done so before I had seen him, because I believed in his insanity. If you recall your recollections of yesterday, you will remember that I recognised his identity, and commended him to his old friend's hospitality. Was it not so?"

"It was—it certainly was. But I misunderstood your words."

"You thought I was lying to soothe a lunatic?"

"I supposed you were soothing him."

"And you acted on that belief. It was very natural, especially as Mr. Ingott confirmed it."

"Thank God that I did not act upon it! If I had done so, by this time I should have thrust a sane man into the cell of a madhouse. Thank God, that I am saved from such a crime!"

"I can have no objection to your piety, Charles, but it might be mixed with a little more logic. If you believed Henderson mad, where would have been the crime of locking him up?"

"So much for listening to a woman's advice," exclaimed Charles, exultingly.

"If you have done such a thing, and still are thankful, it would almost justify your mentioning such a topic to me," said Aubrey; "but you are looking at only one part of the subject. Mr. Henderson has been saved, but you do not consider at what expense. Did you not hear him, with his hand on Mr. Ingott's velvet collar, demand his money?"

In the enthusiasm of the moment, the consequences of Henderson's sanity did not come before the eye of the young man; but the next instant, they returned in all their grimness.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "yes. Henderson declared that Mr. Ingott had received money, and had lent it to you. But that was false. Was it not?"

"I believe Ingott to have placed money of Henderson's in the firm."

"Which he wishes repaid."

"He proclaimed his wishes rather vehemently."

"And why is it not to be done?"

"Who told you that it was not to be done? The last request I made to

my partner was that he would immediately procure the money, and pay Mr. Henderson, formerly Redcliffe."

"God bless you," exclaimed Charles, pressing his father's hand affectionately.

"Your business here, Charles," said his father, "will be this: Henderson will come until he gets his money. I must know how that money is procured. I have nothing to do with it, but I must know. Why do you look grave?"

"This seems to give weight to a story which has reached me, and which I treated as utterly false."

"What's that," said Aubrey, quickly?"

"That you and Mr. Ingott are not upon good terms."

"Who told you this?"

"Well, I do not want to get a good-natured woman into any scrape with you."

"Never mind a woman's scrapes. They get out of them again. I suppose it was Lady Elvedon."

"Yes. Don't scold her."

"But what made her tell you that?"

"She did not tell it to me exactly, but to my—wife," said Charles, hesitating a moment upon the novel monosyllable, used, for the first time, in the presence of his father. The latter

misinterpreted the meaning of the little embarrassment.

"What an extraordinary woman that Lady Elvedon is," he said, with a smile of some contempt. "But on the Continent women learn to know no difference between right and wrong. However, as to the terms on which I and Mr. Ingott find ourselves, just mind this: we are the very best friends in the world; and if either had the opportunity of hanging the other, he would have sincere pleasure in doing it. Now, I think, you understand the sort of watch which you are to keep."

"I do, indeed," said Charles, much bewildered.

"And," added his father, smiling with all his old pleasant manner, "lest any body should be tempted to throw a sop to Cerberus, let me anticipate him. There is something, which, I dare say, you will know what to do with."

He handed his son a cheque for a sum, which it is exceedingly agreeable to a young man, or, indeed, a man of any age, to receive.

"Hold your tongue," said Aubrey. "And, as I don't think you can well be spared from town to-day, I shall, myself, go down to Dr. Samprey's, and see about the lunatic painter."

## OVER THE FERRY.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

Lazily dip the heavy oars—

Calm and dark is the haunted river—

Above and below it flashes and roars,  
But here, like a lake, 'twixt magical shores,

Beautiful Eden sleeps for ever.

Sing, maiden, sing, as we slowly glide

Over the ferry at eventide.

There's a blood-red arch, the chasm across,

And Eden river flows noisily under—

Dim glades on the shore are covered with moss—

High up, great oaks their branches toss,

And the fairy valley from mortals sunder—

And the village beyond seems a village of dreams,

As over the ferry the sunset gleams.

Shrill shrieks the sudden train that flies

O'er the arch that giant hands have planted:

In the outer world the outcry dies—

And the mystic valley in silence lies,

But for Eden's song to its shores enchanted.

O carol, young girl, with the chestnut hair!

Over the ferry's the world of care.

## OUR FOREIGN COURIER.

## NO. III.

IN the "Foreign Couriers" of September and November last, occasion was taken to call attention to two aspects of the religious and philosophical life of France at the present time, which assuredly were not wanting in interest or importance. The names of M. Jules Simon and the Abbé Gratry, will at once refresh the reader's memory as to the particular currents of thought here referred to. As we hold it to be of importance to give, as far as circumstances will admit, a kind of unity of interest to a series of papers which, by their very nature, are apt to be inconveniently desultory, we shall now proceed to call attention to a third aspect of the religious life of France; and in doing so we shall avail ourselves of one or two recent publications in Germany, which will materially assist us in understanding its true character, and estimating it at its proper worth. The subject, under all its bearings, is of such deep interest, that we almost regret that we cannot devote the whole of this number to the first of the five sections into which, it will be remembered, our "Foreign Couriers" are divided. We console ourselves with the hope that the vista opened out may tempt some of our readers to wander down the avenue, and examine the prospect for himself.

We should, *à priori*, expect that religious rationalism—as distinguished from the irreligious scoffing of the Voltairian and Paine school—if once it established a footing in France, would be directed towards different aims, handled in a different spirit, and be guided by different methods to those which have obtained in Germany a footing, indeed, it endeavoured to gain nearly a century and a-half ago; for it must be remembered that Richard Simon, the learned, though somewhat disingenuous Oratorian whom Bossuet so lustily pummelled, was the true founder of that description of biblical

exegesis which in Germany is identified with the cause of rationalist inquiry. This, however, was but a mere episode or passing meteor in the history of French infidelity, for it is a singular fact, that although the "*Histoires Critiques des Vieux et du Nouveau Testament*" were written on the very threshold of the eighteenth century, the weapons which Simon and Launoy had furnished were left to rust, and the "*Lettres Persanes*" and the "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*" did all the mischief which Bossuet's short-sighted fears apprehended from biblical criticism, properly so called. Richard Simon's attempt, then, may be considered to have been abortive, so far as France is concerned. Of deists and sceptics, indeed, there have been no lack: if Simon died without issue, the same cannot be said of Voltaire; but the attempt to reconstruct a positive religion, by a combination of critical exegesis and philosophical speculation, without regard to the objective teaching of Christian churches, this is a burden which has been borne, in great measure, by the countrymen of Paulus and Ewald Schleiermacher and Strauss. Now, however, any conjecture on the probable course which similar lines of inquiry would take in France are brought to the test of fact and experience, by the publication of a work which assuredly forms an epoch in the history of French theology. M. Ernest Renan comes before us with a volume of "*Etudes d'histoire Religieuse*,"\* the object of which is to pass under review the principal forms which the religious sentiment has assumed in ancient, mediæval, and modern times. It may be called the French manifesto, or exponent of all that order of ideas with which the centre of Christian Europe has long been familiar. The religions of antiquity, the history of the people of Israel, critical historians of Jesus—alluding, of course to

\* Ernest Rénan. *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*. Paris: Michel Levy, 1857. London: Williams and Norgate, 8vo.

the famous "*Leben Jesu*"—Mahomet and the origin of Islamism, the lives of the saints, the authorship of the "*De Imitatione*," Channing, Feurbach, and Ary Scheffer's painting of the "Temptation"—such are the subjects which M. Renan handles in a manner which seems to be relished by France, for as we write the work has reached a third edition. The unruffled serenity with which the author lays down positions which many persons would call rank blasphemy, is only to be matched by the evident depth and sincerity of the religious feeling with which he assails what most persons would call the very essence of religion. To him may justly be applied—as one of his ablest critics has remarked—the distich which Tieck applied to Novalis :

"Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen,  
Die du mir nennst—un warum keine? Aus Religion."

The reader will do well thoroughly to master the opening essay, *scilicet*, on the *Religions of Antiquity*. Not only because it is the best in the volume, but also because it furnishes a key by which he will find his way into the fallacies by which the author has deceived no one, we apprehend, more than himself.

On these fallacies we have a word or two to remark. M. Renan repeatedly states—states, too, in an off-hand manner, as a matter of course, as a thing which will not admit of a moment's discussion, an axiom, not an opinion—that it is of the essence of criticism to ignore the supernatural. We can only say *tant pis* for bleary-eyed criticism. We should have thought at first that M. Renan might have learned better from his friend, Mr. Strauss (for in spite of all his animadversions on that writer, a friend of M. Renan's he must still be called). No one has exposed with such signal success the utter failure which has attended the efforts, alike pedantic, impious, and insane, of the modern Euhemeri of the Tubingen school of so-called Theologians. The fact is, that in those memoirs of the founder of Christianity, which we call the Gospels, the miraculous cannot be separated from the natural, or what is commonly styled historical. The two are woven together, without seam, from the top throughout. Their in-

dissoluble cohesion cannot be impaired by any process which does not wholly upset and violate the laws of evidence by which any and every historical fact, sacred or profane, has ever been admitted as true since the world was. On this head, Christianity—as will ever be the case—is, in a sense, under great obligations to its opponents. The almost ludicrous discomfiture which has attended the crude labours of Paulus and his crew, to explain away the supernatural element of the Gospel narrative having rebounded beyond all expectation to its lasting corroboration. We repeat, then, that at first sight we were surprised to find M. Renan so coolly ignoring this exceptional character of the records of the Christian faith. But our surprise diminished as we proceeded. A rationalist of the Euhemerist stamp, M. Renan does not profess to be. He will not stake his fortunes on so hopeless a crusade. Scylla he is averse to; but he does not mind mooring his vessel to Charybdis. For, however much he may hesitate to commit himself to all the attenuated sophistries and Hegelian nihilism which steam up like a fetid vapour from the pages of the *Leben Jesu*, there can be no doubt that M. Renan is in substance and in effect a disciple of M. Strauss. In other words, he is a mythologue, and brings with him—we may here exclaim emphatically, *Credat Judæus*!—to the consideration of the Christian dispensation, that order of ideas and those canons of criticism, with which he rose from the study of "*Les Religions de L'Antiquité*." The "religious sentiment," he tells us is a great fact; it witnesses to man's aspirations after the infinite, and so on; but all the rest is leather and prunella. The forms in which this sentiment has been couched are merely psychological phenomena, indicative of the legendary tendencies of "*La religion de la foule*" as opposed to "*La religion des savants*." Premising that there is probably no boy in the sixth form of a public school, who would not be staggered by the absurdity of transplanting to Palestine, and the reign of Tiberius, those mythopæic processes, which confessedly beguiled the fancy in the early prime and anti-historic age of musing Hellas, and of looking, in a time of morbid queru-

lous incertitude, and scrutinizing scepticism, for the naïve creations of a poetical unquestioning credulity. Let us hasten to test the fallacy somewhat closer, by confronting it with the Gospel narrative. We can then conceive any Christian believer of ordinary sagacity addressing M. Renan in this wise—"I have just read your book; I regret, indeed, that in spite of the *clarté* of style and thought which so favourably distinguishes it from its German prototypes, occasional obscurations intervene at the very moment when I hoped to find you grappling with sundry stubborn facts. At the approach of a difficulty of this nature you fly off into rhapsodies about "*le sentiment religieux*," and the sound of an organ—pretty things enough in their way, but irrelevant. You appear to me to use them as crockery vendors put hay or wool in packing their cups and saucers—you know your wares would crack without them; but for all that, hay and stubble they remain. Still, in spite of this solution of continuity, this pulling up, as it were, in your investigations, your book has left a pretty strong impression on my mind. It is this—That you believe, indeed, in the existence, and, in a hazy sort of way, in the divinity of one whom I designate as the Incarnate Son of God; but that all the signs and wonders which marked his sojourn upon earth, were the embellishments embroidered on the narrative by the religious sensibilities, the legendary tendencies of "*la foule*." *Myths*, indeed, you refrain from calling them; for you are aware that such a term has a "*véritable inconvénient*," as savouring too much of Straussian tenets, and bringing into undue relief the utter discongruity that exists between the time of our Lord, and the primitive epochs of Greece and India. But for all that, you place the Evangelists on the same level with the historians of Boudha and Mahomet, and with the authors of the "*Vie fabuleuse*" of Cakya-Mouni, you speak once, and again of "*la fière originalité des créations spontanées de la conscience*;" of "*la fécondité, légendaire*," and you quote approvingly a passage from M. Littré, which places the origin of every miracle, "*dans l'imagination qui se frappe, dans la crédulité complaisante, dans l'ignorance des lois*

*naturelles*;" and there is one page in particular in your volume (p. 202, first edition), which reads very much like a passage in the second edition of the "*Leben Jesu*" (ii, p. 740-59), which Strauss thought it convenient to suppress in the third. But in thus descending on the *travail légendaire* by which a "*héros réel*" became a "*type idéal*," you have omitted to inform us what it was that constituted the hero, what it was that set the wits of these legend-makers a-going? You will reply, "Faith in his mission," but when I press you a little further, and ask, whence that faith, I am condemned to pause for a reply. Are you not mistaking the causes for effects, a fallacy by no means uncommon in the school to which you belong. The humblest and most illiterate member of that "*foule*," of whom you are good enough to speak with such compassionate sympathy, would tell you, in common with the church of Christ in all parts and ages of the world, that the miracles seen of all men produced the faith; you affirm that the faith produced the miracles. The origin of the faith itself is, in your hands, an insoluble problem, the mystery of which waxes greater and greater just in proportion as you proceed in establishing the fact of that *fécondité légendaire*, which at present you only postulate and assume, and which denudes more and more the Son of God of everything by which that faith could be generated and sustained. With such results before me, while I heartily applaud the good taste and feeling with which you sift and criticise what I shall continue to call the sacred narrative, I feel no inducement to quit the *terra firma* of the grand objective facts attested by the fishermen of Galilee, for the ledgeless slope of transcendental refinements, on which "*Messieurs les savants*" love to slide.

We have devoted an unusually large space to the notice of M. Renan's *étude*, both because the work itself possesses very high literary qualities, and also because the principles it inculcates form a novelty in the religious history of France, on the *epochal* character of which we think it well to insist. Should the reader be encouraged to look into the matter for himself, we have on our table sundry works which will aid him materially



in arriving at a right judgment, and with which we shall hasten to conclude this first section of our Foreign Courier. With regard, for example, to the *Religions of Antiquity*, the subject of M. Renan's opening essay, the reader will derive much instruction and entertainment from comparing the views there set forth with those contained in Professor Welcker's recently published Greek Mythology, or "*Griechische Götterlehre*,"\* a work to which the learned world has long looked forward with an anxiety which it will be our object to show, on a future occasion, has neither been exaggerated nor misplaced. The whole genesis of the Hellenic myth is there unfolded with a clearness, and poetic feeling, and erudition hitherto unequalled in any work on the same subject. He will also do well to read the second volume of M. Maury's "*Religions de la Grèce*,"† which deals with the worship, mysteries, sacerdotal institutions, divinations, and oracles of the Hellenes, and amply sustains the high qualities which the reader may remember we attributed to the first volume. Inferior to Welcker in that keen insight into the habits of thought of the ancient world, by which the German professor unspheres the spirit of the ancient myth, he is greatly his superior in the clearness and elegance with which he expresses himself. Less directly ancillary (but still ancillary) to the right estimate not only of the *étude* on the *Religions de l'Antiquité*, but also of that on the *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël*, is Dr. Döllinger's elaborate work on Heathendom and Judaism.‡ The *facile princeps* of Roman Catholic writers and divines, this eminent mitred Abbot and Principal of the University of Munich has more than once, we believe, refused the offer of the archbishopric of Salzburg, in order that he might not rob himself of leisure for literary pursuits, and more especially for the composition of a great history

of the Christian Church, in which he is now engaged. To that history the work before us is a kind of *vorhalle*, as the German hath it, or *introduction*. Before he proceeds to recount the planting and growth of the divine seed, he is anxious to make himself acquainted with the qualities of the soil. With this view he takes a survey of the moral, social, and religious condition of the ancient world, heathen and Jewish, at the advent of Christ, and shows what prejudices, errors, and vices Christianity had to overcome; what yearnings and aspirations to meet and to fulfil. It is evident, indeed, that, as compared with Welcker and Maury, Dr. Döllinger is *from home* in his subject, and finds greater satisfaction in showing the depths to which heathendom fell than the heights to which it soared. At the same time we must remember that the very nature of his task compelled him to fix his attention on times of decay rather than of bloom, and we certainly know of no one work in which the reader will find so complete, and, on the whole, so faithful a picture of the condition of the world, and of all that was at once propædæntic and antagonistic to Christianity at the coming of its great Founder. The reader will gather from its pages that Bossuet's grand sentence in the "*Histoire Universelle*" (reign of Augustus)—"*Tout l'Univers vit en paix sous sa puissance, et Jésus Christ vient au monde*," is nothing but a mockery when applied to that inner peace which passeth man's understanding. Never was man less at one with Heaven or with himself than when the great Atoner lay in the manger at Bethlehem.

Again, with regard to the third essay, on the "*Vie de Jésus*," what can the reader do better than consult the pages of Professor Schwarz's§ excellent little sketch of the "latest" German Theology, a sketch in which Dr. Strauss occupies the most promi-

\* *Griechische Götterlehre*, von F. G. Welcker. Erster Band: 8vo., 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

† Maury. *Histoire des Religions de la Grèce Antique*; tome II. Paris: Lacrange, 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡ *Heidenthum und Judenthum*, von J. J. T. Döllinger. Regensburg: 1857, gr. 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate.

§ *Zur Geschichte der Neuesten Theologie*, von K. Schwarz. Leipzig: Brockhano. London: Williams and Norgate, 18mo.

ment (though not the most enviable) place, as having caused, says the author, the same commotion in the theological world, by the publication of the "*Leben Jesu*," that 1848 caused in the political world. Hegel, Schleiermacher, Neander, Tholuck, Hengstenburg, Ullmann, Weisse, the two Baur, Thiersch, Rothe, Lange, Feuerbach, New Lutherans, Hyperlutherans—every school, in short, religion, and philosophy, from orthodoxy to atheism, is here placed before us in a very pleasing style, and weighed, as far as we can judge, with very impartial sobriety. If, on the other hand, he wishes to rise from these special details to a more general view of the whole bearings of philosophy, from the schoolmen, downwards, on Christian truth; if he wishes to see how the most adverse systems have been compelled, almost in spite of themselves, to do homage at the foot of the cross, and to corroborate verities which they hoped to confute, then we commend him to the care of Professor Deulinger,\* whose labours in the field of abstract speculation—witness his seven volumes of "*Grundlinien einer positiven Philosophie*"—are a proof that he is not merely a "gatherer of other men's stuff," but is capable of vigorous and independent thinking himself.

The length into which we have been betrayed by M. Renan's work, and the dearth, among recent publications, of any work on "Politics and Education," sufficiently note-worthy to demand any very pressing remarks, induces us to defer, until a future occasion, the few works which were intended to figure in our second section. We, therefore, pass on to the literature of *Science*, which occupies the third section of our Foreign Courier.

At the head of these scientific publications must be placed the second part of the second volume of M. Milne Edwards' "Lectures on Physiology."† With the general scope of this work the reader has already been made acquainted in our last Foreign Courier. The part now before us contains five lectures, and completes the investiga-

tion of the respiratory organs, commenced in Part I. The third volume will contain the history of the circulation of blood. The first lecture in this part—the fifteenth of the series—begins with the respiration of birds, and concludes with an interesting inquiry on the uses of the air-bladder, which we meet with in many fishes. In common with Professor Owen, M. Milne Edwards is of opinion that the vessel in question is more frequently a hydrostatic apparatus than an organ of respiration. Great impulse was given to this ichthyological problem, by the discovery of the *Lepidosiren paradoxa*, concerning which naturalists have not yet come to an agreement, whether it belong to the fish or the batrachia tribe. The reader must often have noticed this silvery-looking sack, when eating his bloater at breakfast. The common mackerel has none; other varieties of mackerel have it. On the whole, our author seems to consider it to be of very small physiological importance. The two lectures next following, are mainly devoted to the mechanism of respiration in man, the action of the diaphragm, the elasticity of the lungs, the muscles engaged in the process, the power put into play, the modifications of that power, brought about by age and sex, especially as regards the frequency of the respirations; such are the principal subjects embraced and elucidated in these two lectures. With regard to the rhythmical character of the respiratory motions, M. Milne Edwards mentions a curious experiment, produced by an instrument called a *kymographion*. This high-sounding apparatus is very simple, as the following description will show:—"C'est un levier dont une des branches est appliquée contre la partie inférieure et antérieure du sternum, et dont l'autre branche munie d'un crayon, trace sur une bande de papier qui s'avance régulièrement une ligne courbe correspondant aux mouvements d'élévation et d'abaissement du sternum. Les coordonnées des courbes ainsi formées correspondant à la durée des mouve-

\* *Das Princip der Neuen Philosophie und die Christliche Wissenschaft*, von Professor Dr. M. Deulinger. Regensburg: 1857, 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Leçons de Physiologie*, par Milne Edwards; tome ii., part 2. Paris: Victor Masson, 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

ments, et les abscisses à la grandeur de celles-ci." The inequalities which exist between the durations of the inspiratory and expiratory movements, respectively, as determined by this process, are very curious. At times this difference reaches the proportion of 1 : 2. Extremely interesting is the discussion in the next lecture (eighteenth), of the changes determined by respiration in the chemical composition of the air respired, and of the causes which bring about those variations which we meet with, in the degree of activity of that kind of physiological combustion which effects the chemical modifications of the air. This lecture would naturally lead him to investigate the relation which exists between the lungs and the blood; this he reserves, however, for the next volume, and concludes the present with an examination of sundry phenomena of respiration which had not found a place in preceding lectures. Among these are the following:—the ratio between the quantities of oxygen consumed and of carbonic acid exhaled; the laws which govern insensible perspiration; ventilation, and the influence of animals on the constitution of the atmosphere. With regard to the possible deterioration of the atmosphere by respiration and combustion, M. Dumas has calculated that, without taking into consideration the exhalation of oxygen by plants, it would take all the animals on the globe a hundred years to reduce the amount of oxygen by one eight-thousandth part, a quantity altogether inappreciable by the most perfect methods of investigation which science has at her command. The data on which this curious calculation is founded are given in a note (p. 646). We trust we have said sufficient to show the extreme interest which attaches to this excellent treatise. We would urge both publisher and author not to delay bringing out the remaining volumes. Meanwhile the reader may rely on our giving him due notice of their publication.

M. Serive, Physician-General to the army, has published a most interesting medical history of the campaign.\* It is divided into two parts. The first separates the history of the

campaign into five periods, to each of which are appended *des pièces justificatives*, which consist principally of official reports and correspondence on the sanitary condition of the army. The second part consists of an able *résumé d'ensemble des faits médicaux de la campagne*, and is divided into four categories:—1. *Moyens de secours*. 2. *Faits médicaux*. 3. *Faits chirurgicaux*. 4. *Fonctionnement du personnel*. Of the five periods above named, the fifth (or last six months of the campaign) was by far the most disastrous to our gallant allies. The ravages which typhus occasioned during the months of February and March, 1856, reached a height which was perfectly alarming and unparalleled. If a French *Times* had had its "Own Correspondent" to chronicle the march of its disease, and lavish invectives against the scarcity of appliances for alleviating its evils, there is no doubt that either his statements would have been received with incredulity, or, in any case, that they would have caused a turmoil in public opinion, even greater than that of which England was the theatre in 1855. In four months of the period above named, Dr. Serive informs us that out of an effective force of 145,000 men 47,800 went into the *ambulances* from typhus; of this number 9,000 died; and the writer adds, that there were probably an equal number of fatal cases among those who were sent off from the *ambulances* to the hospitals of Constantinople and of France. The volume is filled with very curious statistics. As the most considerable of these (such as the relative losses by disease and casualties of war) have already been laid before the reader in all the daily journals, we select one with which he may not possibly be so familiar. Dr. Serive gives us the relative frequency of gun-shot wounds as regards their locality in the body: first, during siege operations; secondly, in open fight. The proportion in the former case stand as follows:—head, 1 wound in 3- $\frac{1}{2}$ ; neck, 1 in 46; breast, 1 in 12; belly, 1 in 15; upper extremities (including shoulders), 1 in 6- $\frac{1}{2}$ ; lower extremities (including hips), 1 in 4- $\frac{1}{2}$ . Dr. Serive argues, from the enormous predominance of wounds in the head,

\* *Relation Médico-Chirurgicale de la Campagne d'Orient*, par le Dr. Serive. Paris: Victor Masson. London: Williams and Norgate.

that it would be prudent and advantageous to protect the head of troops engaged in a siege by some helmet which should be proof against bullets and the bursting of projectiles. It is interesting to note the contrast between the above proportions and those which obtained in pitched battles:—Head, 1 in 10; neck, 1 in 112; breast, 1 in 20; belly, 1 in 40; upper extremities, 1 in 4½; lower extremities, 1 in 3½. It is worth observing, that though chloroform was universally and constantly used in the French army, both for operations and dressings, Dr. Serive assures us that in no one case was it attended with fatal or in any way unfavourable results. On the value of this book to the medical world it is, of course, needless to insist. The general reader, however, cannot fail to take an interest in its perusal.

If all so-called specifics did but work half the miracles they profess to accomplish the undertaker's occupation would be gone, and the burial service would become obsolete. But, unfortunately, be doctors never so learned, and drugs never so efficacious, "it is appointed unto all men once to die." Here is a work announcing a specific for pulmonary consumption.\* The author—a physician of the Paris School of Medicine, who up till 1856 had been practising in the Havannah—lays down the general principle that the great problem which, in the present state of the science, has to be solved by therapeutics, is to determine how far maladies are influenced by an augmentation or diminution of the primordial principles of the animal economy, and, more especially, by a modification in the proportions of the inorganic elements of the blood. As a particular instance of this general principle, he attributes the origin of tubercular disease to a diminution of the oxydable phosphorus contained in the system; and feels confident that whatever may be the verdict pronounced on the remedy to which he now invites the attention of the public—having failed to secure that of the *Académie de Médecine*, who took no

notice of his memoir—the therapeutic formula of a specific for the affection in question will come within the category of some "combinaison de phosphore à la fois assimilable, et oxydable." The particular combination selected by Dr. Churchill (for reasons stated in his book) is hypophosphate of lime. He contends that its action on tubercular diathesis is immediate and marvellously rapid, and backs up the assurance by an account of thirty-four cases, which fills up the body of the book, and is preceded by the memoir already alluded to, which the French Academy had neither the courage to condemn, nor the candour to endorse. Dr. Churchill's grievances, however, against his brethren of the faculty must necessarily be to the public a matter of the utmost indifference. It is not so with the remedy itself; and we think it were much to be desired that public opinion should be ready, if need be, to shield from unmerited obloquy those medical men who prefer resorting to the despised instrument of a specific in order to cure their patients, than to let them die *secundum artem*. At any rate, we are anxious the question should be agitated. The work is neither bulky nor expensive, and ought to be conned by every one who has reason to be apprehensive of one of the most dreadful maladies to which flesh is heir.

We ought to have called earlier attention to two volumes of *Eloges*,† on men famous in the history of science, by M. Flourens, the secretary of the *Académie des Sciences*. The first volume, like many other works which emanate from the same publishers, is a flagrant case of book-making—one of those impositions to which no respectable firm would resort; for the reader will find, to his disgust, that the greater part of M. Flourens' *Etudes* on Fontenelle and Cuvier, which are still on sale as separate works, are reproduced in this volume for no other purpose than that we can perceive but to fill up space for which the *Eloges* on Blumenbach, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, De Blainville, and Leo-

\* *De la Cause Immédiate et du Traitement Spécifique de la Phthisie Pulmonaire*, par J. F. Churchill, D.M.P. Paris: Victor Masson, 1858. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Eloges Historiques*, par P. Flourens; tomes i. et ii. Paris: Garnier. London: Jeffs.

pold de Buch were found insufficient. The whole getting up of the book is in keeping with this beginning, a most extravagant use being made of blank pages, wide interstices between the paragraphs, and other such arts, to which, we confess, we are astonished that M. Flourens could lead himself. We hasten to add, however, that the publisher's name is the only bad thing about the work. In all other respects, these *Eloges* are of the most interesting character. Each of the illustrious names above mentioned becomes the text for masterly expositions of the principles and history of the particular sciences of which they were the champions; and, along with these, we carry away with us from the perusal a tolerably vivid idea of the temperament and individuality of the man, and how that individuality influenced his achievements as a labourer in the field of science. The second volume is confined to botanists, the famous family of the Jussieu, five in number—Desfontaines, Labillardière, De Candolle, Du Petit Thonars, Delessert, and De Peyssonel. The notice of the Jussieu is interwoven with disquisitions on *Method*.

French literature is much better furnished than our own with expositions, at once sound and popular, of abstruse departments of science. Our scientific men do not seem to combine, in an adequate degree, literary elegance with the mastery of technical details. Now, as M. Paul de Remusat well observes, in the volume by our side, \* "Le langage scientifique est commode pour les découvertes et facilite l'étude; mais il est rarement indispensable à l'exposition des doctrines et des théories. S'il est utile de populariser les sciences, il n'est nullement nécessaire d'en vulgariser le langage." The work from which these judicious remarks are taken is an interesting *recueil* of essays on various scientific subjects which appeared originally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and forms a valuable contribution to that popular literature of science of which we have been speaking. The very title of the opening essay—"Les Races Humaines"—throws down the gauntlet; in fact, although the author is too

sensible of the difficulties of the question to pronounce any decided opinion, it is evident that he is no partisan of the unity of the human race. The only object he has proposed to himself is to lay before the readers a succinct exposition of the zoological bearings of the problem, to register the differences which obtain in this respect among the various families of man; and then to leave the reader to ask himself whether their differences can be accounted for, as *Unitarians* have contended, by the influences of climate and the like. We think he scarcely attaches sufficient value to the famous argument in favour of the unity of the human race, which Buffon, Flourens, and Hollard have drawn from the unarrested fecundity which those naturalists have made the test of identity of species. The second *étude* is entitled "*D'une Révolution en Chimie*," à propos of an attempt—which it is difficult to condemn as unsuccessful—to upset the binary theory of combination by M. Laurent, who certainly, as M. P. de Remusat remarks, possessed one, at least, of the dire prerogatives of genius—"Il a été victime de la hardiesse de ses opinions, il a vécu pauvre, et il est mort ignoré." It would appear that M. Laurent's theory tends to convert into a general law what M. Dumas had led us to believe was only the exceptional case of what are called *isomeric* bodies. Chemistry is with him the science of substitutions; and the object of all his experiments is to replace, in compound bodies, certain atoms by certain other atoms, and to determine what substances are capable of being substituted for others, and the laws by which such substitution is effected. We cannot now go into any further detail on this most interesting subject, which promises, indeed, to be a new era in the philosophy of chemistry; we can only state that M. Dumas has recently informed the *Académie des Sciences* that the new theory, *était loin d'être sans valeur*—that M. P. de Remusat's essay contains a masterly exposition of the different theories which have prevailed from the earliest times on the molecular constitution of bodies, and that those who wish to go to the foun-

\* Paul de Remusat. *Les Sciences Naturelles*. Paris: Michel Levy. London: Jeffs, 12mo.

tain head and examine M. Laurent's theory for themselves, have only to send for his book, the title of which runs as follows:—"Méthode de Chimie par M. A. Laurent, précédée d'une préface par M. Biot, in 8vo. Paris: chez Mallet-Bachelier." We regret that our limits will not allow us to do more than give the names of the remaining *études* in this charming volume. *Hippocrates* is the text, or the pretext, of an able discussion of conflicting medical schools and theories down to our own day. The new metal, *aluminium*, branches out under M. Paul de Remusat's auspices, into a general disquisition on metallic bodies; and an attempt to answer the question, What is a metal? Is my liver a sugar-basin? is what every reader asks himself as he lays down the interesting narrative of the discussions to which M. Claude Bernard's experiments on glycogeny have given rise. To crown all, comes an essay, to which every Englishman will turn with delight—"The Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Newton."

Most of our readers will, probably, remember an article in the *Quarterly Review*, of September, 1856, on the "Symbolik of the Human Form," by Dr. Carus, the famous German anatomist and physiologist, and, we may add, landscape-painter. The gist of the book is to show that the peculiarities of conformation of every part of the human body are rife with indications of the physical and moral condition of the individual in whom they are observed. The full account which was given of the work at the time, in the *Quarterly*, renders it superfluous for us to enter more fully into the subject on the present occasion. Our only object is to let the reader know that a new and greatly improved edition,\* illustrated with 161 woodcuts, has just appeared in Germany; and, we doubt not, will meet with as favourable a reception as the first. Born in 1780, Dr. Carus is rapidly approaching his eightieth year. Such a work as the one before us—to which we might add a production, equally recent, on *Lebensmagnetismus*, or Animal Magnetism, in-

cluding all the phenomena which have, directly or indirectly, been thrust within the range of that science—is a proof that the intellectual powers of Dr. Carus are not merely as vigorous, but, what is more extraordinary, as receptive of new classes of ideas and impressions—as capable of striking out new lines of inquiry—as they were thirty years ago. One of the most curious chapters in this book is the "Symbolik" of the Foot. The author may well put on the title page, *Handbuch der Menschkenntnis*, for the work abounds with ingenious hints for judging of human nature and character from the human frame. In fact, it only extends to the whole body that class of impressions which an intelligent observer arrives at from the study of physiognomy.

IV. We cannot better commence the historical section of our Foreign Courier than by inviting the attention of our readers to a new Universal History, by Professor Weber, of Heidelberg, of which the first volume, in two parts,† is now before us. As far as it at present reaches, it seems vastly superior to the Universal History of Cantu, the only serious rival that it can be said to have in the same field. This volume comprises the ancient history of the Chinese and Egyptians, the Arian and Iranian races (Indians, Medes, and Persians), and the Semitic (Assyrians, Phœnicians, and Jews). Use is made of the latest results which modern erudition has brought to light with reference to these peoples, and in clear and vigorous outlines Dr. Weber traces before our eyes the political, religious, and literary development of national culture. The work is divided into three periods—antiquity, the middle ages, and modern times. In his preface he takes up very high ground, as to the duties of a universal historian; and hitherto his practice does not belie his professions. In the history of Assyria the fullest use is made of the cuneiform inscriptions. But we confess we are surprised to find Dr. Weber taking *au sérieux* Gumpach's so-called investigations on

\* *Symbolik der Menschlichen Gestalt. Ein Handbuch zur Menschenkenntnis*, von C. G. Carus. Leipzig: 1858.

† *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte*, von Dr. Georg Weber. Leipzig: Englemann, 1857. Erster Band: 1e. u. 2e. Hälfte. London: Williams and Norgate.

Assyrian chronology. The work is to be completed in ten or twelve volumes. The first half of the second volume, containing the History of Greece, is to appear next Easter. We would suggest that the hundred pages on the Ancient Civilization and History of India should be translated into English. It would be too much to hope that the whole work should meet with a similar honour. Before taking leave of Dr. Weber let us mention, in passing another work—more of a philosophical than a purely historical character—which is now in course of publication in Germany. We allude to Wuttké's "History of Humanity." The author's object is to trace, so to speak, the abstract more than the concrete history of the human race; to follow out, that is the successive relations which have connected man with the infinite world without and above him, rather than to record the acts and events in which he has borne a part on this finite speck, called earth. We shall, probably, recur to it on a future occasion.

Since we noticed M. Poirson's History of the Reign of Henri IV., we have received an excellent little compendium by the same author, which is modestly called a *Précis de l'histoire de France*,\* but might more justly be styled a history of French civilization during the period embraced; so full, for a compendium, are the details which the author has contrived to introduce on everything which makes up the idea of civilization. The author's intention is to carry it on to the Revolution of 1789. The volume before us commences with the reign of Louis XI., and terminates with the death of Henri IV. It is easy to see that M. Poirson has gone for his information to the fountain-head. We have never met with a *Précis* which savoured less of being a compilation. The character of Louis XI. (p. 40) is traced with a master-hand. The following *morceau* has struck us as particularly neat. After stating that Louis was "mauvais fils, mauvais mari, mauvais père," he illustrates the last of these designations in the following terms:—"Il ne vit dans

son fils qu'un rival, qu'un ennemi possible, et en conséquence il s'appliqua à le rendre faible de corps et d'esprit: comme il avait besoin de celui-là pour son successeur, il ne le tua pas: *il lui retrancha de la vie.*"

In speaking of the literature of the reign of Louis XII., and more especially of Claude Seyssel's translations (pp. 114, 116), we are surprised to find that M. Poirson omits the Thucydides, which Seyssel translated for the use of the king. He was aided in his task by Lascaris Vascosan brought it out in a most sumptuous form, and it was this version that Charles V. used to carry about with him on his campaigns. Henri Estienne, indeed, made great game both of it and of Laurentius Valla's Latin translation, saying that Valla made a guess at Thucydides, and that Seyssel made a guess at Valla; and, possibly, it was this severe judgment which induced M. Poirson to omit it from his list. An omission, however, it certainly is. We hasten to add, that it is the only flaw we have been able to detect in the admirable sketch of letters and of arts under the reign of Louis XII. One of the most valuable and original parts of the book is the account given at p. 201, &c., of the rise and progress of the Reformation in France. We must not forget, however, that we are only dealing with a compendium, and that other more considerable works are yet to be noticed.

Our curiosity has been somewhat excited by three volumes of *Études* on the French Revolution of 1789, written by an *Etranger*.† Who is this étranger? we naturally ask ourselves. A Russian, we conjecture: but at the best this is only an approach towards the solution of the mystery. Meanwhile we console ourselves with the assurance that the work possesses far higher merits than the adventitious interest of anonymous authorship. The great French Revolution, forming as it did a crisis in the history not only of France, but of the world, is one of those inexhaustible subjects which are always capable of presenting a novel aspect, and of receiving

\* *Précis de l'Histoire de France pendant les Temps Modernes*, par M. A. Poirson. Paris: Louis Colas. London: Dulau.

† *Études Historiques sur la Révolution de 1789*, par un Étranger, 3 vols., 8vo. Paris: Didot. London: Jeffs.

some fresh illustration. A German professor, at Munich, for example, is now preparing a history of that period, which on very many points, if we are not misinformed, will bring out some important facts with which the public has never yet been made acquainted. To return to the work before us. Among the causes which induced our anonymous author to write the *Études*—which bring the history of the Revolution down to the death of Robespierre—must be placed a general dissatisfaction with the strong bias exhibited in existing histories, and a strong sense of the analogies which that revolution bears to the more recent events which took place in Europe in 1848. Were it for nothing else, the book would be worth reading for the pictures it presents of Mirabeau, one of the most powerful, and withal the most truthful with which we are acquainted. Very true is the remark:—"La mort ne pouvait pas arriver plus à propos pour cette haute intelligence." If Mirabeau had lived, it is very doubtful whether he would have retained his popularity. Amid the many remarkable passages which are to be met with in these volumes, both for the thoughts they contain and the vigorous language in which they are couched, we select the following, on Voltaire, whom he justly places "au premier rang des démolisseurs de la vieille Société."

"Lors qu'on examine attentivement la marche et l'esprit du dix-huitième siècle, Voltaire et ses écrits, on rencontre une similitude frappante entre cet homme et le siècle qu'il a traversé; ne serait-on pas tenté de dire que Voltaire en a été la personification? Ardeur insatiable de tout connaître, de tout savoir, de pénétrer dans les arcanes les plus profonds du monde moral et politique, d'embrasser l'ensemble de la science humaine; souplesse, mobilité inconcevable d'esprit et de sentiments; vivacité singulière d'imagination, unie quelquefois à une sagacité rare dans les aperçus; hardiesse de pensées et adulation de courtisan envers le pouvoir; rêver le bonheur de l'espèce humaine, tout en jetant à pleines mains le ridicule sur des institutions religieuses qui seules peuvent offrir à la société des garanties d'ordre et de stabilité; amour-propre efféné, passion que rien ne peut contenir, d'exercer une puissante influence sur ses con-

temporains, de percer la foule, et de s'assurer une haute position dans la société, d'acquérir enfin un grand renom, sans négliger aucun moyen de lucre, de bien-être matériel; légèreté d'esprit, unie à une sensibilité des plus expansives, qui trop souvent se dissipe en bouffées philanthropiques: voilà Voltaire, voilà tout le dix-huitième siècle. Personne mieux que Voltaire ne connut son époque, n'apprécia ses contemporains. On exagère trop la légèreté de sa plume; ce protée d'une espèce toute nouvelle, compris à merveille le caractère de sa nation. Il sentit que ce n'était point par des raisonnements profonds qu'on pouvait ranger les Français aux opinions qu'il prétendait leur inculquer, mais par des productions badines légères en apparence, mais de nature à pénétrer bien avant dans l'esprit de la génération qui s'avancait, sont en lui appargnant l'ennui d'une attention soutenue. C'est précisément ce que lui a valu une prodigieuse popularité."—(I. p. 120.)

When we say that this work abounds with reflections of as high an order as those we have just laid before the reader, we think we have established the claims of our *Etranger* to the favourable attention of all who take an interest in studying one of the most extraordinary epochs which the history of humanity has ever witnessed.

In the present death-like silence of political life in France, we hail with peculiar pleasure any protest against the memorable judgment which Paul Louis Courier passed on his countrymen—"Français! vous êtes non pas le plus esclave, mais le plus valet de tous les peuples"—any indication that Frenchmen are not ashamed of their foretime, or disposed to barter for the mess of pottage which despotism offers for their acceptance, that glorious birthright of political liberty which they so dearly won. It is with these feelings that we lay down M. Duvergier de Hauranne's "*History\* of Parliamentary Government in France from 1814 to 1848.*" The two first volumes now before us do little more than break ground in the subject which the author has undertaken to treat, for he wisely deemed it necessary to go back to 1789, and trace at once the excellencies and the defects of the foundations then laid for the superstructure of political liberty. Such a retrospect he conceives will

\* *Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire en France*, par M. Duvergier de Hauranne, tomes i. et ii. Paris: Michel Levy, 1857. London: Jeff.



be peculiarly salutary to a nation which is apt to treat with ingratitude, if not with invective, those who fought for the liberties it at one time was not ashamed to despise—*"Ne donnons pas à l'Europe,"* he eloquently exclaims, *"le triste spectacle d'une nation à laquelle ses traditions les plus récentes, comme les plus anciennes sont importunes, et qui croit faire preuve d'indépendance et de puissance en recommençant tous les dix ans son histoire."* One of the most amusing—were it not disgusting—sophistries by which certain writers advocate the existence of the present despotism in France is the assertion that that form of government is necessary for a time, in order to train Frenchmen for the practice of political liberty; just as if a man were to train himself for a walking-match by lying in bed. However, if lie in bed they must, they cannot do better than spend their time in reading M. Duvergier de Hauranne's book; and if the reader be a government functionary, we would call his special attention to the following passage *à propos* of the tribe of servile Jacks-in-office who flooded France—a very plague of locusts—at the advent of the first Empire:—

"Ce jour-là se trouva créée au milieu de la nation Française, une nation, ou, pour mieux dire, une tribu nouvelle, la tribu des fonctionnaires; tribu singulière, dont l'administration est la seule patrie, l'avancement le seul but, l'obéissance la seule vertu; pour laquelle il n'est pas d'autre bien dans le monde que le succès, d'autre mal que la défaite; toujours prête, par conséquent, à embrasser la cause que la fortune favorise, à désertir la cause que la fortune abandonne; condamnant aujourd'hui sans remords ceux qu'elle servirait hier sans scrupule; indifférente à tout, hormis à son intérêt personnel, et n'ayant qu'une pensée quand les gouvernements s'élèvent, celle de s'élever avec eux, qu'une préoccupation quand elles tombent, celle de n'être pas entraînée dans leur chute. En 1812, après la conspiration de Malet, plus tard, à Sainte-Hélène, Napoléon se montrait fort irrité contre cette versatilité des fonctionnaires publics, et leur imputait en grande partie les malheurs de la France, et les siens; mais les fonctionnaires publics étaient ce qu'il avait voulu qu'ils fussent, ce qu'il les avait faits. Si l'œuvre était mauvaise, c'est à lui-même qu'il devait s'en prendre."—(II. p. 5.)

These remarks are as applicable in

their cutting sarcasm to the functionaries of the second as to those of the first empire. If there be one thing more than another which is calculated to work the downfall of Napoleon the Third, it is the unprincipled time-serving spirit and conduct of those who preside over the administration of the country. The first volume of this very remarkable work—to be completed in four—is styled, "Introduction." The author recounts and discusses the social and legislative measures and constitutional schemes which succeeded one another in motley array from 1789 to what he styles the "*Prostration universelle*" of 1804. A concluding chapter takes a hasty view of the events of 1804–1813, a period which finds no place in the history of liberal institutions. The second volume takes up the narrative at the commencement of 1814, discusses the famous *charte*, and so on to June, 1815. The return of Napoleon from Elba is visited with the severest reprobation, in an eloquent passage, to which we invite the reader's attention (p. 455). On the whole, the work is one which every one who partakes of the inestimable blessings of a free government—for inestimable they assuredly are—should carefully read. It will teach him to cherish with just pride those privileges of which long and undisturbed enjoyment may have led him to think less highly than he ought to think, and against which in moments of peevish petulance he may even have had the flippant effrontery to indulge a sneer. It will teach him to weigh the import of that glorious appeal in which Milton reminded his countrymen, that the liberties they had so laboriously won might from very wantonness be lost. "Nam et vos, ô cives,"—for we cannot refrain from quoting the open sentence—"quales ipsi sitis ad libertatem vel acquirendam vel retinendam haud parvi interest: nisi libertas ejusmodi sit, quæ neque parari armis neque auferri potest ea autem sola est, quæ pietate; justitiâ, temperantiâ, verâ denique virtute nata, altas atque intimas radices animis vestris egerit, non deerit profectò qui vobis istam, quam vi atque armis quasivisse gloriâmini, etiam sine armis citò eripiat."—(Milton's Works, VI. p. 326. *Pro Pap. Anglicanis Def. secunda.*)

Scarcely inferior in interest to the

above, are the two first volumes of M. Nouvion's "History of the Reign of Louis Philippe" (1830-1848).\* At present it only reaches as far as the death of Casimir Perier, in April 1832. M. de Nouvion was conspicuous, in 1848, for the courageous manner in which he stood for the cause of liberty and order in one, as editor of a provincial journal, an organ, we should observe, of greater importance in France than in our own country. One of the first questions which he had to solve, in writing this history, was the complicity of Louis Philippe in the downfall of Charles Dix. M. de Nouvion marshals his proofs and arguments with such consummate skill, that we think the most prejudiced reader cannot refrain from pronouncing Louis Philippe innocent of the charge made in the indictment. Few men, probably, have ever been placed in a more trying position than that in which the Duke of Orleans then found himself. With the system of policy—if the most unprincipled double-dealing can be so styled—of which the too famous *Ordonnances* were the type, he had never sought to conceal his profound dissatisfaction. It has frequently been said that, when these *Ordonnances* were followed by insurrection, it was the duty of the Duc d'Orléans to go to St. Cloud and place his services at the disposal of the king. We think that M. de Nouvion disposes of this charge with great justice and good sense. "Il y avait d'un côté le Roi, de l'autre la charte, c'est-à-dire la nation. Qu'eût fait le Duc d'Orléans, en se rendant près du Roi ? Il aurait pris le parti pour le Roi contre la France ; il aurait, *donnant un dementi à sa vie entière*, épousé le système des ordonnances ; il aurait oublié qu'il était citoyen pour se rappeler seulement qu'il était né prince. . . . Aller à Saint Cloud, c'eût été trahir la France ; aller à Paris c'eût été détrôner le Roi. Le Duc d'Orléans resta à Neuilly."—(I., p. 231). M. de Nouvion then proceeds to show, from a careful sifting of evidence, the perfect neutrality observed by the Duke of Orleans up to the very latest moment when sheer necessity

made him "l'homme de la situation." The protagonist of the second volume is the lamented Casimir Perier, one of the most eloquent, disinterested, and patriotic statesmen that ever stayed the flood of anarchy, and put lance in tilt on behalf of liberty and order. As we read the account of the ever-memorable debates in which the great minister of the "treize Mars" bore so noble a part, and think of the present condition of parliamentary life in France, we are reminded of that period in the history of imperial Rome when, as M. Ampère sarcastically puts it, "la grandeur avait passée des âmes aux édifices." We shall look with interest for the remainder of these volumes. By the time that these lines are in the readers' hands it is probable that the first volume of M. Guizot's *Memoirs* will have been given to the world. We may be allowed to state that these memoirs pass over the infancy and early boyhood of their author, and will open at his first appearance, fresh from Geneva, in the salons of Paris. Madame de Rumfort, the Duc de Bassano, Suard, and, above all, M. de Fontaines—such are the personages whom the reader will find placed before him in the opening chapters of the first volume, which conducts the reader to the "ministère du 11 Octobre," which succeeded Casimir Perier's in 1832, and in which M. Guizot held the *portefeuille* of Public Instruction. We shall thus be able to compare with M. Nouvion's M. Guizot's judgment on Casimir Périer, to whom two chapters will be devoted. Such are the literary dainties of which we give our readers a bill of fare.

In our passage from history to the cognate department of biography, we meet with the great work of the day—"Beranger's Life,"† written by himself. Though at the end it bears date 1840, it may in effect be said to leave off at 1830. It was then that Beranger's conduct and character came out in their true and noblest light: from 1830 to 1857 his sturdy love of honest independence never for a moment abandoned him. One of the most curious portions of the volume is contained in the appendix, and consists of a very remarkable

\* *Histoire du Règne de Louis Philippe I., Roi des Français* (1830-1848), tomes i. et ii. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate, 1857.

† *Ma Biographie*, par P. J. de Béranger, avec un Appendice orné d'un portrait de Béranger en pied, dessiné par Charlet. Paris: Perrotin, 1858. London: Jeffs.

letter, addressed by Beranger to Lucien Bonaparte, in 1833, and in which he seems to write "as a prophet new-inspired," so confident are the convictions he expresses, that the July Government will not last more than ten years or better. On the biography itself, on the charming account of his early years, his struggles with hard pinching want, his conflicts at a later age with political censorships, we forbear now to speak; as it is our intention, at no distant period, to give to this and other kindred topics a fuller examination than our present limits can allow. We content ourselves, therefore, for the present in urging the reader to lose no time in making himself acquainted with one of the most unaffected pieces of autobiography with which it has been our fortune to meet.

We almost doubt whether we ought not to have included in the section of Philosophy, M. de Remusat's admirable *étude* on the life, times, and philosophy of Bacon.\* For it is in the last of the three heads here enumerated that M. de Remusat finds himself most at home, and puts forth most power and originality. The clearness and precision for which that author is ever remarkable when handling the most abstruse points of metaphysical inquiry are favourably evinced in the discussion on the inductive method, contained in Book III. "C'est un grand esprit: oserons-nous dire que ce n'est pas tout à fait un grand philosophe?" Such is the conclusion at which M. de Remusat arrives, in estimating Bacon's contributions to mental science. In physical science, says M. de Remusat, "il a excité aux découvertes, plutôt qu'il n'y a conduit."

There is another biography—that of Channing†—which bears on the title page the illustrious name with which we have just been engaged. But, in this case, it is only as editor, not as the author, that M. de Remusat comes before the public. The writer is an English lady who desires to preserve her incognito, and who has been anxious to do all that in her lay to

cherish and sustain, in France, that esteem for Channing, which M. Laboulaye's publications had done much to call into existence. For this purpose she has drawn up a succinct account of Channing's life, compiled from the biography published by his nephew, and has appended translations of letters, and of some considerable extracts from sermons. The whole, we repeat, has been edited by M. de Remusat. In the volume of *Etudes Religieuses*, noticed at the commencement of this "Courier," the reader will find a very severe estimate of Channing. The work now before us will enable him to bring that estimate to the test of truth. We must not omit to state that the value of the publication is much enhanced by a preface from M. de Remusat's pen.

A very bulky—needlessly bulky—book‡ has just appeared (illustrated, we should add, by some very beautiful plates), giving an account of the adventures and misadventures which befel the imperial yacht, *La Reine Hortense*, as it bore his Highness Prince Napoleon through the northern main in the summer of 1856. I. Scotland; II. Iceland; III. Island of Jean Mayen; IV. Greenland; V. Feröe and Shetland; VI. Scandinavia. Such are the six heads into which M. Charles Edmond divides a narrative, which he hastens to inform us in the preface, he had neither the intention nor the mission to draw up as an official account. The assurance was needed, for nothing can exceed the execrable taste—unless it be the ignorance—with which he speaks of England and the English whenever the subject falls within his range; and, for the credit of Prince Napoleon, *quantum valeat*, it is as well that such pitiful manifestations of childish antipathy should not be laid at his door. Apart from these little flaws, from which we step aside as from a dirty puddle, we thankfully admit that the 600 pages in which M. Edmond recounts his impressions of the places he visited, and the people he met, are any thing but weary

\* *Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie, et son Influence jusqu'à nos jours*, par Charles de Rémusat. Paris: Didier, 1857. London: Jeffs.

† *Channing, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*; avec une Préface par M. Charles de Rémusat. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs, 1857.

‡ *Voyage dans les Mers du Nord abord de la corvette la Reine Hortense*, par M. Charles Edmond. Paris: Michel Levy, 1857. London: Jeffs.

reading. The volume, however, is yet more instructive than entertaining. For in addition to M. Edmond's amateur recital, if we may so style it, we have at the end a collection of *notices scientifiques* drawn up by professional men attached *ad hoc* to the Prince's suite. First we have a "relation nautique," by Lieutenant Du Buisson; then, a physiological and medical report on the Esquimaux of Greenland, by MM. Bellebon and Guérault; while the geological inquiries are divided into three heads: the mines of Newcastle, the geology of Iceland, and of Greenland. As an account of a tour, the book will not bear a moment's comparison with Lord Dufferin's spirited and unaffected "Letters from High Latitudes"—(M. Edmond, we may observe, in passing, mentions their falling in with the young nobleman)—but for the scientific results of the expedition, we assuredly must give the palm to the French narration. The wonder would be if it were otherwise, considering the ample appliances for scientific observation with which Prince Napoleon was provided.

V. The new and posthumous volume of Béranger's "*Chansons*,"\* ninety-two in number, and ranging from 1833—the date of his last publication, to 1852—would, on every account, both for the fame of the great *chansonnier* and the exquisite beauty of many of these new *chansons*, deserve to receive at our hands a full and favourable notice at the head of our section of *Belles-Lettres*, as it assuredly stands at the head of all the *nouveautés* in that department, which for the last few months have appeared in France. The reader has seen, however, in the notice recorded above of Béranger's autobiography, that we purpose occupying ourselves with his life and works on a future occasion. Till then, therefore, we reserve the recent volume of *chansons*, of which we can only now say that it leaves Béranger's high reputation unimpaired. We read in his life that when a child he used to amuse himself in making baskets out of cherry-stones. The task was emblematical

of the exquisite art with which Béranger executed his songs in riper years. Nothing could be a more grievous mistake than to suppose that these songs were the off-hand effusions, poured forth in moments of fitful inspiration. They were, each one of them, works of consummate art, reaching, indeed, that highest grade which is pointed out in the injunction "*celare artem*."

Leaving, then, for the present, Béranger's "*Chansons*," we come to the next most important work among the *etrennes* of the season, to wit, Jules Janin's "*Symphonies de l'Hiver*."† It may be called, as the author himself tells us, a second volume of that charming book *Les Petits Bonheurs*, which he brought out this time last year as one of the dainties of the *Jour de l'An*. There is an important difference, however, to the prejudice of the new volume. Last year Gavarni's illustrations were perfect gems—gems of poetry and humour; there was something, it should seem, in the idea of *Les Petits Bonheurs*, which fell in with his peculiar vein. On the present occasion, however, we fear we must pronounce his performance a failure. With Jules Janin's text they have no connexion whatever: and here lies the great evil of illustrated editions. The word *symphonies* in the title is the peg on which all the engravings are hung, and it is as much as it can do to bear the weight. When we speak of illustrations being congenial to the text, we hasten to add, that the difficulty attending such a task is immeasurably enhanced when M. J. Janin is the writer. Let us not be misunderstood. We did not expect, in the volume before us, that the illustrations should reproduce, *bona fide*, subjects or scenes described verbatim in the text. Expect we did that there should be a kind of harmony between the two, all the closer because, as in the *Petits Bonheurs*, it did not profess to be literal and servile. Last year the writer gave us his idea of *Les Petits Bonheurs*, and Gavarni, in turn gave *his*. But how stands the matter on the present occasion? M. Jules Janin

\* *Dernières Chansons de Béranger*, avec une lettre et une Préface de l'auteur. Paris: Perrotin. London: Jeffs, 1857, 8vo.

† *Symphonies de l'Hiver*, par M. Jules Janin; illustrations de Gavarni. Paris: Morisot. London: Jeffs.

gives us a volume which professes (so far as it professes to be any thing) to reproduce in words, by masterly effects of style and form, those impressions which musical symphony conveys to the mind through the vestibule of the mind. If any man could execute such a feat, it would undoubtedly be M. Jules Janin, whose versatility reaches a height at times little short of genius. But if difficult for a pen, for a pencil it was a sheer impossibility; between the most *formless* and the most *formal* of arts there was not a link in common. Accordingly M. Gavarni had nothing left him but to put together a certain number of plates with figures representing all kinds of music, martial, oriental, street, pastoral, and the like.

Would M. Janin have taken such pains to prove to us the wonderful concord existing in this work between himself and the artist, if he had not been conscious that proof was not superfluous; and that it required some effort and ingenuity to discover it. But while we are thus snarling at what is, after all, only an unavoidable blemish in the getting-up of the work, let us not be chary of our praise of what the pen has achieved. Those who are familiar, either with the *Petits Bonheurs*, or with M. Janin's weekly contributions to the *Journal des Débats*; where he has occupied the ground-floor for nearly thirty years, as writer of the Monday, or Theatrical *Feuilleton*, will not need to be told, that any thing he writes defies analysis. In fact, before the book by our side, with its significant title, was probably so much as thought of, it often occurred to us that his style was like word-music, so difficult was it to track the sinuosities of his thought, or follow the flights of his imagination. All we can say, therefore, is that the series of "Prose-operas," given us in the *Symphonies*, deal, in the main, with the following subjects:—a History of the Chateau of St. Germain; Dante; Marriage; Madame de Pompadour, including divers *historiettes*; Railroads; the Opera; the Ballet; the Organ; and the Guitar. To attempt to recount the perfect treasury of tender thoughts, and exquisite expressions, and magical effects, and jewels big and small—a very Golconda—with which the work abounds, is more than we can under-

take. If the reader be in quest of a New-year's gift, he cannot do better than send for the *Symphonies de l'Hiver*, unless, indeed, he prefer the *Petits Bonheurs*, or, better still, both.

Our fancy has been very much taken with four very little pocket volumes of Italian Belles-Lettres, which we recommend the reader to lay hands on if they come in his way. One is Thonar's "Popular Tales," of which both the style and story are exceedingly winning. They exhibit what we believe to be a very faithful picture of Italian life and manners. The writer may perhaps, be best compared to a kind of Italian Auerbach—of whose works let us observe, in passing, a new and complete edition is now in course of publication, the two first of twenty small volumes having recently appeared. We warn the reader that they are not couched in very easy Italian, on account of the humble class of life from which the characters are taken. There is no country, probably, in which a slight descent in the social state involves greater declensions from the purity of the language, as spoken in educated circles, than in Italy. The second of these volumes is a collection of popular Tuscan "Canti," under the four heads of "Rispetti, Stornelli, Serenate, and Lettere," of which the three first are designations peculiar to Italian literature which defy translation. Then, again, we have another collection (like the former, of great value as a mirror of the popular mind) of Tuscan proverbs, arranged with great discrimination by the late Giuseppe Giusti under certain specified heads, according to the subjects which the proverbs illustrate, or the maxims they inculcate. Last on the list stands a small volume containing the poetical works of Angelo Poliziano, one of the brightest ornaments in that bright array of wit and learning which Lorenzo di Medici gathered about him in the second half of the fifteenth century. These poems, we should observe, include the tragedy—more famous than read, we suspect, in the present day—of *Orfeo*, to which historians of Italian literature justly attribute a revolutionizing influence on Italian poetry. One of the prettiest pieces in the volume is that beginning—"Vaghe le montanine e pasto-

relle." We cannot, however, fail to be struck (not only in this volume, but in a large proportion of Italian poetry) with the total want of moral earnestness—the total unconsciousness, as it would seem, of all the truer, higher purposes of life—an idle, childish, dallying with sentimental toys—a fondness for bald words, a repugnance to bold deeds. Of rosy flesh and pretty complexion, and such like tawdry graces, there is no lack; but the bone and muscle of vigorous, zealous manhood are sadly deficient. *Sed hæc hactenus.*

To return to French literature, we have the satisfaction of announcing an excellent and "handy" edition of Rabelais,\* of which the first volume has lately issued from the press of MM. Didot; one more volume will complete it. It would be premature to pronounce a definite opinion on it till that completion is effected. This much, however, we may safely affirm, that the labours of the editors—MM. Burgand Des Marets and Rathery—have resulted in giving us an orthography and a text greatly superior to that of any previous edition. This is no small consideration; and when we add that the notes are clear, concise, and to the point—excellent in kind, without being oppressive in number—we think we have said sufficient to persuade the reader that if he happen to want a Rabelais, he cannot do better than get the edition before us. Of course, if his object be to study it as a scholar, no one edition will suffice—we merely take the case of an ordinary reader who wishes to know the best and most generally received interpretation of the difficulties he meets with in the text.

One of the books which has made a great noise of late in Paris—partly, we imagine, from the emperor having written to compliment the author—is M. Oscar de Vallée's "*Manieurs d'Argent*," à propos of the dangerous and

corrupt extent to which gambling on the Bourse is now carried in France.† The writer is *Avocat-général* at the Cour Impériale de Paris, and the spirit in which the book is written reflects the highest credit on his heart and head. He makes the famous memoir of D'Agnesseau, at a similar crisis in 1720, a kind of text for an historical sketch of times past, and a parallel with times present.

We must not conclude Our Courier without calling attention to a few works of fiction. Among these we may name M. Max Valrey's *Marthe de Montbrun*,‡ which is by no means a bad tale. The contrast between the weakness of man and the constancy of woman is brought out with considerable power. Nor is it only this—very ingenious and thoughtful reflexions are interspersed throughout the book—witness, for example, the picture of Roman Catholicism in Spain, "*la nation la moins Chrétienne de l'Europe*," at p. 265; as also on the world's indulgence towards the coarser vices and reprobation of any thing like tender, pure passion, at p. 229.

In conclusion, we recommend the reader to wile away an idle hour with Murger's *Vacances de Camille*, or Achard's *Brunes et Blondes*. The former a single, the latter a collection of tales. M. Murger has evidently no great relish for the sentimental. Camille is the mistress of Léon D'Appuis, who wishes to get rid of her as a marriage is on the stocks. Now, according to all rules, Camille ought thereupon to have died or something of that sort; but instead of that the creature consigns herself to the care of an artist who had been her *voisin* during Léon's absence, as a prelude to the outbreak, which absence is referred to in the title—*Les Vacances de Camille*. Of M. Achard's tales the author's name is a sufficient passport. *Roche-Blanche*, in particular, is first-rate.

\* *Œuvres de Rabelais*, collationnées pour la première fois sur les éditions originales; accompagnées de notes nouvelles, et ramenées à une orthographe qui facilite à lecture, bien que choisie exclusivement dans les anciens textes; par MM. Burgand Des Marets et Rathery; tome i. Paris: Didot, 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Oscar de Vallée; Les Manieurs d'Argent*. Etudes Historiques et Morales (1720-1857). Paris: Michel Levy, 4th edition. London: Jeffs, 1858.

‡ *Max Valrey, Marthe de Montbrun, Henry Murger, Les Vacances de Camille, Amédée Achard, Brunes et Blondes*. Paris: Michel Levy, 1857. London: Jeffs.

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GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALTIERI PALACE.

In a large and splendid chamber, whose only light was a small lamp within a globe of alabaster, Charles Edward lay, full-dressed, upon his bed. His eyes were closed, but his features did not betoken sleep; on the contrary, his flushed cheek told of intemperance, and the table, covered with wine-decanter and glasses, beside him, confirmed the impression. His breathing was thick and laboured, and occasionally broken by a dry, short cough. There was, indeed, little to remind one of the handsome chevalier in the bloated face, the heavy, hanging jaws, and the ungainly figure of him who, looking far older than his real age, now lay there. Though dressed with peculiar care, and covered with the insignia of several orders, his embroidered vest was unbuttoned, and showed the rich lace of his jabot, stained and discoloured by wine. A splendidly ornamented sword lay beside him, on which one hand rested, the fingers tremulously touching the richly-embossed hilt. Near the foot of the bed, on a low, well-cushioned chair, sat another figure, whose easy air of jocular and good-humoured, sensual countenance was a strong contrast to the careworn expression of the Prince's face. Dressed in a long, loose robe of white cloth, which he wore not ungracefully, his well-rounded legs were crossed negligently in

front of him, and his hands clasped with an air of quiet and happy composure, that seemed to realize the picture of a jolly friar, well-to-do and contented; and such was George Kelly, the very type of happy, self-satisfied sensuality. If a phrenologist would have augured favourably from the noble development of forehead and temples, the massive back-head and widely-spreading occiput would have quickly shown that nature had alloyed every good gift with a counterpoise of low tastes and bad passions, more than enough to destroy the balance of character.

"Who's there? Who's in waiting?" muttered the Prince, half aloud, as if suddenly arousing himself.

"Kelly—only Kelly," answered the friar.

"Then the wine is not finished, George, eh? that's certain; the decanters are not empty. What hour is it?"

"As well as I can see, it wants a few minutes of five."

"Of five! of five! Night or morning, which?"

"Five in the evening. I believe one might venture to call it night, for they're lighting the lamps in the streets already."

"What's this here for, George?" said the Prince, lifting up the sword. "We're not going to Bannockburn,

are we? Egad! if we be, I trust they'll give me a better weapon. What nonsense of yours is all this?"

"Don't you remember it was your Majesty's birthday, and that you dressed to receive the ministers?"

"To be sure, I do; and we did receive them, George, didn't we? Have I not been drinking loyal toasts to every monarchy of Europe, and wishing well to those who need it not? Fifty-one, or fifty-two, which are we, George?"

"Faith, I forget," said Kelly, carelessly; "but, like this Burgundy, quite old enough to be better."

"The reproach comes well from you, you old reprobate! Whose counsels have made me what I am? Bolingbroke warned me against you, many a long year back. Atterbury knew you, too, and told me what you were. By Heaven!" cried he, with a wilder energy, "it was that very spirit of dictation, that habit of prescribing to me whom to know, where to lean, what to say, and what to leave unsaid, has made me so rash and headstrong through life. A fellow of your caste had otherwise obtained no hold upon me; a low-bred, illiterate drunkard—"

A hearty burst of laughing from Kelly here stopped the speaker, who seemed actually overwhelmed by the cool insolence of the friar.

"Leave me, sir; leave the room!" cried Charles Edward, haughtily. "Let Lord Nairn—no, not him; let Murray of Blair, or Kinloch, attend me."

Kelly never stirred, nor uttered a word, but sat calm and motionless, while Charles, breathing heavily from his recent outburst of passion, lay back, half-exhausted, on the bed. After a few minutes, he stretched out his hand and caught his wine-glass; it was empty, and Kelly filled it.

"I say, George," cried he, after a pause, "it must be growing late; shall we not have these people coming to our levee, soon?"

"They've come and gone, sire, six hours ago. I would not permit your Majesty to be disturbed for such a pack of false-hearted sycophants; the more, that they sent such insolent messages, demanding, as a right, to be received, and asking how long they were to wait your royal pleasure."

"Did they so, George? Is this true?"

"True as Gospel. That Spaniard, with the red-brown beard, came even to your Majesty's antechamber, and spoke so loud I thought he'd have awoken you; nor was Count Boyer much better mannered—"

"Come and gone!" broke in Charles. "What falsehoods will grow out of this! You should have told me, Kelly. Health, ease, happiness—I'd have sacrificed all to duty. Ay, George, kings have duties like other men. Were there many here?"

"I never saw one-half the number. The carriages filled the Corso to the Piazza del Popolo. There was not a minister absent."

"And of our own people?"

"They were all here. O'Sullivan, Barra, Clangavin—"

"Where was Tullybardine? Ah! I forgot," broke in Charles, with a deep sigh. "'Here's to them that are gone,' George, as the old song says. Did they seem dissatisfied at my absence?—how did you explain it?"

"I said your majesty was indisposed; that state affairs had occupied you all the preceding night, and that you had at last fallen into a slumber."

"Was Glengariff amongst them?"

"You forget, sire. We buried him six weeks ago."

"To be sure we did. Show me that glass, George—no, the looking-glass, man—and light those tapers yonder."

Kelly obeyed, but with an evident reluctance, occupying time, so as to withdraw the other's attention from his project. This stratagem did not succeed, and Charles waited patiently till his orders were fulfilled, when, taking the mirror in his hand, he stared long and steadfastly at the reflection of his features. It was several minutes before he spoke, and when he did, the voice was tremulous and full of deep feeling.

"George, I am sadly changed; there is but little of the handsome Chevalier here. I didn't think to look like this these fifteen years to come."

"Faith! for one who has gone through all that you have, I see no such signs of wear and tear," said Kelly. "Had you been a Pope or a Cardinal—had you lived like an Elector of Hanover, with no other perils



than a bare head in a procession, or the gouty twinges of forty years' 'sauer kraut'—"

"Keep your coarse ribaldry for your equals, sirrah. Let there be some, at least, above the mark of your foul slander," cried Charles, angrily; and then, throwing the looking-glass from him, he fell back upon his bed like one utterly exhausted. Kelly, who knew him too well ever to continue an irritating topic, but leave quietly alone the spirit that forgot even more rapidly than it resented, sipped his wine in silence for some minutes. "This day, sixteen years ago, I breakfasted, in Carlisle, at the house of a certain Widow Branards. It's strange how I remember a name I have never heard since," said Charles, in a voice totally altered from its late tone of excitement. "Do you know, Kelly, that it was on the turn of a straw the fate of England hung that morning? Keppoch had cut his hand with the hilt of his claymore, and instead of counselling—as he ever did—a forward movement, he joined those who advised retreat. Had we gone on, George, the game was our own. There is now no doubt on the matter."

"I have always heard the same," said Kelly; "and that your Majesty yielded with a profound conviction that the counsel was ruinous. Is it true, sire, that O'Sullivan agreed with your majesty?"

"Quite true, George; and the poor fellow shed tears—perhaps for the only time in his life—when he heard that the decision was given against us. Stuart of Appin, and Kerr, were of the same mind; but Diis aliter visum, George. We turned our back on Fortune that morning, and she never showed us her face after."

"You are not forgetting Falkirk, surely?" said Kelly, who never lost an opportunity of any flattering allusion to the Pretender's campaigns.

"Falkirk was but half what it ought to have been. The chieftains got to quarrel amongst themselves, and left Hawley to pursue his retreat unmolested; as the old song says,

'The turnkey spat in the jailor's face,  
While the prisoner ran away!'

And now they are all gone, George—gone where you and I must meet them, some day; not a far-off one, maybe."

"O'Sullivan was here to-day, sire, to wish your Majesty long life and happiness; and the old fellow looked as hearty and high-spirited as ever. I saw him as he passed out of the courtyard, and you'd have guessed, by his air and step, that he was a man of forty."

"He's nigh to eighty-five, then, or I mistake me."

"Life's strong in an Irishman—there's no doubt of it," cried Kelly, enthusiastically; "there's no man takes more out of prosperity, nor gives way less to bad fortune."

"What's that song of yours, George, about Paddy O'Flynn—isn't that the name?" said the Prince, laughing. "Let's have it, man."

"You mean Terry O'Flynn, sire," said Kelly; "and, faith, 'twould puzzle me to call to mind one verse of the same song."

"Do you even remember the night you made it, George, in the little wayside shrine, eight miles from Avignon? I'll never forget the astonished faces of the two friars that peeped in, and saw you, glass in hand, before the fire, chaunting that pleasant melody."

"The Lord forgive you; 'tis many a bad thing you led me into," said Kelly, with affected sorrow, as he arose and walked to the window; meanwhile the Prince, in a low kind of murmuring voice, tried to recall some words of the song. "Talking of friars," said Kelly, "there's a thumping big one outside, with his great face shining like the dial of a clock. I'm much mistaken if he's not a countryman of my own!"

"Can he sing, George?—has he the gift of minstrelsy, man?"

"If your Royal Highness would like to hear the canticles, I'm sure he'd oblige you. Faith, I was right; it's poor Luke Mac Manus—a simple, kind-hearted creature, as ever lived. I remember now, that he asked me when it was possible to see your royal highness; and I told him that he must put down into writing whatever he wanted to say, and come here with it on the 20th; and sure enough, there he is now."

"And why did you tell him any such thing, sir?" said the Prince, angrily. "What are these petitions but demands for aid that we have not to bestow—entreaties we cannot satisfy? Are we not pensioners our-

selves? ay, by the Lord Harry, are we, and beggarly enough in our treatment, too. None know this better than yourself, Master Kelly. It is not ten days since you pawned my George. Ay, and, by the way, you never brought me the money. What do you say to that?"

"I received twenty-four thousand francs, sire," said Kelly, calmly: eighteen of which I paid, by your Royal Highness's order, to the Countess."

"I never gave such an order—where is it?"

"Spoken, sire, in the words of a prince; and heard by one who never betrayed him," said the friar, quietly—"the Countess herself"—

"No more of this, sir. We are not before a court of justice. And now let me tell you, Kelly, that the town is full of the malversation of this household; and that however proverbial Irish economy and good management be in its own country, climate and change of air would seem to have impaired its excellence. My brother tells me, that our waste and extravagance are public town talk."

"So much the better, sire—so much the better!"

"What do you mean by that, sirrah," cried the Prince, angrily.

"Your Royal Highness has heard of Alcibiades, and why he cut the tail off his dog! Well, isn't it a comfort to think that they never say worse of us here than that we spend freely what's given grudgingly; and that the penury of others never contaminated the spirit of your royal highness."

"Have a care, sir," said the Prince, with more dignity than he had shown before; "there will come a day, perhaps, when we may grow weary of this buffoonery."

"I'm sorry for it, then," replied Kelly, unabashed; "for when it does, your Royal Highness will just be as little pleased with wisdom."

It was thus alternately flattering and outraging Charles Edward—now insinuating the existence of qualities that he had not—now disparaging gifts which he really possessed—that this man maintained an influence which others in vain tried to obtain over the Prince. It was a relief, too, to find one whose pliancy

suited all his humours, and whose character had none of that high-souled independence which animated his Scottish followers. Lastly, Kelly never asked favours for himself or for others. Enough for him the privilege of the intimacy he enjoyed. He neither sought nor cared for more. Perhaps, of all his traits, none weighed more heavily in his favour than this one. It was, then, in a kind of acknowledgment of this single-mindedness, that the Prince, after a pause, said,

"Let your countryman come up here, George. I see he's the only courtier that remains to us."

Kelly rose without a word, and left the room to obey the command.

Little as those in waiting on the Prince were ever disposed to resist Kelly in any proceeding, they were carried very nearly to insubordination, as they saw him conducting through the long line of salons, the humbly clad, bare-footed friar, who, with his arms reverently crossed on his breast, threw stealthy glances, as he passed, at the unwonted splendour around him.

"I hope, sir," said Fra Luke, respectfully, "that your kindness to a poor countryman won't harm yourself; but if ever you were to run the risk, 'tis an occasion like this might excuse it."

"What do you mean?" said Kelly, hastily, and staring him full in the face.

"Why, that the petition I hold here is about one that has the best blood of Ireland in his veins; but maybe, for all that, if you knew what was in it, you mightn't like to give it."

Kelly paused for a few seconds, and then, as if having formed his resolution, said:

"If that be the case, Luke, it is better that I should not see it. There's no knowing when my favour here may come to an end. There's not a morning breaks, nor an evening closes, that I don't expect to hear I'm discarded, thrown off, and abandoned. Maybe it would bring me luck if I was to do one, just one, good action, by way of a change, before I go."

"I hope you've done many such afore now," said Luke, piously.

Kelly did not reply, but a sudden

change over his features told how acutely the words sank into his heart.

"Wait for me here a minute,"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE PRINCE'S CHAMBER.

BRIEF as Kelly's absence had been, it was enough to have obliterated from the Prince's mind all the reasons for his going. No sooner was he alone than he drank away, muttering to himself, as he filled his glass, snatches of old Jacobite songs—words of hope and encouragement; or, at times, with sad and broken utterance, phrases of the very deepest despondency.

It was in this half-dreamy state that Kelly found him as he entered. Scotland—Rome—the court of France—the chateau at St. Germain—the shealing where he sought refuge in Skye—the deck of the French privateer that landed him at Brest—were, by turns, the scenes of his imagination; and it was easy to mark how, through all the windings of his fancy, an overweening sense of his own adventurous character upheld and sustained him. If he called up at times traits of generous devotion and loyalty—glorious instances wherein his followers rose to the height of heroes—by some artful self-complacency he was ever sure to ascribe these to the great cause they fought for; or, oftener still, to his own commanding influence, and the fascination of his presence. In the midst of all, however, would break forth some traits that bespoke a nobler nature. In one of these was it that he alluded to the proposition of Cardinal Tencin, to make the cession of Ireland the price of the French adhesion to his cause. "No, no, Monsieur le Cardinal," cried he several times, energetically; "tout ou rien! tout ou rien! Must not my cause have been a poor one, when he dared to make me such an offer? Ay, Kelly, and I swear to you, he did so!"

These last words were the first that showed a consciousness of the other's presence.

"The Dutchman was better than that, George, eh?—a partition of the kingdom—never, never. Ireland, too! The very men who stood truest to me—the very men who never counselled retreat. Think of Lovatt,

said he; and motioning to Luke to be seated, he passed noiselessly into the chamber of the Prince.

George. If you had but seen him that day. He could not bide the time I took to eat a morsel of breakfast, so eager was he to be rid of me. I laughed outright at his impatience, and said that he remembered but the worst half of the old highland adage, which tells you 'to speed the parting guest.' He never offered me a change of linen, George, and I had worn the same clothes from the day before Culloden. 'Waes me for Prince Charlie!'"

"It's a proud thing for me to hear how you speak of my countrymen, sire," said Kelly.

"Glorious fellows they were, every man of them!" cried the Prince, with enthusiasm. "Light-hearted and buoyant, when all others looked sad and downcast; always counselling the bold course, and readier to do than say it! I never met—if I ever heard of—but one Irishman who was not a man of honour. *He* was enough, perhaps, to leaven a whole nation—a low, mean sycophant, cowardly, false, and foul-tongued; a fellow to belie you, and betray you—to track you into evil that others might stare at you there. I never thought ill of mankind till I knew him. Do you know whom I mean—eh, George?"

"Faith, if the portrait be not intended for myself, I am at a loss to guess," said Kelly, good-humouredly.

"So it is, you arch-scoundrel; and, shameless though you be, does it never occur to you how you will go down to posterity. The corrupter of a Prince; the fellow who debauched and degraded him!"

"Isn't it something that posterity will ever hear of me at all?" said Kelly. "Is it not fame, at any rate? If there should be any records of our life together, who knows but a clever commentator will find out that but for me and my influence the Prince of Wales would have been a down-right beast: 'that Kelly humanized your Royal Highness, kept you from all the contamination of cardinals and scheming Monsignori, rallied your

low spirits, comforted your dark hours, and enjoyed your bright ones."

"For what—for what? what was his price?" cried Charles, eagerly.

"Because he felt in his heart that, sooner or later, you'd be back, King of England and Ireland, and George Kelly wouldn't be forgotten. No, faith, Archbishop of Westminster! and devil a less I'd be: that's the price, if you wish to hear it!"

The Prince laughed heartily, as he ever did, when the friar gave way to his impertinent humour, and then sitting up in his bed, told Kelly to order coffee. To his last hour, coffee seemed to exercise the most powerful effect on him, clearing his faculties after hours of debauch, and enabling him to apply to business at times when he appeared to be utterly exhausted. Kelly, who well knew how to adapt himself to each passing shade of temperament, followed the Prince into a small dressing-room in silence, and remained standing at a short distance behind his chair.

"Tell Conway," said he, pointing to a mass of papers on the table, "that these must wait. I'll go down to Albano to-morrow or next day, for a change of air. I'll not hear of anything till I return. Cardinal Altieri knows better than I do what Sir Horace Mann writes home to England. This court is in perfect understanding with St. James's. As to the countess, Kelly, let it not be spoken of again; you hear me. What paper is that in your hand?"

"A petition, I believe, sire; at least, the quarter it comes from would so bespeak it."

"Throw it on the fire, then. Is it not enough to live thus, but that I must be reminded thirty, forty times a day of my poverty and incapacity? Am I to be flouted with my fallen fortune? On the fire with it, at once!"

"Poor Luke's prayers were offered at an untimely moment," said Kelly, untying the scroll, as if preparing to obey. "Maybe, after all, he is asking for a new rosary, or a pair of sandals. Shall I read it, sire?"

The Prince made no reply, and Kelly, who thoroughly understood his humour, made no further effort to obtain a hearing for his friend; but, tearing the long scroll in two, he muttered the first line that caught his eye—

"'Petition of Mary Fitzgerald.'"

"What—of whom—Fitzgerald—what Fitzgerald?" cried Charles, catching the other's wrist with a sudden grasp.

"'Sister of Grace Geraldine.'"

The words were not well uttered when Charles snatched the paper from Kelly's hand, and drew near to the lamp.

"Leave me; wait in the room with-out, Kelly," said he; and the tone of his voice implied a command not to be gainsaid. The Prince now flattened out the crumpled document before him, holding the fragments close together; but, although he bent over them attentively for several minutes, he made little progress in their contents, for drop by drop the hot tears rose to his eyes, and fell heavily on the paper. Gradually, too, his head declined, 'till at last it fell forward on the table, where he lay, sobbing deeply. It was a long time before he arose from this attitude; and then, his furrowed cheeks, and glazed eyes, told of intense sorrow. "What ruin have I brought everywhere!" was the exclamation that broke from him, in a voice tremulous with agony. "Kinloch said truly: 'We must have sinned heavily, to be so heavily cursed!' " Again and again did he bend over the paper, and few as were the lines, it was long before he could read them through, such was the gush of emotion they excited. "Was there ever a cause so hallowed by misfortune?" cried he, in an accent of anguish. "Oh! Grace, had you been spared to me, I might have been other than this. But, if it were to be—if it were, indeed, fated that I should become the thing I am, thank God, you have not lived to see it. George," cried he, suddenly, "who brought this paper?"

Kelly came at once at his call, and replied that the bearer was a poor friar, by name Mac Manus.

"Let me see him alone," said the Prince; and the next moment Fra Luke entered the chamber, and, with a low and deferential gesture, stooped down to kiss his hand. "You are an Irishman," said Charles, speaking with a thick but rapid utterance; "from none of your countrymen have I met with any thing but loyalty and affection. Tell me, then, frankly, what you know of this paper—who wrote it?"

"I did, myself, your Royal Highness," said Luke, trembling all over with fear.

"Its contents are all true—strictly true?"

"As the words of this holy book," said Luke, placing his hand on his missal.

"Why were they not made known to me before—answer me that?" cried Charles, angrily.

"I'll tell your Royal Highness why," replied Luke, who gained courage as he was put upon the defensive. "She that's gone—the Heavens be her bed!—made her sister promise, in her last hour, never to ask nor look for favor or benefit, from your Royal Highness."

"I will not believe this," broke in Charles, indignantly; "you are more than bold, sir, to dare to tell me so."

"'Tis true as Gospel," replied the friar. "Her words were: 'Let there be one that went down to the grave with the thought that loving him was its best reward! and leave me to think that I live in his memory as I used in his heart.'"

The Prince turned away, and drew his hand across his eyes.

"How came she here—since when?" asked he, suddenly.

"Four years back; we came together. I bore her company all the way from Ireland, and on foot, too, just to put the child into the college here."

"And she has been in poverty all this while?"

"Poverty! faith, you might call it distress!—keeping a little trattoria in the Viccolo d'Orso, taking sewing, washing—whatever she could; slaving and starving, just to get shoes and the like for the boy."

"How comes it, then, that she has yielded at last to write me this?" said Charles, who, in proportion as his self-accusings grew more poignant, sought to turn reproach on any other quarter.

"She didn't, nor wouldn't," said the Fra; "'twas I did it myself. I told her that she might ease her conscience, by never accepting any thing; that I'd write the petition and go up with it, and that all I'd ask was a trifle for the child."

"She loves him, then," said Charles, tenderly.

The friar nodded his head slowly twice, and muttered, "God knows she does."

"And does he repay her affection?"

"How can he? Sure he doesn't know her; he never sees her. When we were on the way here, he always thought it was his nurse she was; and from that hour to this, he never set eyes on her."

"What object was there for all this?"

"Just to save him the shame among the rest, that they couldn't say his mother's sister was in rags and wretchedness, without a meal to eat."

"She never sees him, then?"

"Only when he walks out with the class, every Friday; they come down the hill from the Capitol, and then she's there, watching, to get a look at him."

"And he—what is he like?"

The friar stepped back, and gazed at the Prince from head to foot, in silence, and then at length said: "He's like a Prince, sorrow less! The black serge gown, the coarse shoes, the square cap, ugly as they are, can't disfigure him; and tho' they cut off his beautiful hair, that curled half-way down his back, they couldn't spoil him. He has the great dark-blue eyes of his mother, and the long lashes, almost girlish to look at."

"He's mild and gentle, then?" said Charles, pensively.

"Indeed, and I won't tell you a lie," said Luke, half-mournfully, "but that's just what I believe he isn't. The sub-rector says there's nothing he couldn't learn, either in the sciences or the humanities. He can write some of the ancient and three of the modern tongues. His disputations got him the medal; but somehow——"

"Well—go on. Somehow——"

"He's wild,—wild," said the friar, as if he was glad to have found the exact word he wanted; "he'd rather go out on the Campagna there and ride one of the driver's ponies all day, than he'd walk in full procession with all the cardinals. He'd like to be fighting the shepherd's dogs, wicked as they are; or goading their mad cattle till they turn on him. Many a day they've caught him at that sport; and, if I'm not mistaken, he's in punishment now, tho' Mrs. Mary doesn't know it, for putting a ram inside the rails of a fountain, so that the neighbours durstn't go near to draw water. 'Tis diversions like these has made him as ragged and tattered as he is."

"Bad stuff for the cloister," said Charles, with a faint smile.

"Who knows? Sure Cardinal Guidotti was at every mischief when a boy; and there's Gardoni, the secretary of the Quirinal, wasn't he the terror of the city with his pranks?"

"Can I see this boy—I mean, could he be brought here without his knowing or suspecting to whom he was presented?"

"Sure, if Kelly was to"—

"Ay, ay, I know as well as you do," broke in the prince, "George Kelly has craft and cunning enough for more than that; but supposing, my worthy Fra, that I did not care to intrust Kelly with this office; supposing that, for reasons known to myself, I wished this matter a secret, can you hit upon the means of bringing the lad here, that I might see and speak with him?"

"It should be after dark, your Royal Highness, or he would know the palace again, and then find out who lived in it."

"Well, be it so."

"Then, there's the rules of the college; without a special leave a student cannot leave the house; and, even then, he must have a professor with him."

"A cardinal's order would, of course, be sufficient," said the Prince.

"To be sure it would, sir," said the friar, with a gesture that showed how implicitly his confidence was given to such a conjuncture.

"The matter shall be done then, and thus: on Tuesday next Kelly goes to Albano, and will not return till Wednesday, or Thursday evening. At seven o'clock, on Tuesday evening, you will present yourself at the college, and ask for the president: you will only have to say, that you are come for the youth Fitzgerald. He will be at once given into your charge; drive then at once to the Corso, where you can leave the carriage, and proceed hither on foot. When you arrive here, you shall be admitted at once. One only caution I have to give you, friar, and it is this: upon your reserve and discretion it depends whether I ever befriend this boy, or cast him off for ever. Should one syllable of this interview transpire—should I ever discover that, under any pretence, or from any accident, you have divulged what has

passed between us here—and discover it I must if it be so—from that instant I cease to take interest in him. I know your cloth well; you can be secret if you will: let this be an occasion for the virtue. I need not tell you more; nor will I add one threat to enforce my caution. The boy's own fortune in life is on the issue; that will be enough."

"Is Mrs. Mary to be intrusted with the secret?" said the Fra, timidly.

"No; not now, at least." The Prince sat down, and leaned his forehead on his hand in thought. At length he said, "The boy will ask you, in all likelihood, whither you are leading him. You must say, that a countryman of his own, a man of some influence, and who knew his friends, desires to see and speak with him. That he is one with whom he may be frank and open-hearted; free to tell whatever he feels; whether he likes his present life, or seeks to change it. He is to address me as the Count, and be careful yourself to give me no higher title. I believe I have said all."

"If Kelly asks me what was my business with your Royal Highness."

"Ay; well thought of. Say it was a matter of charity; and take these few crowns, that you may show him as you pass out."

"Well, did you succeed?" asked Kelly, as the poor friar, flushed and excited from the emotion of his interview, entered the antechamber.

"I did, indeed; and may the saints in heaven stand to you for the same! It's a good work you done, and you'll have your reward!"

"Egad," cried Kelly, in a tone of levity, "if I had any friends amongst the saints I must have tried their patience pretty hard these last eight or nine years; but who is this Mary Fitzgerald—I just caught the name on the paper?"

"She's—she's—she's—a countrywoman of our own," stammered out Fra Luke, while he moved uneasily from foot to foot, and fumbled with his hands up the sleeves of his robe.

"It was lucky for you, then, we were just talking about Ireland before you went in. He was saying how true and stanch the Irish always showed themselves."

"And does he talk of them times?" asked the Fra, in astonishment.

"Ay, by the hour. Sometimes its breaking day before I go to bed, he telling me about all his escapes and adventures. I could fill a book with stories of his."

"Musha! but I'd like to hear them," cried Luke, with honest enthusiasm.

"Come up here, then—let me see what evening—it mustn't be Tuesday—nor Wednesday—maybe, indeed, I won't be back before Friday. Oh, there's the bell now; that's for me," cried he; and before he could fix the time he hurried off to the Prince's chamber.

## CHAPTER V.

### "AFTER DARK."

It was a long and weary day to the poor friar, watching for that Tuesday evening when he should appear at the gate of the Jesuits' College, and ask for the young Fitzgerald. He felt, too, as though some amount of responsibility had been imposed on him to which he was unequal. It seemed to his simple intelligence as if it were a case that required skill and dexterity. The rector might possibly ask this, or wish to know that; and then how was he to respect the secrecy he had pledged to the Prince? or was he to dare to deceive the great President of the College? Supposing, too, all these difficulties over, what of the youth himself? How should he answer the inquiries he was certain to make—whither he was going—with what object—and to whom? Greater than all these personal cares was his anxiety that the boy should please his Royal Highness—that the impression he made should be favourable; that his look and bearing might interest the Prince, and insure his future advancement. Let us own that Fra Luke had his grave misgivings on this score. From all he could pick up through the servitors of the convent, Gerald was a wild, headstrong youth, constantly "in punishment," and regarded by the superiors as the great instigator of every infraction to the discipline of the college. "What will a prince think of such an unruly subject?" was the sad question the simple-hearted friar ever posed to himself. "And if the rector only send a report of him, he'll have no chance at all." With this sorrowful thought he brought his reflections to a close; and, taking out his beads, set himself vigorously to implore the intercession of the saints in a cause intrusted to hands so weak and unskilful as his own.

The grim, old gate of the college,

flanked with its two low towers, looked gloomy enough as the evening closed in. The little aperture, too, through which questions were asked or answered, was now shut up for the night, and all intercourse with the world without suspended. The Fra had yet a full hour to wait, and he was fain to walk briskly to and fro, to warm his blood, chilled by the cold wind that came over the Campagna. For a while the twinkling of a stray light, high up in the building, set him a-thinking where the cell of the boy might be; but gradually these disappeared, and all was wrapt in gloom and darkness, when suddenly the chapel became illuminated, and the rich, full swell of an organ toned out its solemn sounds on the still night. The brief prelude over, there followed one of those glorious old chants of the church which combine a strain of intense devotion with a highly exalted poetic feeling. In a perfect flood of harmony the sounds blended, till the very air seemed to hold them suspended. They ceased; and then, like the softest melody of a flute, a young voice arose alone, and, soaring upwards, uttered a passage of seraphic sweetness. It was as though the song of some angelic spirit, telling of hope and peace; and, as a long, thrilling shake concluded the strain, the loud thunder of the organ and the full swell of the choir closed the service. The moment after all was silent and in darkness.

Bell after bell, from the great city beneath, tolled out seven o'clock; and Fra Luke knocked modestly at the gate of the college. His visit appeared to have been expected, for he was admitted at once, and conducted to the large hall, which formed the waiting-room of the college. The friar had not long to wait; for scarcely had he

taken his seat, when the door opened, and young Fitzgerald appeared. Advancing with an easy air, and a degree of gracefulness that contrasted strangely with his poverty-struck dress, the boy said, "I am told you wish to speak to me, Friar."

"Are you Gerald Fitzgerald, my son?" asked Fra Luke, softly.

"Yes; that's my name."

The Fra looked at the beaming face and the bright blue eyes, soft in their expression as a girl's; and the dimpled cheek, over which a slight flush was mantling, and wondered to himself can this be the wild, reckless youth they call him?—have they not been calumniating that fine and simple nature? So deeply was the Fra impressed with this sentiment, that he forgot to continue the interrogatory, and stood gazing with admiration on him.

"Well," said the boy, smiling good-humouredly, "what is your business with me, for it is nigh bed-time, and I must be going?"

"It was your voice I heard in the solo a few minutes ago," cried the Fra, eagerly; "I know it was. It was *you* who sang the

*'Virgo virginum præclara,  
Mihî jam non sis amara?'*

"Yes, yes," said the youth, reddening. "But what of that? You never came here to-night to ask me this question."

"True, true," said the Fra, sighing painfully—less, indeed, at the rebuke than the hot-tempered tone of the boy as he spoke it. "I came here to-night to fetch you along with me, to see one who was a friend of your family long, long ago; he has heard of you here, and wishes to see and speak with you. He is a person of great rank and high station, so that you will show him every deference, and demean yourself towards him respectfully and modestly; for he means you well, Gerald; he will befriend you."

"But what need have I of his friendship or his good offices?" said the youth, growing deadly pale as he spoke. Look at this serge gown—see this cap—they can tell you what I am destined to. I shall be a priest one of these days, Fra; and what has a priest to do with ties of affection or friendship?"

"Oh! for the blessed Joseph's sake,"

whispered the Fra, "be careful what you say. These are terrible words to speak—and to speak them here, too," added he, as he threw his eyes over the walls of the room.

"Is this man a cardinal?"

"No," said the Fra; "he is a layman, and a count."

"Better that; had he been a cardinal, I'd not have gone. Whenever the old cardinal, Caraffa, comes here, I'm sure to have a week's punishment; and I hate the whole red-stockinged race——"

"There, there—let us away at once," whispered the Fra. "Such discourse as this will bring misfortune upon us both."

"Have you the superior's permission for my going out with you?" asked Gerald.

"Yes; I have his leave till eleven o'clock—we shall be back here before that time."

"I'm sorry for it," said the boy, sternly. "I'd like to think I was crossing that old court-yard there for the last time."

"You will be cold, my poor boy," said the friar, "with no other covering but that light frock; but we shall find a carriage as we go along."

"No, no, Fra," cried the boy, eagerly. "Let us walk, Fra; let us walk, and see every thing. It's like one of the old fairy tales nurse used to tell me long ago—to see the city all alight thus, and the troops of people moving on, and all these bright shops with their rich wares so temptingly displayed. Ah! how happy must they be who can wander at will amongst all these—exchanging words and greetings, and making brotherhood with their fellows. See, Fra—see!" cried he, "what is it comes yonder, with all the torches, and the men in white?"

"It is some great man's funeral, my child. Let us say a 'Pax eterna;'" and he fumbled for his beads as he said so.

"Let us follow them," said the boy, "they are bearing the catafalque into that small church—how grand and solemn it all is;" and now attaching himself to the long line of acolytes the boy walked step for step with the procession, mingling his clear and liquid notes in the litany they were chanting. While he sung with all the force of intense expression, it was strange to mark how freely his gaze wandered over all the details of the scene—his



keen gaze scrutinized every thing—the costumes, the looks, the gestures of all; and his quick eye ranged from the half tawdry splendour below to the dim and solemn grandeur of the gothic roof overhead. If there was nothing of levity, as little was there any thing of reverence in his features. The sad scene, with all its trappings of woe, was a spectacle, and no more, to him; and, as he turned away to leave the spot, his face betrayed the desire he felt for some new object of interest. Nor had he long to search for such; for, just as they entered the Piazza di Spagna, they found a dense crowd gathered around a group of those humble musicians from Calabria—the Pifferari they call them—stunted in form, and miserably clad, these poor creatures, whose rude figures recall old pictures of the ancient Pan, have a wonderful attraction for the populace. They were singing some wild, rude air of their native mountains, accompanying the refrain with a sort of dance, whose uncouth gestures shook the crowd with laughter.

"Oh! I love these fellows, but I never have a chance of seeing them," cried the boy; so bursting away, he dashed into the thick of the assembled throng. It was not without a heart-felt sense of shame that the poor friar found himself obliged to follow his charge, whom he now began to fear might be lost to him.

"Per Bacco," cried one of the crowd, "here's a Frate can't resist the charms of profane melody, and is elbowing his way, like any sinner, amongst us."

"It's the cachuca he wants to see," exclaimed another, "come, Marietta, here's a connoisseur worth showing your pretty ankles to."

"By the holy rosary," cried a third, "she is determined on the conquest."

This outburst was caused by the sudden appearance of a young girl, who, scarcely a year or two above childhood, bore in her assured look and flashing eyes all the appearances of more advanced years. She was a deep brunette in complexion, to which the scarlet cloth that hung from her black hair gave additional brilliancy. Her jupe, of the same colour, recrossed and interlaced with tawdry gold tinsel, came only to the knee, below which appeared limbs that many a Roman statuary had modelled, so perfect were they in every detail of

symmetry and beauty. Her whole air was redolent of that "*beauté du diable*," as the French happily express it, which seems never to appeal in vain to the sympathies of the populace. It was girlhood, almost childlike girlhood; but dashed with a conscious effrontery that had braved how many a libertine stare—how many a look significant in coarseness?

With one wild spring had she bounded into the open space, and there she stood now on tip-toe, her arms extended straight above her head, while with clasped hands she remained motionless, that every line and lineament of her faultless figure might be surveyed in unbroken symmetry.

"Ah carina—che bellezza! come e graziosa! broke from those who, corrupt, debased, and degraded, in a hundred ways, as they were, yet inherited that ancient love of symmetry in form which the games and the statues of antique Rome had fostered. With a graceful ease no ballarina of the grand opera could have surpassed, she glided into those slow and sliding movements which precede the dance, movements meant to display the graces of form, without the intervention of action. Gradually, however, the time of the music grew quicker, and now her heightened colour and more flashing eye bespoke how her mind lent itself to the measure. The dance was intended to represent the coy retirings of a rustic beauty from the advances of an imaginary lover; and, though she was alone, so perfectly did she convey the storied interest of the scene, that the enraptured audience could trace every sentiment of the action. At one moment her gestures depicted the proudest insolence and disdain. At the next a half-yielding tenderness—now, it was passion to the very verge of madness—now, it was a soul-subduing softness, that thrilled through every heart around her. Incapable, as it seemed, of longer resisting the solicitations of love, her wearied steps grew heavier, her languid head drooped, and a look of voluptuous waywardness appeared to steal over her. Wherever her eye turned a murmured sigh acknowledged how thoroughly the captivation held enthralled every bosom around, when suddenly, with a gesture that seemed like a cry—so full of piercing agony it seemed—she dashed

her hands across her forehead and stared with aching eye-balls into vacancy—it was jealousy—the terrible pang had shot through her heart and she was wild. The horrible transitions from doubt to doubt, until full conviction forced itself upon her, were given with terrific power. Over her features, in turn, passed every expression of passion. The heart-rending tenderness of love—the clinging to a lost affection—the straining effort to recall him who had deserted her—the black bitterness of despair—and then with a wild spring, like the bound of a tiger, she counterfeited a spring over a precipice to death!

She fell upon the ground, and as the mingled sobs and cries rose through the troubled crowd, a boy tore his way through the dense mass, and fighting with all the energy of infuriated strength, gained the open space where she lay. Dropping on his knees he bent over, and clasping her hand kissed it wildly over and over, crying out in a voice of broken agony, "Oh! Marietta, Marietta mia, come back to us—come back, we will love you and cherish you."

A perfect roar of laughter—the revulsion to that intensity, of feeling so lately diffused amongst them—now shook the mob. Revenging, as it were, the illusion that had so enthralled themselves, they now turned all their ridicule upon the poor boy.

"Santissima Virginia! if he isn't a scholar of the Holy Order," shouted one.

"Ecco! a real Jesuit," said another, "had he been a little older tho', he'd have done it more secretly."

"The little priest is offering the consolation of his order," cried a third; and there rained upon him, from every side, words of mockery and sarcasm.

"Don't you see that he is a mere boy—have you no shame that you can mock a simple-hearted child like this?" said the burly Fra, as he pushed the crowd right and left, and forced a passage through the mob. "Come

along, Gerald, come along. They are a cowardly pack, and if they were not fifty to one, they'd think twice ere they'd insult us." This speech he delivered in Italian, with a daring emphasis of look and gesture that made the craven listeners tremble. They opened a little path for the friar and his charge to retire; nor was it until they had nearly gained the corner of the Piazza that they dared to yell forth a cry of insult and derision.

The boy grasped the Fra's hand as he heard it, and looked up in his face with an expression there was no mistaking, so full was it of wild and daring courage.

"No, no, Gerald," said he, "there are too many of them, and what should we get by it after all. See, too, how they have torn your 'soutane' all to pieces. I almost suspect we ought to go back again to the college, my boy. I scarcely like to present you in such a state as this."

Well, indeed, might the Fra have come to this doubtful issue, for the youth's gown hung in ribbons around him, and his cap was flattened to his head.

"I wish I knew what was best to be done, Gerald," said he, wiping the sweat from his brawny face. "What do you advise yourself?"

"I'd say, go on," cried the youth. "Will a great signore think whether my poor and threadbare frock be torn or whole? he'll not know if I be in rags or in purple. Tell him, if you like, that we met with rough usage in the streets. Tell him, that in passing through the crowd they left me thus. Say nothing about Marietta, Fra; you need not speak of her."

The boy's voice, as he uttered the last words, became little louder than a mere whisper.

"Come along then; and, with the help of the saints, we'll go through with what we've begun."

And with this vigorous resolve the stout friar strode along down the Corso.

#### CHAPTER VI. "THE INTERVIEW."

It was full an hour behind the time appointed when the friar, accompanied by young Gerald, entered the arched gate of the Altieri Palace.

"You have been asked for twice,

Frate," said the porter; "and I doubt if you will be admitted now. It is the time his Royal Highness takes his siesta."

"I must only hope for the best,"

sighed out the Fra, as he ascended the wide stairs of white marble, with a sinking heart.

"Let us go a little slower, Fra Luke," whispered the boy, "I'd like to have a look at these statues. See what a fine fellow that is strangling the serpent; and, oh! is she not beautiful, crouching in that large shell?"

"Heathen vanities, all of them," muttered the Fra; "what are they compared to the pure and blessed face of our Lady?"

The youth felt rebuked, and was silent. While the friar, however, was communicating with the servant in waiting, the boy had time to stroll down the long gallery, admiring as he went the various work of high art it contained. Stands of weapons, too, and spoils of the chase abounded, and these he examined with a wistful curiosity, reading from short inscriptions attached to the cases, and which told him how this wolf had been killed by his Royal Highness on such a day of such a year, and how that boar had received his death wound from the Prince's hand at such another time.

It almost required force from the friar to tear him away from objects so full of interest, nor did he succeed without a promise that he should see them all some other day. Passing through a long suite of rooms, magnificently furnished, but whose splendour was dimmed and faded by years, they reached an octagon chamber of small but beautiful proportions; and here the friar was told the youth was to wait, while he himself was admitted to the Prince.

Charles Edward had just dined, and, as was his wont, dined freely, when the Fra was announced. "You can retire," said the Prince to the servants in waiting, but never turning his head towards where the Fra was standing. The servants retreated noiselessly, and all was now still in the chamber. The Prince had drawn his chair towards the fire, and sat gazing at the burning logs in deep reverie. Apparently he had followed his thoughts so far as to forget that the poor friar was yet in waiting; for it was only as a low, faint sigh escaped him, that the Prince suddenly turning his head, cried out, "Ah! our Frate, I had half forgotten you. You are somewhat late, are you not?"

In a voice tremulous with fear and deference Fra Luke narrated how they had been delayed by a misadventure in the Piazza, contriving to interweave in his story an apology for the torn dress and ragged habiliments the boy was to appear in. "He is not in a state to be seen by your Royal Highness at all. If it wasn't that your Royal Highness will think little of the shell where the kernel is sound——"

"And who is to warrant me that, sir?" said the Prince, angrily. "So its your guarantee I'm to take for it."

The poor friar almost felt as if he were about to faint at the stern demand, nor did he dare to utter a word of reply. So far, this was in his favour, since, when unprovoked by any thing like rejoinder, Charles Edward was usually disposed to turn from any unpleasant theme, and address his thoughts elsewhere.

"I'm half-relenting, my good Friar," said he, in a calmer tone, "that I should have brought you here on this errand. How am I to burthen myself with the care of this boy? I am but a pensioner myself, weighed down already with a mass of followers. So long as hope remained to us we struggled on manfully enough. Present privation was to have had its recompense, at least we thought so." He stopped suddenly, and then as if ashamed of speaking thus confidentially to one he had never seen before, his voice assumed a harsher, sterner, accent as he said, "These are not your concerns. What is it you propose I should do? Have you a plan? What is it?"

Had Fra Luke been required to project another scheme of invasion, he could not have been more dumb-founded and confused, and he stood the very picture of hopeless incapacity.

Charles Edward's temper was in that state that he invariably sought to turn upon others the reproaches his own conscience addressed to him, and he angrily said, "It is by this same train of beggarly followers that my fortunes are rendered irretrievable. I am worried and harassed by their importunities; they attach the plague spot of their poverty to me wherever I go. I should have freed myself from this thralldom many a year ago; and if I had, where and

what might I not have been to-day? You, and others of your stamp, look upon me as an almoner, not more nor less." His passion had now spent itself, and he sat moodily gazing at the fire.

"Is the lad here?" asked he, after a long pause.

"Yes, your Royal Highness," said he, while he half made a motion towards the door.

Charles Edward stopped him quickly as he said, "No matter, there is not any need that I should see him. He and his aunt—she is his aunt, you said—must return to Ireland, this is no place for them. I will see Kelly about it to morrow; and they shall have something to pay their journey. This arrangement does not please you, Frate, eh? Speak out, man. You think it cold, unnatural, and unkind. Is it not so?"

"If your gracious Highness would just condescend to say a word to him; one word, that he might carry away in his heart for the rest of his days."

"Better have no memory of me," sighed the Prince drearily.

"Oh don't say so, your Royal Highness; think what pride it will be to him yet, God knows in what far away country, to remember that he saw you once, that he stood in your presence, and heard you speak to him."

"It shall be as you wish, Frate; but I charge you once more to be sure that he may not know with whom he is speaking."

"By this holy book," said the Fra, with a gesture implying a vow, to observe secrecy.

"Go now, send him hither, and wait without till I send for you."

The door had scarcely closed behind the friar when it opened again to admit the entrance of the youth. The Prince turned his head, and whether it was the extreme poverty of his appearance, more striking from the ragged and torn condition of his dress, or that something in the boy's air and look impressed him painfully, but he passed his hand across his eyes, and averted his glance from him.

"Come forward, my boy," said he at last. "How are you called?"

"Gerald Fitzgerald, Signor Conte," said he, firmly but respectfully.

"You are Irish by birth," said the Prince, in a voice slightly tremulous.

"Yes; Signor Conte," replied he;

while he drew himself up with an air that almost savoured of haughtiness.

"And your friends have destined you for the priesthood, it seems."

"I never knew I had friends," said the boy; "I thought myself a sort of cast-away."

"Why, you have just told me of your Irish blood—how knew you of that?"

"So long as I can remember I have heard that I was a Geraldine, and they call me Irish in the college."

There was a frank boldness in his manner, totally removed from the slightest trace of rudeness or presumption, that already interested the Prince, who now gazed long and steadily on him.

"Do I remind you of any one you ever saw or cared for, Signor Conte," said the boy, with an accent of touching gentleness.

"That you do, child," said he, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, while he passed the other across his eyes.

"I hope it was of none who ever gave you sorrow," said the boy, who saw the quivering motion of the lip that indicates deep grief.

Charles Edward now removed his hand, and turned away his head for some seconds.

At last, he arose suddenly from his chair, and with an effort that seemed to show he was struggling for the mastery over his own emotions, said, "Is it your own choice to be a priest, Gerald?"

"No; far from it. I'd rather be a herd on the Campagna! You surely know little of the life of the convent, Signor Conte, or you had not asked me that question."

Far from taking offence at the boy's boldness, the Prince smiled good-naturedly at the energy of his reply.

"Is it the stillness, the seclusion that you dislike?" asked he, evidently wanting the youth to speak of himself and of his temperament.

"No, it is not that," said the boy, thoughtfully. "The quiet, peaceful hours, when we are left to what they call meditation, are the best of it. Then one is free to range where he will, in fancy. I've had as many adventures, thus, as any fortune-seeker of the Arabian Nights. What lands have I not visited—what bold things have I not achieved—aye, and day after day, taken up the same dream, where I had

left it last, carrying on its fortunes, till the actual work of life seemed the illusion, and this—the dream-world—the true one."

"So that, after all, this same existence has its pleasures, Gerald?"

"The pleasures are in forgetting it! ignoring that your whole life is a falsehood! They make me kneel at confession, to tell my thoughts—while well I know that, for the least blameable of them, I shall be scourged. They oblige me to say that I hate every thing that gives a charm to life, and cherish as blessings all that can darken and sadden it. Well, I swear the lie, and they are satisfied! And why are they satisfied? because out of this corrupt heart, debased by years of treachery and falsehood, they have created the being that they want to serve them."

"What has led you to think thus hardly of the priesthood?"

"One of themselves, Signor Conte. He told me all that I have repeated to you now, and he counselled me, if I had a friend—one friend on earth—to beseech him to rescue me from this pollution, ere it was too late, ere I was like him."

"And he—what became of him?"

"He died, as all die who offend the Order, of a wasting fever. His hair was white as snow, though he was under thirty, and his coffin was light as a child's. Look here, Signor Conte," cried he, as a smile of half incredulity, half pity, curled the Prince's lip, "look here. You are a great man and a rich: you never knew what it was in life to suffer any, the commonest of those privations poor men pass their days in—"

"Who can dare to say that of me?" cried Charles Edward, passionately. "There's not a toil I have not tasted, there's not a peril I have not braved, there's not a sorrow, nor a suffering have not been my portion; aye, and, God wot, with a heavier stake upon the board than ever man played for!"

"Forgive me, Signor Conte," stammered out the boy, as his eyes filled up at sight of the emotion he had caused, "I knew not what I was saying."

The Prince took little heed of the words, for his aroused thoughts bore him sadly to the mist-clad mountain and the heathery gorges of far away; and he strode the room in deep

emotion. At last his glance fell upon the boy, as pale and terror-stricken he stood watching him, and he quickly said, "I'm not angry with you, Gerald; do not grieve, my poor boy. You will learn, one of these days, that sorrow has its place at fine tables, just as at humbler boards. It helps the rich man to don his robe of purple, just as it aids the beggar to put on his rags. It's a stern conscription that calls on all to serve. But to yourself; you will not be a priest you say. What then would you like—what say you to the life of a soldier?"

"But in what service, Signor Conte?"

"That of your own country, I suppose."

"They tell me that the King is a usurper, who has no right to be King; and shall I swear faith and loyalty to him?"

"Others have done so, and are doing it every day, boy. It was but yesterday Lord Blantyre made what they call his submission; and he was the bosom friend of—the Pretender;" and the last words were uttered in a half-scornful laugh.

"I will not hear him called by that name, Signor Conte. So long as I remember any thing, I was taught not to endure it."

"Was that your mother's teaching, Gerald," said the Prince, tenderly.

"It was, sir. I was a very little child; but I can never forget the last prayer I made each night before bed: it was for God's protection to the true Prince; and when I arose I was to say 'Confusion to all who call him the Pretender.'"

"He is not even *that* now," muttered Charles Edward, as he leaned his head on the mantelpiece.

"I hope, Signor Conte," said the boy, timidly, "that you never were for the Elector."

"I have done little for the cause of the Stuarts," said Charles, with a deep sigh.

"I wish I may live to serve them," cried the youth, with energy.

The Prince looked long and steadfastly at the boy, and, in a tone that bespoke deep thought, said—

"I want to befriend you, Gerald, if I but knew how. It is clear you have no vocation for the church, and we are here in a land where there is little other career. Were we in France, something might be done. I have

some friends, however, in that country, and I will see about communicating with them. Send the Frate hither."

The boy left the room, and speedily returned with Fra Luke, whose anxious glances were turned from the Prince to the youth, in eager curiosity to learn how their interview had gone off.

"Gerald has no ambition to be a monsignore, Frate," said the Prince, laughingly, "and we mustn't constrain him. They who serve the church should have their hearts in the calling. Do you know of any honest family with whom he might be domesticated for a short time—not in Rome, of course, but in the country; it will only be for a month or two at farthest?"

"There is a worthy family at Orvieto, if it were not too far——"

"Nothing of the kind; Orvieto will suit admirably. Who are these people?"

"The father is the steward of Cardinal Caraffa; but it is a villa that his eminence never visits, and so they live there as in their own palace; and the mountain air is so wholesome there, sick people used to seek the place;

and so Tonino, as they call him, takes a boarder, or even two——"

"That is every thing we want," said the Prince, cutting short what he feared might be a long history. "Let the boy go back now to the college, and do you yourself come here on Saturday morning, and Kelly will arrange all with you."

"I wish I knew why you are so good to me, Signor Conte," said the boy, as his eyes filled up with tears.

"I was a friend of your family, Gerald," said Charles, as he fixed his eyes on the friar, to enforce his former caution.

"And am I never to see you again, signor?" cried he, eagerly.

"Yes, to be sure; you shall come here; but I will settle all that another time—on Saturday, Fra; and now good bye."

The boy grasped the hand with which the Prince waved his farewell, and kissed it rapturously; and Charles, overcome at length by feelings he had repressed till then, threw his arms around the boy's neck, and pressed him to his bosom.

Fra Luke, terrified how such a moment might end, hurried the youth from the room, and retired.

## BRIALMONT'S "DUKE OF WELLINGTON."\*

### PART I.

THESE volumes are the first attempt,† since the death of the great Duke, to give an entire view of the long career, the great talents and virtues—great in peace as well as in war—of that illustrious man. It is the work of a foreign officer, on the staff of the Belgian army. He argues with some plausibility, that this, his nationality, removing him equally from the party of the conquerors and the conquered, gives him advantages in relating the incidents of a war between two such countries as France and England; and, though we may be amused by the ostentatious parade with which, in his

preface, he promises an observance of candour, and his self-satisfied boast that "he has determined, with the most rigorous precision, the portion of praise or blame which belongs to Wellington, for every action of his political and military career," and that "he has preserved so strict a neutrality between the general spirit of disparagement, which has governed French writers, and that of enthusiastic admiration which has animated English ones, in speaking of him whom both have chiefly regarded in his character of conqueror of Napoleon, that he has been blamed in France as too warm

\* "*Histoire du Duc de Wellington*. Par A. Brialmont, Capitaine d'Etat Major."

† Stocqueler's hurried compilation, published in the same autumn as that in which the Duke died, was manifestly only designed for the temporary circulation opened to such a book by the excitement of the moment; and Maxwell's and Sherer's works limit themselves to the Duke's military career.

an admirer, and in England as too unfriendly a judge of his military qualities;" we may admit that the coexistence of such criticisms must be taken to be a tolerable proof of the impartiality of the author; while the termination of his recent correspondence with Sir William Napier entitles him to the praise of an even rarer virtue, in the frank acknowledgment of error.

In the exercise of that impartiality, which he rightly considers the first duty of a historian, M. de Brialmont dreads no antagonist; but, at the same time that he rejects, almost as unworthy of notice, the views of those who would place the Duke on a level, in point of military genius, with the French emperor, he repels with vehemence, at times even with asperity, the unfair criticisms of the authors of the "*Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*;" as also those of Thiers, and even of Napoleon, who was more destitute than almost any other of the world's great men of that magnanimity, and that sense of what would best serve his own reputation, which prompts a willingness to do justice to the talents and virtues of one's opponents. Moreover, he does not fear, at times, to break a lance with Napier himself, when blaming dispositions or enterprises which, in the English historian's opinion, owed their success rather to the egregious errors of the French marshals than to their own merit.

Yet, M. de Brialmont's book cannot be looked upon as a perfect Biography. Although he points out the defects of Maxwell's and Sherer's works, in stopping short at the termination of the military career of their hero, the volumes before us do not greatly differ from theirs in this respect; since by far the largest portion of them is devoted to the relation of the events of the Peninsular war, and not one-fifteenth part to the thirty-seven years, during which the Duke was spared so greatly to influence the peaceful councils of his country, after he had sheathed his sword on the field of Waterloo. Nor need we regret that our author has passed so lightly over the more recent period of the Duke's life, since not only are the working of our constitution and our domestic history exactly the points on which any foreigner, except M. Guizot, would be most likely to fail; but M. de Brial-

mont does, in fact, not only betray great confusion of ideas on the subject, but an inaccuracy with respect to our leading men which seems incompatible with the idea that he can have given any very careful attention to that part of his subject. Even in his reference to the Duke's printed despatches he confuses Mr. John Villiers, afterwards Lord Clarendon, with Lord Villiers, afterwards Lord Jersey; he takes Lord Dudley and Ward to have been two different peers; and of men now alive, Lord John Russell is sometimes called by his proper title, sometimes appears as Sir John Russell, and sometimes as Lord Russell, who is a distinct person; Mr. Spencer Walpole is called Sir Horace Walpole; and Lord Grey is mistaken for Lord de Grey; another kind of error confuses the post of President of the Council with that of First Lord of the Treasury; while, by a still stranger blunder, Mr. Lever is deprived of his identity as a novelist, and our most popular friend, Charles O'Malley, suddenly converted into a grave historian! Surely Frank Webber himself must have been at M. de Brialmont's elbow to prompt him to authenticate a fact by a statement that "M. Charles O'Malley raconte que . . ." though the fact, as related, is likely enough to be true, and certainly is eminently characteristic of the Duke's constant care for his soldiers.

Wellington's despatches, as published by Gurwood, stop, as it is well known, at the end of 1815; and those of the years 1816, 1817, 1818, though originally promised by the Colonel, have as yet been withheld; we have reason to believe that the present Duke designs, at no distant period, to give them to the world, as well as many other documents relating to his father's civil career; but we are already in possession of sufficient guides to enable us to form a tolerably just idea, not merely of his actions, but also of the motives which led to them, both generally through the Parliamentary debates, since no speaker was ever more sincere and open in avowing the reasons of his conduct, and, in two very important periods of his ministerial life, by the publication of "Sir Robert Peel's Memoirs," by Lord Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell.

The most valuable portion, however, of M. de Brialmont's volumes appears

to us to be that in which he explains those peculiar traits of genius and character which, in his opinion, enabled the Duke to perform those great achievements abroad, which have made his name famous among foreign nations, and to render those great civil services to his own country, that won him universal respect and affection among ourselves. And, since it is on those traits that it is specially instructive and profitable to dwell, we shall endeavour to give the reader a faithful notion of the manner in which our author treats this part of his subject.

In ancient times any uncertainty about the birth of a great man rather enhanced his greatness, by giving countenance to the idea that haply he might be the scion of some condescending deity, who had deigned to add him to the benefits showered from heaven upon unthankful mankind. The belief in demigods has passed away; but, as there have been few mortals whose existence has had a greater influence than the Duke's for good upon the destinies of the world, so there are not many natives of a civilized country, the circumstances of whose birth are more uncertain. We neither know where, nor when, he was born; indeed all that we are certain of is, that his mother was mistaken; for she believed he was born on the 1st of May, 1769, in Dublin. His nurse states he first saw the light at Dangan Castle, in Meath; and it is absolutely certain that the event took place before the first of May, as the parish registers prove that he received the name of Arthur on the thirtieth of April. He was the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, an Irish peer of recent creation, distinguished by an extraordinary degree of musical genius, whose compositions, even at this day, have lost none of their popularity. At an early age he was sent to Eton, then, as now, the most celebrated school in the United Kingdom; from whence, as neither his talents nor inclinations appeared to hold out any promise of classical distinction, he was removed to the military academy at Angers, in France, that he might there study the rudiments of the profession, for the teaching of which there was, at that time, no institution in England. In 1787 he entered the army, and, being aided by the interest and purse

of his eldest brother, who had already succeeded to the family honours, attained rapid promotion, until after several changes among the infantry and cavalry regiments of the establishment, in the course of the year 1793, when he was only twenty-four years of age, he obtained the colonelcy of the 33rd regiment of the line, which, in memory of its having been, as it were, the cradle of his military experience, has received since his death the title, which its members esteem as its highest honour, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

As commander of this corps he formed part of the unsuccessful expedition which the British Government sent to Holland under the Duke of York, and speedily gave such proofs of his capacity, that in the retreat of the troops, the command of the rear-guard, the post of honour, was confided to him. The ready skill and imperturbable coolness which, in execution of this honourable charge, he displayed under the most difficult circumstances, contributed to the safety of the whole army, and, in the opinion of his officers, gave promise of future eminence.

M. de Brialmont looks upon this campaign as one of great use to Wellington in his future life, as, if it did not furnish him with examples to follow, it at least taught him what to avoid. "Never," says he—

"Did any disaster more thoroughly bring to light the vices of the military system of Great Britain, the deplorable effects of the interference of a government which, without any experience of war, pretended to trace the plan of a campaign, and the weakness of a divided command, not supported either by any genius on the part of him who exercised it, nor by the confidence of the authority from which it proceeded. With soldiers well disciplined and well appointed, brave on the field of battle, patient amid reverses, the Duke of York met with nothing but misfortunes; while the French generals, with young conscripts, badly clothed, and badly appointed, but led by experienced generals, obtained a series of brilliant victories. These considerations made an impression on the mind of Wellesley, who was thus early led to perceive the necessity of introducing reforms into the organization, the system of command, and the discipline which prevailed in the English army."

We may well believe that Provi-



dence watched over, with peculiar care, one destined in future years to play an important part in the salvation of Europe, not only preserving his life amid constant and various dangers, but directing his course in the path which should give the rulers of his country the best proof of his talents. More than once it happened that he was appointed to proceed to stations where he would have had no opportunity of distinction, and more than once did accidents, apparently of the most trifling and ordinary character, interfere, at the last moment, to change his destination.

In the autumn of 1795 his regiment had actually sailed for the West Indies, when the vessel which bore him was compelled to put back into port by the equinoctial gales, and before it could start a second time, the 33rd were removed from it, and put under orders for India, where a wider theatre of action was to lie open to the soldier. Two years afterwards he was on the point of being detached on an expedition against Manilla, when, at the eleventh hour, news reached the Governor-General which induced him to countermand the expedition, and Wellesley was retained in Mysore, to take an active part in the war against Tippoo. On a third occasion he was preparing to form a part of the army which Sir David Baird was leading to Egypt, when he was arrested by a severe illness, and remained in Hindostan to show his genius for independent command in the campaign against Scindiah.

It was in the beginning of the year 1797 that Wellesley landed in Bengal, and soon afterwards his eldest brother arrived in the same country as Governor-General of India. It may be too much to say, with M. de Brialmont, that the fame of the Marquis eclipses that of all other governors, and that he was superior even to those great men whom we honour as the founders of our Indian empire, Clive and Warren Hastings; but we may certainly say that the glory of his administration has never been equalled since his time, and that this glory was owing in no respect to chance, but to a combination of the highest qualities of statesmanship, foresight, courage, firmness, disinterestedness, sagacity in judging of the characters and abilities of others, tact in availing himself to

the utmost of those abilities, and a frank magnanimity, ever ready to bestow on all the praise due to their exertions. These same qualities, in still greater perfection, contributed also to form the character of his illustrious relative. Ireland may point with just pride to two brothers, of whom no one family in the world has ever produced the equals.

Tippoo Sahib, the Sultan of Mysore, had never forgotten the defeats which a few years before he had received from Lord Cornwallis, and by the whole of his conduct gave proof that he fancied the hour had arrived to retrieve his fortunes. Lord Wellesley (to give him the title by which he has always been known to the present generation, though he had not as yet received that honourable reward for his services) speedily perceived his designs, and began preparation for war. Among his first steps was the transference of the 33rd to the Madras establishment, as that was the Presidency the fortunes of which were destined to be the object of hostilities; and, shortly after its despatch to that district, Colonel Wellesley was intrusted with the task of organizing, and training in combined field movements the whole of the troops intended to be employed. In the discharge of this duty he again displayed the most thorough knowledge of his profession, combined with a minute attention to every requisite for the soldier's comfort; and before General Harris arrived to take the command, had brought the troops into so high a state of efficiency, and established a system for their supply so perfect in all its details, as to call forth a marked public panegyric from that experienced warrior, who, to show further his sense of the colonel's merits, attached his regiment to the troops in the service of the Nizam, the ruler of the Deccan, giving him the command of that chieftain's contingent of near 16,000 men, 6,500 of whom were British troops.

At the beginning of February, 1799, all was ready, and Harris invaded Mysore. Tippoo was defeated in an attempt to arrest his progress at Sedaseer, and at Malavelly he was beaten in a more important action, the brunt of which fell upon Wellesley's division; and at the beginning of April the victorious army arrived

in front of Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo's dominions, which he had fortified with great care, and believed to be impregnable. Batteries were at once erected, and a heavy fire was kept up on the town, Wellesley being appointed to the chief command in the trenches. By the 3rd of May a breach was effected, which General Baird carried by storm, Tippoo himself being slain in the breach, where he was fighting with fruitless gallantry, but more like a common soldier than a general. Wellesley, with a powerful reserve, had been kept in readiness to support Baird, if he should fail in his first attempt; and, after his success, entered the city with his troops, to restore order, and restrain the conquering soldiers from pillage, to which few armies had ever been so severely tempted, since Tippoo's treasures were immense. In this, the first triumph in which he bore a part, Wellesley showed himself as firm an enemy to excess and disorder, as when in his maturer years he crushed the spirit of rapine and license in his Peninsular army. His exertions were rewarded, after the event alluded to, by his appointment as governor of the captured city, and the territory of Mysore. Baird, not very unnaturally, was disappointed at this nomination of an inferior officer to a post to which he conceived himself entitled, and which he was particularly anxious to obtain, from the fact that he had been for a long time detained in that very fortress as Tippoo's prisoner. He imputed the selection of Wellesley either to a suggestion of the Governor-General, or to an unworthy desire on the part of General Harris to gain the good will of the governor, by showing undue favours to his brother. But Lord Wellesley, while he denied that he had ever recommended his brother to Harris, declared at the same time that so high was his confidence in his discretion, judgment, and integrity, that if the general had not given him the appointment, he should himself have interfered to do so. And it may be fairly believed that the mingled firmness and tact which Colonel Wellesley had in every case displayed, furnished the motive that actuated General Harris in giving him so honourable, but at the same time so difficult and responsible, a post.

It is certain, at all events, that he discharged its duties with consummate ability. His arrangements for the pacification and defence of the conquered territory were not only successful, but showed the greatest genius; and his conduct earned for him the warmest praises of the Governor-General, who considered that it had rendered him wholly independent of patronage.

At this period peace was not expected to be of long duration in India; and Lord Wellesley, who was planning an expedition for the reduction of the Dutch island of Batavia, proposed to place it under the command of his brother, but Colonel Wellesley preferred remaining in Mysore, where a freebooter, named Dhoondiah Waugh, though, till the death of Tippoo, he had been a prisoner in Seringapatam, had collected a large body of predatory troops, and was becoming a formidable enemy. He had already baffled and escaped from a force sent against him, under Colonel Stevenson, and had the audacity to proclaim his intention to surprise Colonel Wellesley himself, on one of his hunting expeditions, and make him prisoner. His threats did not stop the colonel's hunting, but his increasing arrogance made Wellesley think it necessary to proceed against him in person. He accordingly surprised his camp, routed his force, Dhoondiah himself being killed in the engagement, and returned with a reputation enhanced by this decisive success.

The year 1801 brings us to a remarkable passage in the Duke's life, not only as displaying in a conspicuous degree the fearlessness with which, even at this early period, he took upon himself the most serious responsibility; but as being the only occasion in his whole career on which (though often finding himself opposed, thwarted, slighted, or groundlessly blamed) he betrayed any personal irritation, or seemed to be in the least influenced by a regard for his own consequence, while even in this case he confined his displeasure to words, and exerted himself to carry out orders by which he conceived he had been injured, as zealously as if he had no cause for discontent.

Lord Wellesley, full of plans of conquest, had assembled a large force in Ceylon, with the idea of despatch-

ing it against the Isle of Bourbon and Mauritius; and entertaining the highest opinion of his brother's talents, and the most unceasing desire to bring them into notice, had appointed him to command it, aware that such an appointment would create great jealousy among the general officers, but disregarding that consideration from his opinion, to use his own words, of his brother's "superior good sense, decision, activity, and spirit." Circumstances, however, almost immediately arose which rendered it probable that it would be necessary to change the destination of this force, increase it, and despatch it to Egypt, to join Abercromby's army. The Governor-General at once wrote to his brother that it would be necessary to intrust the expedition to a general officer, in which case it would probably be more pleasant for the colonel to resume his post in Mysore.

Orders were sent from the Home Government, directing the detachment of a force to Egypt; and the despatches which announced this order to the Governor of Madras, were at once communicated by him to Colonel Wellesley, who thus became aware of them, even before they reached his brother. He at once perceived that nothing would so essentially contribute to the success of the expedition as despatch; and as several weeks must unavoidably have been lost if he had waited for orders from Calcutta, he resolved, in spite of the remonstrances of the Governor of Ceylon, to anticipate them, and on his own responsibility removed his army to Bombay, sending notice of his act to Lord Wellesley, in order that directions for his subsequent conduct might be sent to that city. On arriving there he found that General Baird was appointed to the chief command, and that he himself was to be second. At the same time, in case that post should be disliked, he received permission to resume his station in Mysore.

This decision of the Governor-General he looked upon as a supersession of himself, injurious not only to his prospects but also to his reputation; and he expressed himself on the subject with great indignation to his brother Henry, admitting that, even in his own opinion, he ought not to have been the person originally

appointed to the command of so large a force; but arguing that the fact of another being placed over his head, after he had been so appointed, must carry with it the appearance of his having been disgraced for some misconduct, and that after he had received the appointment "it would have been fair to allow him to hold it till he did something to deserve to lose it." With these feelings we can hardly doubt that his own wishes would have recalled him to Mysore; but, after a very brief deliberation, he decided on accompanying Baird, telling his brother Henry how unwillingly he had thus decided, but giving the grounds for his resolution in language which not only does him the greatest credit, but sets forth, in a few words, the principle that actuated him throughout his whole life. "I have never," says he, "had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary." It was fated, however, that he should remain in India, for at the last moment, when about to embark, he was seized with a severe illness, which incapacitated him from sailing. The expedition proceeded to Egypt without him, and he returned to Mysore.

We have been more particular in our account of this transaction than its intrinsic importance deserves (though it is not without a value, as throwing a light on the Duke's character and invariable principle of action, to postpone every thing to the two grand considerations of obedience to his superiors and the public interests of the State); because there is no event in his career which has been more incorrectly related. English authors of high reputation have spoken of General Baird's appointment as if it were the consequence of the Governor-General's disapproval of his brother's conduct in quitting Ceylon without orders, though it neither was so, nor did the Duke ever fancy that it was. About a month before the Duke left Bombay, the Governor-General gave him notice, that if the expedition was sent to Egypt, instead of to the Mauritius, it would occasion "the necessity of employing one or two of his Majesty's general officers." Afterwards, when announcing General Baird's appointment, the Governor-General says to his brother, "I

am persuaded that a full consideration of the question will induce you to agree with me in opinion that the extent of the force to be employed rendered it necessary to appoint a general officer to the chief command;" and the Duke himself attributed his brother's conduct to his finding "that he could not resist the claims that General Baird had to be employed," and not to his disapproval of the transport of the army to Bombay, on which subject he knew Lord Wellesley "entirely approved of his movement, under all the circumstances of the case, and thought it would prove a very useful step."

Very fortunate it was, both for himself and Europe, that he was prevented from bearing a part in the Egyptian expedition; for he had not long recovered from the illness which had detained him in India, when opportunity arose for employing him on a more extended field. The Peishwah had lately been expelled from Poonah, his capital city, by the subordinate Mahratta chieftains, Holkar and Scindiah. In his distress he applied for aid to Lord Wellesley, who undertook to reinstate him in his dominions, collecting one powerful army on the frontier of Oude, under the command of Lord Lake; and sending another force under his brother, who had lately become a major-general, into the Mahratta territory; giving both commanders the most ample civil and military powers, and especially authorizing his brother to negotiate whatever treaties he might think expedient with Scindiah, Holkar, or the Rajah of Berar. In bestowing these powers, it was subsequently decided by lawyers at home that Lord Wellesley had exceeded his station, but the legality of his proceedings was not questioned in India at the moment; and General Wellesley, in discharge of the functions with which he was thus invested, acted with almost as much political as military talent.

Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar had united their forces; and the first problem for General Wellesley to solve was so to manage the minor Mahratta chieftains as to crush his two formidable enemies, without provoking a general Mahratta rising. As early as October, 1800, he had had opportunities of forming a judgment of the Mahratta character; and, in a most

ably drawn memorial addressed to Lord Clive, the Governor of Madras, stated that "all the chiefs of the Mahratta empire looked to the event of the expected contest with the utmost anxiety. They will join," he proceeds to say, "the one party or the other, according to their own ideas of their relative strength, and of the chances of ultimate success; and, in case of our interference, which is not expected, the question with them will be, whether our force employed is sufficient to get the better of that which will be brought against us by Scindiah." Impressed with these views, so skilfully did he conduct his negotiations with the nation in general, that he now marched nearly six hundred miles into their territory, "not only unopposed by them, but receiving all the assistance which their country could afford." He took Ahmednuggur, one of the strongest forts in India; and, being anxious to reach the enemy before the rivers became fordable, so as to facilitate their escape, he pushed on with great rapidity, and, on the 23rd of September, overtook them near the village of Assaye. He had not intended to fight them quite so soon, but was misled as to their actual position by inaccurate information, and unexpectedly found himself in front of them, when he believed they were still some miles distant. He had planned a joint attack with Colonel Stevenson, who was marching towards them at the head of another corps a little to the west; but, as matters had turned out, he decided on not waiting for his support, and, though he had not one-fifth of their number, he at once issued orders for attacking them. They fought with great skill and resolution, and no battle in India had ever been more stubbornly contested. At last, after a struggle of many hours' duration, the enemy fled, leaving behind them a number of killed and wounded, equal to the entire force of their assailants, with the whole of their artillery. Before the end of the year he inflicted a second defeat on them at Argaum, which compelled both Scindiah and the Rajah to sue for peace, and purchase it by the cession of their most valuable territories.

These important victories were owing not solely to Wellesley's skill in strategy and tactics, but, in a still greater degree, to the reforms which

he had introduced into the military system of India—substituting a compact and, though small, formidable army for the numerous petty garrisons into which the military establishment of the country had previously been broken, and reducing the vast quantity of baggage and the host of camp-followers, up to his time thought indispensable; so that the army under his command became capable of executing marches of a length and rapidity unexampled in those regions. On the very day of the battle of Argaum he marched twenty-six miles, and had still daylight enough left to beat 40,000 men with one-third of their number.

The treaties which followed these achievements he negotiated himself; and after devoting the next year to the arrangement of the political affairs of Mysore, in which task he displayed a largeness of general views, united with the same attention to every minute detail that we have already remarked, he relinquished his employments in India, and returned to England. His great services and merits were not unacknowledged. From his sovereign he had already received the Order of the Bath; but the universal regret felt at his departure was a still more honourable and gratifying testimony to the reality of his talents and virtues. Not only did his old regiment, the 33rd, present an address to him, thanking him for the great benefits which the corps had received from his friendly and paternal attention—the garrison of Seringapatam, and the European inhabitants and officers of the Presidency of Fort St. George, following their example—but the native inhabitants of Seringapatam hastened also to express their deep regret at losing him, "their gratitude for the tranquillity, security, and happiness they had enjoyed under his auspicious protection; . . . their respect for his brilliant exploits, . . . and reverence for his benevolence." He quitted India in March, and in the autumn of the same year arrived in England.

He was not long unemployed. In November he joined the expedition sent under Lord Cathcart to Hanover, which, however, in consequence of the overwhelming effects of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, returned without attempting any thing; and his brigade

was stationed at Hastings, where he applied himself, with his usual energy and success, to the task of disciplining the troops, and exercising them in the manœuvres of which they had yet but little experience; and such zeal did he display in this task, which many an officer of his rank would have thought beneath him, as to excite the surprise of one of his friends, who inquired how a victorious general like him could submit to be reduced to the command of a brigade. Sir Arthur's reply was but another enunciation of his invariable principles of action. "Because," said he, "I am *nimmuck-wallah*, as they say in the East: I have eaten the king's salt, and therefore I conceive it my duty to serve, with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, wherever he may think proper to employ me."

Early in 1806 he married Catharine, daughter of the Earl of Longford, by whom he had two sons—the present Duke of Wellington, and Lord Charles Wellesley; and soon afterwards he was called upon to undertake duties of a description different from any that had previously engaged his attention. When he came of age he had become a member of the Irish Parliament, as representative of the borough of Trim; he now obtained a seat in the English House of Commons, as member for Rye; and when the death of Mr. Fox broke up the Ministry of which he had been the leading member, Sir A. Wellesley was made a Privy Councillor and Secretary for Ireland. Even in this situation, so much at variance with his previous habits, his genius for organization and his love of order enabled him to confer lasting benefits on our people. During his short period of office he instituted the Dublin police, which subsequently became the model for the police of London, and of almost every town in England.

He had only accepted the office on the understanding that it should not be allowed to interfere with his claim for military employment; and when, at the end of the year 1807, the ministry, having had certain information of the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit, with unwonted energy anticipated the designs of Napoleon, and sent an armament to demand the surrender of the Danish fleet, which was on the point of being employed against

them. Wellesley was appointed second in command to Lord Cathcart, and was, in fact, as Nelson had been in the last expedition against Copenhagen, intrusted with the conduct of the most important active operations.

M. de Brialmont, like most continental writers, disapproves of the expedition, which he calls lamentable and unjust. It is foreign to our present object to discuss its merits, as Wellesley had nothing to do with its justice or injustice; but we cannot help observing, that if, as M. de Brialmont fancies, the ministers had only "*a vague suspicion* of the secret clause in the treaty," the acuteness which conceived a suspicion that proved so minutely accurate, is without any parallel in the history of political sagacity; while his argument, that even if they had really received ever so positive information, the measure which they adopted was equally unjust, because Denmark was no party to the treaty, is rather the language of a childish theorist than of a political statesman; since what the British ministers apprehended with reason was, not that Denmark would voluntarily turn her arms against us, but that when France and Russia joined in requiring her to do so, she would be wholly unable to refuse compliance with their requisition; and her inability to resist those two powers will not, we presume, be denied by M. de Brialmont himself. Whatever may be the merits of that question, however—and there is not an act of our Government during the period in which we are less afraid of the verdict of all impartial persons—it cannot be denied that the expedition was eminently successful, and that its success was mainly owing to the skill with which Wellesley, at Kioge, defeated the Danish army of nearly three times his own number.

There was such a general disposition not only in England, but throughout Europe, to undervalue the importance of events in India, that his conduct in Denmark probably contributed more to his reputation with the ministers at home—as it certainly did with continental statesmen—than all his great achievements in the East. And it was very fortunate for the country that all men's eyes were fixed upon him, as our most skilful general; since the time was at hand when a wider field

was to be opened to the exertions of the nation, with which Wellesley's name was to become inseparably linked to his own and his country's imperishable glory. The treachery with which Napoleon had kidnapped the Spanish royal family had at length roused the whole of their nation into insurrection. The populace at Madrid rose in revolt, and the atrocious cruelty with which Murat repressed it there only excited a similar feeling in other cities. The British Government thought that this rising afforded them a favourable opportunity for attacking Napoleon's power in a fresh quarter. The Opposition gave the ministers a cordial support—if, indeed, we may not rather say on this occasion, that they prompted their resolution to aid the Spanish patriots, as they were called; and a small army was at once put under Sir A. Wellesley's command, and sent to the Peninsula.

His operations were singularly rapid. It was August before he landed, with 10,000 men, in Mondego Bay, about half-way between Oporto and Lisbon. The next week he defeated the French at Roliça; and, having received some important reinforcements, on the 21st of the same month he gained a second victory over Junot at Vimiera. He was preparing to follow up his blow, by marching on Torres Vedras—the effect of which step would have been, that Junot would have been cut off from Lisbon, and forced, in all probability, to evacuate Portugal—when his progress was arrested by Sir Henry Burrard, an officer senior to himself, who had arrived just as the battle was about to commence, and who, though he would not interfere with Wellesley's arrangements for the action itself, now interposed to prevent operations which he considered too hazardous. He had hardly had time to do this mischief, when he was himself superseded by Sir Hew Dalrymple, the Governor of Gibraltar, who had been ordered to quit his government and assume the chief command. Sir Hew prepared to advance, but the golden opportunity had been let slip, and the French could no longer be attacked with advantage. Junot, however, despaired of being able to maintain his hold of Lisbon, and proposed a conference, in which he ultimately agreed to evacuate the whole of Por-

tugal. A convention for this object was entered into by the generals on both sides, and the invading French at once quitted the country.

There can be no doubt that this was a great result to have obtained in so short a time. Nevertheless, the news of the convention excited the most furious indignation in England, and a court of inquiry was appointed to investigate the conduct of the generals who had entered into it. Wellesley was more particularly the object of the national displeasure, as it was he who had signed it on the part of the British; but he proved, by his evidence before the court, that he had only done so in obedience to Dalrymple's orders; while, at the same time, he did not hesitate to avow his opinion that, after Sir Henry Burrard's interference had prevented him from making the most of his victory, the convention, securing the complete evacuation of Portugal by the enemy, was as desirable a termination of the campaign as could have been looked for. The Court of Inquiry acquitted the generals of all blame, and Sir Arthur, for a while, returned to his duties as Irish Secretary.

Winter brought the battle of Corunna, and the glorious death of Moore; and though the Opposition had now changed their tactics, and pronounced all further attempts to withstand the power of Napoleon insane and hopeless, the ministers took a more manly view of affairs; and having consulted Wellesley on the practicability of defending Portugal, and having received from him a most able memorial, in which he asserted his constant and firm opinion that Portugal might be defended, whatever was the result of affairs in Spain, and explained the measures which he judged sufficient for that enterprise, they determined on sending another army to the Peninsula.

There could hardly be a doubt to whom it should be intrusted, and in April, 1809, Sir A. Wellesley landed a second time in Portugal, taking with him about 13,000 men. He found 11,000 more there; and with this handful, compared to the French armies, oppressing every district of the two Peninsular kingdoms, he commenced that series of wonderful campaigns which stamped him as the greatest of generals, while, at the same time, the

accuracy with which he predicted the result of the struggle, and the early foresight with which he indicated the means of attaining success in it, do equal honour to his political sagacity.

It was in no small degree owing to the steadiness with which he adhered to his opinion that a successful resistance to Napoleon was maintained in the Peninsula, that the ministers were led to decide on sending out this second expedition; and it was no less due to him alone that Portugal was selected as the base for his military operations rather than Spain.

Sir John Moore had pronounced the defence of Portugal impossible; and our envoy there, and even the Portuguese regency, were urgent in their representations that the south of Spain was the only district favourable to a successful resistance. Wellesley stood alone in his opinion, that instead of defending Portugal in Spain, the true course was to deliver Spain in Portugal, and was prepared to justify it by his exploits.

No commander has ever had such difficulties to contend with as then beset him on every side. At home, the nation, proud of its naval supremacy, and dwelling with pride on the achievements of Nelson, had not yet become accustomed to look with equal confidence on her army, and was discouraged by the slightest appearance of failure, or even by delay in the attainment of victory. The ministry were scarcely sure of their position a month together, and afraid to identify themselves with the fortunes of their general, who, if defeated, would cause their overthrow by his own. The Opposition were able, but, to the last degree, rancorous and unpatriotic; nor in the whole of our parliamentary records are there any pages which redound less to our national credit, than those which are filled with their denunciations of the folly of the ministry in maintaining the contest, and with the most cruel and ceaseless disparagement of the courage of our troops and the skill of our general, which even the glorious day of Salamanca could not wholly shame into silence. Even the enthusiasm felt by the nation in general for the Spanish cause was, in some sense, an evil, as leading it to form unreasoning and unreasonable expectations of instant success; and being naturally liable to reaction when those expecta-

tions were not fully and speedily gratified. Of our allies, the Portuguese, indeed, when disciplined by Beresford, proved valiant and trusty soldiers; but the Spaniards were the most worthless men that ever disgraced a glorious cause or encumbered a noble champion. Their chiefs were boastful, presumptuous, ignorant, obstinate, and jealous; the common soldiers insubordinate, cowardly, and cruel; while both chiefs and people were false, treacherous, and rapacious; and so little heart, even in their own cause, that they would scarcely even take the trouble to aid him or the other British officers in obtaining information, and, on some occasions, the generals even detained his despatches; while, to the very last, many thousands of the common people were serving in the French ranks. In our own army, also, there were the gravest defects. Those who regulated its affairs at home, having no experience of war on a large scale, and no idea of its requirements, for a long time the appointments of the troops were, in every particular, most defective; supplies of every kind, money to pay them, and means of transport to convey them, deficient; and the character of the troops themselves was not much better.

The lamented Moore had, indeed, brought the light division into a state of admirable efficiency, and Wellesley himself had taken an opportunity, as has been already mentioned, of bringing one small brigade into high discipline; but, in general, the men could only be trusted to behave well when actually engaged with the enemy; at other times they were insubordinate, given to pillage and drunkenness, impatient of privation, and equally unable to contain themselves in moments of victory; while the officers were dis-

contented, negligent, indeed, for the most part, ignorant of the details of their duty; indiscreet, both in finding fault with operations they did not understand, and in divulging their expectations of future movements; the bravery of a British gentleman being almost their only virtue. In fact they were, as the Duke himself declared some years later, a fine looking army on parade, and an excellent one for fighting, but one to which success or disaster was equally ruinous.

His first achievements were as rapid as in his previous campaign. It was the 22nd of April when he landed at Lisbon; and at once proceeded to take the field. On merely military grounds he would have preferred marching against Victor, who had just defeated Cuesta at Medellin; but political reasons of great weight determined him rather to operate against Soult, who, at the end of March, had stormed Oporto, and was now occupying that important city, and treating its inhabitants with severity. He had destroyed the bridge across the Douro, which washed the southern walls of the city; removed all the boats to its northern bank, and having taken these precautions, believed himself in an unassailable position. Safe from every thing but the most daring genius he undoubtedly was. Oporto was above 150 miles from Lisbon, but on the 20th day from Wellesley's arrival in the Tagus, he reached the Douro, brought down some boats from Avintas, a village on the bank of the river some miles higher up; crossed the stream unperceived by the French sentries, and surprised Soult so completely, that he had scarcely time to escape, leaving his dinner ready dressed behind him, which was eaten by the English general as the first fruits of his victory.



## BRITISH STOKERS AND ITALIAN SYMPATHIES.

WHEN the Prince Rupert of debate made onalught upon the Premier, on the first night of the December Session, he must have charged the foe under some impulse of that reckless valour which disdains the calmer action of judgment and memory. The well-known achievements of Lord Palmerston, in the management of our foreign relations, tempted Lord Derby to comment, not without humour, and amidst the laughter of the peers, upon the tone of melancholy resignation which the Prime Minister had succeeded in breathing into the paragraph of her Majesty's speech, which announced that profound peace reigned—or, shall we say raged—over our connexion with European sovereigns. That blessing—unless we read calamity—the Premier, said Lord Derby, had done his best to avert. At all events the prevailing quiet was a matter of which he (Lord Palmerston) seemed to desire to wash his hands. And in the Commons, Mr. Disraeli, by a coincidence of sentiment and expression going far to justify Lord Granville's complaint of the non-spontaneity of the jest, taxed the noble Viscount opposite with conveying by the mouth of her Majesty, to the House and the country—"We have done our best; but there is no help, we are in for it;—Europe is at peace!"

Now, far be it from us to deny the unquestionable genius Lord Palmerston has displayed in dealing with European diplomatic arrangements in a brisk, jaunty, overweening manner. Under ordinary circumstances, we readily admit, it would be hard, indeed, for any taunt which might be thrown from any side of either House upon such a matter, not to find between the joints of the Premier's harness room enough to lodge itself. On the occasion in question, however, we conceive him to be cased, for once, in armour of proof. Conscious of integrity, no doubt, he disdained so much as to handle his shield, and would not condescend to utter a phrase which would have blunted the point of the sarcasm:—"What! I, indeed, trouble peace in Europe by an over-

bearing arrogance! Pray, sirs, remember King Bomba and the stokers of the steamship *Cagliari*!" We wonder whether these luckless engineering "*Cives Romani*," were, as members of their respective mechanics' institutes at Glasgow, Gateshead, or elsewhere, diligent conners of Parliamentary reports in the good old times when that magnificent platitude elicited, upon the Greek debate, the thundering sympathy of the House of Commons. Can it, by any strange freak of Fate, be possible that any one of them chanced then to have been a member of the famous vestry deputation from Islington, whose animating presence within the dusty official *salons* of the Foreign Office, roused the fervid eloquence of the noble Viscount to that burst of indignant oratory touching the struggles of continental nations for liberty, whereof the climax was the declaration of their crying need for the assistance of "a judicious bottleholder?" If it were so, indeed, how strange and unaccountable must have appeared to them their long detention in a most foul prison, whilst they perpended the fact, which should have been so consolatory, that the destinies of the whole *Civitas Romana* were now swayed by the fiery champion who had threatened, as avenger of Don Pacifico's rifled bedsteads and cupboards, to lay the *Piræus* in ashes, and had caused the "young Nero" of Austria to tremble at the bare thought of Hungary returning to the scratch, with Palmerston for a backer. "It is true," they might have reasoned, "with the august and beloved Ferdinand, under whose lock and key we are temporarily confined, unhappy England has ceased to hold official communication. A very sudden and unexpected turn it was which brought us here at all. Our compulsory stoking, under threat of Mazzinian knives; our involuntary descent upon the coast of astonished Bombadom; our fatal capture by the gallant navy of that loyal realm; our undesirable personal introduction to the amenities of that paternally corrective gaol discipline, about which Mr. Gladstone

had the bad taste to publish scurrilous pamphlets; all these things are the phases of a rapid catastrophe, whereof, perchance—O bitter chance for us!—not even an echo has yet resounded within the walls of Downing-street. Yes! let us be patient and strong; stiff in determination as a piston-rod; continent of complaint as a double plated boiler of heat. When Palmerston hears, Palmerston will help.”

But, as the weeks went on, misgivings and doubts arose:—“British ambassador, there is none at Naples; British consul there *may* be, having perhaps, however, other fish to fry; but sure as steam is steam, there *must* be at Naples our ‘own correspondent’ of the *Times*! At Naples, indeed! Why, ten to one, the fat old friar who waddled down to see the liberators land at Ponza, and the lanky individual with a straw hat and telescope, who watched us from the shore as the Neapolitan man-of-war worked us in for a prize to harbour; and the slouching, squinting, hunchback lazzarone, who took a sight at us as we were marched, handcuffed, on shore, were each and all, that one and the same marvellous and ubiquitous Correspondent, assuming various disguises in the conscientious pursuit of his search after early, exclusive, and authentic information. Downing-street must know our fate but too well before this; and Palmerston must plead ignorance in vain.”

Seriously,—and the matter, we fear, has had for one, at least, of our unfortunate countrymen consequences so serious as to give it a very grave aspect; we cannot bring ourselves to imagine upon what grounds that large section of the Liberal party in England, which flings up its cap and hurrahs when Lord Palmerston opens his mouth upon continental affairs, can justify to themselves his lamb-like meekness in this misadventure of the hapless Englishmen, whom the capture of the Genoese steamer *Cagliari*, has thrown into the clutches of the torturers of Carlo Poerio. We could have forgiven Lord Palmerston an honest outburst, even of indiscreet zeal, against the treatment of the English mechanics of whom we speak. At Constantinople, at Smyrna, throughout the Levant, we refuse to let so much as one of the motley

rabble of Maltese and Ionians, whose misconduct is the continual despair of harassed consuls and vice-consuls, and the continual disgrace of the name of British citizenship, fall into the dismal discomforts of Eastern dungeons; yet we maintain with the Sultan, from whose criminal jurisdiction we subtract these choice samples of conventional British citizenship, the closest and most friendly diplomatic relations. Whereas, having solemnly, in the face of Europe, and in common with our most powerful ally, declared his Neapolitan Majesty to be, for his despotic and shameless treatment of his own unhappy subjects, unworthy to be honoured by the presence of a French or English ambassador at his court, we are fully content to let him immure within his pestilent prison-dens—apparently for an indefinite period—native British citizens, whose offence against the laws of his realm there are not two men in Europe who would not pronounce to be an involuntary act.

The worthiness and consistency of such a course we are incapable of understanding. If, indeed, there were reasonable ground of hope that this unusual forbearance were any proof that his Lordship had turned over a new leaf in respect of his treatment of minor foreign powers, we should discern in the case a ray of consolation, and we should take comfort from the bare fact of such turning over of a new leaf at all.

But, in honest truth, our belief in the thorough-going nature of the amendment of Lord Palmerston's tone in diplomatic relations, is about as profound and sincere as our conviction of his genuine attachment to that cause of the extension of the franchise, which he has bound himself over to plead in the forthcoming Session.

Yet, we must own, that the tender respect shown to the independent sovereignty and legal rights of the Neapolitan monarch, in this matter of the imprisoned engineers, hardly commands our undivided sympathy. No! we have some little portion of that priceless commodity to share with the misguided mechanics of Sheffield, Hull, Newcastle, and other such hotbeds of perverse opinions, who have intimated an unreasonable impatience and unaccountable disgust at the re-

cital of the sufferings of their fellow-craftsmen; and, as they would simply express themselves, "at the pretty figure the country cuts" at Naples.

Poor Neapolitans!—to lose sight of the feelings of our own estimable and injured stokers a little while—it is not without a curious interest to speculate what may be the manner and fashion of their meditations upon the unusual event. If the "*retentissement*" of Mr. Gladstone's celebrated papers throughout Europe; if the minacious articles of the *Times*, at intervals, against the "*adorato sovrano*;" if the friendly, but futile, palaver of the Paris Conference, had ever caused the hope to germinate in their oppressed souls that England might some day interpose to ease them of their yoke, or mollify its severity, their paternal ruler himself could scarcely have hit upon a more drastic purgative of such foul humours from the body of their thought.

There is about King Bomba a certain heroic bearing in hazardous conjunctures which gives him a sort of greatness, which even we, snubbed Britons, must admire. We have no doubt that the royal pupil of the Jesuits has an insight into character sufficiently penetrating to have enabled him, long since, to detect what the worthy Protestant vestrymen of Islington have not as yet been privileged to discern—we mean the feebleness of action, which, after all, has been, in the face of any firm resistance, so remarkable a feature of our blustering school of foreign politicians. His Neapolitan Majesty, no doubt, knew well enough, that, if *Civis Romanus* stood alone, face to face with him, the set stare of even an impudent lazzarone had a fair chance of looking him down.

Ulcers wrought by chains upon the loins; tubercles, caused by the damp of fetid vaults, within the lungs of Neapolitans born and bred, of men who had sat and spoken and voted in a free Neapolitan parliament, of men who had been the cabinet ministers of a constitutional Neapolitan kingdom, these, indeed, were admirable catechetical lessons to his subjects upon his own unquestionable rights, and their indisputable duties. In so far as regarded caution as to the dangers and hopelessness of aiming, by themselves alone, after any different political and

social status, perhaps nothing farther was required.

But if the wild dream had ever crossed their rebellious imaginations, that the help, which was not to be found within, might possibly come from liberal and heretical England—well, here is a dream-dispelling admonition with a vengeance; here are Englishmen consigned to the same fate as any Neapolitan malcontent; and one of these stiffnecked Englishmen, though he be but a poor assistant engineer, driven to the verge of madness and the deplorable attempt to escape by suicide from the rigours of a Neapolitan commitment for trial. All this, mark you, within three days' steam of Malta, and with English men-of-war steamers occasionally dropping in and out of the bay.

Thus far had we written, "speculating," as we said, "not without curious interest," upon the colouring which this matter would take in the eyes of Neapolitans, when one morning, as we ran our eye down the foreign correspondence of the *Times*, the following passage, in ample confirmation of our expectations, chanced to arrest it:—

"Letters reached Turin yesterday, from Naples, mentioning the unfavourable impression produced in that capital by Lord Palmerston's declaration with respect to the engineers of the Cagliari. The writers assert, whether correctly or not may be matter of doubt, that the Premier has been misinformed, and that the treatment of the two prisoners in question is by no means so satisfactory as he represented in his place in Parliament. The truth is, I suspect, that the Neapolitans are far from pleased at the turn the question has taken. Unable to help themselves, or to struggle successfully against the oppression that crushes them, they live in hopes of seeing their rulers embroiled with a foreign power, and of thus obtaining an opportunity of revolt. They thought it probable that the stir made in England about the engineers would bring to the Bay of Naples Admiral Lyons and his squadron, and they say—and this is true enough—that ships of war are the only representatives of Great Britain to which the government of King Ferdinand is likely to pay attention. They were naturally disappointed and vexed at finding that the English Cabinet did not consider the question one calling for such strong measures; and we must, therefore, not receive with implicit confidence the

statements they transmit respecting the treatment of the two English prisoners."

There is something almost ludicrous in the studied moderation of this language—an ingenuousness in the statement of the birth of a suspicion in the writer's mind, that the Neapolitans are, forsooth, "far from pleased at the turn the question has taken," which would be touching, were it not manifestly ironical. The candour with which he is anxious to point out that they are not wholly unprejudiced witnesses is irresistibly comic, and so is the admonition 'not to receive with implicit confidence the statements they transmit.' But, ironical or sincere, we stand no longer in need of any caution upon this point. With shame and indignation we must *now* admit that no statement had reached us concerning the treatment of our unhappy fellow-countrymen, which the reality was not to justify. For we have *now* before us those means of testing the genuineness of the controverted statements, which were wanting to the Turin correspondent of the *Times* when he penned the lines we have quoted above. We allude, of course, to the document relative to the imprisonment of the engineers, Watt and Park, at Salerno, which has been published by order of Parliament, and made known to the whole world by the daily press. That document, as our readers must all know, consists of an extract from a letter written from Naples to Lord Clarendon by Acting-Consul Barbar, and of a statement drawn up by that gentleman from the report made verbally to himself by the prisoners, when, upon the 25th of last November, he was admitted to a conference with them. We will not inflict, therefore, upon their patience a recapitulation of its contents, but will only beg of them to consider whether they do not bear us out fully in the opinion which we have ventured to express above—that if ever there were a case wherein the weakness of an antagonist need not have been permitted to shield him from the consequences of his misconduct, such a one is before us. It may, perhaps, be of little moment to the imperial policy of Britain, that it should present a deplorable, nay contemptible, aspect in the eyes of beings whose political consequence is so utterly insignificant as

that of the unhappy subjects of the Neapolitan crown. But, after all, these things are done in the face of Europe and the world, and we cannot conceive that any Briton can feel otherwise than angered and mortified when the press of these islands first copies and disseminates such an extract as this from the official journal of Naples:—

"In answer to questions on the subject of the treatment which the English prisoners in Salerno had received, Lord Palmerston replied that it had been '*ottimo*,' and thus concluded: 'I think that there is no reason of complaint against the Neapolitan Government. We have no right to require that our countrymen should be better treated than others who were taken in the act of violating the Neapolitan laws.'"

And then prints almost side by side such a document as Mr. Barbar's recital of the mean, insolent, dishonest, filthy, and cruel manner, in which, amidst the execration of their own people, the Neapolitan authorities have dared to deal, for seven long months, with British citizens uncondemned, and, for all they are untried, manifestly and palpably innocent of offence!

Poor Neapolitans! and, if possible, Sicilians poorer still! this Cagliari case, after all, may prove an invaluable lesson to them, though it be not much more than a corollary to the conclusions which the events of nine years back have proved to demonstration before their eyes. Not that we complain; nor that we have ever heard a judicious Italian lover of Italian liberty complain of a simple refusal, on the part of England, to intervene in the great controversy between the Italian people and their native or foreign misrulers. Interference in her affairs has been, for centuries, too sorely the curse of the sad and beautiful land, for those who love her to have faith in its efficacy. But that of which Italians may fairly, as they do bitterly, complain—that of which we too complain, for the honour of Britain, as well as for the love we bear Italy—is the loudly, though lightly, spoken word of encouragement, which is not meant to be verified by a single enforcing action. We will not go back, for justification of this remark, to so far as nine years ago; we will not talk of a proffered recognition of the Duke

of Genoa as the constitutional King of Sicily; nor of the delusions of the notorious Minto mission; but we will simply inquire what fruit, except in additional gall and bitterness, the Italian people have tasted from the noisy professions of sympathy uttered at the conferences which closed the Russian war?

The last summer, with its terrific and harrowing Indian vicissitudes, was so long to the hearts of Englishmen that it seems to have put a yawning chasm of time between the present day and that on which we heard, in fair Florence, the cannon fired from the upper fortress, and the bells pealed from Giotto's matchless tower, in honour of the peace which had been signed at Paris. The Grand Duke—that "miscreant," as Mr. Cobden was pleased to call him, though, in truth, he is no miscreant at all, but only a weak sovereign of the Papal school, whose fears give him, at times, a false tinge of fierceness—the Grand Duke went in state to the solemn thanksgiving in the cathedral; but the hearts of few Florentines went with him: the return of Europe to the "*status in quo*," could hardly excite much exultation in Italian breasts! And yet, they calumniate the Italian people who affect to hold them dead to generous and unselfish sympathies. Take the case of these very Tuscans, at the time of the Milanese insurrection, in proof. There was little illusion among them. Sadly and soberly have we talked the matter over with one of the coolest heads and warmest hearts among those sons of Florence who then marched into Lombardy. They full well knew that, when Milan rose, the hour for sustained action had not struck. Their own victories of constitutional reform were as yet unconsolidated, and they felt too keenly the risk they must run of forfeiting these, if the fortune of war should declare for Austria. They had it, if our memory does not fail us, under the hand of their own sovereign, that their "*vœ victis*" should mean, at least, as much as this; for an intercepted despatch, addressed to the Austrian viceroy, had given them to understand, beyond a doubt, that a retraction of all the conceded liberties of Tuscany should follow a triumph of the imperial arms. Too well they understood that such

an issue was far from being, even then, improbable. But Lombardy had risen. The Tuscans marched. How ill provided for the necessities and hardships of a prolonged campaign; how little qualified by discipline or military training to encounter the carefully drilled troops of such a master of the strategic art as Radetzky! We doubt if it be remembered how worthy were they, by their fiery valour, and unshaken constancy, to share largely with the victorious Austrians, before whom they fell, the sad glories of the disastrous day of Curtatone.

We have heard, in our own country, many reproaches aimed, with a want of discrimination almost magnificent in its insolent ignorance, against "*those Italians*," for their want of some bond of common self-sacrificing patriotism in the struggles of 1848 and 1849. Now, we shall not contend that the Italian people have not, upon that very score, repentance to exercise; but when the time comes for a calm review of the eventful days referred to, we are confident the catalogue of Italian sins of this nature will be greatly diminished. Much has been said, for instance, respecting the reception which the auxiliary bands of other Italian states met at the hands of the populace in Lombardy; but we cannot forget with what honest earnestness one who marched to Curtatone with his Tuscan fellow-citizens, was eager to impress upon us, that, although he had shared, even up to the last moment of Manin's resistance at Venice, all the dangers, hardships, and cruel misadventures of those ill-starred campaigns, he had not aught of which to accuse his Lombard compatriots in this respect. Nay more, we will be bold to hazard the assertion, that whatsoever there may be of truth and force in the reproach which charges upon Italians a want of united, self-forgetting devotion to a common cause, is acknowledged and deplored by no men in Europe so clearly or keenly as by Italians themselves. Few changes in the minds and temper of persons of the most varied classes struck us more forcibly, or inspired us with a more comfortable hope, when last we revisited the dear and sorrowful land, than that which upon this head would seem to have passed over Italy.

We have heard an Italian farmer—one, too, whose thorough farmerlike

build would not have disgraced the portly company of agriculturists who congregate on market-days in any English country town—speak forcibly upon this very topic, and quote correctly from the annals of his own central Italian district in support of what he had to say. A certain taste for disfiguring, by our attempts at carving, luckless panels of wood born for the bite of a far more skilful gouge and chisel than our own, threw us, some three winters since, into such close "*compagnonage d'atelier*" with certain of the better class of artisans, in an old and glorious Italian town, as falls not often, perhaps, to the lot of English winterers in Italy. And as the farmer spake, so the artisans. It was not, "The Lombards were in fault;" or "Piedmont played us false;" or "the Tuscans were our curse;" or "Naples dragged us down;" but a large, hearty, brotherly "we," or "us" was used when conversation turned upon the errors and shortcomings of their struggles for independence.

Moreover, we ransack our memory in vain for reminiscences of English workshop talk upon such matters, which should exhibit so fair an acquaintance with national history as showed itself at times in these colloquies. Not only the bare existence of the old national, or locally national, glories and greatness of the past was remembered and cherished, as ancestral remembrances too often are, by men who have grown incapable and unworthy of the hereditary name; but there was not wanting that recognition of the mischiefs produced by factious disunion, and that sad confession of a too faithful observance of those disastrous traditions, which prompted the hope that men, who could so justly value the deeds of their forefathers and their own, might some day prove not unworthy to break through the trammels which have entangled energetic action hitherto.

Has it chanced that any of our readers, pacing the cloisters of that rare funeral abode, the Campo Santo at Pisa, has spared a few moments from the contemplation of the artistic treasures which crowd its precincts, to look upon the heavy links of rusty iron chain hanging upon the western wall, and to read the inscription which records how those chains had found their way once more to Pisa

after the lapse of centuries? The companion links still hang far off, against what was at Genoa, in older days, the building of the great and famous banking company of St. George. Glad should we be to hear that those disjointed links had come together again; for all are links of that historic chain which stretched across the mouth of the Porto Pisano, where the Arno pours into the great Italian sea, less in prudent safeguard of the harbour itself than in proud assertion of Pisa's maritime supremacy. Florence and Genoa combined, it is well known, to bring about the disaster which caused the chain to fall as a trophy into the hands of enemies. It would not be amiss if, even now, Genoa should do as Florence did in 1848, and send back, in express token of friendship and brotherhood, the monuments of the ill-fated jealousies and rivalries of other times. The spirit of that pledge of reunion is riper, we believe, in the breast of the intelligent working men of Italian cities than detractors would care to admit or acknowledge without misgivings. Most sincerely do we trust that such a spirit may permeate, not only one, but all classes of society in the Peninsula, until, from creating an united Tuscany, it may call into being an United Italy. A token that such a cementing of Italian aspirations is at work within far wider limits than those of Tuscany, or of any single state, is discernible in the significant subscriptions made throughout all Italy for arming the ramparts of Alessandria with a people's presented guns. "Unmeaning and futile menace!" will exclaim some easy-going British politician, who, despite his uncompromising loyalty, would certainly be found too stout-hearted and earnest a freeman at bottom not to blaze into an indignant resistance were any authority on earth to attempt applying to himself that system of suffocating repression at which so many breasts heave painfully in Italy. "Unmeaning and futile menace!" Futile, perchance, we must allow; for who will dare to say what trials Providence may yet reserve for the cause of Independence and righteous government in Italy? But not unmeaning; for the canon of Alessandria mean this, if we mistake not strangely, that *some* Italians, at all events, have achieved a fair mea-

sure of political right and freedom; and that *all* Italians will do what little they can to help them to keep, if not extend, what has been won.

"Oh! but the cannon of Alessandria is a vapouring and gratuitous challenge to Austria!"

"Well, let the 'vapouring' pass, if you will; time only can decide the fitness or unfitness of that epithet. But a 'gratuitous challenge'—that is too bad. We will say nothing of Verona, nothing of Peschiera, nothing of Mantua. The iron of *their* cannon balls *may* be meant simply to enter into Lombard souls; and it must be evident to any human being, even to a perverse Englishman, that none save a bloodthirsty Mazzinian Socialist, sworn foe to the first principles of order and law, could possibly pretend to cavil at the right of Austria to do what she will with what is so righteously and indisputably her own! That Sardinia should affect to answer those fortresses by the arming of dismantled Alessandria, we will, for argument's sake, suffer to be designated preposterous. But Pavia, Modena, Bologna, Ancona—may Alessandria give no bold answer to such challenges as these? Really it is hard to keep oneself from taxing with a detestable hypocrisy certain utterances on this matter at home and abroad."

"Oh! but Austria, which is, in truth, a great and beneficent Italian power, is by no means the only sovereignty in Italy. She may be powerful enough, perchance, to make an application of the wolf and lamb fable to that insatiable Sardinia and her own meek, helpless self, a trifle ridiculous, although the waters of the Po do flow downwards from Turin towards Mantua. But there are other states, forsooth, in Italy, to whom and to whose rulers the turbulence of Sardinian ambition is a standing, and may become a formidable, menace. Why, those very Tuscans for whom your pseudo-liberal sympathies have just now been expressed—how shall they bear to live under the muzzles of the guns which, from the ramparts of Alessandria, point in other directions as well as towards Lombardy?"

Will our readers pardon us if, in answer to such words as these, we jot down, simply as they return to mind upon the spur of the moment, fragments of summer evening conversa-

tions held upon the sloping terraces of a fair Tuscan hill-side, crowned with rose bushes and lemon-trees, and, lower down, fringed with woods of dark, thick pines, amidst the green velvet of whose leafy needles the sinking sun weaves threads of brilliant gold? Through the openings of the clustered hills burnished gleams shoot upward, reflected here and there from the bosom of Arno, towards which the stream which brawls and fusses down the rocky ledges underneath us is making a tortuous way. The admirable dome of Brunelleschi is in view, and Giotto's tower looks on Dante's favourite musing-place; so appears also the quaint Campanile which tops the massive clumsiness of the Palazzo Vecchio, above the piazza where the free citizens of Florence gathered at the tocsin of the earlier time.

Years had passed since we looked our old schoolfellow and Florentine friend in the face; but those years had come and gone without weakening our vivid reminiscence of the boyish enthusiasm with which, at school, far from dear Italy, we had caught up his early indignation at her wrongs. Now he was of those to whom it has been given to follow the poet's exhortation—

"Be true to the dream of thy boyhood."

The vicissitudes of war and the weariness of exile he had encountered loyally and manfully—if yet in vain—in his attempt to turn that dream into a reality. . . .

"Well, then," said we, "and after Venice?"

"After Venice, somehow or other, I contrived, by good luck, to get home—"

"To find?"

"Austrian occupation, my good fellow, and a crying necessity to run for life again."

"Well, but I scarcely understand. You are a Tuscan, breed and birth; and against Tuscany what was your offence?"

"Che mi vuoi caro? I tell you I found Austrian occupation, and good cause to run."

"And you ran whither?"

"Why, whither should I run but to the only soil in Italy where an Italian heart may beat safely, although it should beat free. I ran across the Sardinian frontier."

"And in Sardinia you were well received?"

"Right brotherly. And since you tell me that you go next month to Turin, you shall carry letters for me to an old and worthy champion of the cause. His people, poor fellow, have not the influence or position mine have; and he has not yet had the intimation, which, after two years, reached me, that if by accident I came again to Florence, the circumstance might possibly fail to be noticed formally. You will find him honoured and trusted at Turin. But look down there between the hills: Florence is Florence—home, home after all."

"Thanks for the promised letter, which I will not fail to carry there. Only tell me, since we are on the topic of Sardinian sympathies, what say you of her late unsuccessful sovereign, poor Charles-Albert?"

"I say this—that the leadership of a man with a little self-directing and self-sustaining energy, so fatally ready to take advice upon advice, irrespective of any definite plan, was a serious calamity to the cause."

"Yes! but you don't mean to give tongue with the pack of calumniators who pursue his memory with accusations of treachery, cowardice, and" . . .

"No! the curs! I would sooner bite my tongue out than howl against the first Italian prince who, for these weary years, has struck a manful blow for Italy!" . . . . .

"Know Bologna! To be sure I do. Take a run there with you? I should like it well enough, if I could spare time for a holiday. But do you seriously mean to say, my dear old fellow, that you imagine I could have a passport '*visé*' for the Romagna?—a nice wild English notion, certainly—I go to Bologna!—Altro!"

"*Apropos* of the Romagna," rejoined we, "it would seem that Count Cavour, at the Paris Conference, uses rather strong language about the state of those apostolic delegations. Surely the misgovernment cannot be quite as bad as—"

"Don't talk of misgovernment, for there's, at all events, *some* notion of government in that; whereas in the Romagna . . . . You have been in the Papal States, I think you said, quite recently—were at Rome not

two months since. Well, you probably formed your own idea there of the admirable governmental system in vogue at and near the capital itself. You have heard that its action, perhaps, is less perfect, less entirely what could be desired in the Legations than it is there. Now, imagine a state of things which should cause even that style of government to be keenly regretted—a state brought about thus: in some large '*borgo*,' or small '*città*,' a little political talk is too loudly indulged in at the *café*, or half-a-dozen luckless, wine-inspired patriots hum the '*Marseillaise*' over their cups—that is more than enough. A serjeant's guard—Croat or not, as the case may be—gets billeted upon the neighbourhood; and good bye, then, even the admirable guarantees for good government afforded by the normal condition of the Legations. Military law, as interpreted by that nice discernor of political and social relations, the white-coated serjeant in blue breeches, is, for the next three months or so, the order of the day. Povera Romagna! Cavour may well remonstrate."

"After all, though, you here, in Tuscany, don't suffer much, ill at ease as you may feel."

"That's as may be; provided always we don't get into Protestant scrapes, like the count or the cigar-maker of whom you wot. But without the acute pains of an inflammation in the lungs, the process of breathing may have discomfort enough. Commend me to chronic asthma to make life pleasant! You were talking to me just now of the popular educational difficulties in England; we here have had our little trials in that line. By *here*, I mean just where we stand. Look down about the hills there at the cottages all round; they form a sort of parish of people in whom we are much interested, and many of whom we employ. We have got a school at last for them; but we had trouble enough to get it; neither money nor good-will were wanting, but there were two formidable opponents."

"And they were?"

"First and foremost the parish priest, with, I believe, the archbishop at his back; and secondly, the bureau of the minister, who manages the affairs of public instruction, in which



establishment I was informed that these were days for shutting rather than for opening schools."

"But, my dear fellow, *your* liberalism, whatever it may be, was not learned, as all know, in any Mazzinian seminary. Your father's conservatism is surely notorious: his Roman orthodoxy I will vouch for, from the talk after dinner this very afternoon, to say nothing of the private chapel in the villa here."

"Possibile! caro mio! possibile!—but pray remember, and understand, once for all, that I went with the volunteers to Lombardy. However, there the school is, at last, I am glad to say, and at last, also, my cigar is out. Let us go in to coffee and the maps, on which our friend the captain here, for he is a regular soldier, and I was there 'en amateur' only, will trace out for you the marches into Tuscany of our dear friends the Tedeschi; perhaps, too, he will favour you with his view of the matter in answer of the question—what better hope in store?"

"Signor Inglese," said the captain, as we went up the marble steps, speaking very slowly, very sadly, almost with solemnity; "it becomes no man to lose hope at any time, that right shall prove mightier than wrong; but Providence rarely gives one generation of men *two* such opportunities as that by which in my day we have failed to profit."

Perchance the captain spake truly. But if the Italians of this same generation, Tuscans, Romans, Neapolitans, be they who they may, have still a right, at least to cherish hope subdued, a citizen of Britain may surely share it with them by fullest sympathy.

We have already said it; foreign intervention has been too constant and too bitter a curse to Italy for the well-wishers of that country to desire that any more attempts be made thereby, even to heal her woes. But if the day shall come, when, in a righteous quarrel, Italy once more shall need an ally against Austrian aggression, the power of Britain may prove of value.

But for the present, the best hope of Italy lies at Turin, in the consolidation and enlargement of the constitutional liberties of the Sardinian nation; and we say this not as overlooking

nor as undervaluing the great and good hope discernible elsewhere in the Peninsula. We are not, for instance, unmindful of the significant fact that the active and manly youth of Tuscany are receiving, albeit from an Austrian general, improved training in military discipline and skill; nor are we quite so simple as to fancy, with their rulers, that the day will never come when such a circumstance may weigh heavily in the scale opposite to their misrule, and their pitiful subserviency to an encroaching and detested foreign despotism. Neither do we forget the wise tenacity with which the Tuscan mind has clung to the salutary anti-papal principle of the Leopoldine laws. The concordat signed at Vienna has never yet been countersigned at Florence. But we repeat it, the best hope lies at Turin—best for this cause among others. There is on all sides too much whispering in Italy; not on that side alone which has our entire antipathy, but on that also, by its misfortune, we grant, rather than by its own fault, which commands our heartiest sympathy. Outspeaking will educate the Italian mind with an invaluable education, and it is doing it already. What else means the enthusiastic reception given to Victor-Emanuel at the opening of the new Sardinian Chambers? The thunders of applause which greeted him have more than a local, nay, more than a merely Sardinian national significance. All Italy re-echoes them. They are the tribute of its honest admiration for an Italian king who neither plots nor lies, whose title is acknowledged from the Alps to the Sicilian Straits. "Il re galantuomo," "The Royal Man of his Word!" The parliament of Turin is the true political "Academe" of all who speak the Italian tongue. We do not share the gloomy forebodings wherewith some friends of constitutional liberty have watched the Sardinian electoral contest, nor are we apprehensive of mischievous results from the character of the late elections in that country. Will our Italian friends forgive us for saying that the beating and welding to be given by a stiff parliamentary opposition to the glowing metal of their fervid liberalism, is, perhaps, of all conceivable things, that which is best fitted to forge out of it a sturdy

weapon, such as shall not again snap in the hands of the champions of independence, when they stand face to face with inveterate enemies, and that the discipline of their political struggle with the followers of Solaro della Margherita, within the arena of a

free Italian chamber, will go far to prepare them for making good in the face of Europe the proud boast, which we pray may become one day a glorious reality—

“Italia farà da se!”

#### IRISH CONVICT PRISONS.

THE question, “What shall we do with our convicts?” has been asked in many parts of Europe, and variously answered. In Russia, the stick; in Italy and France, the galleys; in America, the silent or separate system; in England, transportation, were the secondary punishments commonly in use. “Prevention is better than cure,” is an old proverb, which, in the criminal code of civilized Europe, was understood to mean that it was better to prevent the innocent from lapsing into crime than to reform the criminal. Thus the convict was called “a double debt to pay”—a debt of retribution, and a debt of example. He was set to learn a lesson for himself, and to teach one to others. The exemplary part of his punishment, too, was often severer than the retributive. Men might have been imprisoned for horse-stealing; but they were hanged, that horses should not be stolen. “Remember,” said Chief Justice Monahan, at the trial of James Spollen for murder, “justice does not want a victim; better ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer.” The criminal code of Europe enunciated almost a reverse principle:—“Justice demands an example; better that ninety-nine guilty men should be barbarously maltreated than one innocent man should be seduced into crime by an unwise clemency.” Thus the pillory and the stocks, branding and nose-slitting, were practised, not so much because Justice sought a victim as because Society required an example. The offender endured his own proper *quantum* of penalty, and the “remainder of wrath” fell upon him as a warning to others.

In days when police were scarce, and crime stalked abroad, it was thought necessary to make an exam-

ple of unhappy culprits, in order to show what was in store for those who might fall into the clutches of the law. In fact, so numerous were the criminals at large, and so defiant of the authorities, that those caught were supposed to represent the whole gang of thieves and cut-throats, and dealt with accordingly. The law was weak towards the many; and, therefore, savage to the few. But, with improved arrangements for the apprehension of criminals, we began to reform our criminal code. Arrest followed fast after crime; thief gangs were broken up; and, as our prisons and hulks filled with the criminal classes, the question was asked, with the deepest anxiety, “What shall we do with our convicts?”

Transportation was the ready expedient resorted to while our colonies were in their infancy, and a voyage to the Antipodes was an object of terror and disgust; but our colonies grew rich, and refused to receive our convicts any longer; “Rubbish shot here” ceased to be a description appropriate to the waste lands of Australia. The rubbish itself had manured the land, and the rank progeny of convict population were the loudest in crying out against fresh importations of the seed from which they had sprung. “Consume your own crime,” was their address to the mother country, and it was wisely respected. Transportation, consequently, terminated; but the grave question remained,—“How shall we consume our own crime?”

The answer has come, in the first instance, from Ireland. To quote the words of Mr. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham:—

“Thus, in my humble judgment, the Board of Directors of Irish Convict Prisons have practically solved the problem

which has so long perplexed our Government and our Legislature—What shall we do with our convicts? The results of their great experiments answer thus—Keep your prisoners under sound and enlightened discipline until they are reformed—keep them for your own sakes, and for theirs. The vast majority of all who enter your prisons as criminals can be sent back into the world, after no unreasonable term of probation, honest men and useful citizens. Let the small minority remain; and if death arrive before reformation, let them remain for life."

It is a matter of no little satisfaction that, at the first meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held in Birmingham, in October last, the state of prison discipline in Ireland was produced as the most successful instance of the reformatory principle applied in the case of adults, as well as juveniles. How has it come to pass that Ireland, from producing crime, has led the way, in an intelligent process, for its exhaustion? A glance at the crisis through which Ireland has passed during the last ten years will prove instructive in itself, as well as preparatory to the special subject before us.

When the Census was taken in 1841, the population of Ireland exceeded eight millions. There was a larger proportion to the square mile than in any country in Europe, England and Belgium excepted. Loud were the boasts of O'Connell and his followers. Monster meetings were called together; acres of the frieze-coated were harangued on the wrongs of Ireland; the demagogue flourished the Census returns about the head of the English minister. Then came the blight. Twenty millions sterling of value in food rotted away. The boasts of the agitator were no more heard. Taken from the evil to come, O'Connell died in Genoa. His heart was sent to Rome, and his body brought to Ireland: fit fate for the turbulent tribune who had attempted to serve two masters—the Pope and the People. Meanwhile the famine was sore in the land. Gaunt men, working in gangs on the road, dropped before pay and bread reached them in the evening. Whole families laid themselves down to die on the cabin floors. There was not strength left in the survivors to bury their dead. Fever followed

in the track of starvation, as the shark swims round the slave-ship. In a couple of years two millions of souls perished. Agitation had hid its head during the calamity; but the serpent had been scotched, not killed. The revolutionary year, 1848, hurried the leaders of the Young Ireland party into rebellion. It was well for Ireland that these fosterers of agitation proceeded from threats to deeds. So long as O'Connell lived, the Irish democrat kept up the show of sedition, without much personal danger or outrage to the public peace. But discretion, the better part of valour, died with him. Conciliation Hall closed. Smith O'Brien drew his sword of lath, and fell on it ingloriously in the mountains above Clonmel. A third act of the eventful drama opened with the Exodus. Emigration quickly drained off the hands that had been spared by famine or fever. Deep West Coast bays, as unaccustomed to shipping as the placid harbour in the *Æneid*, were visited annually by American liners to receive shiploads of our *Irish exports*. Those clearances, which then began with the lowly, soon reached a higher class. Emigration swept away the tenant; the Incumbered Estates' Court sent his landlord after him. The last of a well-known Connaught family, owners once of an avenue drive of thirty miles' length, died on board an emigrant ship. In ten years Ireland has been all but emptied, and furnished again with new proprietors.

But how have these circumstances affected the statistics of crime? Can they have prepared the way for those reformatory prisons, in which we boast to have set an example to England? We answer in the affirmative.

A valuable paper on the "Statistics of Crime in Ireland, from 1842 to 1856," was read by Mr. James Moncrieff Wilson, in the Section of Economic Science and Statistics, at the recent meeting of the British Association in Dublin. We hasten to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Wilson for this able and laborious compilation, by which we are better able than before to take a log of our rate of progress in moral reform. Of agricultural statistics we have had enough in Ireland. We now know, to a hoof, how pigs multiply, and cattle increase. Mr. Donnelly has indicted our weeds, and the thistle can no longer make its

boast: *Nemo me impune lacessit*. But there are signs of progress in Ireland still more significant than these. Crime has declined; its tabular records have their satisfactory tale to tell. Thanks to Mr. Wilson, we can conveniently consult them in a small pamphlet, which should be in the hands of every magistrate and peace officer in the country.

Inspecting Mr. Wilson's figures, we find that, in 1842, the rate per cent. of crime to population in Ireland was .2582; that this ratio gradually decreased until the year 1845, when it became .2019; that in 1846, it commenced to increase and continued increasing until 1849, when it attained its maximum of .6014, or 601 criminals to every 100,000 of the population (!) and that from the year 1850, onwards, a sensible annual decrease took place, until, in 1856, the ratio fell so low as .1167, or 117 criminals to each 100,000 of population.

The increase of crime between the years 1846 and 1850 is easily accounted for. These were years of the greatest distress, caused by the failure of the potato crop. The effect of poverty, in producing certain classes of crime, and prosperity in reducing various kinds of it, is illustrated in Ireland as everywhere else. Thus it is worthy of remark, that of the six classes into which crime is divided, namely, crime against the person, crime against property with violence, crime against property without violence, and so forth, nearly the whole increase of crime, in the years of its augmentation, arose in class three, that of offences against property without violence. Many stole to avert starvation. It must be particularly remarked then, that there was an *apparent* only, not a real, increase of crime in the period referred to. The reader who may wish a clear and comprehensive view of the statistics which verify the important statement we have just made, will find several interesting tables on the subject in Mr. Thom's admirable Almanac for 1858, at pages 527 and 528, where the official figures, showing the character of Irish crime for the last ten years are intelligently collated, and presented at a glance, in such manner as fully bears out our observation as to the nature of the increase of crime in Ireland during the years of our bitterest poverty.

The following remarks of the Census Commissioners give a very favourable and a just view of Irish character:—

"No pen has recorded the numbers of the forlorn and starving who perished by the wayside, or in the ditches; or of the mournful groups, sometimes of whole families, who lay down and died, one after another, upon the floors of their miserable cabins, and so remained uncoffined and unburied until chance unveiled the appalling scene. No such amount of suffering and misery has been chronicled in Irish history since the days of Edward Bruce; and yet, through all, the forbearance of the Irish peasantry, and the calm submission with which they bore the deadliest ills that can fall on man, can scarcely be paralleled in the annals of any people.

"Numbers, indeed, were sent to prison for petty crimes, often committed to save themselves or children from starvation, and there met their deaths from pestilential diseases, arising from the overcrowding and contagion in these institutions; yet the slight amount of crime of a serious nature which prevailed throughout Ireland during the years of extreme destitution was remarkable."

The rapid strides Ireland has made in material prosperity, since 1851, are well known; it is not so commonly understood that decrease in crime, and increase in wealth have, in this interval, exactly kept pace with each other. Such is the fact. During the years 1845-6-7-8 the per centage of crime to population in England averaged .1595. In Ireland, during the same year, it averaged .3274. Thus, the tendency to crime in Ireland, ten years ago, was double what it was in England. In the year 1855, however, the proportion between crime and population, in the two countries, had become nearly equal, as in that year there were only eight criminals more to every 100,000 of population in Ireland than in the neighbouring country.

The sister island can now boast no superiority over us in the matter of crime. What Sheil said of an English murder, as compared with an Irish, is true of the current returns of crime for the two countries:—"It is a distinction," said the distinguished orator, "without a difference; an English murder makes your blood run cold, and an Irish murder makes your hair stand on end." Likewise, the distinction is without a difference between the present amount of crime in the two countries.

In truth, we have but little ground, in either country, for congratulations; yet, on the whole, we should say there is *less* crime in Ireland now than in England. Considering the higher efficiency of the rural police, and, consequently, greater certainty of detection in Ireland, we may confidently say there are fewer crimes committed on this side of the channel. The percentage of crime to population in Ireland, in the year 1856, was as low as .1167, whereas the returns for England, in the year 1855, gave .1392 as the percentage for the sister island.

With this decrease of crime the cause of criminal reform has progressed. The steps which have been taken in this direction we proceed to describe.

When the Act abolishing transportation passed the Legislature, the problem, "What shall we do with our convicts?" forced itself upon our consideration. Sentenced to a term of penal servitude, the State had to deal with them, both for the past and the future; it had to combine retribution and reformation in such proportions that the one object should not exclude or defeat the other. In America two plans had been tried, and partially adopted in this country. The one was known as the "total separation system;" the other as the silent system, with association. The one was first resorted to in the Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania prisons; the other, in the prison of Boston. Upon the merits of these two systems the best authorities in England were divided. A war of pamphlets ensued. Parliamentary Committees reported, now in favour of one system, now the other; it was never suspected that the two could be conjoined. The right course, in fact, lay, not in the exclusive adoption of either, but in their judicious combination. The Irish Prison System has, we think, hit a happy mean, which is this: the whole term of imprisonment is divided into three periods. The first is that of solitary confinement, spent in the cellular gaol, called Mountjoy, in a suburb of Dublin. The second is the period of associated convict labour, either at Spike Island or Philipstown. The third, or final stage, preparatory to release, is spent either at the Forts, or at Smithfield, or Lusk. Thus, from the earliest stage to the latest, the convict rises by gradations

from retribution to reformation, and so on to final release. As his moral progress advances, his state of *duress* becomes less vile; and at last he is treated as a man, and trusted as such. Immediately prior to his discharge, he is little more than a captive on *parole*, and so well has the system succeeded, that this confidence is seldom abused. The more the fetters of authority are relaxed, the more the man, if he be not a confirmed and dogged criminal, becomes a wholesome law to himself.

The secret of success for such a plan seems to be, that the convict is not *tried above that he is able to bear*. He is never trusted until he has given proof that he can be trusted. Every step in the convict's advance, from Mountjoy Prison to Spike, and from Spike to Smithfield, is dependent, in a great measure, on the convict's own behaviour.

That the Irish Convict Prisons have solved the problem of secondary punishments would, doubtless, be too much to say, particularly at this early stage of the experiment; but as far as four years' experience goes, we have good proof of the remarkable success of the system. It is, perhaps, the best instance of enlightened principle leading to right practice; or a knowledge of man and his motives, in the abstract, applied to the particular case of convict management.

If man were only a brute, he should be punished as a brute. The law should, in every case, short of a capital offence, "chastise him and let him go." Our former criminal codes took no higher view of crime than this. But every crime or act of brutality committed by one above the brute, is as much a sin against himself as against society. In its own defence, society is bound (as well as for a higher reason) to teach the criminal this. Thus retribution, properly administered, prepares the way for reformation. Where society condemns, conscience is taught to approve the verdict; and, when we begin to condemn ourselves, we do not long delay to follow up that condemnation by repentance. In the Divine government the law written without condemns, in order to carry conviction of sin within. Where that conviction has found its way into the heart, it is as a burning fire shut up in the bones. It has worked its way inwards, in the shape of accusing con-

victions; it subsequently works its way outwards, in a hearty repentance and sincere desire of future reform. The man hates his former self and resolves on a new life, under the guidance of a spirit higher than self. Such is the philosophy of punishment. The Irish convict system, is, to some extent, that philosophy put into practice.

During the first period of nine months' solitary confinement, in one of the cells of Mountjoy Prison, the law supposes that the convict has to learn two things; first, that he has done wrong to others; and next, to himself. He is cut off, then, at once, from all companionship, that he may be turned in upon himself. This, to a brutalized nature, is intolerable pain. By that pain, which is intense in proportion as his desires are animal, and his occupation now spiritual only, he feels that he has fallen under the ban of society. Were this all, the solitary system would work little good. The subject of its operation would but harbour resentment against society. It is the business of the chaplain to improve the instructions of the law; to commend its sentence to the conscience of the convict. If he can succeed in this, and turn the criminal's thoughts in upon himself, the great point is gained; the sentence of the law is approved; and so the road to reformation is laid open. The nine months' solitary confinement is thus, though short, the most precious portion of the convict discipline. If this be rendered properly effective, the rest of the term of sentence is smooth and uniform; if lost, then there is no further hope of real reform. The prisoner may submit to the rest of his sentence, he may even, by a seeming good behaviour, shorten his term of imprisonment; but his heart is unchanged. He has never sat in judgment on himself. His dissembled amendment has been, from first to last, one act of hypocrisy. He still labours to justify himself, and condemn the law.

Be it observed, however, that the nine months' imprisonment already spoken of is not an unbroken solitude. The evil of the solitary system, when rigidly adhered to as a system, is far greater than the good. It is found that the reason gives way sooner under this than any other form of suffering; carried out with strictness, and extended over a long

period, it is found to be a torture worse than that of screw or rack. Solitary confinement in our Mountjoy is broken in two ways; first, by the frequent visits of the chaplain, who has access to the cells at all hours; next, by instruction in the church and class-room. In the former the convicts are not boarded off from each other, as formerly, but sit in rows together on benches, and behave as orderly as any other congregation. In the class-room the convicts are assembled in groups of fifty or a hundred to receive instruction, which lasts for an hour, or more, every day. In one class we have seen old men learning to spell words with three letters, or writing on slates easy sums in numeration and addition. In an advanced class, a teacher is explaining the philosophy of suction. The educational department is a powerful aid to the religious in awakening the convict's better nature. Moral reflections engage, after all, but a small part of our mental activity. The most experienced class-leader, even of the sect who consider experiences so important a part of religion, would admit, if as honest as Solomon, that this also was a weariness of the flesh. To send the convict back to his cell with food for the intellect as well as the conscience is wise and merciful. Good thoughts will help good resolutions. The crooked intellect must be set straight if the depraved will would be corrected.

A visit to the Mountjoy Prison would bear out what we have said, that only the reformatory system which is theoretically sound is also practically feasible. It has been tried how far solitude may be tempered by association. Cut off from temptations, and introduced to the society of the wise and good, for nine months, the convict knows only two companions, the schoolmaster and the chaplain. If in that time they cannot win his confidence, it must be that they do not understand their duty, or that the convict is incorrigibly morose. We are unwilling to believe that failures usually arise from neglect or want of skill on the part of the clergyman, for we have seen several letters from convicts, written after their release, expressing their gratitude to the chaplain in language of evident sincerity and feeling. Doubt-

less there ever must be an unhappy few, hardened by sin, who, the more they suffer, will the more reproach society, as the author of their sufferings. As in the horrible torture of pressing once employed in Newgate to force the prisoner to plead, men have been crushed to death rather than say a word to criminate themselves, so with a number, happily a small minority, in the Mountjoy Prison. One such we knew. He was convicted of enormous frauds upon his employers. Having passed through his nine months' preliminary course, he did not give one proof of repentance, and the chaplain, therefore, very properly required retribution as far as was in his power. Such cases are not more than ten per cent. of the whole. With awakened conscience ninety out of every hundred of the convicts proceed to work out their sentences on public works at Spike Island.

A description of the Mountjoy Prison will interest the reader. It is a vast building on that Panopticon plan, whereby from the centre the eye can command all the corridors at once. These corridors, or central walks, run the entire length of the building, and reach to the roof. Ranging down these corridors are the cells, in three stories, to which an ascent is made by iron steps, with iron passages running along the walls. Each prisoner is provided with a separate cell, which is supplied with plenty of air and water, lighted with gas at night, and warmed with hot air in winter. At any moment he can summon the warder by touching a spring which communicates with a bell outside. Cleanliness throughout is the law of the prison. The convict is required to scrub the floor of his cell; to polish his tin drinking vessel and plate; and to keep his own person neat. As in every depth there is a lower still, so even in the solitary system there are severer punishments for the refractory. If a convict should become violent and break the windows of his cell, for example, he is put into one without glass; his supply of gas is cut off; and even his vessel of tin replaced by one less fragile, formed of gutta serena. Last of all, there is the black hole—a place where the darkness may almost literally be felt, and where, shut in even for a few minutes to try the experiment, we realized more than ever be-

fore that the sun is pleasant, even through prison bars. For juvenile delinquents—who, at Mountjoy, are with propriety treated on the reformatory plan exclusively—the punishment resorted to is the good old rule of the rod. Instead of starving boys, or driving them mad by confinement in a dark cell, a sound caning is administered. But this has seldom to be resorted to than might be supposed. By a system of badges, yellow, blue, and red, the boys may rise in the scale of merit; and stripping them of their reward is often the punishment felt most keenly. In the exercise-ground, on the occasion of our visit, we saw only seven boys parading the ring, disguised with visors as a mark of disgrace.

As we have before intimated, having passed nine months in reflection on his past life, the convict is drafted off to Spike Island or Philipstown, there to be employed on some public work. Associated labour by day, and a cell by night, separate from his comrades, but so constructed as to admit of conversation, are a cheering relief to the convict after the monotony of Mountjoy. He feels that he has passed through the first, most uncomfortable, and degrading stage of his punishment, and hope starts up in his breast with his new employment. Here a great deal is made to depend upon his conduct, so that a convict under a sentence of ten years' penal servitude may reduce it to seven years and six months.

But a third stage was wanting to carry out the system. Sentences of penal servitude were necessarily of shorter continuance than the former sentences of transportation, six years of the one being considered adequate to ten years of the other. Hence the adoption of a system of ticket-of-leave, an outcry against which was heard on all sides last winter. In the Irish prison system the third stage has been added since 1856. In it the reformatory element preponderates, as the deterrent does in the first. Iron huts were erected at a cheap cost on Forts Camden and Carlisle, and on Luak Common. Thus the "Intermediate Prison" system came into operation.

Formerly benevolent individuals were called upon to support houses of refuge for discharged female prisoners: the Intermediate Prison system is for

males what those houses of refuge still are for females—places of probation between the prison and the world, where the convict is expected to give proof that he deserves to be free before he is trusted with freedom. Employers being, as yet, prejudiced against discharged convicts, the State undertakes to employ them, and their labour has already proved remunerative. The net cost of one hundred "intermediate" men is less than the value of their labour by £236 6s. The total expenditure upon their annual maintenance, including the salaries of officers, gratuities to the men on their discharge, only amounts to £1,072 12s., while their labour for twenty-six weeks, valued at 9s. per week, and the more productive labour of six of the warders, who give their labour to the public as carpenters, artificers, &c., amounts to a total of £1,308 18s., leaving a balance of more than twenty per cent. of profit.

We have thus cursorily described the three periods of purgation through which the Irish convict has to pass. We will not call this system the "Purgatory of Prisoners" as the Rev. Orby Shipley does in a well-meaning but over-theological pamphlet on the subject. As we know nothing of the intermediate state of spirits we will not argue, as the deacon in the diocese of Oxford does from the unknown to the known. We prefer to keep the question of Irish Convict Prisons on *terra firma*. Mr. Hill makes a much more modest and sensible comparison. The seclusion of Mountjoy (which Mr. Hill pleasantly reminds us is a *lucus a non lucendo*) marks the winter of the prisoner's course—Spike Island represents his spring-time—while the intermediate prison is his summer, with the glad sunshine of coming release to cheer him, and active and profitable employment to warm and ripen his reformed character. That a considerable number of those who pass through these three seasons in prison at last attain an autumn-home of honest industry, is the most cheering thing of all, and the value of this success is not destroyed by the fact, that a proportion of the patients prove incorri-

gible, and a few relapse into crime. No system will ever prevent this.

Captain Crofton, with a caution which cannot be too highly commended, sets down the actual amount of reformed convicts at seventy-five per cent. of the whole. It will be matter of no little satisfaction if the Irish convict system be found effective to this extent. It would, indeed, be a great work to raise even a small percentage of our greater criminals by successive stages, from various states and degrees of brutality, to the full privileges of citizenship, as reformed and released convicts. That some few cannot be brought with any amount of care through the three stages of repentance already elucidated, is not to be wondered at. Of these we can only say in the words of Mr. Hill,—“Let the small minority remain, and if death is to arrive before repentance, let them remain for life.” We scarcely think it necessary, after what we have already said, to remind our readers that this system still partakes of the nature of an experiment; but we lay before them facts, tending not only to elucidate its nature, but to show that it has even now been successful to such a degree as to warrant the hope, at least, that it contains the germ of the most effective treatment for criminals.

The State, acting on Christian principles, and believing that it owes a duty to Him who came to seek and to save that which was *lost*, has resolved not only to protect society against criminals by stern punishment, but also to solve the problem, whether men steeped in sensuality and debased by crime can be saved to themselves and society. If, when criminals have been passed through three purifying stages, seventy-five per cent. of good metal be found in the mass, the new system is no longer an experiment. The success is marked. Reasoning from this basis, we dare to predict that in the course of some years the results of the Irish convict prison system will be seen in a calendar of crime for Ireland reduced to the minimum to which human effort can ever hope to diminish it.

\* *The Purgatory of Prisoners, or an Intermediate Stage between the Prison and the Public.* By the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A., Deacon in the Diocese of Oxford. London: Joseph Masters; 1857.



## THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO BALLYSHANNON.

BY W. ALLINGHAM.

Adieu to Ballyshannon ! where I was bred and born.  
Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as night and morn.  
The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,  
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own ;  
There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,  
But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them still.  
I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced to turn,—  
So adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne !

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,  
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall.  
The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps,  
Cast off ! cast off !—she feels the oars, and to her berth she sweeps ;  
Now, stem and stern keep hauling, and gathering up the clue,  
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.  
Then they may sit, and have their joke, and set their pipes to burn ;—  
Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne !

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the tide,  
When all the green-hill'd harbour is full from side to side—  
From Portnasun to Bulliebawna, and round the Abbey Bay,  
From the little rocky Island to Coolnargit sandhills grey ;  
While far upon the southern line, to guard it like a wall,  
The Leitrim mountains, clothed in blue, gaze calmly over all,  
And watch the ship sail up or down, the red flag at her stern ;—  
Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding banks of Erne !

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull an oar,  
A lugsail set, or haul a net, from the Point to Mullaghmore ;  
From Killybegs to Carrigan, with its ocean-mountain steep,  
Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the deep ;  
From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullen strand,  
Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew stand ;—  
Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers you discern !—  
Adieu to all the billowy coast, and winding banks of Erne !

Farewell to you, Bundoran ! and your summer crowds that run  
From inland homes to see with joy th' Atlantic-setting sun ;  
To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport among the waves ;  
To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the gloomy caves ;  
To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats, the crabs, the fish ;  
Young men and maids to meet and smile, and form a tender wish ;  
The sick and old in search of health, for all things have their turn—  
And I must quit my native shore, and the winding banks of Erne !

Farewell to every white cascade from the Harbour to Belleek,  
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek ;  
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,  
The one split yew tree gazing on the curving flood below ;  
The Lough, that winds through islands under Shean mountain green ;  
And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays between ;  
And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern ;—  
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne !

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day ;  
 The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flow'rs gay ;  
 The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,  
 Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn ;  
 Along the river-side they go, where I have often been,—  
 O, never shall I see again the days I once have seen !  
 A thousand chances are to one I never may return ;—  
 Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne !

Adieu to evening dances, when merry neighbours meet,  
 And the fiddle says to boys and girls "get up and shake your feet !" *To shanachus* and wise old talk of Erin's days gone by—  
 Who trench'd the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie  
 Of saint, or king, or warrior chief ; with tales of fairy power,  
 And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour.  
 The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn ;—  
 Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne !

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Purt,  
 From the Red Barn to the Abbey, I wish no one any hurt ;  
 Search through the streets, and down the Mall, and out to Portnasun,  
 If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.  
 I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me ;  
 For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.  
 My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often fondly turn  
 To think of Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I'm a money'd man, I mean, please God, to cast  
 My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were pass'd.  
 Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile gather grey,  
 New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop away—  
 Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside :  
 It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and waters wide.  
 And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return  
 To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne !

#### PHOTOGRAPHS FOR OUR BIBLES.

WE have often thought that a work of no ordinary interest might be written upon the historical and biographical associations which are connected with the world's few great books. Take Aristotle and Plato, for instance. What a multitude of recollections are entwined with their writings, if we confine ourselves only to the revival of European literature consequent upon the taking of Constantinople, and the few antecedent and subsequent centuries. The deep and dense ignorance of the Latin Church—the literary splendour of Mahomedanism—the philosophy of Aristotle, filtered to Christendom through two layers of Arabic and Latin—the Platonic ardour of Marsilio Ficino, founding, under Cosmo de Medici, a univer-

sity of Platonic idealism in Florence—the lordly philosophic romance of John Pico, of Mirandola, projecting a tournament and festival of philosophers at Rome, in which he was to defend nine hundred Platonic theses against all comers, whose expenses he would pay from any distance—the great antagonist of Peripateticism, Peter Ramus, assassinated, disembowelled, and dragged through the streets of Paris on the night of St. Bartholomew, not so much because he was suspected of being a Huguenot, as because he was known to be a Platonist—the pale and visionary brow of Giordano Bruno (the poet of that Pantheistic system of absolute unity of which Spinoza is the geometrician)\* looking upon us from the fire in the

\* We borrow M. Cousin's happy expression.

Champs de Flore, before the theatre of Pompey—the tall and erect figure of the elder Scaliger, his royal and august face, bronzed with the suns and storms of many campaigns, now bent over the words, “sweeter than nectar, clearer than the sun,” of Aristotle;—these, and a thousand other thoughts and shadows, arise before him who contemplates the “torsolike” volumes of Aristotle, or the immortal pages of Plato. We commend our idea to some one who is both a philosopher and historian, and yet not utterly deficient in imagination.

Still, placing at the highest the influences and associations connected with the writings of these intellectual monarchs, under whose banners it has been said that every mind may be ranged, how few and feeble are they compared with the influences which cluster round every portion of the Inspired Volume! Let us imagine, that in the process of science a book should be executed of such marvellous materials, that on blank leaves inserted for the purpose, the sunbeam should etch every face that hung over the page until it became a self-illustrated work, a magic gallery of pictured shadows. Something like this is the Bible read in the light of history and biography. In their radiance, it becomes a book from whose every page, and almost every text, the eyes of the great and sainted dead are looking into ours. Here, then, we find Photographs for our Bibles; and we purpose to give illustrations of Scripture by history and biography—to adduce texts, or passages of the Bible, intertwined by the law of association, with historical names and events in the annals of the Christian Church.

The due development of this subject would require volumes. It would demand a knowledge of ecclesiastical history, for which the acquirements of Mr. Stanley, or our own elegant and learned Dr. Lee, would not be more than sufficient. Our readers will be content, however, if we group, almost at random, a few of those pictured shapes to which we have alluded—if we point out, and sketch, even with rough and hasty hand, a few of the faces which history has etched on the margin of Sacred Writ.

To begin, then, at once, open the Bible, at the Fifty-first Psalm.

We may transport ourselves to the

fourth of February, 1555. Newgate Prison stands out dark and sullen in the winter morning. The streets that now barricade it—the thoroughfare through which the cabs and omnibuses, and all the roaring waves of city life pass on to Temple-bar—were then like the straggling lines of houses in an overgrown village. The barred and staunched windows were there even then, and a few stragglers were gazing up at them curiously. Grim old windows, they have shut in many a wild and guilty heart. Many an eye has looked at them almost all the long night, until the cold, grey morning paled between the bars. A few hours more, and the sea of heads surging underneath, and the fierce uplifted faces of men and women, come to see the execution, and the feet upon the iron platform, and the drop, and the quivering rope, and the excited whisper among the throng—and the soul gone out to meet its God. But on the morning of which we speak we do not pass into the desperado's room, where the rogue, the highwayman, and murderer are congregated. There were then no gaol committees, no kind chaplains and lactometers, no prison discipline, no Mr. Halls and Captain Maconochies, no graduated dietary, no ventilation. Through the long passages, strewn with filthy rushes; through stench, that of bad fish predominating—stenches that feed fat the pestilence that walketh in darkness, we pass into a little cell. Pause at the iron cage with reverence. There is calmly sleeping the first champion of the Reformed Church, the first martyr of English Protestantism, John Rogers. A step glides into the room. It is the keeper's wife. The prisoner sleeps soundly, for he is at peace with God, and the angels are watching over his head. “Awake, haste, prepare yourself for the fire.” “Then,” says the martyr with a quiet smile, “if it be so, I need not tie my points.” He is taken from Newgate, first to Bonner for degradation. He meekly beseeches a few words with his wife before the burning, but is answered with a scowl. Meanwhile, the procession is formed for Smithfield. The sheriffs walk along with their wands of office; the gruff halberdiers are there, trampling round the pinioned prisoner; priests from the Abbey, apprentices from the Fleet, yeo-

men from the Tower, merchants from the Change, watermen from the Strand, mingle with the crowd. But there is a sound of sobbing among them. A mother appears with a babe at her breast, and ten little ones going, and weeping by her side. It is the prisoner's wife. "Come, good John, a free pardon, and go home with thy honest wife and little ones; only renounce thy heresy." Patience, stout and godly heart. A few minutes more, and the pangs of death will be over; and the eyes will have opened on the land where there are no more tears, and the ransomed spirit have received the crown of life. Meanwhile, he can leave her nothing but that heart-touching paper found in a dark corner of his cell. "O God! be good to this poor and most honest wife, being a poor stranger; and all my little souls, her's and my children; whom, with all the whole faithful and true Catholic congregation of Christ, the Lord of life and death, save, keep, and defend in all the troubles and assaults of this vain world, and bring, at the last to everlasting salvation, the true and sure inheritance of all crossed Christians. Amen. Amen." But listen. A voice is hushing the noisy throng. It is a psalm which John Rogers sings as he goes. "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Or, opening the Psalms again, almost at hazard, the Thirty-first attracts observation. To those who are intimately acquainted with the reign of Henry the Eighth, that Psalm may recall the fourth of May, 1535. On that day John Haughton, Prior of the Charter-house, was brought out to Tyburn to suffer for refusing to acknowledge the royal supremacy, as then defined. That noble face, of almost feminine beauty, was pale, but not with terror. The ropes that fastened him to the dreadful hurdle could not disguise the symmetry of his slight and graceful figure. That fair frame was animated by a gentle spirit. Haughton was not a Protestant; but to him, as to More and Fisher, every Protestant may afford a sigh. In an age when the vices of

the Romish priesthood cried to heaven for vengeance; when their most flagitious offences were expiated by a fine of a few shillings, or by carrying a taper in a procession; when the monasteries were full of men who had exchanged the hair shirt for fine linen, and a diet of bread or vegetables, with small beer or water, for fat capons, and big-bellied tuns of sherry and sack—Haughton set an example of severe virtue in his own person, and insisted upon regularity in the house over which he presided. The most Protestant of our historians is the one who has done the fullest justice to this Carthusian. His execution is historically remarkable, because it was the first occasion on which the dress of a Romish ecclesiastic was ever brought to the stake. This, one cannot regret; for it was a sign to the world that the domination of a foreign priesthood was over in England for ever, and that the minister of religion must exhibit the regularity, or pay the penalty of a citizen. But we may regret that, when the storm came, it swept away one of the few flowers of holiness that yet lingered on the mouldering walls of the English monasteries. As he knelt down on the scaffold his closing words were taken from the Thirty-first Psalm, verses one to five; with these words he made the last sign to the executioners.

Another recollection occurs to us in connexion with this Psalm. It is nearly forty years before the last—the 22nd of May, 1498. This time the scene is not where the bloody arm of Haughton hung over the old archway of the Charterhouse; not in London, but in Florence. This May is not over the yellow Thames, but by the sunny Arno, under the blue sky of Italy. And the victim is Savonarola. Nine years before he had been preaching near this spot, in the garden of the cloister at San Marco, under a shrubbery of Damascus roses; and his subject had been the Revelation of St. John. Upon the assembled multitude, used to hear scraps of Aristotle and Plato, and the school logic, that pure scriptural exposition had fallen like spray-drops from the river of God; and as the preacher spoke of the love of Christ, the tears rolled along his cheeks, and the hardest hearts melted like snow. ~~Do~~ Not many years after,

Luther himself published Savonarola's "Exposition of several Psalms," with a preface, in which he recognized the Monk of Florence as one like-minded with himself. Now the great orator has come forth, not to preach, but to die. He had endured long imprisonment; his delicate nerves had felt the tortures of the Inquisition; he had been bound to a pillar by a cord, and suddenly let fall; hot coals had been burned under his feet; and now, with the iron round his neck, and fastened to a faggot, that he might experience at once a double pang, he is quite calm. On what hidden bread has he been feeding his spirit? His last written words were a meditation on the Thirty-first Psalm. Doubt and joy alternate until the third verse—"Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore, for thy name's sake, lead me and guide me." On this verse he expresses his perfect peace. But he stops; for at that point his writing materials were rudely taken from him.

We have, perhaps, tarried too long beside the stake and gibbet. Take another scene—other Psalms. The place is Versailles; the time, the reign of Louis Quatorze, about the year 1705. All is splendour, for a magnificent ball is to be given. In the morning the hunters have gone out, train after train of splendidly-mounted cavaliers, and the horn has wakened the echoes of the chase. In the sunny afternoon, the lords and ladies have lounged along the walks, and by the terraces, through long arcades of poplars and cypress, by jars of exquisite flowers. On they pass, laughing, by the marble fountain, in those rich and stately dresses, which the chinas and fans of the time have made familiar to us. The young Duchess of Burgundy is gayest and brightest there. But where is her lord, the heir-apparent to the throne, and grandson to the king? He sits away in his private apartment, far from scenes in which he finds nothing congenial. Our readers will easily find the sketch of his character, as given by St. Simon, or may read it in that exquisite book, Vinet's "History of French Literature." Originally subject to transports of passion, which made him an object of terror—ungovernable in the pursuit of pleasure, sarcastic and over-bearing—between the age of eighteen and twenty he had heard that mysterious

voice, which speaks in courts as well as elsewhere—which may be muffled, but is not lost in the folds of a corrupt church and a ceremonial religion. The young prince was withdrawing himself from the din of pleasures, whose unsatisfying nature he had discovered. He could say, with one of old—

"The heart is restless ever,  
Until it finds rest in Thee."

Could we see the little book in his hand, which Fenelon has given him, we should find that he has been reading and weeping over the Seven Psalms which have been called Penitential.

Over the entire three first chapters of the Song of Solomon, to every true student of church-history, there hangs one golden gleam of Gospel radiance amidst the shadows of the dark age. There is a monastery in Champagne called Clairvaux. It is situated among folds of wood, near Bar-sur-Aube. We do not know how it escaped through the French Revolution; but Gibbon speaks of its pomp in his time, and of a certain tun of wine in its cellar, containing 914 hogsheads. Sail back up the stream of time about 700 years; the splendid monastery folds back into a rough house—

"As if a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

The poor monks are out in the field. It is a hot day. The landscape flickers in the heat. The purple grapes are adust. The monks are hot and tired. A bell sounds. They go into their simple chapel. Their abbot stands up to speak. He has a book in his hand. His name is Bernard of Clairvaux. He had taken a part in preaching the second crusade, which modern enlightenment must deplore: which, perhaps, he regretted himself. But against this, may be set his noble sympathy with the persecuted Jews. Thus he had written to the clergy of Eastern France—"The Jews are not to be persecuted, slaughtered, or even banished. Search the Scriptures. They are living pillars, pictured with the passion of the Lord. They are witnesses of our redemption, while they pay the penalty of their guilt. Yet in the evening they shall be brought home; and when the multitude of the nations has entered in, then shall all Israel be saved." To Rudolf, the priest who excited the persecution, he sternly said—"Art thou greater than

he to whom the word was spoken, 'Put up thy sword into the sheath?' Wouldst thou empty the treasures of the mercy of Christ?' The Jewish annals record his praise—"God sent after this Belial Bernard from Clairvaux, a city which is in Tzarphath (France)—he took no ransom of Israel, for he spake good of Israel in his heart. If it had not been that the Lord had sent this priest, there would none have remained." There, then, he stands preaching in the year 1153. Day after day, when the labour was over, he poured forth these simple sermons for the refreshment of the brethren. That year, ere death had called him away, he had delivered eighty-six, taking verse after verse in the Canticles.\* We have read nearly all; and while we would not be guilty of the absurdity of claiming Bernard as a full-blown Protestant, it is certainly surprising to see how little distinctively Romish occurs in them, while very much is to be found that might have come from Leighton or Baxter. One falls back upon Butler's distinction between the *religion* and the *superstition*, in the Romish system. Certainly these sermons might be read with advantage by the judicious student who sought to inhale an aroma, not to copy with lifeless exactitude. In these days of preaching, we may do some of our readers a service by quoting a few sentences. Here is a beautiful prayer for a preacher:—"Break thy bread to these hungry souls, by my hands, if Thou deignest, but by Thine own strength." How sound and sensible is this account of the working of grace with the human faculties:—"A wondrous and inseparable commixture of supernatural light, and the illuminated mind." The following is strikingly profound:—

"In the soul I have an intuition of three things—reason, will, memory. When the reason receives the light that cannot be extinguished, when the will obtains the peace that cannot be taken away, when the memory inheres for ever in the fountain that cannot fail, the first is to be referred to the Son, the second to the Holy Spirit, the last to the Father. O blessed Trinity, my trinity of misery sigheth unto Thee!"

Here are some striking illustrations of man's incapacity to speak well or rightly of himself:—

"Who would believe the blank wall were it to assert that it produced that golden ray which stole in upon it through the shutter? The glorious picture, or immortal writing, is no praise to the pen or the pencil; and good words are not the glory of our tongue and lips."

The philosophy of the history of true religion in the middle ages is compressed into these remarkable and little known sentences:—

"There is a kind of carnal love in the heart rather directed to Christ after the flesh. In such a case there stands before the man, as he prays, the sacred image of the God-man, either born, or at his mother's breast, or teaching, or the like. I suppose that this was one chief cause why the invisible God willed to be manifest in the flesh, to draw the carnal affections of carnal man in the first instance, to the salutary love of his flesh, and so gradually to lead them on to a spiritual love."

Yet a few more thoughts, gathered from this old and rare garland, to entwine with the Song of Solomon, and we have done. "A tranquil God tranquillizes all things, and to see His quietness is to be quiet." "God is without passion, not without compassion." Of his beloved brother, Gerard, dying happily: "It grew day to thee, my brother, in thy midnight; thy night became as clear as the day." "As stars shine at night, but are unseen by day; so true grace, sometimes not apparent in prosperity, shines out in adversity." From the thirty-sixth sermon, at the close of which "*somnolentos auditores perstringit*," it seems that the brethren sometimes slept under Bernard after a vigil; it would be curious enough to compare his sad and gentle words with Swift's fierce and defiant satire in his sermon upon sleeping in church. Here is a pointed passage:—

"There are those who wish to know only that they may know, and it is curiosity; that they may be known, and it is vanity; that they may sell their knowledge for money or honours, and it is greed; that they may edify, and it is charity; that they may be edified, and it is prudence."

\* Upon consulting Mabillon's edition of Bernard, we think that this statement is probably inaccurate. Some of these sermons must have been delivered long before the last year of his life.

Here, again, are two profound thoughts :—

"It is ignorance of God which produces despair. I assert that all who are unwilling to turn to God are ignorant of Him. They refuse, because they imagine Him austere, who is gentle; terrible, who is altogether lovely. Thus iniquity lies to itself, framing to itself an idol. What fear ye? that He will not forgive your sins? But he hath nailed them to the cross with his own hands. That ye are tied with the chain of evil habits? But he looseth them that are bound. What more would ye have? What hinders ye from salvation? *This*, that ye are ignorant of God."

And to conclude :—

"Unholy is the youth in which the younger son demands *for himself* the portion of goods that falls to him, and begins to wish to divide the portion that were better possessed in common. Whilst we wish to satisfy our lusts in selfish isolation, we deprive ourselves of the singular sweetness of social and common good."

In reading this last most suggestive passage, we are reminded of three great modern writers. Julius Müller, in his view of sin as selfishness, adopts the same profound interpretation of the parable of the prodigal, his fall beginning with the significant trait that he first wishes to have his own portion severed from his father's property. Burns says of sensual sin—

"It hardens all within,  
And petrifies the feeling."

And it will be sufficient just to allude to Butler's sentences about "the *abandoned*, in what is called the way of pleasure."

On referring to Isaiah, the fifty-third chapter is especially dear to every Christian heart. "From that chapter," says Bengel, "not only many Jews, but Atheists, have been converted. History records some; God knows all." Two memorable instances there are. One we all remember—the conversion of Candace's treasurer, by Philip. He was a proselyte returning from Jerusalem to Meroe, in Upper Egypt, the capital of the Ethiopian Candaces. Meroe is mentioned by Herodotus, the father of history. After a land journey of many days up the Nile, all jagged and bristling with isles, like the jaws of one of its own crocodiles, and ugly rocks just rising over the seething

waters like hogs' backs, the traveller once more gets into his boat upon the smoother flood, until he arrives at the great city of Meroe. There the oracle of Jove sleeps amid its palms upon the quiet Nile; and all this way had the treasurer travelled to the oracle of the Living God. Now he was returning in his chariot, going down towards Gaza, the old historic city given by Joshua to Judah, whose gates Samson had carried away—the key of Syria towards Egypt. Its situation had exposed it to many invaders, and it was at this time desert. But nature had richly adorned its vicinity. The hoary olives, and the great red pomegranate blossoms profusely covered the long rich plain. The purple dates slept like evening clouds upon the far off eminence which was the highest point of the fallen town. And still, beyond the blue Mediterranean broke in rainbow whirls of dazzling surf, with a boom of thunder upon the broken beach of Gaza. But the attention of him who sat in the chariot was riveted to the page which he read. There is something about Scripture to the inquiring mind, which makes it precious, even when not fully understood. Sweetness is wafted from its dark sayings like the rich oriental scents that give us a dim notice of their existence through the silk wrapping, or ivory cabinet, in which they are confined. In his devout abstraction he reads aloud, so that the humble foot traveller, who comes up to the chariot, hears what he is repeating. And the place of the Scripture where he read was this—"He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and, like a lamb dumb before the shearers, so opened He not His mouth."

This beautiful passage of Scripture recalls to us also another triumph of divine grace, in the person of a different man, in a different scene, in another age. A poet of the day has, with much happiness, compared the thought or line, which the writer sends abroad and forgets, and after many days finds stored in a friend's heart, to the arrow which the archer shoots at random, and discovers in the cleft of a tree. And the Scriptures are the arrows of God, which "are sharp in the heart of his enemies, whereby the people fall under Him;" yet the wound is not unto death, but is barbed with love. And the force of the

arrow is not spent upon the first object which it strikes : its range is from its first sending forth to the end of time : it may have a myriad marks. The same shaft which cleft the Ethiopian's heart, cleft another and a harder. The date is not now the year after Pentecost, but June, 1680. The scene is not by the olives and palms of Gaza, in sight of the long sweep of the Mediterranean ; it is in Oxfordshire, near Woodstock. The sunset writes its long lines of gold upon the great oaks and beeches of Woodstock park ; the deer are sweeping through the fern ; the magnificent pile had not yet been reared which the English nation stamped with the name of Blenheim ; the ducal house of Marlborough was but the country family of Churchill. There, in the place of the palace which Vanborough reared, stood a long low range of buildings, with the tall brick chimneys, and triangular gable-ends, of Elizabethan date. This is the lodge of the then comptroller of Woodstock park, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. But there is a stillness about the house : the French valet slips with noiseless tread over the polished oak stairs ; the countess passes like a ghost, pale and silent, down the corridor ; the Earl is dying. In the war with the Dutch he had proved himself the bravest officer of the fleet ; he had become one of the most fashionable poets, one of the most profligate peers in that court, of which the historian has said, that "it was a school of vice." No more gallant shape walked in the mall ; no wilder wit spoke against grace and virtue in the circle of Sidley, and Etheridge, and Buckingham ; no more reckless hand flung down the gold in that gallery where Charles the Second played with the Duchess of Portsmouth. But now, in his thirty-fourth year, he is dying. It appears that for many months he has been a changed man. This change was mainly owing to the ministry of Dr. Gilbert Burnet, who has left an account of it in a book, of which Dr. Johnson says, "The critic ought to read it for its eloquence, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

Let us give to the Tenth of St. Matthew an illustration similar to those already attempted. The place is not far from that in which the

penitent Rochester went to his rest—it is the University of Oxford. The time is about a hundred and fifty years earlier, the end of 1527 or 1528. The hero of the story is one Anthony Dalabar, an undergraduate of St. Alban's Hall, whose narrative is given to us in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," in the lad's own words. Its vivid pictures of the treatment of the Christian Brethren, as the Protestants were termed—its life-like and unaffected pathos—its minute touches of University life—make it one of the most precious records of the time ; one learns more of the age from that narrative than from many an eloquent chapter in a regular historian. Shortly before this time, Cardinal Wolsey had founded the great seminary now called Christ Church, at first Cardinal College. The great minister was anxious to attract to his newly established college the rising talent among the young men of England. From Cambridge he invited those students who were the greatest proficient in the elegant literature of the day : John Clarke, Sumner, and Taverner. All three had imbibed Protestant principles, through the tracts and Testaments of the Christian Brothers and London Protestants. Clarke was in the habit of reading St. Paul's Epistles in his chambers, and drew round him a knot of young men whose hearts had been touched by grace. At this time, one Garret, a Fellow of Magdalen College, came back from London with a supply of books. The Cardinal, though somewhat tardily, was beginning to set the bull dogs upon the track of heresy. The proctors accordingly were on the look out for Garret, and a meeting was held by the brethren, among whom was our young friend, Anthony Dalabar. Anthony's brother was a priest ; and, as Garret was in orders, it was arranged that he should go under a feigned name, and take this priest's curacy, in Dorsetshire. Upon his departure, poor Anthony, who had got a bad name, began to think of number one, and resolved to leave his Hall, and enter himself at Worcester College. But as he is spending his last night at St. Alban's Hall, and reading a precious commentary on St. Luke's Gospel, a thundering knock comes to his door, and who should walk in but Garret, foot-sore, splash-



ed, half dead with fright and hunger. Garret utters an imprudent exclamation, and a person, who in the year 1858 would be called a scout, slips out, evidently to inform.

"Then," says Dalabar, "kneeled we down together upon our knees, and lifting up our hands to God our Heavenly Father, desired Him, with plenty of tears, so to conduct and prosper him, that he might well escape the danger of all his enemies, if His good pleasure were so. And then we embraced and kissed the one the other, the tears so abundantly flowing, that we all bewet both our faces, and scarcely, for sorrow, could we speak one to another. When he was gone down the stairs from my chamber, I straightway did shut my chamber door, and went into my study; and taking the New Testament in my hands, kneeled down upon my knees, and with many a deep sigh, and salt tear, I did with much deliberation read over St. Matthew x., praying that God would endue His tender and lately-born little flower, in Oxford, with Heavenly strength, by His Holy Spirit."

Had we time, we might go on to St. Frideswide's Church that evening. We might see the deans and canons in their grey amices at even song, and the chapel blazing with lights. The music of the *Magnificat* swells under Taverner's fingers. Then the commissary comes in, and old Dr. London puffs and blusters up the aisle, and the brethren are sorely tried. Here we must bid Dalabar adieu; only remember some of the words that he read and prayed over: "Beware of men, . . . when they deliver you up; take no thought how or what ye shall speak. . . . Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. . . . He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

We cannot do more than briefly remind our readers of several remarkable associations with many other passages of Scripture, which we have noted, but have not space to set even in so contracted a framing. The "*Horæ Biblicæ Sabbaticæ*," of that great and good man, Dr. Chalmers, entwine some recollections of him with nearly every chapter in the Old Testament to the end of the books of Kings, and with every chapter in the New Testament. We see his earnest features kindling over the book. His spirit, wearied with the Sunday's toil, refreshes itself with

an evening plunge into the Bible fountain. His strong sense, his fervent piety, his rugged honesty, his manly tenderness, find vent in pithy expressions that come home to us, because so true and unaffected. In his writings theoretically we find the point of conciliation between religious predestinarianism and the religious theory of free-will; and practically this work has none of the nebular style, and young ladyish morbidity of feeling, which so generally characterize the detail of personal experience. The religious diary too often deplores deficiency in transcendental feelings, while it ignores selfishness, idleness, lust, and vanity, as words too ugly for its unctuous style. There is nothing of this in the "*Horæ Sabbaticæ*." Hence the charm it possesses for men of cultivated intellect and shrewd judgment.

But we must pass on from Chalmers. The fifth of Genesis gives the genealogy from Adam to Noah. We all own the importance of this record, historically; but in a religious point of view, one might be inclined to overlook its significance. We believe it to be a fact, that this particular chapter, read in a church, without note or comment, led to a train of thought, which, in one instance, tended to produce a complete change of life. "All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years; and *he died*. All the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years; and *he died*. . . . And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred, sixty, and nine years; and *he died*." These lives, of enormous length, crowded into the epitaph of awful brevity—this passing bell of death, hanging silent in the air, whose solemn tongue tolls out its message only about once in a thousand years, and hardly seems to make a vibration in the atmosphere of eternity—led the thoughts of the man we speak of to the things which are unseen. Glance at the twenty-third verse. When Leighton's sister spoke laughingly of his deadness to the world, and remarked, that if he had a family it must be otherwise, the Archbishop's reply was, "I wot not how it *would* be, but I know how it *should* be. 'Enoch begat sons and daughters, and he walked with God.'"

The emanations of Augustine leave

shadows of that great writer on each of the Psalms. How happily does he observe of their poetical form—

“When the Holy Spirit saw the mind of man struggling against the way of truth, and rather inclined to the sinful pleasures of this life, he mingled the might of his doctrine with delightful modulations of poesy, after the fashion of skilful physicians, who are sometimes compelled to offer most unpleasant medicines to their patients; and lest the sick man should decline the utility of the drug for its disagreeable taste, smear with honey the lip of the cup in which they offer the remedy. . . . The Psalms are the one voice of the whole church; they beautify solemnities; they soften the sorrow which is for God; they bring tears even from the heart of stone. . . . What we receive with pleasure seems somehow to sink deeper in the mind, and adhere more firmly to the memory.”

The 101st Psalm is a strong declaration of David's purpose as a head of a family. “I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.” There is a fact connected with it which adds to it an especial interest. When Nicholas Ridley was Bishop of London, he used to assemble his household at Fulham, “being marvellously careful over his family,” and this was a psalm which he constantly chose. He often used it in the presence of “his mother Bonner,” as he affectionately called her, whom he used to place at the head of his table, in presence of the highest of the land—the aged mother of the notorious persecutor.

The 103rd Psalm will be even more deeply felt by those who recollect what Isaac Walton says in his noble and beautiful life of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln. “Now his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death. He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment: and during that time did often say to himself the 103rd Psalm, a psalm that is composed of praise and consolations, fitted for a dying soul.”

Take that verse of the Sixty-eighth Psalm: “Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.” We may transport ourselves, in thought, to the month of February, 1630. Let us enter the chapel, full of quaint recollections of Holbein and bluff King Hal, so lately the scene of the nuptials of a daughter of England. The Chapel Royal is

crowded to excess; for the first preacher in England, Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, has been summoned in his turn: “When he appeared in the pulpit,” says his biographer, “many thought he presented himself, not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and dying face.” He gave out the text which we have quoted, and the discourse was a meditation upon death. The pale sad face of the King, so familiar to us from the pictures of Vandyke, grew sadder and paler. The highborn ladies of the court, the youth and beauty of England, had, it may be with some few exceptions, been too much habituated to that particular sort of political sermon, which had grown fashionable in the previous reign of the pedant, who had spent so many months in solving the question, “why the divel doth most deal with auncient weemen?” But now some of these noble and gentle faces began, for the first time, to grow thoughtful; life, it seemed, had other ends than a court masque, or a cavalier's serenade. The preacher's streaming tears and hollow voice were never forgotten by many then present. Dr. Donne had delivered his own funeral sermon. He went straight home from the pulpit to his house to die. Or notice one verse in the Canticles, in passing, “Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.” This was exquisitely chosen by the parents of a young lady, who died at Rome of consumption, to place upon her tombstone; but the cardinal censor is said to have refused his permission.

Pass to the New Testament. Who forgets that Juxon read the Twenty-seventh of St. Matthew, the second lesson for that day's service, to Charles, just before he passed to the scaffold at Whitehall? Let us imagine a very different scene and date—the orange groves and minarets of Shiraz, the city of the Rose. Henry Martyn, the English missionary, is there, with three Persians. It is the one spot of fairyland in that hard and self-denying life. Where the brook goes babbling over pebbles; where the grapes hang from the vines; where the passing breeze scatters a drift of snowy orange blossoms upon the rivulet; where the nightingale sings in the dewy coolness of the thicket; the little group is sitting in the Khan's garden. There one

of them, Aga Baba, read this Twenty-seventh of St. Matthew. "The bed of roses beneath which we sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around us, were not so sweet to me," writes Martyn, "as this discourse of the Persian." The portion of the previous chapter, which describes the agony in the garden, nerved John Huss for his death; from the experience of his own struggle, he learned to understand that divine sorrow:—

"Truly it is much to rejoice always, and to count it all joy in diverse temptations. Much to fulfil, little to speak. Since that most brave and patient soldier, knowing that on the third day He should rise again, and by His death overcome His enemies, after His last supper was troubled in spirit, and said, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.'"

Or do we read that verse, which Luther has affectionately called the *Bibel in kleinen*, "God so loved the world:" it embraces the two opposite extremes of the human intellect. It has been stated that, in his last illness, Bishop Butler expressed some doubt how he should know that our Lord was a Saviour for him; and that on his chaplain quoting this verse, the bishop said, "True; though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment; and now I die happy."\* Now from the majestic intellect and massive brow of the author of the "Analogy," and of those "deep and dark sermons preached in the Rolls Chapel," irradiated with thought and aspiration like a marble dome with the dying sunset, let us turn to the untutored minds, and the foreheads "villainous low," as they have been called, of the Negroes of South Africa. They come to ask for the Bible; they do not recollect, or have never known its name; but they say, "give us the book with the beautiful words, 'God so loved the world.'" In the life of Perthes, the German bookseller, he observes, on the chapters of St. John's Gospel, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, that they are enough to live by, and enough to die by. Few, however prejudiced against the politics and ecclesiastical

views of Laud, can have read his most affecting speech upon the scaffold without sympathy and admiration. His quaint applications of one verse in the eleventh chapter of St. John, may be worth recording:

"Yea, but here is a great clamour that I would have brought in Popery. You know what the Pharisees said: 'If we let him alone, all men will believe in him, *et venient Romani*, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation.' Here was a causeless cry against Christ, that the Romans would come; and see how just the judgment was. They crucified Christ, for fear lest the Romans should come; and his death was it which brought in the Romans upon them—God punishing them with what they most feared. And I pray God this clamour of *venient Romani* (of which I have given no cause) help not to bring them in."

There are not many who can have escaped feeling how gracious and tender, how divine, yet how English, is that word, Comforter, as the equivalent of the Paraclete in the latter part of St. John's Gospel. Yet most of us, perhaps, are not aware who it was to whom our language owed that glorious translation. Five hundred years has this word been passing from lip to lip, wherever English is spoken. It has been ascending in hymns and prayers, alike in the music of cathedrals and in the simplicity of family worship, by the giant flood of the Mississippi, in the plains of Australia, and beneath the palms of India. Who first employed the word that has sunk into so many hearts, and risen from so many lips? A poor priest, with bare feet and russet mantle—but that priest was John Wickliffe! As a pendant to this, we must express what has occurred to us long since in connexion with the Collect for the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. That collect has been traced up to the sacramentary of the Anglo-Saxon Church, by means of a MS. of the ninth or tenth century in the Bodleian library. What tender and homely beauty, breathing of the same land which knows the blessed Spirit as the

\* We perceive upon reference to the Bishop of Cork's "Life of Butler," that the verse, as given in a collection of anecdotes, illustrative of the Assembly's Catechism, and in the "Life of Mr. Venan," is not this, but "Him that cometh to Thee I will in no wise cast out." We are unable to record our authority.

Comforter! "*Familiam tuam, domi-no, custodi*;" "Keep thy household, the church." Surely it must have owed its origin to England. It could not have been written in the passionate South, in an awful temple, among curling clouds of incense, with the crucifix looming through it, like a shattered tree through a mountain mist. It must have been suggested to some kindly, honest Anglo-Saxon. It breathes of the little old church, of the burly Franklin and his honest wife, and the little village boys and girls. It is steeped in the light that falls upon the place, where

"The kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God."

The church in it is not an awful, majestic queen, with purgatorial processions and heartless pageants. The honest Anglo-Saxon's nature thinks of her as the good, pious, kindly housewife.

"This is life eternal." When, at the age of eighty, Fisher tottered forth to his execution upon Tower Hill, he held in his hand a closed volume of the New Testament. He prayed that, as it had been his best comfort, so God would enable him to open it where some text might speak to his soul the consolations which it needed: and this was the text. Or, do we want a memory to go with us all through the epistles; the steps of a martyr to sound in our ears, as we walk through that spacious ground; a fragrance from the living flowers in his garland to blow about our spirits? Let us stand for a moment among the colleges at Cambridge. Let us go to that walk in the garden of Pembroke College, and inquire its name from one of the gownsmen—"Ridley's Walk." And now let us listen to a few sentences from the martyr's exquisite farewell:—

"Farewell, Pembroke Hall, of late mine own college. Thou wast ever named to be a great setter forth of God's Word. In thy orchards, the walls, butts, and trees, if they could speak, would bear me witness I learned, without books, almost all Paul's Epistles; yea, and I ween all the canonical epistles, save only the Apocalypse; of which study, although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me into heaven."

The associations with particular

texts in the Epistles are countless. We write down a few. In Henry VIII.'s reign there was a custom that the bishops, on New Year's Day, should bring his Highness a gift. On one occasion the right reverend fathers all came. It rained gold, silver, purses of money, rarities of all kinds. What dainty dish has honest Master Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Lincoln, brought to set before his sovereign? A New Testament, superbly bound—a brave gift for a king. But the book is wrapped up in a napkin, and round the napkin there is a legend in large letters. More honest than courtly is the scroll. It is the fourth verse of the thirtieth of Hebrews. The thirteenth of Romans recalls one of the most celebrated conversions by Scripture—that of the great Augustine. His youth, up to thirty-two, passed in strange oscillations between Manicheism and truth, between grace and sin. Open his Confessions, and their sad penitential sorrow and ethereal sanctity give the lie to Byron's brutal taunt—

"Those strange Confessions,  
That make one almost envy his transgressions."

One day deep thought brought out all his misery before the gaze of his soul. "A great storm arose, and broke in a shower of tears." He went out alone to weep under a fig-tree, and a voice said, "Tolle, lege; tolle, lege"—a voice for which he could not account by any casual occurrence. He took up his copy of the Apostle, and read—"Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and wantonness; not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." "No need or wish," he adds, "to read further. Immediately at the close of the sentence, a light of security was poured into my heart, and all shadows of doubt fled away." Now Augustine was the chief evangelical element in mediæval theology, so that some have almost reckoned him for one of the two sackcloth witnesses. He gave an impulse to Luther. Calvin's whole mind was coloured by his. The ripples which spread from his writings agitated the stream of thought round Pascal, Quésnel, and

Fenelon. Even yet there is a Jansenist, or Augustinian, Archbishop of Utrecht and Bishop of Ypres, who modifies Romanism by much Augustinian evangelicalism. That verse in the fourteenth of Romans—"The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—brings Whitfield into view. It was his text in the churchyard of the High Church of Glasgow, in 1741, when he closed his sermon to those vast throngs by the memorable words—"Now, when the Sabbath is over, and the evening is drawing near, methinks the very sight is awful. I could almost weep over ye, as our Lord did over Jerusalem, to think in how short a time every soul of you must die." Pass on to the text in the fourth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians—"He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin." Joseph Justus Scaliger was dying at Leyden. There he sat in his chamber, cowering over the fire; his illustrious friends and intimates were away, De Thou, Dousa, Casaubon; only Daniel Heinsius was with him to the last gasp. Tier upon tier rose his books, not so remarkable for their number as for their almost priceless value, partly collected by himself, partly the gifts of all the scholars in Europe to the "Phœbus of the learned," "the all-accomplished," "the dictator of letters." His was a genius, grand indeed, and capacious, and diffused over the whole circle of the arts. It has been said by one well qualified to judge, that those who estimated him only by his writings, his "Eusebius," or his immortal work, the "Novum Organum" of chronology, did not know the twentieth part of his learning. He was familiar with so many languages, ancient and oriental, and so exactly, that had this been the sole employment of his life, it had alone been a prodigy. Besides the history of all ages, places, times, and nations, he had a memory of wonderful promptitude; what he read once he had placed in such exquisite order in the gigantic catalogue of his knowledge, that he could find it at once, and answer any question arising from it, not only in his lecture-room, but among statesmen and ambassadors. A great politician observed of Scali-

ger, that he had been deceived in him, for that he had expected a learned man, but that he had found a man who was ignorant of nothing, without a whit of pedantry or academic dustiness about him. Let us draw near in reverential silence, and hear what the dying scholar has to say in those awful moments, when earthly learning fades away, like a mist, in the severe light of eternity. "I have a hope, greater even than my countless sins, reposed upon Him who knew no sin, whom God hath made to be sin for us."

In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians there is a passage—"Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church"—a text which, perhaps, only occurs to us in connexion with the controversy on works of supererogation. It is a flower which withers in the hot hand of controversy. Would we see it fresh and fragrant in the chamber of a dying saint, let us read the adieu to his friends and to the Church, of Adolphe Monod. There is a print in the little volume. A white pillow, and on it a head reposed with jet black hair, a fine brow, worn and pinched features, and a wasted hand. But we see not all. In that chamber are assembled thirty or forty, to whom, week by week, he addresses a few words. On the 4th of November, 1855, his subject is "the Pastor suffering for the good of the Church;" his text the passage we have named. Do we not read its meaning in the light of that sick room?—

"Is it not true that my affliction has helped to call your thoughts to death, to eternity, to Gospel verities? Is it not true that in the fraternal love which I bear you, you have been pushed, as it were, to prayer? I feel that the people of God lift me on their prayers; and I am penetrated with joy and gratitude. Is it not good for you? Has not a spirit of peace and serenity been spread over those who are with me? You see, then, how I find sweetness in the thought that my sufferings are for you; so that I may say, in the spirit of St. Paul: 'I rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church.'"

Or, again, does it not give liveliness

to our feelings, in regard to those glorious descriptions in the closing chapters of the Revelation, when we think of M'Cheyne preaching on "the great white throne," one fine night, by moonlight, to a vast throng near an old church; or of that most affecting anecdote told of the late venerable Bishop Mant. When he was sitting in his room, weak and dying, his son read to him those chapters: "Bring me my hat and stick," said the old man, feebly, "I want to go, I must go to that country;" or let us transport ourselves to the death-bed of Robert Hall, and hear him breathe out with his dying lips, "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

The associations, historical and biographical, connected with Scripture, would not be fairly handled, unless we confessed that there were others of a different and painful character connected with some of its texts. Scripture, like its divine subject, is appointed for the trial of the human spirit. "It is set for a sign, that the secrets of many hearts may be revealed." When we read that desolate passage in Job, where he exclaims, "Let the day perish wherein I was born—let that night be solitary," we may recollect how a great but bitter spirit turned to it. When Swift was in the height of his glory, courted by ministers, and fawned upon by peers; when he used to meet Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary at Lord Masham's; when he made a more conspicuous figure at the Thatched House than Escourt himself with the golden gridiron suspended from his neck; it is painful to see him retreating to his lodgings, and "lamenting his birth-day," as he termed it, by reading over the third chapter of Job. When the traveller reads at St. Peter's, at Rome, the inscription traced in colossal characters round the cupola, which overhangs the apostle's grave—"Tu es Petrus," he cannot but think of the fabric which the craft of many bad men, and the superstition of many men who were not bad, have reared upon the one foundation. The word to Jeremiah, "See I have this day set thee over the kingdoms to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy," appears as the text of the famous bull by which Pope Paul III. put Henry VIII. under interdict and deposition,—that "most

impudent brief," as Francis of France termed it.

Texts misunderstood, have been the plea of the mendicant orders, and introduced "counsels of perfection." The passages which contain the institution of the Holy Communion, almost admit of being treated as a text from which to consider the history of Christianity. Full as they are in themselves of "exceeding great love," they may remind the historian of blazing piles and bloody wars, of fierce controversy and party hatred, from the thirteenth session of Trent, and the Lutherans and Sacramentaries, down to Denison and Ditcher. On reading the glorious song of the Seraphim, in the text of Isaiah, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory," one is immediately apt to think of the *Te Deum*, which is, as it were, encrusted upon that verse. Often has the *Te Deum* been chanted on occasions that might make the angels weep. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is almost too obvious. Let us attempt another scene. At three in the afternoon of July the 15th, 1099, Godfrey stood on the walls of Jerusalem. A few hours after, and the sunset fell upon the minarets of the mosque of Omar. Then, bareheaded and barefooted, the Christian soldiers ascended the hill of Calvary. A voice of priests chanting, rose upon the air; it vibrated through the few olives which yet remained in Gethsemane, where the Saviour had knelt; it fell softly upon the purple mount of Olivet—"Holy, Holy, Holy. Lord God of Sabaoth!" And yet superstition had never offered a bloodier hecatomb to Moloch or Baal, upon the Mount of Offence, or in the valley of Hinnom, than these men, in the insulted name of Christ, had just presented, on the very spot where He had moistened the ground with drops of agony, and poured out His blood for His enemies. They chanted over seventy-thousand slaughtered Moslems, and a multitude of Jews, who had been burnt alive in their synagogue.

These sadder recollections teach most instructive lessons—lessons of modesty, charity, and mutual tolerance—lessons of human imbecility, guided through centuries of storm and error, to a haven of tranquillity and truth. We must confine ourselves, however, to the lessons which may be

derived from the other and happier side of the subject.

In the first place, then, we suggest that to trace and collate historical and biographical associations with passages of Scripture, may be useful in exciting a fresher interest both in one and the other. It is a great point gained when we read *anything* with a purpose in view; it stimulates the flagging attention, and gives the eye an unwonted quickness. It is yet a better thing when we can give unity to scattered pieces of knowledge—when we can bind them into one bundle, and find a “colligation for our conceptions.” Accessions to information do not then burden the mind. On the contrary, they are more deeply rooted into its soil because their relations are multiplied; each is a root that throws out a thousand tendrils, and both helps, and is helped by every other—

“And still the wonder grew,  
How one small head could carry all he knew.”

No wonder at all, for the more we know the more we can know. Knowledge thus compacted is as different from loose pieces of information, as a well-packed carpet bag from a plethoric and badly tied brown paper parcel. Let our readers try this string of association with the multifarious bits of ecclesiastical and biographical *ana*, which every educated man daily reads, and they will thank us for our hint.

Such a mode of looking at the Bible has a tendency to give us a blessed confidence in it. The word which converted Augustine and Rochester is still mighty as ever. The word which comforted martyrs in their agony; which has been healing, strength, and peace to the loftiest intellects and profoundest spirits of our race, remains, unexhausted, to us. They have leaned their giant weight upon it, and it has carried them bravely over the awful chasm between time and eternity, and their experience of its power to sustain increases our faith.

Thus, too, we learn the expansive power of Scripture. It is a striking thought that the very arrangement of the Gospels may be a *prophecy*. Thus, St. Matthew represents that stage of the church when the Jewish element was the largest, and the great point was to show the fulfilment of prophecy in our Lord. St. Mark, who

dwells so much upon the outward demeanour, upon the richly symbolical actions of the Redeemer, expresses that phase through which the mind of Christendom passed in the Middle Age. St. Luke, with his Pauline training, his parables of abounding grace, and his dwelling upon the Sacrificial work, stands for the outburst of evangelical truth at the Reformation. And, finally, all three, and all the truths wrapped up in the untruth and mysticism of heresy and philosophic theosophy, melt into St. John, the apostle of love, and the representative of the church's last stage. Is there a parallel lesson in the order of the Epistles? These were comparatively little studied until the Reformation. In those of St. Paul (including the Hebrews) we have the doctrine of justification by faith, and the overthrow of that exaggerated system of sacerdotalism which prevailed in the Roman polity. Then, St. James might express a short oscillation towards the opposite side of the truth, as, for instance, in a large section of the English Church. St. Peter restores the balance, and, finally, in St. John, the two streams of thought once more coincide, leading us to the same result as the Gospels. However this may be, without the free use of Scripture the church freezes into a stiffened shape. There is a certain convent of Belem on the coast of Spain. It is a monument of the time when Spain was the Spain of Columbus. That convent has a strange chapel. It is a marble ship about to weigh anchor. Masts of marble serve for columns; ropes and cables of marble are quaintly wound about them. Not far off, the Atlantic breaks upon the coast, and the free winds shout for ever across the waters. As well might one expect that marble ship to launch forth upon the great deep, as a church without the Scriptures to float upon the stream of time to the far off island to which it is bound. Our able countryman, Lord Dufferin, describes Van Jayen, in Spitzbergen. It is like a river larger than the Thames, plunging down hundreds upon hundreds of feet; every wreath of spray, and tumbling wave frozen in a moment stone-stiff, rigid as iron, awful, everlasting death-in-life, staring up at the sun and the stars in their courses, and never

meeting the Norland winds, and the washing waves, with the thunder-music of its waters. Such is the great stream of Christian life in the Eastern and Western churches: so stiff, so rigid, so immovable, because their history and biography is not breathed upon by the living breath of the Bible.

How much have we omitted; for, first, the fairest pictures on the page are those of the Captain of our salvation. The Saviour's gentle face hangs over many a text, is painted on many a psalm. The first verse of the Twenty-second is shadowed with His cross. Could any hand draw that portrait? And all these sketches that we have attempted, all that any man can collect, are but as a grain of sand to the countless grains upon the shore. There are histories that no man has written or can write; there are biographies beautiful in the book

of life which no human eye can read; there are calendars of home whose rubrics are coloured by our hearts; there are texts in every grave-yard which have faltered from many a dying lip, and been spoken from many a pulpit that we might well thus illustrate; there are Bibles coming home from India, from Delhi, with well-marked texts; from Cawnpore, from the ramparts of Lucknow, where the Highlanders of Havelock stood like tigers at bay: from many a station, where English and Irish ladies passed in the gentle glory of believing womanhood to the land where there are no more tears. What Christian home has not some such, with favourite passages italicised by the pencil of a departed saint? Thus are painted, and will be painted to the end of time, those countless figures that we have spoken of, on the margin of the illustrated book of God.

### FREIHEIT DIE ICH MEINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF M. VON SCHENKENDORF.

Freedom! as I love thee, so appear to me—  
Like a glorious angel, heavenly fair to see;  
Oft thy gallant banner has been stained with gore,  
Yet amid the stars it shines for evermore.

In the merry greenwood beams thine honest face,  
Under clustering blossoms is thy dwellingplace;  
'Tis a cheerful life, when Freedom's happy voice  
Makes the woodland ring, and bids the heart rejoice.

Up from gloomy caves, from dens of darkest night,  
Up the soul can rise to realms of heavenly light:  
For our country's altars, for our father's halls,  
For our loved ones we can die, when Freedom calls.

Freedom! as I love thee, so appear to me  
Like a glorious angel, wondrous fair to see;  
Freedom! dearest treasure, noblest gift of God,  
In our dear old country make thy long abode.



## ARCTIC LITERATURE—THE M'CLURE DISCOVERY.\*

EVERY public man is possessed of Duality. One-half, wigged, gowned, collared, capable of perfidy and every political sin; the other, stainless, "noble," "honourable," or "right honourable." Not at the door of the latter is any thing reprehensible laid—that were perilous; but it is with safety placed on the shoulders of some being as ideal as John Doe or Richard Roe.

But this "polite language" has its inconveniences. A lawyer is honourable and learned, though he may never have held a brief. One who has a commission in the army or navy is gallant, though he may have never smelled powder, except on the moors. Now, if the one be betrayed into an oration on Chancery reform, or the other parade his opinion on complicated questions of strategy, society listens with a show of patience. In its secret heart it mourns its hard destiny, in being obliged to give the hearing; but with the lip it encourages the emptiest blunderers to trade on the counters of courtesy as confidently as though they were the deep-cut, clear-ringing coin from the mint of fame.

*Quorsum hæc?*—a sort of preamble to a Bill "for limiting the liabilities of members of society at large." There is not a single "whereas" in it, we admit; but it is as legitimate a subject for legislation as the rights of women; moreover, cause has been shown why it be enacted that the term "gallant" is not to be construed into a recognition by society of the possession of any sort of prowess on the part of those so named.

A necessity for this prophylactic will appear to any one reading Dr. Armstrong's "Personal Narrative." We are not sure of the "parliamentary" title by which the surgeon of the *Investigator* should be accosted; but we conjecture that he would be spoken of as "the gallant and pharmaceutical gentleman." If, however, the term "gallant" be imagined to concede to

the doctor a knowledge of navigation, or the possession of skill and pluck to fight a ship, the concession is likely to injure his reputation. Why should a surgeon in the army or navy be expected to know any thing of military or naval tactics? There is no better reason to expect this than that plain civilian-chirurgeons, like Sir Benjamin Brodie and Sir Philip Crampton, should be acquainted with all arts and sciences, trades and professions. This one mistake runs through the whole Arctic Narrative, well named "personal." It is assumed that a surgeon in the navy must understand navigation, so as to be competent to sit in judgment on a naval officer of twenty-seven years' service, and be so conversant with the details of life in the Polar seas, that, though never before in the ice, he ought to have been listened to by one who accompanied Sir George Back and Sir James Ross in their perilous expeditions. Dr. Armstrong declares, in his preface, that his "principal object in writing his work has been to do justice to every one engaged in a voyage which, for its duration and privations, is," he believes, "unparalleled in maritime annals." Yet we have searched his book, and found only one complimentary mention of Sir R. M'Clure. He seems, indeed, to have had a quarrel with superior officers in general. It begins to display itself in the temperate zone; it is nursed and kept warm even when the thermometer was 58° below zero. The *Investigator* has only been four days on her voyage when she meets with her first disaster. "A squall carried away several spars, including fore-topmast, fore and main top-gallant, and royal masts, flying-jib-boom," and what not. Let the gallant and pharmaceutical gentleman make an observation:—

"As morning advanced, and the fog partially cleared away, the *Enterprise* hove in sight, bore down, as we supposed, to our assistance, wore under our lee-quarter, and kept company for the remainder of the day, but made no com-

\* *A Personal Narrative of the Discovery of the North-West Passage.* By Alexander Armstrong, M.D., R.N. Hurst and Blackett, 1857.

munication with us by signal or otherwise. Indeed, had she hoisted the immortal Nelsonian signal, substituting 'ship' for 'man'—that 'England expects every ship to do its duty'—we could not have had a more practical illustration of it."

A little rub for Captain Collinson. That commander, however, on the 2nd of February, made all plain sail, and got out of reach of Dr. Armstrong, who records that the *Investigator* could not keep up with her consort, and from that morning never saw her again, till both reached Fortescue Bay, in the Straits of Magellan. Even in narrating this incident our author takes the air of an injured man. What is a consort for, if not to keep company? Why should the Lords of the Admiralty send out two vessels, meant to stand to one another in this relation, unless they were perfectly equal in sailing qualities? The *Investigator* was no match for the *Enterprise*; and the latter took, it seems, an unworthy advantage of her companion, since she was not seen once after the vessels reached the Pacific. Nay, it would appear as though Captain Collinson meditated an injustice to the *Investigator*; for he had designed to take the *Plover* with him into the ice, should the *Investigator* not arrive at Behring's Straits in time. Notwithstanding this, the *Investigator* reached Cape Lisburne, which had been fixed on as the rendezvous, before the *Enterprise*. Here they found the *Herald*, commanded by Captain Kellett. By his advice Captain Collinson had shaped the course which was the cause of his having been distanced by the much more tardy *Investigator*. This commander had sailed over the same course for three successive summers, and so could say, with considerable accuracy, whether it were possible for the *Enterprise* to have entered the Straits, the time when she had left the Sandwich Islands being known. "It could not," says the doctor, "for a moment be supposed, that the *Enterprise* (a much slower sailing ship than the *Herald*) could even, under the most favourable circumstances, have made the passage in the time; nor did any of us believe it possible for her to have done so, despite the opinion that was then advanced to the contrary." It was quite certain that

Captain Collinson was behind, but the commander of the *Investigator* asseverated that he could be no place else than in advance. He had authority for putting the telescope to the blind eye. Resolved to enter the ice without delay, he not only excused his forward move, by the pretence that he believed his superior officer to have preceded him, but even went so far as to take with him the letters and despatches for Captain Collinson, for early delivery, instead of leaving them with Captain Kellett, who hovered for a time about the entrance of the Polar Sea. This was carrying the joke too far, the more so, as it was scarcely expected that Captain Kellett was in the least imposed on. The anxious eyes of the *Investigator* were turned upon him. As the senior officer he might have detained them, but he did not exercise his privilege, and merely suggested that they had better wait forty-eight hours for the *Enterprise*, in answer to which Captain McClure gave as his farewell signal—"Important service. Cannot on my own responsibility!" One does not wonder that it was necessary to repeat this signal, nor that Dr. Armstrong thinks it right to prove, that the *Enterprise* deserved to be left behind.

"Entering the ice alone, is," he observes, "an event hitherto viewed by Arctic navigators with the greatest apprehension, and one which is certainly attended with extreme risk, as well as great danger. Hence, two ships have always been sent on Arctic expeditions, for mutual succour and support, and for the salutary controlling influence, no less than the social effect they cannot fail to exercise on each other, when in company. Our expedition, from the period of leaving England, was not a combined expedition, as may be seen from the foregoing pages, although the Admiralty orders admitted of but one interpretation on the subject, which ran as follows:—'We deem it right to caution you against suffering the two vessels placed under your orders to separate, except in the event of accident or unavoidable necessity.' Notwithstanding the positive nature of these orders, the *Enterprise* left us twelve days after leaving England; and it was by the merest chance we caught her in the Straits of Magellan, it being her intention to sail the following morning. Hence we could feel but little regret at losing the company of a consort that

had hitherto proved so faithless. She manifested a desire to get rid of us altogether, by taking the *Plover* with her into the ice, in lieu of her legitimate consort, had she arrived before us."

We feel assured that there were other reasons, and we will add, far different ones, for the course pursued by the gallant Discoverer of the North-West Passage, which he did not think it necessary to communicate to the gallant and pharmaceutical gentleman.

On the sixth day from that of the farewell signal, the *Investigator* floated in waters never before navigated,—her Voyage of Exploration began. The close of the sixth week found the bold M'Clure within thirty miles of the point at which he might have laid claim to the Discovery of the Passage. But winter had now grasped his vessel, and after a few anxious days, during which she ran the risk of being nipped repeatedly, she was frozen up in the middle of the Prince of Wales' Strait. Sledge journeys and walking expeditions might be made, but till the return of August, that is, for some ten months, the good ship must be immovable.

Here we have a sufficient explanation of the conduct of the commander of the *Investigator*, in pushing into the ice without his consort. His previous knowledge of the Polar Sea warned him that every hour was precious, and that the close of September would lock up the highway between the two oceans, if such did exist. Thus a period of two months was all he could count upon for the solution of the great problem of centuries, a task which he had reserved as only second in importance to the main object of the expedition, the search for the ill-fated Franklin.

Having disposed of Captain Collinson, the surgeon of the *Investigator* turns his undivided attention to the conduct of Sir Robert M'Clure. He seems apprehensive that the credit of the discovery may be given to the wrong man. The world is disposed to accord it to the captain of the *Investigator*, whilst it, in reality, belongs to the gallant and pharmaceutical gentleman. His opinion, had it been followed, would have led to a course that would have restored the whole ship's company to England and fame the very year in which the discovery was made, in-

stead of after four winters spent in the ice. The vessel is in a fix; the question is, what should be done? Remain with good chance of being crushed, or exchange a few yards of nothing for undoubted safety. The captain was as brave as the surgeon, but charged as he was with the lives of the crew, he had not the same feeling of indifference, and accordingly, to the utter disgust of the dissident, he gave orders to move southward. Observe the tone of the narrative:—

"Our ship then lay resting against the floe, as if wearied with the conflict, and slumbering after the desperate but successful struggle of the morning.

"Our men, who had worked with the utmost zeal and activity throughout that trying day, had early retired to their hammocks, with every prospect of the southerly wind effecting much in our favour during the night, when, about nine, p.m., the ice was observed in motion, rapidly approaching our position from the opposite shore; and the anticipated rest was suddenly disturbed by the call of duty. Our position was, by some, considered critical, as the immense body of ice setting down on us would, it was supposed, have afforded but small chance of escape, and, in all probability, might have set us on shore. Others, with the ice-master, thought our position was rendered quite safe, from the protection afforded by the floe, and advised our remaining, rather than run the risk of being again beset—a view of the question in which I entirely concurred. It was, however, decided otherwise, and orders given to cast off from the floe and make sail to the southward."

If the same parties, or leaders of parties, be indicated by the words "some," and "others," in the following passage, there is no doubt as to the real discoverer of the North-West Passage:—

"We were afraid to indulge too confidently in anticipations respecting the Passage. Some thought it possible that the northern limit of Banks' Land might not have been accurately laid down, even by such an observer as its great discoverer (the late Sir Edward Parry), from the deceptive appearance which the atmosphere might then have presented, and under circumstances when human judgment is so liable to err. Others, and myself among the number, strongly maintained that the North-West Passage was then discovered, and that it only remained for us to make it in the ship."

As well vote the thanks of Parliament and the applause of a nation to the bowsprit of the first barque that passed through the avenue to the Atlantic, as to the man who commanded her, if the doctor's pretensions be of any value. He is, as *Punch* has it, a "*tardus currus et nullus error*," who waits for exploring parties to pronounce on the trending of a coast-line, seen at a distance of more than thirty miles, and in circumstances in which one uniform robe of snow makes it difficult for the most practised eye to discern snow-covered land from ice-bound water.

Not so thought the cautious commander of the *Investigator*. Three parties were despatched from the vessel to make accurate observations on the coasts of the new lands which lay within their reach. Not even this most natural and commendable measure of his superior passes without comment from the doctor. He contends that an expedition ought to have been sent to Melville Island; and we would be disposed to agree with him, and quote his words merely to afford further examples of the unhappy spirit which his entire narrative exhibits:—

"I adduce it (this omission), not for the purpose of exposing an error which adds nothing to our credit, but that its repetition may be avoided; as well as to show that a combined plan of action should ever exist among Polar expeditions, and that *all personal considerations* should be cheerfully laid aside to promote the object of the service on which their country sends them forth."

What does the doctor mean? Did he propose this expedition to Sir Robert M'Clure; and would he have us understand that the proposition was negative *because he made it*? Or would he suggest that expeditions were sent in every direction except that in which there might be found some who would dispute the honour of discovering a North-West Passage? The reports of the exploring parties, however, were satisfactory. One of them fell in with a tribe of Esquimaux; and so important did it appear to Sir Robert M'Clure that all the information which the natives could give should be immediately had, that he set out in person with a fresh party to communicate with them. The captain made the journey in "less than half the time taken in its performance

by Lieutenant Haswell." This is not so astonishing as it appears to the doctor and his friends. To go direct to a given point on the coast would occupy less time than to reach the same point after an inspection of the principal indentations of a long coast line. But it is noticed, thus by the doctor, and for an express purpose:—

"In justice to the latter officer (Lieutenant Haswell), it must be stated, that from the leisurely mode of travelling adopted, he brought his men on board in a good state of health and efficiency for further service, if necessary; while the party of the former (Sir Robert M'Clure) were so worn out and exhausted, from the rapidity and harassing nature of the march, without sufficient rest, that one-half were placed on the sick list on their return (one of whom was severely frost-bitten), and the remainder told me that they could not have continued the journey for six hours longer at the same rate of travelling. This circumstance I adduce to show how little a display of energy may avail when unaccompanied by discretion and judgment, and to point out the necessity there exists of exercising both."

We thank the great moralist; but shall enter this in our common-place book as a case of "*Æsop inverted*." The moral is hauled in that the story may be told. A historian, not positively hostile to his hero, would have eulogized the hardihood and self-sacrificing zeal that voluntarily shared such labours. All that the doctor has for M'Clure is a sneer at his energy. The few days immediately preceding the freezing up of a vessel are most eventful in Arctic navigation. Take a graphic description of the ship's position shortly before she became fast for a second winter:—

"At 8.30, the carpenter having repaired the rudder, we were busily engaged in placing it in a safe position, slung across the stern, and had just succeeded in doing so, when the ice was again observed in motion. We lay not only helplessly fixed, but absolutely embedded, borne along amidst the appalling commotion of huge masses grinding and crushing each other, still nearing the shore, and approaching the berg, from which we were then not more than a few feet distant. Every man stood firm and silent at his post, with a knapsack at his side. The sick I had ordered to be brought on deck, that in the event of the ship being suddenly crushed, they, too, might have a chance of escape.

Nothing was heard but the dismal sound of the ice around us. We slowly but steadily approached the berg, against which our sternpost at length came in contact. The pressure continuing, every timber of the ship's solid framework loudly complained, and we momentarily expected to see her nipped in pieces, or thrown on the beach. Most fortunately, however, the destructive effect of the blasting, so judiciously had recourse to a few hours previously, then told in our favour; as the mass opened in three places, and the fragments, separating from each other, diminished the power of resistance; otherwise our fate would have been at once decided. At the moment of coming in contact, the continuance of the pressure carried away the stream chain, broke one nine and two six inch halsers, as if they had been whip-cord, stove in our strong bulwarks, crumpled up the copper as if it had been paper; at the same time it swept the ship's bow towards the beach, elevated her a few feet, and threw her over on the port side eighteen degrees. The direct force of the pressure became thereby diminished, and when in breathless anticipation of being driven on the beach, that catastrophe was averted by the interposition of a merciful Providence. The motion in the ice then suddenly ceased, we having been borne helplessly for a short distance further along shore, in close contact with the broken-up berg."

Scenes and incidents such as this did not require the spice of pique and personality to render them interesting. Yet the doctor uses his incidents to muffle the ingredient of jealousy, if not of positive ill-will. The emergencies are not met energetically enough, even by the energetic commander. Thus:—

"As we were anxious to get to the eastward, it may seem strange that advantage was not then taken of the water which led to Cape Colquhoun; for if we ever intended to round this point, we could not possibly have had a better opportunity of doing so; and a position off that part of the coast was not worse than any other, as they were all equally full of peril. No means were employed to release the ship until one, p.m., and then it was nearly too late, for the wind changing to westward, brought the ice rapidly from that quarter, and as rapidly did it become packed to the eastward, closing up the much-desired space of water, and cutting off our chances of escape to the shore, even when freed from imprisonment in the pack."

What is Dr. Armstrong's object? Of what would he accuse Sir Robert

M'Clure? Of incompetence? That would be comical. Of indolence and inaction? That would be more so. Of not having worked the ship according to Dr. Armstrong's advice?

The gravest of the doctor's accusations is to come. The *Investigator* had been provisioned for three years; but by an untoward accident a considerable portion of the beef, forming a most important article of the ship's stores, had been lost on the vessel's first entering the ice. It had been thought expedient on abandoning the winter quarters of the first year, to form a depôt there, to which a part of the crew might be sent, in the event of an accident making it necessary to seek a return to Europe, through the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. Thus the store of provisions was so much shortened, that serious apprehensions were entertained lest the stock might not last more than one winter. What ought to have been done under the circumstances? Eat, drink, and be merry? Leave the morrow to take care of itself? Consume the existing stores at the same rate as before, and take chance for relief? Why, a schoolboy would reason otherwise, especially if he had read the harrowing tale of privations and misery to be found in Sir John Franklin's "Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea." "We drank tea," says Sir John, "and ate some of our shoes for supper." Again, "We were gratified to find several deer-skins, which had been thrown away during our former residence; the bones were gathered from the heap of ashes; these with the skins, and the addition of *tripe de roche*, we considered would support us tolerably well for a time." Eighteen days were passed thus, when their prospects somewhat improved. A single partridge was shot, and divided among six persons. Sumptuous and abundant repast! "I and my three companions," says Franklin, "ravenously devoured our shares, as it was the first morsel of flesh any of us had tasted for *thirty-one days*, unless, indeed, the small gristly particles which we found occasionally adhering to the pounded bones may be termed flesh." A repetition of such fearful privations in the case of the *Investigator* was not at all impossible, and common prudence recommended a reduction

of the allowance of provisions. Such reduction was accordingly ordered by Sir Robert M'Clure. Two-thirds of the ration was the maximum for both officers and men. Now the question is not, how much food was requisite to support the constitution in an Arctic climate? An Esquimaux will consume fourteen pounds of salmon at a sitting, and probably would look on a twelve pound fish as short commons. A much larger amount of animal food should be provided for sojourners in the Polar Sea, than is allowed for the sailor in more temperate zones. But the point simply is, what would a prudent commander feel called upon to do, his stock of provisions running short, with no immediate prospect of recruiting it? Dr. Armstrong's advice was, to continue the issue of full rations to the ship's company! It was so ordered by a kind Providence that succour arrived before the provisions were exhausted; and thus it might have been safe to follow Dr. Armstrong's counsel. But who could have foreseen this? Not the sagacious doctor, for relief did not come from the quarter to which his penetrating eye had been directed. Yet, now that all is over, he records, for the guidance of future expeditions, the fact, that he expostulated in strong terms with his superior officer; that his expostulation was disregarded; and that, as a direct result, three men died. If, which was just as likely, his course had been pursued, all would probably have perished. Had Captain M'Clure starved the crew, whilst himself luxuriating in abundance; if he had stinted them in their allowance, with the power of affording them more, he could not have been assailed with more bitterness than he meets with from the doctor; because, in prospect of a long and dreary detention, far from known aid or sympathy, he endeavoured to husband the ship's stores.

But, again, Captain M'Clure was aware of the scale of rations that had been employed in Arctic expeditions, by those hardy explorers who had preceded him. Sir Edward Parry, in his deeply interesting narrative of the expedition of 1827, tells us that the allowance of provisions for each man was—"Biscuit, ten ounces; pemmican, nine ounces; sweetened cocoa powder, one ounce; with a gill of rum, and

half an ounce of tobacco." Now, will it be believed that the reduced rations issued to the crew of the *Investigator*, included a more liberal allowance of meat than was thought necessary for the men composing his expedition by Parry, whose scale was not the least affected by contemplated scarcity? And when, at the commencement of a third winter, a further reduction was deemed necessary by Sir Robert M'Clure, the men received only one ounce less of meat per diem than the hardy companions of Sir Edward contentedly consumed on their daring expedition. Indeed, if we were not afraid of falling into Dr. Armstrong's error, and giving a medical opinion, not being ourselves *Æsculapian*, we would suggest that it was not the quantity of food, but the state in which it was eaten, that introduced scurvy on board the *Investigator*.

"The allowance of food was so small, and shrunk so much when boiled or cooked, that it merely afforded a few mouthfuls to each, and failed to satisfy the keen craving of the appetite. The consequence was, that the practice of eating the salt beef and pork raw, and the preserved meat cold, or in a half-frozen state, was almost universally adopted by both officers and men."

The doctor was one of the exceptions, of course, and his influence would have been much more wisely used in dissuading from this abuse of the food, than in teasing Sir Robert M'Clure with his classical counsel—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Nothing short of a deep conviction that Sir Robert M'Clure cruelly and capriciously deprived the ship's company of food could justify the surgeon of the *Investigator* in adopting the tone, or throwing out the insinuations, which give a painful character to the last few chapters of his book.

Yet, in spite of these frequently-recurring proofs that the doctor is one whom the trophies of M'Clure will not allow to sleep—one who rakes up from the pages of a journal, incidents and impressions that took their colour from the gloomy concomitants of an Arctic winter, or the fretfulness all but inseparable from temporary inaction, combined with cold inconceivable, and discomfort indescribable—in spite of this, the book is one of great interest. And now that we

have disburdened ourselves of a little indignation, and expressed our disappointment that even an amphibious author should have imbibed so little of the jolly spirit of the British sailor, we will acknowledge that we have read the Narrative with avidity, and derived from it a clearer conception of Arctic adventure than from any other work we have ever met with. We had read of cold represented by the sign minus, — degrees below zero; but we had little idea of what it might be till we read of the mishap the gallant surgeon had when geologizing near the scene of his first winter's quarters. His face was so frost-bitten that it was necessary to rub it with his hands, lest he might lose, as Paddy says, "his fayture." His hands, thus exposed, were then chastised. The right hand, especially, against his return to the ship, had become a stiff mass. He plunged it into a basin of cold water, and so great was the cold liberated in the equalising process, that the surface of the water in which his hand was immersed exhibited a film of ice! We had been told in our youth, and wondered at the tale, that iron might become so cold as to blister the fingers, but it never had occurred to us that the food of the poor Arctic voyager might also be so cold as to excoriate his mouth and œsophagus.

The following passage presents a vivid description of the perils that the brave crew of the *Investigator* frequently braved, that they might secure the honour of their discoveries, or obtain by the chase the means of healthy subsistence. It will give, too, a fair specimen of the style of the book. The object of this expedition, here recorded, was to take possession, in Her Majesty's name, of Prince Albert Land. When this ceremony was over, the party ascended a high ridge, that they might obtain a view of the trending of the coast. After which—

"At 3.30, having taken a hasty survey of the state of the ice, and no water being discernible, we commenced retracing our path. We reached the beach, crossed the floe for about a mile, with the usual amount of difficulty, anxious to reach the termination of this outwork, and thread once more those level fields of ice we had passed over with so much pleasure in the morning. But

what was our consternation, on reaching the outline of this packed barrier, to behold our further progress towards the ship arrested by a channel of open water, about twenty yards broad, rapidly increasing, and extending along the floe as far as we could see. Our first idea was to detach a piece of ice sufficiently large to enable us to paddle across, one or more at a time; but in this we failed, as the only piece we could obtain was quite unfitted for that purpose. We looked to the north, but found that nothing could be done in that quarter. To the southward matters appeared more favourable. We advanced for the space of a couple of miles, and found the appearance presented by the ice, from where we had first viewed it, utterly deceptive; the lane of water grew wider; there was no more propitious aspect in its state further to the southward, and we had then got abreast of the islands.

Exhausted from our long march and want of food, there existed every probability of our passing the night on the ice. Having about a gill of spirits of wine left, and as thirst was urgent amongst all, we melted a little ice, and were each afforded a mouthful of water, which proved extremely refreshing. As the cold had become severely felt, from the lightness of our clothing, we could not remain at rest more than a few minutes at a time, owing to the rapid abstraction of animal heat, and were consequently obliged to keep in constant motion. We then concluded that in the probability of our departure from the shore having been observed from the ship, and as we did not get on board at the time when we might be expected, in the event of a party being sent out to our relief, they would, doubtless, be sent towards that point of land where we had been last seen, and where the land-mark was erected. We, therefore, retraced our steps over the rugged, slippery course, which it had cost us so much labour to cross but a short time before. It had then become quite dark, and as we were unable to distinguish the unevenness and irregularities of the ice over which we walked, or rather clambered, we were falling incessantly. We appeared to have lost the power over the limbs from the effects of cold and exhaustion—the alteration in the ice, and our intense thirst affording ample evidence of both. We had advanced about a mile, our eyes anxiously directed towards the ship, when we halted to fire our guns, in the hope of receiving some token of observation; but in vain. Again we started; a light was seen hoisted at the mast-head of the ship, but this was nothing more than what

might have been expected to point out her position, and did not allow us to hope for any immediate succour. With the increasing darkness, the appearance of the weather had become more dreary and wilder than before—thus cold, hungry, and thirsty, without covering, there was increasing probability of our spending the night on the floe; and as our small stock of ammunition was well-nigh exhausted, the chances of our being able to attract a party to our position was likewise diminishing. Rockets were seen fired from the ship, and a gun at intervals; but, like the light at the mast-head, they afforded us no other comfort than the knowledge of its being done to direct our homeward course. Once more we halted, and fired a few shots, without receiving any recognition, and again pursued our way over the rugged and slippery hummocks, in search of a large piece of ice, with a good depth of snow around it, under the shelter of which we might pass the night. We had given up hope of receiving any relief, or of being found by a searching party from the ship until the morning; and having fired our last charge of ammunition, our entire strength for attack or defence, if we met with bears, which we knew were prowling about, lay in boarding-pikes. We were then in search of our resting-place when, to the inexpressible delight of all, we saw the flash, and heard the report, of a musket, apparently coming in our direction. We immediately halted, raised a loud cheer, repeated it again and again, and on the third occasion, to our great joy, it was responded to. By cheering frequently, we directed the party towards us, and had the pleasure of knowing that relief was at hand, as we presently saw dark figures on the opposite side of the channel, coming along its margin towards us, and soon communicated by words with Mr. Court, second master, and a party of four men, across the water. Unhappily, they had come unprovided with aught that could give us relief, although they had been despatched from the ship at six o'clock, to render assistance, lest any casualty had befallen us. Our situation, therefore, was not much improved, as they did not consider that water had arrested our progress, and the only relief they could afford us was that of their individual prowess, which, under the circumstances, was quite unavailable. This officer was directed to return to the ship immediately with his party, and rejoin us with all despatch, with one of Halkett's portable boats, all the men that could be spared from the ship, and a supply of provisions for immediate use. He was likewise directed to fire a blue light and

rocket on reaching the ship, and two of each when he left on his return to us. We then felt satisfied that we should reach the ship about daylight; and our friends having left us after eight o'clock, we calculated on their return, at least, at midnight. Our spirits rose with a speedy prospect of relief, and we again put ourselves in motion, to resist the intensity of the cold; several of us having already been frost-bitten. We had no food except a little frozen preserved meat, so hard that nothing could penetrate it, and on attempting to eat it in this state, the mucous membrane of the mouth was excoriated on touching it. The thirst being intense, we experienced the greatest relief from a mouthful of water. As a last resource, with the aid of a few matches, the wick that had been immersed in spirits of wine, and some pieces of paper, we contrived to melt as much ice in our little kettle as afforded to each of us nearly a wine-glassful of water, which proved a great luxury, although a little brackish. We were once more in motion, clambering over the rough, slippery ice, to promote warmth and kill time; with falls heavy and frequent, as it was impossible to see our way clearly in the darkness. Time thus wore on, while we still wandered about, occasionally taking a few minutes' rest; with an irresistible desire to sleep, until the cold compelled us again to be in motion. About 10 p.m. a light could be seen approaching us from the opposite side of the water, and soon afterwards the signals we had directed to be made on the return of the party were fired in succession from the ship. It appeared to us incredible that they could, by any possibility, have reached the ship, and return in so short a space of time; but that it was *them*" (*sic, oh sic!*)—

Our readers have probably pursued the doctor's narrative with interest to this point; but we despair of being able to conduct them farther. Like the pursuers by the corpse of Asahel, they will hold their breath, astonished by the doctor's cold-blooded murder of an exemplary pronoun. We recollect being once asked to assist in selecting a master for a miserable country school. The candidates were such as will be expected, when it is stated that the endowment amounted to net five pounds per annum. One of them, an ill-dusted, squinting little man, was the most distinguished of the candidate scholars. He could read, write a fair hand, work an ordinary sum in arithmetic, and insisted that he knew English grammar. He



seemed hurt that he was not examined in the last-named subject, and whilst he was in the act of demanding that his proficiency therein should be tested, a knock came to the door of the room which served as examination-hall. "Now," said the examiner, "suppose I said, 'who's there?' and the answer was, 'it is me,' would that be correct?" Snuffy meditated; "I think," said he, "your reverence, that 'it's I' would be better grammar, but 'it's me' would be nicer English!" *Distinguo*, in fact, was the reply of Tyrannus. He had not read the *Epistola ad Pisones*, yet seemed to have a dim perception of the danger of despising public opinion:—

"Usus

Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

Certainly, if the majority in the doctor's native country be right, "It was *them*" is very good English indeed. Being Conservative in our tendencies, however, we would write a prescription for the doctor, and "exhibit" Lindley Murray. The Narrative, all this nevertheless, is a stirring one, and gives a fair idea of the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of Arctic life.

That Dr. Armstrong, with such materials at hand, should prefer to make his pages "personal," is a sin of no small magnitude. The most insatiable vanity ought to have been satisfied with such generous acknowledgment of the services of the surgeon of the *Investigator*, as is to be found more than once in Sir Robert M'Clure's Despatches.

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#### HENRY HAVELOCK, OF LUCKNOW.

THE British nation is robed in mourning for the loss of the valorous soldier who perished on the 25th of November, at Alumbagh, in Oude, "worn out by anxiety and fatigue." His death is lamented alike by the strategist skilled to appreciate the magnitude of his achievements, and the general public, made acquainted with him as the deliverer of many helpless women and children from the jaws of the Bengal monster. His name is on every tongue. It is accepted as the symbol of distinguished heroism, and mentioned with glowing pride, since, while his decease is deplored as an irreparable loss, it is felt that his exploits have exalted the character of the country in the eyes of the world. We have buried him, therefore, without a tear, for he has done his work in such a manner that we can boast his memory, though we grieve that he did not live to receive the laudation of a grateful people on a victorious return from the scene of conflict. He dared and escaped so many dangers that we were fain to believe in the invulnerability of his person and the certainty of his triumphs. Nothing in recent military history equalled the rapidity of his marches, the decision of his operations, the vigorous courage with which he assailed superior numbers, and the unvarying success attend-

ing his movements. After his first contests with the sanguinary Rajah of Bithoor, every eye became intensely fixed upon the brave man's deeds, and the hope of the country for the speedy suppression of the mutiny at its source was centred in him. The interest of the struggle suddenly vanished from Delhi; even the capture of that city did not dim the lustre of Havelock's campaign, or draw away the excited attention of the world from his all but superhuman efforts. And as successive mails brought the intelligence that with the same decimated and enfeebled band of British troops he was alternately retreating to gain time, and advancing to subdue, with the ultimate aim of succouring the beleaguered garrison in Lucknow, popular admiration reached its height. Nor was his fame confined to the populace. Among the most experienced Indian warriors the perils and difficulties of his task were the most highly appreciated. A masterly Irish general, of Eastern fame, has not scrupled to say that his prompt and gallant exertions, after he arrived at Cawnpore, considering his means, evinced military genius of the highest order. They had, undoubtedly, the effect of checking the revolt at its culmination in Oude, when, choked in other quarters, it was about to burst forth there

anew with increased fury. We owe much, then, to the noble veteran departed; and since we cannot now do more to express gratitude for his deeds, we shall revere his memory, adorn his tomb, and honour his offspring.

In India, at present, as in the previous war with Russia, our administration has broken down; but the injury thus inflicted upon our cause has been redeemed, as in the other case also, by the spirit of our troops and the nobleness of their leaders. Had proper measures been taken at the start, General Havelock would not have arrived too late to save the European females from the butchery at Cawnpore, and all the subsequent bloodshed would have been spared. The Calcutta government, in making light of the revolt, betrayed both imbecility and ignorance; and the result of that cardinal error, as well as of their subsequent grievous incapacity, was tediousness at home, the detention of reinforcements, and other evils of a varied nature, productive of incalculable mischief.

The effects of the original mistake, in underrating the rebellion, are still in operation. Believing the event to be of comparative unimportance, the authorities at Calcutta neglected preparations for the transport of large bodies of men up the country; and, consequently, while the Commander-in-Chief is now contending with a handful against several hosts of mutineers, and flying from place to place to keep them in check, where he cannot hope to conquer, an immense force has been already landed from the transports, to be stowed away for a season of inglorious idleness, at Masulipatam, Madras, or in Fort William, until bullocks, waggons, and other means of conveyance, are obtained, every instant being, meantime, pregnant with momentous probabilities. Fortunately for us, we repeat, such blunders as these have been hitherto prevented from leading to disaster by the energy of several of our officers and the unexampled bravery of their men. All the world now knows how the gallant Irishman, Nicholson, repressed the rising mutiny in the Punjab, quelling it at Peshawur by sheer audacity, when his numbers were not a tenth of the disaffected native force; how Neill, the equally valiant Scotchman, recovered the feebleness exhibited at Dinapore by dint of equal daring; how,

in numerous stations throughout Central India, the pluck of a single British officer, in each instance, has compensated the want of a European garrison, stayed the insurrection, and relieved the Calcutta Council from embarrassments caused by their gross neglect of the state of the country, and guilty blindness to the progress of discontent. In like manner, while we write, the vigour of such men as Greathed, Showers, Grant, and Outram, headed by the dashing Sir Colin Campbell, is spent in contending with obstacles which are the fruit of unaccountable delays at the head-quarters of Indian military administration; and the truth of this remark would be still more apparent, had not Lord Canning, by gagging the press, and submitting even the news sent by the mails to England to a process of filtration, leaving unfavourable items behind, secured that the British people should not have the materials for an opinion on his conduct of affairs.

Among the generals whose task was complicated by the neglect of the government to despatch troops to Oude, when the outbreak first occurred, Sir Henry Havelock held the foremost place. The incidents of his last command were so touching, and his character as a Christian, as well as a valiant soldier, so worthy of all admiration, that, whatever may be the future nature of the conflict, however brilliant may be its results, however noble its passages of arms, the fame of this great man cannot suffer. By the unanimous verdict, not of Britain alone, but of the world, he is already placed in the highest rank of military celebrities, and ere many months pass, doubtless such a complete biography of the hero will be furnished to the public as will enable us to trace the development of his vast powers as a general, and his excellent qualities as a member of society. Meanwhile, the general features of his career, especially the latter part of it, may be cursorily sketched.

Sir Henry Havelock, as we may style the deceased, though he died before the meagre reward of the baronetcy was conferred, sprang from a respectable family, long settled at Bishopwearmouth. His father was a shipowner, and his circumstances were good when Henry was born, in April, 1795. The education of the

future soldier commenced at the Charterhouse School, where, it has been said, he reckoned amongst his contemporaries, Dr. Thirlwall, Mr. Grote, Sir William M'Naughten, Sir Charles Eastlake, and the present Minister of War. About the year 1813 a change took place in the condition of his father's affairs, and during his embarrassments, a small property which he held in Kent passed into the hands of the Government. At this crisis young Havelock was obliged to quit school, for the purpose of fixing upon a profession, and chose the law. He was, accordingly, entered at the Middle Temple, and associated with the accomplished and amiable author of "Ion," at the lectures of the great special pleader, Chitty. But the youth, who was then of an ardent temperament approaching impetuosity, did not find his right place in poring over the tedious and involved verbiage of legal documents. Both Talfourd and he disliked the drudgery; but whilst the former, with a mind of finer texture and quicker sense, turned to letters, Havelock, partaking of the practical tendencies of his parent's nature, sought a life of action, and shortly after his first experience of the law's dulness, threw away the quill for the sword. He would appear to have been induced to take this course by the example of his brother, who had served in the Peninsula under the Duke, and retired after Waterloo, having been wounded there. Havelock obtained his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in the latter part of 1815. He remained with his regiment, the 95th, for eight years on garrison duties at home, and spent several winters in Ireland; but this mock soldiering did not come up to his aspirations, and, longing for promotion, he exchanged into the 13th, and sailed, in 1823, for India. It was not long until his ambition of active service met gratification. In 1824 the first Burmese campaign was opened, and Havelock, being a promising officer, received the appointment of Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General. He was present at several engagements, where, however, he had little scope for the display of valour or ability. But his reputation steadily rose, and various diplomatic negotiations connected

with Indian government were intrusted to his management. In 1827, he made his appearance as an author, in the "History of the Ava Campaign," a book showing that he was a person of judgment and force of intellect, though scarcely competent for a serious literary task. Nevertheless, great as his merits were, and Lord Combermere acknowledged them in a marked manner, in 1828, the expected promotion did not come. The tide seemed stiffly set against the industrious, patient, and exemplary officer; and he saw there was no chance but to work on until fortune smiled. Finding that an acquaintance with the Indian languages was becoming more necessary every year to those who sought advancement, he entered the college at Calcutta, and soon acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the principles of various Indian languages; but it was only in 1838, twenty-three years after he entered the service, that he obtained his company. The man of genius pined in an ignoble position for a great portion of this time, while fools of all degrees, from complete inanity upwards, reaped the golden blessings of patronage.

We shall not closely follow Havelock's history between 1838 and the outburst of the existing mutiny. During the Affghan campaign, he served under that excellent officer, Sir Wiloughby Cotton, and rendered important services during the storming of Ghuznee and defence of Jellalabad. Havelock's "Memoir of the Affghan Campaign" was an abler production than his former work, and showed that his mind had become more matured by his studies at Calcutta. From this time his services were most important, but his promotion still was less rapid than his deservings. Notwithstanding the engrossing nature of his duties between 1838 and 1842, the General contrived to extend his knowledge of Oriental languages, in which eventually he became very proficient. Having acted as Persian Interpreter to General Elphinstone, his character was established in this respect; but it was not until 1842, in the final attack on Mahomed Akbar, that he had what may be called his first great opportunity of distinguishing himself. Havelock commanded the right column when that

chief was forced to raise the siege, and, having taken a prominent part in bringing about the result, a brevet-majority and Companionship of the Bath were given to him. But again he subsided into the situation of Persian Interpreter to General Pollock, being held in readiness, however, for fresh operations. His life was that of the hard-working, ill-requited soldier. He was fulfilling his destiny. After several years had passed, in which he was employed upon several arduous and dangerous enterprises, we approach that period of his career where his influence upon events becomes more distinct and decided. He is a prominent figure in the serious battle of Maharajpore, and for his conduct there he got his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy. Subsequently, he met, in the Sikhs, at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, a stouter enemy than he had before encountered. He had narrow escapes at each of these engagements; and it is related that his coolness, after a second horse had been shot under him at Moodkee, bore out the feature most observed in his character, even in his school-days,—a quiet self-possession, which a difficulty on any matter seemed but to deepen, and even the fear of an angry ferule for a peccadillo did not disturb. This quality, indeed, was eminently characteristic of Sir Henry Havelock. He uttered little at any time, and seldom displayed agitation from any cause; but was calmest invariably when the exigency was most trying.

In the second Sikh war he lost his brother, Colonel William Havelock. This able officer fell at Ramnuggur. He was no match for Henry in military skill. At the conclusion of this campaign the Deliverer of Lucknow returned to England for the sake of his health; but was only permitted to remain at home two years. Even these he did not give to rest. He was a man of incessant activity, and possessed a hereditary restlessness of disposition, controlled by a clear head and practical turn of mind. He wasted no time in uneasy trifling. Every act of his had an intelligent and a well-defined purpose. In 1851 Havelock returned to India fresh in spirit, his continual disappointments nevertheless. Lord Hardinge soon after bestowed upon him the Adju-

tant-Generalship of the Queen's troops in India, and a brevet-colonelcy; and in this position the Persian embroglio found him.

Into the political questions raised by the Herat dispute it is not our business to enter; but we must say that the battle of Mohammerah was not one to exalt the military reputation of such a soldier as Henry Havelock. What there was to do, the naval force accomplished, and this was little enough. As compared with most of his previous responsibilities, the conquest of this town's ranges of huts was an inglorious affair. At the time when we felt disposed to ridicule the Persian conflict, however, we had no anticipation that ere a few months had flown by, the second in command there would have a field of action whereon the eyes of the civilized world would be irresistibly fixed. Such are human affairs. What may occur to-morrow the sagest statesman cannot presume to divine in an age when events march along in apparent keeping with the swiftness of our marvellous agencies for recording their progress.

The short Persian war concluded, Havelock returned to Bombay, still unrewarded for his frequent exhibitions of superior skill and daring, but yet desirous of doing his duty in all emergencies so as to merit the approval of conscience. His crowning labour was before him, although he expected a measure of repose on his landing once more in India. Providence had reserved for him the great task of saving the British dominion in Hindostan from the vengeance of barbarism struggling to re-assert supremacy against the progress of civilizing influences. He was the man of all others best fitted to take up the sword of Lawrence for the recovery of Oude. His thirty-four years of service in the severest Indian campaigns, and in the most pestilential parts of that great continent, had not broken his health. Nor had the neglect he experienced injured the elasticity of his spirit. He was neither enfeebled by indulgence, nor soured into uselessness by disappointment. What he found to do, he was ready to perform with a will. Small considerations, such as move inferior minds, had no weight with him. Henry Havelock was magnificent in the simple, easy,

and modest magnitude of his nature. As nothing came amiss to his skill, so no comparatively unimportant matter ruffled his continual composure, or disturbed his perfect command over his faculties. If we compared him with any British general in the calm and force of his character, it would be with the Duke of Wellington, who, also, at all times, evinced the same self-possession in difficulties, fertility of resource, and quiet undemonstrative intensity of determination, evidenced by the conqueror of the fiendish Nena and Victor of Lucknow.

When Havelock landed again in India, necessity rather than the favour of the dispensers of patronage pointed him out as a suitable commander for the movable column in the northern provinces. Accordingly, Lord Canning sent him from Calcutta to Allahabad, as Brigadier-General. His last and greatest achievement thus began. The qualities he had displayed on the banks of the Irrawaddy, before the fortresses of Central India, and in perilous Afghan struggles, were about to have a wider range and mightier manifestation. With that serene composure in war which the ancients so greatly valued, he set out for his grandest effort.

Before opening the final chapter in his history, it may be instructive to inquire how the hero's services had been up to this recognised? One is ashamed to unfold the catalogue of the slow and unsatisfactory honours bestowed upon the brilliant soldier. His first commission was dated July, 1815. His second, that of lieutenant, was accorded six years afterwards—not until it had been won by services of no mean importance on home duty. Seventeen long years then passed before Sir Henry Havelock became a captain, and in this interval he had figured prominently during four severe actions, had conducted diplomatic negotiations of great moment, and done much to improve the discipline and enhance the efficiency of the Indian army. Promotion, in his case, came not with the talismanic intimation, "Remember Dowb." No Minister or Governor-General pushed him forward to please a relative, or satisfy a whim. While the seventeen winters passed by, wherein his claims were disregarded, several officers of the drawing-room class stepped over his

shoulders disdainfully. Still, he carried out the duties intrusted to him with gallantry and address, leaving the results of his conduct to speak his praise. His chief boast was that he never purchased a rank, except the step from ensign to lieutenant, and that what elevations he did secure, were wrung from the authorities by his singular merits.

Thus was Havelock suitably prepared in body and mind for his last and most exacting performance. The Indian Government long refused to believe that the mutiny would attain any importance. The city where it originated was remote from the seat of government, and intelligence of the swift progress of disaffection could not be readily conveyed to Calcutta. When the outbreak at Meerut, and the succeeding massacres, however, had swelled into the occupation of Delhi, the military and civil administrators in the adjoining provinces saw the danger which menaced them. It was then that the two Lawrences displayed the decision which saved the Punjab and arrested the flame even in Oude; and then only that the sleepy incapables who advised the Governor-General, began to understand the responsibility imposed upon them. Troops were hurried up the country towards Delhi, too little attention being given to the Oude province, which, as the last-annexed territory, was least completely subdued, and in which Lord Dalhousie had foolishly supposed a very small European garrisoning force would be sufficient. While, therefore, the siege of Delhi, and the vigour of Brigadier Nicholson in the adjacent country, kept down the insurrection in that quarter, the fire commenced burning fiercely in and around Lucknow. The treachery of Nena Sahib, and the terrible atrocities which followed, at length opened the eyes of the Indian generals to the fact that even a more momentous field of action was to be found in the vicinity of that city than at the ancient capital of the Mogul empire. The population of the district of Oude, unlike the people of Central and Northern India, sympathized to a large extent with the mutineers; the landholders rendered them assistance; and their leaders here were persons of some position, like the sanguinary Nena. It was

Havelock's lot to deal with the revolt in this quarter; and knowing the danger to which the European residents were exposed at Cawnpore, he pressed thither with an insufficient force, trusting that the heroism of the troops and his own ability would compensate for his inferiority in numbers. It is unnecessary to detail how he came a few hours too late to save our sisters and their children from the fearful crimes of the bloody palace. When Havelock beheld the horrible vestibule of the building, and the well wherein the victims lay in a promiscuous heap, the usual intensity of his noble nature increased, while every single soldier of his small, but gallant army, felt the impulse of a valour which spurned at the menace of difficulties and disdained fatigue. The succession of amazingly comprehensive, rapid, and victorious movements subsequently made by their general is accounted for by the spirit imparted to his men from such scenes; but the close observer of their achievements will, nevertheless, mark in them much more than the impetuous rush of revenging Britons, and the hot determination of a proverbially bold officer. They exhibit tact and coolness as well as dash. Havelock was no hasty leader who, having delivered an attack with energy, relapsed into a blunder, or suffered himself to be ensnared by unanticipated occurrences. If he acted almost instantaneously in certain conjunctures, he did not think with the less patience; and hence, although he took the field from Cawnpore, after the massacre, with a trifling force, and fought repeated and stiff engagements at Bithoor and elsewhere, he was never caught as Greathead was at Agra, and Windham has just been at Cawnpore. The difference between a great general and a soldier in whom inconsiderate courage is the predominating quality, need not be pointed out; but it is illustrated sufficiently by a contrast of Sir Henry Havelock's with other names which must occur to every recollection in connexion with the existing campaign.

In order to appreciate the peculiar valour of the deceased, the state of things when he hurried northwards to take the field must be borne in mind. Not only had Delhi been occupied by the mutineers, whom it was necessary to besiege, but the sepoy assassina-

tions had extended through the entire country lying between Agra and Lucknow. With the death of our valiant countryman, Sir Henry Lawrence, the European garrison in the latter place were put upon that noble defence which Brigadier Inglis has so modestly, and yet graphically, described. Havelock was hastening forward in complete uncertainty as to the nature of his future movements, when the news reached him of Nena Sahib's unutterable atrocities. It was his original intention to proceed to Delhi, where, the Government then thought, the mutiny could be crushed by one great blow; but the outbreak in the lower country altered his purpose. He learned that the sanguinary Rajah had not less than fifteen thousand, some reports stated twenty thousand, men under his command. This intimation would have daunted any soldiers less heroic than Neill and Havelock. To them it brought no dismay. They knew, on the one hand, that the sepoy, when led by Indians, was but an indifferent combatant at the best; but they relied much more upon the gallantry of the Two Thousand British troops, who had been got together as the van of the great army which was about to pour across the reconquered plains of Bengal. On pressed these eminent officers, Neill in front with the Madras European Fusilier regiments, and the subsequent hero of Lucknow behind with the main force, eighteen hundred strong. They instantly extinguish the spirit of revolt at Benares and Allahabad, rendering their first and most important service by, as it were, damming up the rebellion within the territory of Oude. Alas! they were not in time to prevent the hellish transactions at Cawnpore. The Nena, having gratified his lust of blood upon the tender female and sucking child, had taken up his position near Bithoor, to await attack. Sir Henry Havelock's soldiers scarcely tarried to register their vows of vengeance over the bloody fount. The perpetrator of the cruelties was in the neighbourhood, and what though he had ten men for every Briton, the leader of the valiant Two Thousand was not the person to turn back or delay, especially as from the far distant Residency of the Oude city, there came on the breeze a cry of distress from our besieged

fellow-countrymen and women, who had only the fate of Cawnpore to look for. General Havelock, therefore, without a day's delay, precipitated himself upon the Rajah. The swiftness and daring of the attack disconcerted the foe, and, after two or three engagements of a sharp character, the British commander drove him into his fortified position. But here Havelock's difficulty began. Fifty-three miles lay between him and Lucknow, and large bodies of rebels, sympathized with by the population, impeded the passage. Besides, that city itself was immense, well held by the natives, and peopled by at least 300,000 inhabitants. The season, also, was unfavourable, and it was supposed that the general would retreat, leaving the Europeans in Lucknow, of necessity, to their terrible fate. In fact, the country made up its mind that the thousand inmates of the Lucknow Residency must perish ere succour could arrive, either by the success of a siege, or by betrayal; but, in Havelock's camp, inferior though his numbers were, though cholera prevailed, and tremendous fatigues were daily endured, there was but one resolve, and that to dare everything for the salvation of the little garrison. We may be sure that this determination of the brave troops composing the never-to-be-forgotten Two Thousand, was not discouraged by the warrior of Sobraon. He had the fullest sympathy with the fiery ardour of his men, and in his presence they thought nothing of their toils. His small wiry frame bore up against all privation, and it would have ill-become them to complain. They ever recollected, too, with awe, the scene which had met their vision when they drove the enemy from Cawnpore—the pieces of ladies' dresses swimming in gore, the golden tresses torn by the hands of human devils from the head of innocence, the scattered limbs which had been parted from living infants in wanton extravagance of Satanry—all the fearful relics of one of the most savage crimes that stain the annals of our race; and, as they vainly struggled to banish the hideous images of the carnage from memory, the picture fixed itself deeper and deeper there, till its ghastly lines became ineffaceable, and a

To men with so much to revenge, what availed the difference of numbers with the foe? Each single arm felt the might of a Goliath; every spirit was fired with the vigour of a Hector. Thus a species of supernatural strength was communicated to the gallant few, and to this is attributable the physical energy displayed in their repeated and rapid marches, their frequent dashing rencounters, and invariable victories. But, while a courage of this wild nature rendered Havelock's troops good material to work with, it required no small skill and judicious repose in a commander to sustain men so circumstanced and influenced in such a state of discipline as would enable him either to retire or advance them as prudence dictated. When the fuller record of the general's dealings with his little army in this crisis comes to be written, it will doubtless be learned that his "anxiety and fatigue" were peculiar and overwhelming, far more trying than any mere waste of bodily strength, and sufficient to break down any commander less injured to hardship than he.

As Sir Henry Havelock crossed the Ganges; reports reached him from Lucknow, which redoubled his apprehensions. Repeated assaults upon the apparently doomed citadel were weakening it to such an extent that unless relief came soon, all would be over. A desperation, unfavourable to a vigorous defence by its recklessness, had seized upon the Europeans in Lucknow. They were making repeated sorties from the sheer pressure of famine, sometimes recruiting their scanty stores by captures from the enemy; again losing brave men in fruitless operations. The native troops acting against them were of the most debased class. Their bravery was that of desperadoes, of which Oude was full when the mutiny reached it. Nothing seemed more certain, therefore, than the fall of the garrison before Havelock could arrive. His own officers gave up hope. His men, too, appeared to regard the enterprise as useless, though, so much were they attached to their captain and friend, that, at a glance of his eye, where tasks were so terrible that he shrank from giving the word of command, they pressed their ranks into a firmer array, pealed forth the cheer of genuine loyalty, and buried their masses

"Heavy horror sat on every mind."

among the flying foe. The news came to General Havelock's battalions that the sufferings of the females increased in Lucknow; and we can guess—perhaps do no more—the nature and degree of their privations from the account furnished by Colonel Inglis, which, to the glory of British womanhood, reports that even tender ladies, when labouring under the mutesorrow of irreparable losses and the wasting effects of privation, stood, in the thickest dangers, encouraging the unharmed soldier to sentinel his post with unflinching ardour, or tending the wounded in the most trying offices of matronly kindness. Seldom, indeed, has a general been forced to employ the words of Brigadier Inglis with the same warmth of feeling, the same hearty gratitude, evinced in his encomiums upon the females of Lucknow, every one of whom may claim some special mark of favour from our most gracious Queen, who herself, as the type of all perfections in the character of British ladies, will estimate aright the greatness of her victor-sisters delivered by Henry Havelock and Outram, in the first instance, and eventually by Sir Colin Campbell.

Cheered by the intimation of a pensioner, named Ungud, that the general was approaching Lucknow, the garrison had its spirit renewed on the twenty-sixth day of the siege. Five or six days more, and the conqueror of Nena Sahib would force his way into the capital of Oude, and rescue his long-incarcerated countrymen. So the besieged set about preparations for spending their last burst of physical ardour in co-operating with their deliverers. Havelock had been requested to announce his coming, when he arrived on the outskirts of the city, by sending up rockets; but the sixth day came and went, and the seventh also, without the appearance of the signal for which every eye was strained, for which every heart palpitated. We can scarcely read, without tears, the simple sentences in which Colonel Inglis states that, for many evenings afterwards, officers and men refused themselves sleep, watching for the happy gleam in the sky which should speak of triumph. But the heart grew sick, as expectation was repeatedly baffled; for thirty-five dreary days had yet to be passed in hunger

and peril before the promise of deliverance could be fulfilled.

For this delay Henry Havelock was not to blame. He had done as much as man could; but it was not in his power to perform miracles. After he had fought various engagements between Cawnpore and Alumbagh, with the same small host, he found it necessary to fall back for reinforcements; and it was then that, in concurrence with Neill, he issued a proclamation, having for its object the saving, if possible, of the lives of the Europeans in Lucknow, should a capitulation become necessary. All rebels taken in Oude, with their wives and children, were to be detained as hostages. Carrying out this policy, Captain Bruce, on going to search the house of one of Nena Sahib's Cawnpore followers, who had taken the field with his master, found that this nawab had left his wives behind him. These, by General Havelock's order, were immediately seized, and a guard placed over them, while it was hinted to the ladies that they would have a right to protection so long as the English women taken in Oude should be treated with respect. Soon again, however, recruited by General Outram, Sir Henry Havelock turned towards Lucknow, the former conceding to his brother-veteran the chief command of the joint force, until the end immediately in view, which was peculiarly Havelock's task, should be accomplished. What followed is so fresh in the remembrance of the most cursory reader, that we should be insulting him by repeating it at any length. The rebels fought with greater spirit than they had manifested at any previous crisis during the mutiny; and on the Eighty-seventh Day of the Siege the Residency was entered by a friendly force. Often balked in his hallowed purpose of relieving his fellow-countrymen from torture and mutilation, the indomitable soldier at last had the reward he most sought, as the imprisoned welcomed him with feeble cheers.

But yet once more was he to endure disappointment. He became himself, in turn, besieged, and when the intelligence arrived in this country that he could not emerge from the place he had succoured, every countenance fell. Even the most sanguine despaired. The fate of Lucknow was spoken of



as a thing of which it would be ridiculous to express a doubt. There was a dirge-like tone in the articles of the press which speculated on the probable next news. The enemies of the British name abroad, re-opened their slanders. Our home *Sepoys*—paltry wretches—predicted that the game was gone; that Great Britain was no longer to be great; that she had turned on the way to decline and an ultimate fall, the losing of India being the first grade in this declension. But Providence was better than we deserved. We merited defeat; for, during the earlier weeks of Havelock's struggles in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore, the Calcutta mismanagers folded their arms, quite content that 2,000 men should have the responsibility of fighting ten times as many, and capturing and holding a large city besides! The reinforcements went up by leisurely stages, and in small number, so that if the siege of Lucknow had terminated in a fearful tragedy and irremediable disgrace, the authorities would have been most at fault. Such an issue of the struggle, however, was spared us. Havelock's presence cheered the drooping spirits of the garrison; and Sir Colin Campbell—a soldier of very much the same stamp as the other great hero—seeing things in a strait, pressed on with too small a force, indeed, but with invincible determination, to achieve the final and complete relief of the place. How nobly this was done, it is unnecessary to state. But, although the Commander-in-Chief concluded the work, to General Havelock the preservation of the lives of the garrison was due; for his energetic onslaughts upon the field force of the Oude mutineers drew off their attention from the Residency, which, had something of this kind not been done, they would long before have captured without much expenditure of blood or skill.

The same want of men, however, which prevented General Havelock from fully earning the title of Conqueror of Oude, crippled Sir Colin Campbell, when Colonel Inglis' small force was set free. He could not hope to retain the city with his handful. His object, therefore, would seem to have been to make Alumbagh his head-quarters, and from thence, at the right time, to overrun Oude with a large force; but he was drawn away

by the mistake of General Windham, in allowing himself to be surprised by the Gwalior rebels, and, consequently, Outram and Havelock were obliged to abandon Lucknow. Doubtless this went to the heart of the latter. He had aimed obstinately at the taking of the city, and, after several failures, had seized it by force of heroism against vastly overpowering numbers; and now that it must be surrendered, he could not but feel the retirement sorely, albeit only a temporary, and perhaps not very important affair. This source of grief, added to others, brought on dysentery, and the great man died, as the records pithily say, "worn out by anxiety and fatigue."

Recollect what Henry Havelock had gone through. Not to speak of his whole life, which was one long day of ceaseless labour, remember that from the time when he embarked for the Persian campaign he had got no rest whatever; and the encampment before Mohammerah was dangerous even to an old Indian's health. In returning to Bombay he had suffered shipwreck. Arrived there, he was at once ordered off to Calcutta, and no sooner had he set foot in the halls of the Governor-General's residence, than, in June, he was sent up the country, without instructions, without an army, to put down an insurrection, the nature, locale, and strength of which could not be estimated. From thence to the day of his death his toils were beyond computation. He bore them with the same evenness of temper which attended him through life; making the most of his means; compensating for the paucity of his resources by sagacity; vanquishing no mean enemies by superior science and valour; knowing when to crouch and when to spring; and being at all times equal to every duty. A writer from Calcutta states, that so wan and weak did he appear when he had returned from Persia that it was supposed impossible he could bear any hardship; but he lived down men of apparently robust frames, although he expended far more of his strength than any other. His body was well-knit, his habits temperate, his mind calm under the influence of religion, and his purposes, once formed, grew every day stronger in their dominion over his will. This was exactly the sort of man demanded for the post he was called upon to fill in the last act

of his busy life ; and we cannot but think that his decision in assailing the Rajah of Bithoor, and inflicting upon that fiend repeated defeats, saved us from an extension of the mutiny to Allahabad, Benares, nay, possibly, to Calcutta itself. Without forgetting the great services of several soldiers scarcely less distinguished, we may be permitted to call him, emphatically, a fit successor for the distinguished and equally lamented Lawrence.

Public opinion is apt to exaggerate the claims of its favourite for the hour, and we have recently had several illustrations of hasty encomium which it was obliged to recall ; but there can be no possibility of question respecting Henry Havelock's greatness. It was frequently established by unmistakable proofs, extending over high two score years. His distinctions were not dubiously won. He was not suddenly made notorious by a piece of military luck. His long life was spent in the honourable pursuit of arms, and his character rose with every successive incident in his career. Not in a single instance did he suffer his high reputation to decline by any apathy or want of foresight. In addition to all the other qualities he possessed, not the least remarkable was the continual care which preserved him from falling into damaging errors. In short, for the full term of an active lifetime, he stood in the foreground of Indian history to those who knew how affairs progressed in the great peninsula. Physically he seemed unfit for a position of such prominence. There was nothing of the sternness we are accustomed to associate with war in his kindly aspect. His heroism has been spoken of as "antique," but it had none of the vices which marred the dignity of ancient courage. It ever manifested a touch of chivalry, and a magnanimity that affected the hearts of all. Still, this warm-hearted, genial man, could wear a brow of adamant when occasions demanded rigour. The small eye grew keen as an eagle's, and every muscle in his frame firm as iron, when danger was to be affronted. From his unvarying decision in exigencies, his men reposed the utmost confidence in his judgment ; his superiors deferred to him ; even Lord Gough is reported once to have said, "Havelock never blunders ;" and in consequence of this promptitude and genius he was, in his

own single person, a terror to hosts of the mutineers, who were not unaware of the formidable nature of their opponent. We have received letters from Calcutta which speak of his loss as the calamity of the struggle. Able leaders, doubtless, still wield their weapons against the sanguinary Sepoy, or resist his attacks in the European residences of Central India—such noble men as Colonel, now Major-General Inglis, the inspiring mind of the Eighty-seven Days' Defence ; but there are seldom to be found, in any one campaign, two or more soldiers so thoroughly equipped for their task as General Havelock was ; and, save Sir Colin Campbell, the best informed Anglo-Indians do not hesitate to express the opinion that there is none left at all approaching him in knowledge of Oriental warfare. There daring is not alone what is needed.

The valour of General Windham led him into such a scrape with the rebels as Henry Havelock never could have committed. The absence of the latter, then, has been severely felt already ; and when the war is over, and the Bengal army comes to be reconstructed, the want of his comprehensive advice and practical acquaintance with the habits, prejudices, and impulses of the natives, will be still more seriously understood. It should be borne in mind that there were a couple of men in India who foresaw the plot of the mutiny, and gave an insensible government timely warning of its approach in no vague or qualified terms. These were Lawrence and Havelock, statesmen both as well as soldiers,—and they have fallen, leaving no equals behind. The officer of all others in whom trust is most implicitly reposed by the Europeans in Calcutta is, perhaps, Brigadier Cotton, of Peshawur—a man of rare abilities, administrative as well as military. But is there a second like him ? It cannot be concealed that our best commanders are yielding to the fatigues inseparable from a conflict where movements are necessarily uncertain and precipitate. Should the revolt continue for some months longer, as is very probable, we may learn by many sad mischances how much was taken from our resources when General Havelock, and the scarcely less worthy Neill, died. We may well say, then, that the exploits

of the former, commencing with the battle of Futtchpore, and ending with the relief from the Lucknow Residency, form the grandest episode in the Indian struggle, and display such devotedness in a small band of troops, and resolute obstinacy of purpose in a general, as were never exceeded in the annals of warlike operations. As the news arrived, mail after mail, that Havelock had gained another and another victory, despite the smallness of his force, their want of resources, the hazards and fatigue of repeated conflicts, and the more-to-be-dreaded ravages of cholera, the Minister, in his place in Parliament, was forced to pay a warm public tribute to the hero; and we can recollect the cordial approval manifested by the House, when he declared that Havelock had, in the short space of two months, gained no less than nine victories over forces five, eight, and ten times numerically superior to his own, capturing during these operations seventy pieces of cannon. And one of the Opposition leaders, with his usual felicity in the use of language and vigorous appreciation of eminent merit, endorsed the eulogy when he said: "Considering the climate, the time of year, the number of the battles fought, and the distances traversed, the march of Havelock with his devoted heroes deserves to be reckoned amongst the most brilliant enactments of our military history." Yet, when these statements were made in the Senate, and a baronetcy and Knight Commandership of the Bath conferred upon the general, the public were not satisfied that he had been sufficiently rewarded, so high was the country's sense of the value of his achievements.

But the most characteristic element in the biography of Henry Havelock remains, in conclusion, briefly to be noticed. How deep was his respect for religion. Unbending warrior though he be, his heart is humble, and his habit pious. Strange as it may sound in some ears, yet is it true, that he is a "man of prayer." The Scriptures are his continual study, as their Author is the arbiter of his actions. When he resided at Bonn his place in an English service was never empty; and we have heard observers of his bearing on such occasions state that there was no more devout wor-

shipper. Some time since a cry arose, that the Christian missionaries had produced the Indian insurrection, and ignorant persons sceptically disposed—scepticism is ever the fruit of ignorance—took occasion to sneer at all operations for the propagation of truth in Hindostan, as an illicit and a dangerous interference with the government of the country. From this tone of observation there was but a step to the insulting, impious, and silly declaration, that all military men, who were accustomed to peruse a Bible, lost their courage in acquiring their piety, and became the milk-sops of the army, canting, useless, narrow-minded, and incompetent for serious enterprises. The case of an individual was eagerly seized, and the most made of it for the purpose of pointing such sarcasms by a personal example. It was in vain for more discriminating persons to say, that several of the most valiant men, whose exploits illuminate the page of history, were distinguished by a lofty religious disposition. The sardonic leer of the reckless journalist was the only reply. He had no relish for recalling such instances. He did not doubt that they might be cited, but the world had grown wiser, and soldiers, of all others, had the least business with creeds or feelings. Yet, even these scoffers are now constrained to allow, that their own idol, Havelock, claimed the title, so much abused, of "Christian," and that his attachment to religion did neither weaken his arm nor unnerve his mind. Nay, in spite of themselves, they must go farther still, and admit that the amazing self-command which never deserted him, his stern tenacity of purpose, his contempt for his own safety in a good cause, his clearness of view, and the dignity of demeanour which was so attractive to the men under his command, were the direct result of his pious sentiments. True religion ever inspires respect. No sceptic's glance can chill it, or mar its attractiveness. In its presence even the ribald infidel is forced to suppress his cynicism, and stoop in reverence. It bears down ridicule, moreover, by the manliness of the actions to which it prompts, and the purity and essential grandeur of the motives suggesting them. True religion, further, when sincerely cul-

tivated, degrades no mind, conflicts with no duty that is in accordance with righteous principle, injures no man's spirit; but, on the contrary, elevates every impulse of the heart, develops all powers of the intellect, and even lends to weak physical natures a singular strength, communicated by contentment, temperance, pure aspirations, and an immunity from the slavish fear of death.

"Courage hath analogy with Faith."

Long after even the major events of the Indian mutiny will have lost their freshness in the recollection of the British people, who hang to-day upon the lips of the narrators with breathless anxiety, the name of Havelock will be mentioned with reverence and pride. Men of his character never die. Their particular performances may cease to be very closely connected with their names in the memory of the busy world, but their influence is renewed, as, time by time, public instructors appeal to their auditories by examples of virtue and nobleness, drawn from the treasury of the past. We may predict that Sir Henry Havelock will for generations be the type of all that is large-minded and exemplary in the profession to which his life was an honour; while the good will quote him as one who, rendering unto Cæsar all due homage, did not forget to lay his heart upon the altar of God. Were the Queen of our vast empire served by a race of such as he, not only in arms, but in statesmanship, in letters, in every position prominently associated with the interests of the nation, her dominion might defy every treachery within, and assault from without. Pillars of memorial will rise, confessing the country's debt to the Hero of Lucknow; in the ear of an attentive and sympathizing country, Her Majesty's First Minister will again propose to pay his name honour; there will be no niggardliness in acknowledging his greatness, according to the usual course of extending justice to the dead, who, living, were but scantily appreciated; his family will be regarded as a sacred charge upon public regard; the Sovereign herself offers condolence to his widow; and other means will be taken to perpetuate him; but let Henry Havelock live in hallowed remembrance among

his fellow-countrymen as the model of a Christian soldier, and his fame will have a monument on which we may well describe, in emphatic characters—*Ære perennius.*

It matters not that his body lies where the foot of the Sepoy makes a bloody track in the soil. We would not erect a costly mausoleum over so unostentatious a spirit. He sleeps best in the warrior's bed, without any merely artificial honours surrounding him. Let him rest quietly in the "Garden of the World;" till, when the angry passions of men have subsided, when peace returns, and nature shall have recovered her supremacy in the fields where war now riots, when England has well learned the lesson which the Indian revolt should teach her, and released Christianity from bonds throughout our great possession, then may be reared over his grave a stone bearing a record, in letters of various languages, reminding the Western and the Oriental that the great soldier lying beneath poured out his life-tide in vindication of the True Faith, both from the savageries of an idolatrous people, and the miserable "expediency" principles of its hypocritical professors, who were afraid to "own their Master's name" in presence of effete and emasculate superstitions. We do not mean to hint that the Indian authorities are blameable for not having extended the religion of Christendom by force used directly or indirectly. The subject of our present observations, friend of missions though he was, never expressed a wish to use his sword as their apostle. The Gospel is not to be extended with carnal weapons; and any who dream that it may, labour under a delusion of no trifling nature. We are concerned, however, to see in the future management of India such a course pursued, under the auspices of the Company, or otherwise, as will set the missionary free, protect his liberties as a member of the community, and encourage him, at least by neutrality, to redouble his efforts for the evangelization of the country. The voice of the kingdom, irrespective of party, calls for this as the main result of the re-conquest. Meetings to express that view are being held in England and Ireland; and it will be strongly

pressed upon the attention of the Government on an early day. If these requisitions be successful, the "opening-up" of Bengal will be entirely due to the valour of the earlier leaders of the campaign, who kept back the full rolling wave of barbarism with the slightest resources; and among these the most distinguished was the shipmaster's son, the lawyer's old pupil, the sagacious, heroic, unselfish, never-defeated HENRY HAVELOCK.

THE HIGHLANDERS BY THE WELL AT CAWNPORE.

Footsore they were and weary,  
 The day's grim work was o'er;  
 And the hot pursuit, and the dying yell,  
 And the strife, were heard no more.  
 When they came to their night encampment,  
 As the tropic evening fell,  
 And stayed their steps for a little space  
 By that thrice accurs'd well.

Theirs were no fresh quick feelings:  
 Few but had bravely stood  
 On battle fields where the soil was slaked  
 Till each footprint filled with blood.  
 Well did they know the horrors  
 Of war's unpitying face;  
 Yet they sobbed as with one great anguish  
 As they stood by that fatal place.

Still was the eve around them;  
 But they knew that that sultry air  
 Had thrilled to the cry of murderous rage  
 And the wild shriek of despair.  
 They saw in the chasm before them  
 The bloody and self-sought grave  
 Of many a heart that had cried in vain  
 On heaven and earth to save.

Mother and child were lying  
 Locked in a last embrace,  
 And death had printed the frenzied look  
 On the maiden's ghastly face.  
 And one of the slaughtered victims  
 They raised with a reverent care,  
 And shred from her fair and girlish head  
 The tresses of tangled hair.

They parted the locks between them,  
 And with low, quick breathing sware,  
 That a life of the cruel foe should fall  
 For every slender hair.  
 "Leave to the coward, wailing,  
 Let woman weep woman's fate,  
 Our swords shall weep red tears of blood  
 For the hearts made desolate."

They will keep their vow unbroken:  
 But, oh! for the bitter tears,  
 The nights of horror, and days of pain  
 That must fill our future years.  
 Woe! for the glad homes stricken  
 On our own green, quiet shore.  
 Woe! for the loving and the loved  
 Whom our eyes shall see no more.

## SANITARY CONDITION OF THE ARMY—BARRACK ACCOMMODATION.

As secret inquisitions are necessary to despotisms, so are open inquiries worthy of a true commonwealth. It is the deep and firm conviction that the nation's weal not only is, but is felt by all its sons to be, indeed, a common weal, which gives to a free people, such as ours, the courage so inexplicable to the craven spirit of despotic governments, not of sounding, merely, the depths of evils in the body politic, nor even of simply registering them, but of proclaiming manfully how deep the plummet went before ground was touched. "Tout se sait," may be the insinuated boast, often so cruelly fallacious, of mysterious and tyrannical statecraft. "Tout doit se savoir," is the nobler and truer profession of generous statesmanship. If weal there is to be, it must be *common weal*; therefore we will not shrink at any time from honestly considering together the common woe. To other nations such a saying may appear rash, unsafe, impracticable; happy it is for Britain that to her people it seems axiomatic and indisputably sound.

We are often taxed with overweening national conceit, indeed with intolerable national arrogance. The fairness of the indictment we are not just now concerned either to dispute or unreservedly admit; but this reproach no man may dare bring against us, that we ignore or endeavour to conceal what is defective, sore, decayed, or dangerous about us. When the enemies of our institutions wish to discharge most efficiently their conscientious duty of decrying them—or shall we say, at once, wish to ease their spite?—they find it at most times impossible to bring forward any thing in the way of original discovery. Nay, they cannot profit very much in the way of seizing upon incautiously made admissions. They can only re-echo what has been among ourselves, and by ourselves, uttered loudly in the hearing of all; indeed their loudest denunciations—and little wonder, seeing they proceed from

lungs that have only played in the frosty atmosphere of police-regulated public life—are, after all, but the "roaring" of very "sucking doves," when compared with the robust sounds of reprobation thundered from the freer organs of our own religious, social, or political censors and reformers.

Perhaps, indeed, we may occasionally lose the benefit which would accrue to us from a more sensitive appreciation of the criticisms passed upon us from without; because we are, as a rule, inured to the consciousness of their rarely original character.

We feel, and in most cases with some reason, that, how many soever may be the "holes in a' our coats," there is at least no great call to "rede us tent it," because any outlandish "chiel's amang us takin' notes," who, "faith, will prent it," seeing that, in nine cases out of ten, this "prent" will be no more than a reprint, often a bungling one, of some blue book, parliamentary paper, report of a royal commission, or of a voluntary association, intended expressly to make us well acquainted with the numbers, size, position, and shape of the holes in that aforesaid garment, as also with the expediency and probable prospect of procuring such patches, needle and thread, and workmanship, as shall be required to repair these deplorable holes, supposing them to be past fine-drawing. It is, indeed, to the contents of a blue book we desire to draw the attention of our readers—contents which we shall, in this article, allow to speak very much for themselves; and if readers, indignant at our enacting the part of transcribers rather than critics, shall determine to forego the perusal of our extracts, and betake themselves to the document itself, we believe that our pains shall not have been taken in vain after all. The document in question is the report made to her Majesty by certain Commissioners, whose names we subjoin,\* whose appointment dates from the

\* Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P.; A. S. Stafford, Esq., M.P.; Sir H. K. Storks, K.C.B.; Dr. Andrew Smith, Director-General of the Army Medical Department; Dr. V. Alexander, C.B.; Sir Thomas Phillips; J. R. Martin, Esq., F.R.S.; Sir James Clark, Bart., M.D.; Dr. T. Sutherland.

5th of May, 1857, and whose appointed task was, in their own words :—"to inquire into the sanitary condition of the British army, the state of the army hospitals, and the rank, pay, emoluments, and efficiency of the army medical department, and to report what measures we think advisable for the prevention of sickness and the treatment of disease in your Majesty's forces."

In framing this report, the Commissioners state that they have made large use of existing documents touching upon the matters in question, such as the reports and evidence of the Commission upon the state of the Army Hospitals in the East; that of inquiry into the Supplies of the Army in the Crimea, and of its Sanitary Commissioners; that of the Parliamentary Committee on the Medical Department of the Army; and certain statistical parliamentary papers on sickness, mortality, and invaliding among the troops—presented in 1838-9-40-1, and '53. They have themselves examined more than fifty witnesses combatant, medical and administrative officers, civil engineers, physicians and surgeons. The last name on the catalogue of persons under examination is that of Miss Florence Nightingale. And since that honoured name thus finds itself at once under our pen, we may, perhaps, venture upon, what almost amounts to an impertinence, a few words of admiration.

When that lady's name is mentioned—"a possession for ever" of glory to English womanhood—there is no man, woman, or child, who knows not of what a *heart* mention has been made; but we question whether it be so widely known, what manner of *brain* it is which controls the admirable impulses of that great heart.

Now, it may seem a strange school for information upon such a matter, when we refer our readers to questions and answers in the appendix to an official blue book; but we do so in all seriousness. Let any one only read attentively the thirty pages of Miss Nightingale's evidence therein contained, and we shall marvel greatly if thereafter her name do not appear to him a symbol, little less expressive of female intelligence than he now

knows it to be of female devotion. Largeness and completeness of conception, grasp of principle and minute perception of detail, singular clearness and closeness of calculation, unerring accuracy, rare statistical ability and evident administrative capacity, an almost humorous astuteness and keen perception of character, united, however, as might be expected, with a noble simplicity and generous force, may be traced throughout her evidence by indications so little doubtful, that whatever previous ignorance of the subject, or want of interest in it, the reader may bring to the perusal, he will have gained at least an insight into a mind so well worthy to be known, that this opportunity of partially gauging it shall ever appear to him to have been a high gratification. It is by quoting a passage of Miss Nightingale's evidence, that we can, perhaps, most effectually discover by what necessity the appointment of any such commission as that in question was not only justified, but imperatively demanded. We give it as it stands in the Appendix :—

"To ascertain the efficiency of the sanitary or medical organization of the army, it should be tested by results in peace and in war?—Certainly, in both.

"What tests, under those two conditions, exist, and are available for our instruction, particularly in reference to the state of war?—The barrack and military hospital exist at home and in the colonies as tests of our sanitary condition in peace; and the histories of the Peninsular war, of the Walcheren, and the late Crimean expeditions, exist as tests of our sanitary condition in the state of war.

"Is it necessary that you should refer at all to the hospitals of Scutari or the Crimea, as inquiries on these subjects have already been instituted?—We have much more information on the sanitary history of the Crimean campaign than we have on any other. It is a complete example—history does not afford its equal—of neglects committed, of consequences suffered, of remedies applied, of results obtained. It is the whole experiment on a colossal scale. In all other examples, the fourth step has been wanting to complete the solution of the problem. We had, in the *first* seven months of the Crimean campaign, a mortality of sixty per cent. per annum from disease alone—a mortality which

exceeds that of the great plague, which bears the same proportion to the healthy that the mortality in many hospitals does to the sick, and that the mortality in cholera does to the attacks; that is to say, that there died out of the army in the Crimea as many as ordinarily die out of sick. We had during the *last* seven months of the war, a mortality among our *sick* greatly less than that among our *healthy* men at home, and a mortality among our troops in the last five months, two-thirds only of what it is among our troops at home. Is not this the most complete experiment in army hygiene? We cannot try this experiment over again for the benefit of inquirers at home, like a chemical experiment. It must be brought forward as a historical example."

This extract at once relieves us from much attempt at explanation. It accounts for the strong "local colouring" of much in the volume before us; and it entirely demolishes any suspicion that might be entertained as to the honest intention of the whole proceeding. There may arise apprehensions, so soon as the ominous words "Crimean Inquiry" appear upon the surface, that we are to be led once more over unhappy fields of personal or party accusations, defences, and recriminations. But such is not the case; on the contrary, we think that the circumstances under which, as it appears upon the face of the report, this Commission was appointed; and the conjunction—or opposition if you will—of certain names amongst the advisers of it, and its actual members, may be discerned by any but the most superficial observer to give a trustworthy and honourable token of the genuine patriotic spirit of our time. We return to our extract, and desire to give prominence at once to one sentence:—

"We had, during the last seven months of the war, a mortality among our *sick* greatly less than that among our *healthy* men at home; and a mortality among our troops in the last five months, two-thirds only of what it is among our troops at home!"

How fruitfully pregnant that sentence is, needs not to be remarked; and foreign as it is, undoubtedly, to the purpose with which we now write, we cannot abstain from remarking what a strange but certain

indication is here given of the capacity for receiving education from the teaching of circumstances possessed by the British people. Indeed, when contrasted with what is now known to have been the final sanitary state of our gallant allies, as affected by the stern teachings of the campaign, the "condition" to which the British army had been trained by its early disasters is one of the most astonishing and instructive points of reflection remaining to us from the history of the Russian war.

But of the many thoughts to which the above sentence may give birth, this one is among the foremost, and the most urgently practical:—Must there not be something alarmingly unsatisfactory in the *healthy*, or even *normal* condition of our troops at home, when it is possible that the mortality of our army in the field should, under any circumstances, fall so far below that of the troops at home in such a country as our own, "which is not only the healthiest, but which possesses the greatest facility of communication, and the greatest abundance of supply in Europe." Something unsatisfactory indeed! Yes! and how unsatisfactory the result of the Commissioners' inquiry demonstrates after a fashion, which, we take it, will startle any but those who have already investigated the matter with a diligence and an accuracy more than common.

The magnitude and variety of the causes which have roused the martial spirit of the nation, and quickened to intensity all its sympathies for its defenders, within these last few eventful years, have, perhaps, given a fictitious distance to reminiscences which yet must be fresh in the recollection of many readers. For the time is not so remote since the dead walls of our larger towns were placarded with soul-harrowing appeals, the work of the Peace Society, dissuasive from enlistment, and illustrated by pictorial representations of the terrors of torturing "triangles" and the corrective "cat." On those admonitory cartoons, "intending recruits" were exhorted to gaze, and behold how luckless lads, in regimental trowsers, and with bared back, quivered beneath the ninefold bite of the feline scourge, which gigantic drummers



alternately wielded, under the scowl of a serjeant, who might have sat for a fancy portrait of the latest cruel murderer hanged, and of an officer, whose cocked hat and spurs could alone mar the completeness of his embodiment of the true type of a Nero, a Domitian, or a king of the most voraciously Cannibal Island.

That these "*Abschreckungs-bilder*," or "Deterrent-images," as our Teutonic brethren would designate them, did never destroy the influence of obviously flattered and over-drawn pictures of the glories of military life, presented upon the printed bills, headed also by pictorial illustrations of mounted and plumed warriors, sabreing prostrate foes with heroic self-possession, such as are distributed, at times, by the hand of the recruiting-serjeant, and commented on by his manly and persuasive eloquence—is more, of course, than we can assert; but what we will affirm, with all the sober and sad gravity which the matter demands, is this—that if the Peace Society, or any other association of noodles for the promotion of mischievous absurdities, should again try the patience of their fellow-countrymen, by endeavouring to prejudice the youth of the nation against entering its military service, they have at hand here, in the contents of this blue book, a collection of facts and materials upon which to found appeals to selfish misgivings and fears, such as their own misdirected ingenuity never enabled them to light upon. There would, after all, be no great disservice done to the recruiting of our army, if a placard like those to which we refer, should, by chance, deter a lad from taking the serjeant's shilling, who, together with an undefined desire for the change and adventure of a soldier's life, has yet a lurking consciousness that he is a likely subject for ignominious penalties. We doubt whether such a despondent hopeful would ever come up fairly to the moral standard which even the serjeant's not over-nice discrimination would desiderate for the "spirited lad" who is to don, under his auspices, Her Majesty's uniform. But if the Peace Society should succeed in fixing the serious attention of the best subjects in the classes from which our recruits are drawn, upon the facts

and figures of this report, then, indeed, might a formidable check be given to the enlistment of the best raw material for the forming of British soldiers; nor need their reformed placards be destitute of every sort of picturesque embellishment, albeit the nature of them would undoubtedly become more abstruse, for the coloured and multiform diagrams of its appendix would furnish them in great number and variety. Those facts, figures, and diagrams establish the discouraging truth, that by entering the ranks of Her Majesty's army, the recruit sacrifices *one-half of his chances of average longevity*; and that, *not* by affronting the risks and perils of service in distant and shifting climates; *but by remaining quietly and comfortably in barracks at home!*

If we shall take the average rate of mortality, per thousand, amongst our soldiers over the whole empire, at home and abroad, and compare it with that among one thousand males of the same ages as the soldier, in the general population of England and Wales, the excess of the soldiers' as compared with the civilians' rate is, to be sure, sufficiently formidable. We are, at starting, enabled, by the Commissioners, to do this for a period of time extending from 1839 to 1853; and there is matter enough for reflection, when we find that excess to amount to the difference between 32.99 deaths per thousand yearly in the army, and 9.2 per thousand yearly in our general male population.

To appreciate the importance of this fact, it must be borne in mind that the whole army consists of carefully picked lives. "All men offering to enlist, who have signs of physical weakness, or of tendency to disease, are rejected, and even after acceptance, can be discharged on the representation of the regimental surgeon, at any period within three years from their admission, and all these rejected lives are thrown back on the civil population." Yet, at the very outset of inquiry, we come across such a significant fact as this, "that, whereas the deaths in the general English male population at the army ages, during the fifteen years given above, calculated at the annual average of 9.2 per thousand, would have been 16,211, the deaths in the British army at home and abroad were

58,139, being an excess of deaths among soldiers of no less than 41,928."

But, as the Commissioners themselves admit—

"It may fairly be objected to this comparison, that the civilians in England are living in their own country, and in a temperate and healthy climate; whereas a large portion of the army is serving in every part of the globe, and is exposed to every vicissitude both of temperature and climate."

Therefore, leaving this comparison out of question for the moment, we return to our assertion, that, by simply entering the ranks of Her Majesty's army, the recruit unknowingly throws away, as matters now stand, one-half of his chances of average life, though he should encounter no military dangers nor hardships, other than are incurred by remaining in barracks at home. The proof lies in the subjoined tables, showing the comparative mortality of the *Army at home*:

"Of the male civil population of England and Wales, between the same ages as the soldiers, irrespective of the occupations in which they are engaged, and of the healthiest and unhealthiest portions of it, as stated by the Registrar-General:—

"Rates of Mortality, per 1,000 per annum, effective men of all ages, of the Army at home:

Total, . . . . .	17.5
Household Cavalry, . . . . .	11.0
Dragoon Guards and Dragoons, . . . . .	13.3
Foot Guards, . . . . .	20.4
Infantry of the Line, . . . . .	18.7

"Population of England and Wales, army ages:

Town and country population, . . . . .	9.2
Country alone, . . . . .	7.7

"One of the unhealthiest towns, army ages:

Manchester, . . . . .	12.4
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"Rates of Mortality, per 1,000 men, of the Army at home, and of the English civil male population, at corresponding quinquennial periods, as stated by the Registrar-General:

Ages, 20 to 25—civilians, . . . . .	8.4
soldiers, . . . . .	17.0
„ 25 to 30—civilians, . . . . .	9.2
soldiers, . . . . .	18.3
„ 30 to 35—civilians, . . . . .	10.2
soldiers, . . . . .	18.4
„ 35 to 40—civilians, . . . . .	11.6
soldiers, . . . . .	19.3

From this it appears that if the army at home were as healthy as the

population from which it is drawn, soldiers would die at one-half the rate at which they die now!

But, startling as this conclusion is, it does not, by any means, display the full extent of the evil. It must not be forgotten that the apparent unhealthiness of the army, composed as it is, moreover, of picked lives, is considerably diminished by the continual process of invaliding: whilst

"Its apparent health is maintained by the continual influx of fresh lives in the place of those which are weeded out by that process, by which means a large number of men, whose physical powers are exhausted, are thrown back on the civil population, while their removal lowers the rates of mortality of the army, though their deaths are owing to the military service which first undermined their health. To institute a fair comparison of the effects of human health and life, of an average character, by military service, as compared with civil occupations, an estimated amount of mortality should be added to the army rates for those who, from sickness or conscious inability, do not offer themselves, or who offer themselves and are rejected on examination for enlistment; and the deaths of invalids and pensioners should be transferred to the army rates from the civil rates, in which they are now included. The civil population, however, even under this mode of comparison, would still include deformed persons, idiots, lunatics, and those dregs of the population whose habits are such as to preclude the possibility of their offering themselves for military service, and, indeed, unfit them for any occupation."

The limits of this article will not allow us to follow the report, even into an abstract of the materials furnished by Mr. Neison, for establishing comparisons between the rates of mortality of the soldier and civilians of different classes and occupations. The use made of them by the Commissioners is ample, searching, and minute. We will not here record by how much the mortality of our troops exceeds that of agricultural labourers; of dwellers in towns, whose trades are carried on either wholly or partially out of doors; of night-printers, employed six nights out of the seven; nay, even of miners, who work under ground by shifts through day and night. But as a very complete and intelligible specimen of the compari-

sons in question, we subjoin the following extract:—

“The duty of the police affords an almost complete parallel with that of the soldier, except that it is more severe, being more continuous in its hours, and recurring more frequently. The sentry duty in the army is regulated in the following manner:—The guard remains on duty 24 hours, which is divided into three reliefs, each man being two hours on sentry, and four hours off; during the four hours' interval, he remains in the guard-room, and sleeps, if so disposed, on the guard-room bed—an inclined plane at one end of the room. This practice is so far objectionable, that the guard-rooms are confined and hot, and the man lies down to sleep in his great coat, which is often wet; and he is frequently roused from his sleep in a state of profuse perspiration to go out into the cold air, for his turn of sentry duty.

“The police duty is divided into three relays, two for the day, and one for the night. The first relay commences duty at 6, a.m., and is relieved at 10, a.m., by the second relay. The first relay recommences duty at 2, p.m., and is again relieved at 6, p.m., by the second relay, whose duty ends at 10, p.m. The night constable begins his duty at 10 o'clock, and continues on his bait without relief till 6 o'clock on the following morning; and that for every night in the week.

“The police night-duty is, therefore, far more severe than that of the army, yet the mortality of the Household Cavalry, =  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; Dragoons, =  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ; Infantry of the Line, = 2; Foot Guards, =  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times as great as that of the police, whose rate of mortality is only 8·922 per 1,000.”

In this comparison, as indeed in all those others which we have not here shown, we may remark upon the differences of rate exhibited, not only between the soldiers and the body of men with whom they are contrasted, but between different portions of the troops themselves; and we may state at once, that the order in which these differences show themselves, is found to be constant in all the comparisons. That is to say, the Household Cavalry stands at the head, exhibiting a sanitary condition superior to that of the cavalry at large; which arm of the service ranks, in this respect, superior to the infantry of the line; Her Majesty's Foot Guards occupying, finally, the lowest and most deplorable situation of all.

This circumstance, of itself, meets

and overthrows another, and not unimportant objection, which might be made to the fairness of the comparison, even between troops at home and the mass of our civilians.

For, it may be said, that although the former are indeed now quartered within the limits of these islands, many who have served abroad in such unhealthy climates as the East and West Indies, may have brought home thence the seeds of deadly disease. To this, there is an obvious answer:—

“That the Guards, who have the highest rates of mortality of all the troops serving in the United Kingdom, do no Indian nor Colonial duty, and the majority of the cavalry serves almost as exclusively at home.”

If the soldier's be a “picked life,” as contrasted with that of the average civilian, so is the Guardsman's a “picked life,” as contrasted with that of the average soldier; and, therefore, it is not as a curious statistical anomaly that the attention of the reader should be fixed on the Guardsman's extreme unhealthiness, but as upon a most significant fact, pregnant, in all probability, with matter which will assist in answering the great question—Whence arises the evil sanitary condition of the soldier?

Before proceeding to notice the answer which the Commissioners give to that all-important query, we must call attention to the results of certain comparisons, instituted between the classes of mortality from disease prevalent in the army at home.

Seven-ninths of the mortality in the British infantry at home are due to two classes of disease alone, namely, to zymotic diseases, such as fevers, cholera, diarrhoea; and to chest and tubercular diseases, such as consumption, asthma, spitting of blood, and so forth. Although the former, or zymotic class, causes amongst our troops a mortality more than double of that which it produces in civil life, yet its action upon the soldier is not one-half as deadly as is that of the class of pulmonary diseases. Indeed, it is demonstrated, that of the entire number of deaths, from all causes, in the army, diseases of the lungs constitute the following proportion: in the cavalry, 53·9 per cent.; in the infantry of the line, 57·277 per cent.; and in the Guards, 67·683 per cent.!

In civil life, at the soldier's ages, the deaths by pulmonary diseases are 6·3 per 1,000 yearly; they amount in the cavalry to 7·3; in the infantry of the line to 10·2; in the Guards to 13·8 per 1,000!

Now, the causes which various witnesses have assigned for these fearful and excessive rates of mortality are fourfold:—1, night duty; 2, want of exercise and suitable employment; 3, intemperate and debauched habits; 4, crowding and insufficient ventilation, and nuisances arising from latrines and defective sewerage in barracks. The comparison shown above, with the police, justifies, in our opinion, the comparatively little importance attached to the first of these heads by the commission. Upon the second, the evidence of Colonel Lindsay deserves to be well considered: speaking of the soldier's daily life, he says, that

“Perhaps no living individual suffers more than he from ennui. He has no employment save his drill and his duties; these are of a most monotonous and uninteresting description, so much so, that you cannot increase their amount without wearying and disgusting him. All he has to do is under restraint; he is not like a working-man or artisan; a working man digs and his mind is his own, an artisan is interested in the work in which he is engaged; but a soldier has to give you all his attention, and he has nothing to show for the work done.”

This evil the Commissioners propose to meet by giving increased facilities and encouragement for all athletic games. They recommend that wherever and whenever possible, the men be employed on different kinds of labour; and that inquiry should be made into the system of gymnastic exercises in use in the French army.

With regard to the third assigned cause, although they make due allowance for the mischiefs wrought by a certain class of debauchery, they arrive at the conclusion, which we are by no means inclined to dispute, that, “if by intemperance be meant drinking to intoxication, there is no reason to think that the soldier is more intemperate than the average of the social class to which he belongs.” That intemperance, however, in the army, is as grievous an enemy to the well-being of its victims as elsewhere, they by no means attempt to deny, and leaving

out of question, that which is certainly beyond their province, its punishment as a military crime, they have made certain recommendations which, if adopted, will prove the most effectual means of combating the moral and social evil. For the Commissioners strongly insist upon the advantage of providing the soldier with some day-room or sitting-room in barracks; and in our belief it is impossible to overrate the value of the refuge thus afforded from the taproom of the canteen, to the listless ‘ennuyé’ of which Colonel Lindsay speaks; or of the possibility of social intercourse elsewhere than in that crowded room which now serves the soldier in barracks for dormitory and refectory in one.

We now come to the monster mischief, which the Commissioners are agreed to set forth as the main determining cause, not only of the excessive mortality, but of the peculiar class of it which may be said to decimate the ranks of our soldiery. It may be named in a word, Barrack Accommodation. A pauper in a Scotch workhouse enjoys, according to the evidence of Sir John McNeill, a minimum of 480 cubic feet per bed, in the dormitory, which he is never permitted to occupy by day. Now the minimum of cubic space allotted by the regulations to the British soldier for the room in which he is to eat as well as sleep, and pass, if he will, the greater part of his spare time, amounts only to 450 feet; and the report before us exhibits returns which will show that in a majority of cases, even this minimum is not attained, and that in a number of barracks there is a deficiency of one-third, and, in some instances, of more than one-half of the insufficient space allotted by regulation. Conceive a barrack-room crowded to this extent; let it be, as in nine cases out of ten, so constructed as to preclude the possible admission of a thorough draft; provide the occupiers of beds standing little more, sometimes indeed a little less, than one foot distant from each other, with no better provision for the most necessary wants than foul wooden tubs saturated with ammoniacal deposit; take the men in whom a long course of breathing such an atmosphere as must result from these arrangements, has deposited the inevitable seeds of consumption and

tubercular disease, expose them, even occasionally on guard, to wet and cold, and then marvel, if you can, at the terrible fact, that the mortality from chest and tubercular diseases alone, in the infantry on home service *exceeds the total mortality, from all causes, among the civil population at the same ages.*

But, as it will be remembered, the ravages of this class of disease are less severe in the cavalry, more severe in the Guards, than among the infantry of the line; let those who know the relative superiority of cavalry quarters, the relative inferiority of barrack accommodation in London, understand how these differences clinch the nails of the Commissioners' arguments on this topic. Again, it was stated above, that zymotic diseases contributed in a fearful proportion to mortality among our troops—slaying indeed of their number, annually, as many men as die of the more prevalent chest complaints amongst civilians. Well, let the reader, without forgetting what the barrack-room has been shown to be, follow the inquiry into the more general question of sewage and drainage in the barracks themselves, and there will remain upon his mind, we apprehend, unless the simplest elements of sanitary science are unknown to him, very little farther doubt as to the correct answer to the query—Whence arises this evil sanitary condition of the soldier?

The answer thus found and given, forthwith there arises the farther problem of discovering and applying an effectual remedy. That discovery is easy enough. Indeed the term discovery can scarcely be used with fitness of the solution of any such elementary problem in sanitary science. Few persons of intelligence, nowadays, will be found to quarrel with the peremptory tone of that distinguished authority, Dr. Sutherland, when he says:—

“I have heard all the reasons assigned for the extravagantly high mortality existing in the army, and I can see no reason *whatever* why, if sanitary measures were applied with due intelligence to barracks, most of the excessive mortality in the army might not be swept away.”

“If sanitary measures were applied.” Just so! it is precisely concerning the *application* that doubts may be enter-

tained. We grant that the publication of this report, which is an act of courage worthy of British statesmen, may fairly be considered, likewise, as a pledge of a determination to *act* no less than to inquire. But it must be remembered that there is in official quarters, in every department, a truly formidable *vis inertiae*, before which vigorous determinations to act are apt to dwindle and die. And in military official quarters, above all, there has been, if there is not now, a singular tendency to ignore, if not to thwart the progress more especially of sanitary reform. We need not travel out of the record to establish this, but will again give an extract from the report in confirmation:—

“For many years the pestilential state of the Tower ditch was represented by the medical officers of the Guards, as a cause of the great prevalence of fever in the garrison. The military authorities declined to drain the ditch, and the nuisance remained undisturbed till, after some years, the alarm created in the minds of the inhabitants of Tower-hill by the extent of typhus prevailing in the garrison, induced them to reconsider the question. The ditch was drained, and the type of fever has since been much mitigated, and the cases have diminished in frequency.

“A supply of good water has in the same way been introduced, after the remonstrances of the medical officers had been for years neglected, during which time the men used water taken from the Thames immediately opposite the Tower, and filtered through gravel, but which remained so full of animalcules, that a witness stated he avoided using it even for washing, until it had been boiled. Again, when it was proposed, for health's sake, to move the men from the old into the newly-erected barrack in the Tower, in which some stores, consisting chiefly of blankets, had been temporarily placed, and to transfer the latter to the quarters vacated by the men, the proposal was negatived on the ground that *the blankets would be injured by the damp*! Fortunately, this objection was brought under the notice of the Duke of Wellington, and the new barrack was given up to the use of the troops.”

Well may the Commissioners add the sentence:—

“If at the head-quarters of the British army and in the Queen's Guards, sanitary precautions can be so neglected, it scarcely requires evidence to establish

the necessity of enforcing greater care in this respect on other and more distant stations."

Moreover, it must be evident to every one, that the removal of such long tolerated and accumulated mischiefs, the necessary alterations and improvements of existing barracks, the precautions to be taken liberally in new constructions, must involve in the present and in the future, increased expenditure. We will not pause for a moment to argue, that in such expenditure, so long as it be well regulated, there is, of course, a great and sound economy; but we will venture to suggest, that the right appreciation, by public opinion, of the facts here disclosed, and the pressure which that opinion would be prepared to put upon government, if action were unnecessarily delayed, might prove of great use, both in overcoming official prejudices, and in rendering it impossible for any "school" or "party" in the House of Commons to oppose effectually, upon financial grounds, the progress of reform in these matters. Indeed, since we have thus introduced mention of the House, we will not hesitate from calling upon our own Irish representatives especially, without distinction of religious or political opinion, to make themselves masters of a matter in which Irishmen have so near and dear and constant an interest. Surely, not one of them can need seriously to be reminded of the great, we had almost written the undue proportion of stalwart and spirited recruits whom Ireland contributes to those glorious ranks of the British army, which ignorance and neglect of sanitary science are still thinning in a manner so cruel and so wanton. The most gifted of our representatives could hardly find a task more worthy of his perseverance and patriotic energy, than to watch over and urge forward the action of the authorities in a matter such as this; nor need any Irishman consider it an insignificant circumstance, that in the signatures of this report, the second name which occurs is that of the honoured and lamented Augustus Stafford.

In following the course of the report, we cannot any longer keep to it as closely and minutely as hitherto. We must not enter in any detail upon its conclusions in respect of encampments, invaliding, clothing, rations,

or cooking; but we cannot refrain from observing that the stress laid upon this last branch by the Commissioners is such as must commend their decisions to the liveliest sympathies of the Orimean Culinary Commander himself, the incomparable Alexis Soyer. They must have caught from the inspiration of his genius, the fervour of that conviction, in the strength of which they demand the total and immediate repeal of those regulations by which the Horse Guards have condemned the British soldier to "bouilli a perpetuité," "penal boiled beef for life." By their counsels, henceforward, shall "regenerated gastronomy," armed *cap à pie*, with stewpan, fryingpan, and gridiron, force her triumphant way, at spit's point, not only into hospital kitchens, but into the very penetralia of those benighted barrack kitchens themselves, where the Demon Insipidity has throned herself despotically from time immemorial, upon the monotonous and antiquated boiling coppers. Neither, indeed, can we afford space for any detailed examination of the results of such investigations as were made by the Commissioners into the existing state and condition of certain hospitals in England — investigations which bring to light facts most painful, most humiliating, and not seldom intensely ludicrous, in spite of their seriously mischievous character. We have advisedly written "in England," for the army general hospitals, and agglomerations of regimental hospitals, in Ireland, receive only incidental mention. But our English friends must pardon us for saying, that certain administrative incongruities are brought to light savouring so strongly of the practical *bull*, as to favour the notion that this race of blunders can thrive elsewhere than upon Irish soil. Who imagines that the bit we subjoin, is a fragment of a report upon some establishment in Dublin, or in Cork, rather than upon so entirely an English affair as the general hospital at Chatham?—

"Before a certain hour in the morning, when the extras for the day are prescribed and the provisions sent for, it is not possible to give chicken or beef tea for a patient requiring immediate support, the regulation not permitting any stock of meat to be kept in the hospital, nor more to be purchased than the exact amount prescribed for the day's

use of the patients; the object of this regulation being to guard against the purloining of meat, *that object is secured by there being no meat to purloin,*"

Exquisite! we envy the Right Hon. Chairman the penning of that last sentence. We should have hesitated to question *a priori* the Hibernian origin of the constructive arrangements, whereby stone staircases are provided for hospital wards, to secure safety in case of fire, but are themselves provided with landings and lobbies entirely of wood, thus cutting off all communication in case of fire between the endangered ward and the salutary stairs! It is Brompton hospital, however, which presents us with this anomaly. Should Mr. Dickens, undeterred by the grave rebukes of the *Edinburgh Review*, determine at any time to favour his readers with a sequel to his famous chapter on the Exploits of the Circumlocution Office, and the working of the "Way *not* to Do it;" he might do worse, we take it, than ponder the following. The intrusive numerals are our own.

"The army hospitals are dependent (1) on the Inspector-General of Fortifications for their repairs, and (2) on the Barrack Department for their stores, furniture, hospital dresses, and equipments. With the exception of some articles which are provided by (3) the purveyor, they are dependent abroad on (4) the Commissariat for their rations, though the purveyor is empowered, if the rations be defective, to buy butchers' meat at a rate exceeding the Commissariat price by 1d. a pound. The medical comforts are provided by (5) the purveyor, and the drugs by (6) the Director-General. The engineer and barrack departments are set in motion by requisitions made upon them. They are in no other respect responsible for the state or the wants of the general hospitals, nor are they called upon by the nature of their duties to be present in them. If furniture, beds, or utensils of any description are required, the principal medical officer makes his requisition on the purveyor, who again makes his requisition on the barrack-master, who supplies the stores required if they be on a certain authorized list—if not, then the purveyor applies to the War Office, and is or is not authorized to purchase them himself. . . .

"If the building be defective, the ventilation inadequate, or the drainage imperfect, the same process is gone through, beginning with the medical

officer, passing through the barrack-master, and ending in the engineer's department."

Ending there, indeed; and in such a manner as one can hardly bring oneself to believe, so complete is the result of this endeavour "*not to do it*;" witness the Director-General who—

"Has placed before us correspondence of various dates, in which an engineer officer refused, on the ground that it appeared to him unnecessary, to execute a work which in the opinion of the medical officer was requisite for the health of the patients, *the opinion of the engineer overruling the professional opinion of the medical officer and even of the Director-General.*"

Licence of modern novelists! we wonder whether Mr. Dickens in his happiest humour, ever pitched upon anything so perfect as the arrangement by which "in the army hospital the personal linen only is washed in the laundry, and the bedding is sent to the barrack department, which is a subject of complaint." Well, certainly, there are people who would complain of angelic order, rather than cease their unreasonable grumbings! Or shall we cite the other arrangement, by which—

"The barrack department supplies round towels for the lavatory, but not square ones as it possesses none, those being bought by the purveyor; the barrack-master supplies saucepans and boilers, and the purveyor pudding-dishes, gridirons, and frying-pans."

If these be among the ludicrous anomalies, we fear that others must come under the far more serious heads of painful and humiliating. What, for instance, shall be said of the information thus given—

"No cup, saucer, or earthenware mug is issued. The men refuse to drink out of the tin mugs, which are soon corroded, and present a dirty unpleasant appearance; nor is it possible to drink any hot liquid from them, as they absorb and retain the heat, and become too hot to admit of contact with the lips. The men drink their tea and coffee from the bowl at breakfast, as also at dinner, first their soup and then their beer; no glass is used for the men, even when taking medicine.

"When the wards are full, the allowance of space is very small; smaller, in fact, than that laid down in the hospital

regulations—not being well ventilated, they are remarkably foul in the morning.

“The water-closets are badly contrived and not in good order. The privies outside are very offensive, and are close to one of the wards, and to the kitchen, where great annoyance is experienced from the smell. The drainage is very defective. I have been trying for twenty years to get drains made. There are none to the privies, and two or three times they have had to be opened close to the cook-house. The smell is horrible. I have known the emptying of these privies carried on for ten days or a fortnight.”

High time, certainly, for a commission to inquire into such outrageous and consistent and prolonged defiance of the dictates, we will not say of sanitary science, but of common sense and decency. We shall, perhaps, hardly gain credence when we state a fact which has come under our own observation concerning the inveterate nature of that defiance. In the government plan for the construction of the new General Army Hospital at Netley, the walls of which are already five feet above ground, it had been deliberately proposed, and apparently sanctioned, to place three water-closets upon the southern front of each of the four prominent wards, which advance from the principal façade of the building. This façade is that through which the sunshine and the sea-breeze alike are to find their way into the long series of the sick-wards; and lest the disinfectant influence of that blessed sunlight should too thoroughly purify their atmosphere, the penetrating breath of that invigorating breeze was to waft into their recesses the effluvium of those admirably-disposed closets! Happily our Commissioners have been in time to interfere effectually in this case, and to enforce their own sound sanitary doctrine of “prevention better than cure.”

It must not, however, be imagined that this sanitary doctrine, so sound and yet so simple, comes now for the first time to the ears of our military authorities.

It would be doing grievous injustice to the sense, the science, and the conscience of the many admirable medical men to be found in the medical department of the army, its staff and regimental surgeons and physicians, to suppose that they have been blind

to much of what this report now brings into the broad daylight of public information, or careless of the duty which lay upon them in the way of remonstrance and persuasion. It were too much, perhaps, to assert that *all* was known to them. In spite of long practical experience, their keenest observations could never have been more than partial; and although the disclosures of the present report will not take them by surprise, they will find in it such ample material for the confirmation or correction of conclusions drawn from an induction hitherto very imperfect, as of necessity they could never yet have had at their disposal. We are confident that they will look upon the report of the Commissioners as the work of real friends; and we say this, because we know with what noble generosity members of the medical profession are accustomed to hail, without a thought of personal interest, the appearance of any true-hearted ally in the battle-field on which they themselves are ever waging manful war against preventible sickness and suffering.

Your “true doctor,” accordingly, who “goes at disease and sickliness with a will, as a true sportsman at his game”—as Mr. Kingsley teaches us in his delineation of Tom Thurnall—will rejoice without any sort or kind of “*arrière pensée*,” personal or professional, in the “shop” sense, at the endeavours of the Commission to secure that sanitary considerations shall not be overlooked in the choice of sites for encampments, hospitals, barracks, and so forth. He will exult over their earnest recommendation that on such matters medical officers shall be invariably consulted. We can imagine with how much righteous indignation men of science and “men of heart,” as the French have it, amongst the medical staff of an army, have been compelled to witness a frequent, reckless, and almost criminal waste of gallant lives, by the conceited and apathetic ignorance of men in command of troops. We think that out of all the thoughtful and invaluable suggestions contained in the report before us, none is of greater merit than the following:—

“We hold that the medical staff of an army in the field is incomplete which does not include in its ranks a sanitary



officer, second in rank to the principal medical officer, and attached to the Quartermaster-General's department. This officer should be the head of the sanitary police of the army; should be responsible for all measures to be adopted for the prevention of disease; and should report to the Quartermaster-General and to the principal medical officer."

There is, moreover, in the report of the Commissioners not a little, which, upon most legitimate grounds, both personal and professional, the members of the whole army medical corps may regard with the highest satisfaction. The framers of that report show themselves throughout imbued with sincere appreciation of the real dignity and value of the scientific medical character. That appreciation may be read alike in their remarks upon the management of hospitals, and upon the relative importance of the purely medical and surgical duties therein performed, compared with mere administrative functions; and in their recognition of the fair claims of army medical men to some more equitable adjustment of honours, rank, pay, and promotion. We must leave it to the special organs of the medical profession to express in detail an approval or disapproval of the bulk of the recommendations made by them on this score. Upon the proposed system of competitive examinations to determine admissions into the army medical corps; upon the proposed course of instruction in military hygiene, to which accepted candidates would be submitted; upon the proposed examination of assistant-surgeons previous to promotion to a full surgeoncy; upon the proposed abolition of one class of staff-surgeoncies, and the substitution of the rank of surgeon-major after a definite period of service; upon the proposed increase of rank to be granted to the chief medical officer of an army in the field; upon the proposed addition to the pay of all ranks in the medical corps; upon the proposed rotation, or roster, of foreign service, and extended facilities of leave for the purposes of recreation and professional study; and upon many other such topics, patiently and considerately handled by the Commissioners, we dare not, now at least, attempt to enter. But we trust that this rapid and incomplete enumeration may prove what we have advanced as

to their appreciation of the honourable services of the army medical profession, and their manifest desire to obtain, at least, a fair hearing for all remonstrances and claims proceeding from that branch of the service. To the force of these remonstrances and the justice of these claims, we are ourselves far from being indifferent, and that not without good special reasons: for it needs but a superficial acquaintance with the medical army list to make any one aware of the direct interest which the University of Dublin must have in the welfare and honour of a body on whose rolls are inscribed the names of so many alumni of the Irish Alma Mater.

But apart from any such special considerations, we are too well aware of the nature, the extent, the variety, the importance of the army surgeon's work, not to desire heartily that it should at all times receive its fair wage, so well and hardly earned, whether it be paid in the shape of honour or emolument. Doubtless, there is in the position of the medical officer in a regiment a certain anomaly; and the nature of that anomaly is not a little intricate. He is the man of science and reflection amidst men of action and enterprise; not simply the non-combatant amongst men of the sword. And yet in him the contemplative and philosophic element must never be permitted to interfere with due readiness of decision and energy in action; nor will his position as a non-combatant excuse him from the necessity of bracing his mental and bodily nerves alike to the same contempt of danger and death as they must exhibit who cross swords with the enemy. If to the furnishing of the ideal of an accomplished surgeon, that exquisite feminine endowment be requisite, "the hand of a lady," not the less requisite in any case, and all the more indispensable in the case of the army surgeon, are those more masculine and soldier-like endowments, "the eye of an eagle, and the heart of a lion." Scarce a moment's reflection is needed to produce the conviction, that these figurative expressions must needs have as much of sober truth as poetic imagery; for who shall exaggerate the dexterity, the self-possession, the firmness, required to perform in the open field, or in the crowded trench,

on the dangerous outskirts of the fire of the enemy—nay, not seldom, within its true and deadly range—operations which tax the powers of the most skilful and the nerves of the most unflinching, when performed in the quiet and stillness of an admirably-disposed and perfectly-provided ward, within the walls of the civil hospital?

Carelessness of danger, indeed, resulting from absorption in a matter of urgent importance! We all know how to admire it in the case of a commanding officer, and Marshal St. Arnaud's eulogy of Lord Raglan's "antique" bravery is readily justified by all who have heard the answer made by that noble soldier to his staff, when, on the day of the Alma, they remonstrated with him for exposing himself to the hottest of the fire, "Bye and bye, gentlemen, bye and bye; I am busy just now, and can speak to nobody." Now we will hazard an anecdote of one who was at the time a simple assistant surgeon of cavalry, which, without any tinge of the "antique" or "heroic," in the epic sense, will yet serve to illustrate our meaning. We will vouch for its authenticity:—

"Doctor, dear," quoth a wounded light-bob, with pure Milesian accentuation, in whose arm—his horse's bridle over his own—a dismounted compatriot of the medical order, was repairing as best he might, a gash from a cuirassier's sword, by the side of a chaussée in Flanders: "Doctor, dear! make haste! there is French akrimmagers in the wood."

Ping! ping! ping! in undoubted confirmation.

"Ah, steady, Pat! steady, we'll make a neat thing of it before they debouch now."

"Mount! doctor, dear, mount! and stick in yer spurs. I can see bagnets above the bushes, and, fail! thim chassoors is on us in a crack."

And the man of the musket jumps up, and runs for the dear life—small blame to him!—in the direction of a patch of tall standing rye "convay-nient," for a hiding place. The discomfited doctor sweeps his instruments into the case, drops the case into the sabretash, mounts his active little rat-tail, and spurs—not up the chaussée, but after the fugitive light-bob, in magnificent contempt of the rattling invitations to stop from the

firelocks of the Chasseurs de la Garde.

"Here! you sir, Murphy! Patrick! what's your name? Stop, sir! stop, scoundrell! stop, THIEF!" roars the pursuing medico—"For, gentlemen," said he, afterwards, "would you believe it? that rascal was running into the rye with my best surgical needle sticking in his right arm!"

But the field and the trench are not the only ground whereon the army medical man faces death and danger. Nothing can be more just and true than the following words of the Commissioners:—

"We are informed that by the statutes of the Order of the Bath no one can receive its honours unless he shall have been mentioned in a public despatch for services rendered before the enemy. But the most arduous and the most dangerous services of medical officers are not always, even in war, rendered before the enemy. They have to strive with an enemy more dangerous than man. In the almost pestilential wards of Scutari the exertions required were more continuous, the danger was greater, and the honours and rewards to be obtained were fewer than at the front before Sebastopol. The mortality of the medical officers at Scutari was not much exceeded by that of the combatant officers with the army in the Crimea; but the survivors are debarred from receiving those honours which, fortunately for the country, are prized more than either rank or emoluments."

If endurance, if courage, if self-possession, if energy, if devotedness, be specially soldierlike, then indeed the bravest and the loftiest spirit among the combatant officers of our army need not affect to look down upon the character of the medical officer, or fail to recognize in him, non-combatant as he may be, a brother soldier in every sense of the noble word. But, we believe—and these remarks we tender particularly to the "youngsters" of the military medical profession—that to secure this hearty recognition, it is above all things necessary that the medical officer himself should frankly accept his anomalous position. Amidst many friendly, there is one severe sentence to be found in the report before us. We should fail in our duty by not calling attention to it. It is this:—

"As regards uniform, we are informed that some medical officers wish for an

alteration, obliterating the peculiarities, such as the black plume and sash, which distinguish the medical from the combatant officer. It must be obvious that in and after an action it is of the utmost importance that a medical officer shall be known by some easily-recognized distinction of costume; and we must add, that medical officers who wish thus to be made undistinguishable from combatant officers can have but little appreciation of the dignity of their own profession."

That dignity should never be lost sight of by the very youngest assistant, from the day of his first entrance into the ranks; and it is to lose sight of it when he forgets that this dignity is peculiar. It is not simply as an "officer and a gentleman," but, distinctively, as a "medical officer and a gentleman," that he should shape his course, if he would win that real and lasting esteem which his position gives him such rare and golden opportunities of earning both from his brother officers and his brother soldiers in the ranks. Ensigns Green and Beardless, Lieutenants Rattle and Racket, may sometimes in the plenitude of their folly affect to consider contemptuously the "doctor's" position, and to utter the distasteful cognomen of "Pills;" but their folly is comparative wisdom to that of the rawest medical recruit who should thereby be moved to slight his vocation, and attempt to carry off his uneasiness by aping in things great or small what he may fancy to be the marks and character of the combatant officer. We are far from wishing to see the medical officer assume an hypocritical scientific priggishness; but even that we prefer to an assumed military swagger. Machaon and Podalirius had abundant honour in the camp of the Greeks before the Sebastopol of the Homeric age; but, we take it, that honour was paid to something better than a *fac simile* of the cut of Ajax's cnemides, or an approach to the cock of the helmet of Achilles. And having ventured thus a word of advice to the "youngsters," exhorting them to respect the special dignity of their own profession in themselves, we shall conclude by an admonitory paragraph addressed to the "oldsters," exhorting them, in turn, to show their respect for it in the persons of others. The matter upon which we would touch is one which has also not

escaped the observant eye of the Commissioners, upon whose labours we must now cease to comment. From their report we take this last quotation:

"Among combatant officers, where the duty of one rank is to decide and command, and that of the others is solely to obey, and that immediately and implicitly, without any exercise of discretion in the matter, the necessity of an instantaneous obedience has naturally generated, and justifies a peremptory tone of command. But there is no analogy between their relative position and that of the higher and lower ranks of the medical department as regards either the division of duties between them, or the character of the duties themselves. In the army medical department the inspector and inspected are both men of science, and the latter is actually engaged in treating, at his own discretion, and on his own responsibility, the patients who have been entrusted to him on the presumption of his competency. The assumption on the part of a superior medical officer of a peremptory tone in addressing his junior, shows a want of appreciation of the dignity of the profession to which both belong. A rebuke addressed, or a doubt thrown on the treatment, in the presence of a patient, shakes the confidence of the latter in the medical officer in whose hands, without any choice of his own, he is placed, and may even mar his chance of recovery. We are satisfied that such departures from propriety, meriting, as they do, the severest reprobation, can be but of rare occurrence, and we have made these remarks in the belief that they will strengthen the hands of the Director-General in checking them when they do occur."

We wish that we could participate the confidence of the Commissioners upon this point. We are not, indeed, prepared to deny that the department of the Director-General will gladly avail itself of such authority in its endeavours to check an evil so common, and, we must add, so inveterate; but we must confess, at the same time, that should this be so, that department itself must have undergone in late years a very salutary change, its reputation for perfect fairness, or for perfect amenity, in the treatment of its dependents having been, within our recollection, by no means of the highest. We shall not soon lose all remembrance of an interview, at which it was our chance to be present, between a late director-general and

one who had been at one time a member of the body over which that officer bears sway. Our friend had found occasion to render some trifling obligation to the great man, beyond the reach and beyond the patronage of whose department he had long since risen. His son, a lad verging upon the age when the choice of a profession may fairly come under notice, chancing to enter the room as the director was expressing his sense of the obligation in question, that officer seized the opportunity of offering his interest to start him in life should the army branch of the medical calling attract him to its ranks. We should be at a loss to transfer intelligibly to paper, the contrast between the freezing politeness with which the offer was declined, and the explosion of high-pressure wrath against the department, which burst forth so soon as its kindly-intentioned chief had been bowed out. If that lad be an army surgeon now, his sense of filial obedience can have had but little influence in deciding his career.

Truly did we call inveterate the evil of which the Commissioners have complained. Once more only will we now tax, in proof, our own recollections, and, what is more important, the patience of our readers.

We have enjoyed these many years the intimate acquaintance of one who, in his short course of training as an alumnus of our venerable Trinity, was, in times long past, a distinguished and favourite pupil of the elder Todd. Family circumstances having interrupted the intended course of his medical studies, a few weeks sufficed to transfer him from the streets of Dublin to medical duty upon the outposts of Wellington's army in the Peninsula. In its ranks he shared whatever dangers, labours, hardships, and privations, may befall the campaigning surgeon, amongst which may

be mentioned a terrific struggle for life with a most deadly fever, caught in the wards of hospitals, so ill-formed and ill-furnished as even the experience of Scutari has not made known to the men of these latter sanitary days.

But in his case, as in that of all men, the old anticipation has, in course of time, come true—

*"Foras et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."*

The long nights spent after weary days' marching, not upon camp-bed, nor round the cheerful bivouac fire with combatant brother officers, but in straggling and tumbling through pitch darkness over rocky roads and by-paths, with much toil and peril both of man and beast, under guidance of loutish Iberian peasant, or surly muleteer, in search of men wounded and sick, detached and scattered over hill and down dale. These live in his old dragooning reminiscences, as highly cherished, and as dearly prized, as the pleasanter rides, in double-file, beneath the gnarled branches of the olives, or the gold-laden boughs of the orange trees, when the moonlight skimmed upon their polished sharp cut leaves, in the safe and joyous hours when the welcome word would pass down the ranks, "Singers to the front!" and the merry military glees of British soldiers would ring out clear under the Spanish heaven.

Nay more, the remembrance of a rebuke well-timed, hard as any rebuke seems always to a young and ardent spirit, could continue without pain or bitterness present to his mind, for we have heard him tell of, and dwell upon, the justice of the "tremendous wiggling," in military parlance, drawn down upon him from the dashing colonel, when martial ardour had betrayed him to forget for a moment the call of medical duty, and to mingle in a charge upon the sly.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

## CHAPTER III.

## EXTENT AND CONSTITUENT PARTS OF THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY.

A PAMPHLET of great curiosity and interest has just appeared from the pen of the Dean of Westminster (Dr. Trench), consisting of the substance of two papers lately read before the Philological Society on "Some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries." It forms one of the most important contributions that have been made to English Lexicography in our day, and one of the most remarkable ever made by an individual. The number of distinct vocables whose history it elucidates, or which are recovered from complete oblivion, appears, from the index, to be nearly two hundred. No future dictionary of our language can be compiled without drawing largely both upon the new or hitherto unnoticed facts, and the ingenious and happy illustrations, which are here brought forward.

Nevertheless, Dr. Trench has scarcely addressed himself to a complete scientific exposition of what an English Dictionary ought to be. What he professes to do is merely to call attention to what he conceives to be the deficiencies of our existing dictionaries, which he arranges under seven heads:—Obsolete words incompletely registered—Words omitted belonging to groups or families of which other members are inserted—Incorrect or imperfect statements in regard to the time when particular words were introduced or fell out of use—Omissions of important meanings and uses of words—The comparatively little attention paid to the distinguishing of synonymous words—The omission of many passages in our literature by which the introduction, etymology, and meaning of words might be illustrated—and, finally, The insertion of more or less of what has properly no claim to a place in such a work as a dictionary.

But of what does the English language really consist? This may seem to be a question very easily answered. Let us see.

1. First of all, we must settle what it is that entitles any thing calling itself a Word to be accepted as truly

such. With regard to the great mass of words this point presents no difficulty. But take a term which can only be discovered to have been once or twice used, will that constitute it an element of the language, whatsoever it may be, to which it claims to belong? If so, then the power and right of adding to a language to any extent must be held to belong to every individual. The maker of the dictionary himself, or his friends and acquaintances, may introduce as many new words into it as they please, of their own contrivance. Many of them might be in all respects as deserving of adoption, tried by any test you will, as some of those that all the dictionaries have admitted on the strength of their occurrence, it may be, in a single passage. Many of the additional ones collected by Dr. Trench have, probably, no better claim—such, for instance, as Henry More's *hispidity* and *speciosity*, Fuller's *flowerettry* and *fashionists*, and a whole crop of hideous break-jaw monstrosities, *schleragogy*, *hecatontarchy*, *consciuncle*, *solertiousness*, &c., &c., in Bishop Hacket. If all formations similarly circumstanced with these, that is to say, wanting altogether the authorization of general acceptance and currency, are to be recognised as English words, then there is no innovation that any person chooses or chances to devise that is not entitled to be so recognised. Even if a legitimate extraction, according to the rules or principles of etymology, should be exacted in every case, there would still be no end of the private fabrications that would thus be continually imported into the language. The mere fact of any of them being to be found in a printed book could count for nothing. A word is not made such either by being printed or by being written down. It is a word, if at all, as soon as it is uttered. On the other hand, are all such *ἀπαρ λεγόμενα* to be rejected? Surely not. Many of them may have been words at one time in familiar use, although a single passage may now be the only record

of their existence. That is not only possible, but, in regard to some of them, in the highest degree probable. And is a word that is found only once really much more dubious than one that is found only twice or three times? Or, is the recognition of the word, as properly belonging to the language, to depend upon the character of the one writer, or the two or three writers, in whose works it is found? If so, what description of writer is to have the right of authorizing a term which has no other claim to advance? Some might demur to Bishop Hacket, others to Sir Thomas Urquhart. We should all, of course, be ready to acknowledge any word found, although once only, in any one of our greatest writers, in Spenser, or Bacon, or Milton, or Shakespeare; but what is to be said to the peculiar vocabulary of a Sir Roger L'Estrange, or a Tom Brown? Probably very few, if any, of the strange terms found in either of these two last-named worthies are pure inventions of his own; they are only words that have not elsewhere been employed in writing. Several such words might probably be found in Shakespeare—words which he borrowed from the patois of his native Warwick, as they found theirs in the street language of London. If Shakespeare's *bleaded* and *boltered* are to be received as good English, what are we to say to the *hoiking* of Sir Francis Palgrave.\*

2. The standard form of a cultivated language is, for very nearly its entire mass, sufficiently distinguishable from the various local dialects, mostly unwritten, in the midst of which it rises, like an oak from among its underwood; still there is, of course, some little tendency in the two contiguous vegetations to intermingle at their common margin. Even from the Scotch, which has a literature of its own, and is rather an independent language than a dialect, a few words have occasionally found their way into writing which is English in its general texture. Not to mention such words as *plaid*, *tartan*, *trews*, *phila-beg*, *heather*, significant of things exclusively or chiefly belonging to Scotland, there are *gloamin*, *manis*, *ingle*,

*cery*, *bonny*, and others, which by force of their mere beauty or expressiveness, seem to be fast forcing their way into the literary language of the country. Are they, or are they not, to be accounted English words? Or, if not English yet, how much more of appropriation will suffice to make them so? The tendency of words belonging to the purely English provincial dialects to intrude into the standard form of the national speech must be much greater. All our literary English, accordingly, down to the latter part of the seventeenth century, abounds with words which the writers appear to have found, not in books, but each only in the rustic speech of his native district. There is no difference, no opposition of accent and general character and form, to be got over here; the dialectic word may be unknown to the standard language, but, in most cases, it has nothing about it of a foreign air, nothing that would continue to mark it out as an importation after its adoption. A Scotch word, on the contrary, can hardly be completely anglicized; either it will remain conspicuously of alien physiognomy, or it must be subjected to a certain modification. If the Scotch *gloamin*, for instance, is ever to become really English, it must be changed into *gloaming*. It will no more be able to escape from that transformation, demanded by what is the very soul of the language—its musical spirit—than the French *nature* was able, after it became an English word, to retain its original accentuation, and to prevent itself from becoming *nature*. There is one way, indeed, by which the whole difficulty connected with dialect might be got over: all dialectic words might be regarded as, equally with the words of the standard form, belonging to the language of which the several dialects were recognized variations. This may be said to be the principle of the dictionary compiled by the late Mr. Boucher. Our provincial dialects were with him not only of the substance of the English language, but of its very marrow. And it is not easy, in truth, to deny that dialectic words are at least as much English

\* "The precepts, no less than the examples, of Him and Those who became poor, or blessed the poor, forbade their hoiking away the unsavoury crowd, encumbering the Church door," &c.—*The History of Normandy and of England*, ii., 824.

as any others. If they are not English, what are they? They may not be what is called good English; but it does not follow that they are not English at all. It would seem, then, that a dictionary from which such words were excluded would not be a dictionary of the English language in its whole extent, but only of one form of it—of one of its dialects, we might say; for in what essential respect, after all, in what quality belonging to its nature or constitution, and not merely to its application, is the form in question distinguished from the dialects commonly so called? Is it not merely the literary dialect, or the cultivated dialect, while the others are the provincial dialects, or the rustic dialects?

3. The case of Obsolete words is more difficult to deal with. When does a word cease to belong to the language of which it once formed a part? Not, certainly, when it merely ceases to be commonly used. It will often do that, even long before it has ceased to be generally understood. How many are there, both of words and phraseologies, in our authorized version of the Scriptures, for instance, and in Milton and Shakespeare, which are still universally familiar, and universally intelligible, but which yet nobody in the present day would ever think of employing, either in speaking or in writing. It would be a very narrow and a very strange definition of the English language which should exclude such words, or according to which they would be held to be no longer English. The English language cannot possibly be held to mean merely the current English of the present day. But if it mean more, how much more? If we are to take in any antiquated words, where are we to stop? Even if we could precisely discriminate those of them that, although no longer in common use, are still generally understood from those that are not, which in many cases could not be done, such a distinction would not be one upon which we should be entitled to construct our definition of the extent of the language. To do so would be tantamount to saying that the old language of Milton, and Shakespeare, and the Bible was partly English and partly not. It would seem that, if we include any obsolete words,

we are bound, upon strict logical principle, to include all. All are still English, or none are. The English language is only the English of the present day, or it is whatever has at any time been English. There is, logically, no other alternative. This would carry us a long way. It was shown in our first chapter,\* that the English language of every succeeding age has been substantially the same with the earliest English of which we have any knowledge, or with the oldest form of what our modern philologists are in the habit of designating Anglo-Saxon; that it has been all only a natural development of that. As it has been all along called by one name, so it has been, from first to last, one and the same thing. In this way, then, a complete English dictionary ought to comprehend, not only all the words in Chaucer and in Robert of Gloucester, but all those, in as far as they can be recovered, belonging to the form of the language which was in use before the Norman Conquest; all those that are to be found in our vernacular literature from Caedmon to Aelfric, and in our ancient laws from Ethelbert to Edward the Confessor. Nay, even this is not all that might be theoretically laid down. As we have already had occasion to remark, no language has really taken its beginning within the period throughout which we can trace it. The English language did not spring out of the ground after the Angles and Saxons found themselves settled in Britain. They brought it with them to their new country from the districts which they previously occupied on the continent of Europe. If there are any remains of the language spoken by the Angles before they left the continent, they also are English. Nor would even this be the first English. The language in this form was, no doubt, only the offshoot and continuation of some preceding language, or rather of some preceding form of the same language, though probably known under another name. It is thus that every so-called new language grows out of some preceding one, or, more properly speaking, is only that in a more or less altered state. And there is never any thing like an actual break or di-

vision between the one and the other ; the change is merely a movement of the same gradual character with that which is always going on in every language, more slowly at one time, at another more rapidly. We may think that we have got at the beginning of a language when we have no means of tracing it farther back ; but we have not unwound the whole clue whenever our thread chanches to break. It is merely our insufficiency of evidence and of knowledge that gives to what is really but a fragment a fallacious semblance of completeness ; if we had the whole case clearly before us, we should see that the line does not really terminate at the point where, in the actual obscurity in which it is involved, we now lose sight of it ; but that there is an uninterrupted connexion between the portion of it that we have got hold of and another portion with which, possibly, we had not supposed it to have any thing to do, or from which, at least, it had seemed to be completely broken off. In this way it is possible that all languages would be seen to be in reality one, or only different portions of the same system of growth. At any rate, no such thing is known in actual nature as the absolute beginning of any language. What seems to be such, is, in all cases, only the illusion of our own ignorance or imperfect vision. We assume that the language begins at the point at which we lose sight of it, and find ourselves unable to trace it farther. But even to carry out our survey or inventory of a language so far as this would, in some cases, produce strange results. In the case of our own language, for instance, it would throw open the dictionary to the whole immense multitude of vocables to be found in our vernacular literature from, at least, the beginning of the seventh century to the present day. Throughout all that space of time the language has been substantially the same, growing and developing itself, indeed, as every other kind of living product does, but so gradually that it is impossible to specify any precise point at which it can be said to have begun to change. There is positively no break, no sudden angular deflection even, nothing like either articulation or inosculation. It is not the case of either the leaf issuing from the stalk, or even

of the protrusion of a distinctly new branch from the bark ; it is rather merely the prolongation of the same stalk, or trunk, or branch. The line described is not as regular as that of the circle, but it is as flowing and continuous. The divisions laid down in our systematic accounts of it are purely imaginative. It was not really refracted for a moment either in the middle of the sixteenth century, when we are in the habit of saying that the period of Modern English began, or in the middle of the fourteenth, from which we commonly date the commencement of what goes by the name of Middle English, or even at the epoch of the Norman Conquest in the middle of the eleventh century, when it is customary to speak of the old language of the country having been all of a sudden completely thrown down and, as it were, extinguished, and quite a new one having taken its place. Nothing of all this ever actually happened, any more than it happens to any one of us suddenly to change at a particular moment from the state of a boy to that of a youth, or from that of a youth to that of a man. Very different as is the English of the present day from that of Chaucer, more different as it is from that of Layamon, still more from that of Alfred, most of all from that of Caedmon, all these forms of speech are yet only so many successive developments of the same original form. They are all linked one to another by a perfect contiguity and identity of existence. It is only, therefore, conventionally or arbitrarily that the English language can be limited to the English of a portion of the time over which they extend. Yet, some such limitation is obviously unavoidable. However gradually and imperceptibly the difference may have arisen, the English of King Alfred and the English of Lord Macaulay are, in fact, two languages, and not one. Although the one has really grown out of the other, the difference between them is as great as if, beyond more or less of a common root, there had been no connexion between them. A knowledge only of one of them would leave the other entirely unintelligible. They could not, therefore, with any propriety be combined in one lexicographical exposition. But to draw



the line which shall separate what is to be considered as still English from what only has been English, and is such no longer,—which shall separate living English from dead English,—is a problem hardly, perhaps, admitting of being solved quite satisfactorily. Even if we were agreed upon *where* it should be drawn, there would be a difficulty in saying *how* it should be drawn. Suppose, for example, the point of division were to be fixed in the middle of the fourteenth century, this might be held to take in all Chaucer, and also the Visions of Piers Plowman; but it may be questioned if it would comprehend the poems of Minot, and it certainly would not either Robert de Brunne or Robert of Gloucester. Well, is Minot to be rejected as an authority for the English of an age which is to be considered as fairly represented, in respect of language, in the writings of Chaucer and of Langland (or whatever may have been the name of the author of the Visions)? But the English of Minot, though probably a few years earlier in date, is decidedly of a less antique character than that of Langland. And even in Robert of Gloucester and Robert de Brunne, there are, no doubt, to be found many words which were still current in the age of Langland and Chaucer, although they do not happen to present themselves in so much as has come down to us of the writings of either.

4. Then there is the question of how we are to estimate the various kinds of Inflected and Derivative forms. Are *love*, and *lovest*, and *loved*, and *lovedst*, and *loving* to be accounted so many different words, or only one word variously modified? The ready answer of most people would probably be, "Only one word, to be sure, and neither entitled nor requiring to be entered in the dictionary more than once." So also, perhaps, of *lover*. It would seem that every English verb, without exception, admits of being turned in that manner into a substantive noun. But what of *loveable*? Is that also to be held to be a mere inflection? Can we so modify any and every verb in the language, or only some verbs? When our modern metaphysicians employ such a term as *thinkable*, they evidently proceed upon the assumption that any verb admits of such a variation. Yet who would

venture to say *helpable*, or *buildable*, or *digable*, or to use, either in speaking or writing, any one of thousands of similar formations which would be quite legitimate upon that principle? Again, may all or only some substantives be transformed into adjectives by the annexation of the syllable *less*, and all or only some adjectives into substantives by that of the syllable *ness*? As we say *loveless*, and *houseless*, and *homeless*, and *bookless*, and *goodness*, and *sweetness*, and *straightness*, and *soreness*, may we treat any other substantive and any other adjective in the same fashion? If so, such formations would have no more right to be reckoned separate words than *loved*, and *loving*, and *fathers*, and *brethren*, have to be so reckoned. But if, on the contrary, there are cases in which the variations in question cannot be made (as probably there are), then such of them as do exist would seem to be properly regarded, not as mere inflections, but as independent vocables. The same observation applies to those forms that are produced by certain inseparable prefixes, such as *in*, and *un*, and *mis*, and *be*. It cannot be said that any one of these is of universal application. We say *to belabour*; but, even though we have the adjective, or participle, *beloved*, we have not, now at least, the verb, *to belove*; we say *to mislead*, but we cannot say *to mislove*; we must say, not *unvisible*, but *invisible*, and, on the contrary, not *inproductive*, but *unproductive*. It would almost seem from all this, that a fair and full exposition of the language would require every variation of which every one of its vocables is susceptible to be scrupulously noted. All established compounds likewise, all that are written conjunctively, with or without a hyphen, ought to be reckoned as independent words. *Man-hater*, or *manhater*, is as much a word as *misanthrope*.

5. The next difficulty relates to Scientific and Technical terms, borrowed, or formed by composition, from the learned languages. Their number is immense. Every department of science has a more or less extensive vocabulary of them of its own; some sciences are satisfied with a few hundreds each; others, such as medicine, chemistry, natural history, and botany, have each, some thousands; of late years, even some

of the commonest mechanical trades have taken largely to Greek or Latin names for the articles which they fabricate. It seems to be understood that no new invention or improvement can be in the mode, or be introduced as it ought to be to public patronage, without such a decoration. Whether it is the vanity of the dealer, or the taste of his customers, that has most to do with the practice, it might be hard to say. It is not improbable that purchasers feel themselves to be complimented by the implied appeal to their classical scholarship. It is only fair to admit, also, that the flexibility of the Greek, more especially, does lend itself to the demands of descriptive designation in a way that our modern comparatively barbarous vernacular would in vain attempt to match. One wonders, indeed, that the *ad captandum vulgus* erudition should be, in general, of so inferior a quality, and we might be inclined to suspect that, with so little of ingenuity or sense in the name, there could hardly be much in the thing; but, very possibly, if the Greek were of a higher order, it might not take so well. At all events, these and other technical terms,—many of them forming the established nomenclature of some of the highest departments of science and philosophy, many figuring only in shop windows and tradesmen's advertisements,—not only exist already in enormous quantity, but are still in course of constant and rapid multiplication. They are produced *ad libitum*, to any extent, by any one who chooses. What is to be done with them, or said of them? How are they to be regarded and treated in reference to the language to which they claim to belong? Some of them, no doubt, are sufficiently grotesque and absurd, but the great mass of them are etymologically unobjectionable. Many that have not yet forced their way into any of our common dictionaries are exactly of the same description with other words that have been long held to be completely naturalized, and are found in every English dictionary. But is not every one of them, good, bad, and indifferent, entitled upon principle to be recognised as a word? What is a word except an articulate utterance which has had a certain meaning attached to it, and has been used in that

sense in some established form of human speech? To what extent used or accepted does not matter; there are thousands of English words which it is impossible to prove to have been ever either universally or generally current. Neither can we insist upon perfect correctness of derivation and formation as the test of a word's legitimacy; in the case of a language like ours such a demand would at once bastardize half the dictionary. And, besides, who is to judge of the correctness? Not, surely, any and every individual lexicographer. He is only a reporter on the language, not a dictator over it. The business of any one who should undertake to render an account of the whole wealth or extent of the English language would seem to be, simply, to register every formation that claims to be an English word, no matter how many rules he might conceive it to violate. Yet, even if he were to endeavour to make some stand against the constantly flowing tide of innovation, drawing a line at some little distance back, and excluding all such scientific and technical terms as could not plead an antiquity of some five or ten years, he would find the multitude that remained to be recorded sufficiently overwhelming. It may be safely affirmed that no existing general dictionary contains the twentieth part of them. They would probably, if they were to be all collected, be found to equal, if not to surpass, in amount the entire number of the words constituting our standard national speech as commonly limited.

6. But there is another still more extensive class of words, which must also, we apprehend, be admitted to make a real, though not usually recognized, part of our English vocabulary. We mean what are called Proper Names, of all sorts. First there are the personal names peculiar to the country, both baptismal and family; if *John* and *James*, *Jackson* and *Wilson*, are not English words, what are they? to what language do they belong? Yes, English words, it will be said, but of quite a peculiar kind, and not qualified to perform the ordinary functions of words, therefore, not entitled to be reckoned such. Is it really so? Why, there is not any proper name whatever that may not, upon occasion, be employed exactly

like any other noun. Do we not talk of a Mars or a Mercury, a Juno or a Venus, meaning any individual distinguished by the qualities attributed to these male and female divinities? Might we not call Chaucer the Homer of our English literature; or Pitt and Fox (with whatever exaggeration) the Cicero and Demosthenes of their day? Might we not ask, where are the Johnsons and the Gibbons of the present age? Do we not often designate a tyrannical ruler a Nero, and one of an opposite character a Titus? Might we not declaim about the possibility of England being degraded into a Spain or a Turkey; or of Melbourne becoming some day the London or Paris of the antipodes? In all such instances, which might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, the proper name is converted into a common one, and used exactly like any other substantive. A Cicero or a Demosthenes is merely a more vivid expression for a great orator; a London or a Paris for a gay and sumptuous capital, the centre of its sphere of civilization. And there is no other proper name, the signification of which may not be in the same manner generalized. To our native personal and family names, then, we would add, as also making part of the vocabulary of the language, secondly, all foreign personal appellations that have been anglicized in form, such as Livy, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Aristotle, Jove; and thirdly, all geographical proper names, whether originally English, or that have been turned into English, whether by a modification of their form, as in the case of Greece, Italy, Germany, Constantinople, Rome, Troy, Athens, Naples, Venice, Milan, Marseilles, Lyons, Copenhagen; or only of their pronunciation, as has happened with Paris, Calais, Mexico, Hanover, and others. If these names, we ask once more, are not part and parcel of the English language, to what language do they belong? But ought we not to go still a step farther? Admitting that *Homerus* and *Aristoteles*, *Roma* and *Napoli*, are not to be accounted English, inasmuch as for these we have other forms of our own, we should say that all other foreign proper names, both personal and geographical, which have not been so translated, are at once English

and of the other language, whatever it may be, which is their native soil. Every one will admit that *Asia* (at least, as written) is English as well as Latin and Greek, and that *Africa* is English as well as Latin even to the minutest point of the pronunciation; can it be disputed that every other foreign and every other ancient name which, in like manner, when used by us, retains its original form is also English, as well as Greek, or Latin, or Chinese, or Hindostani, or Turkish, or Persian, or Spanish, or Italian, or French, or German, as the case may be? We do not see how it can. Therefore, fifthly and lastly, under this head of Proper Names, we claim, as comprehended within the bounds of the English language, taken at its full extent, all those, of every kind, which we have adopted and are accustomed to employ without any modification of their original form. Surely it cannot be contended that we do not speak or write English when we have occasion to make mention, in the only way in which it is possible for us to do so, of Herodotus, or Thucydides, or Lucretius, or Tacitus, or Dante, or Tasso, or Rabelais, or Fenelon, or Ferdusi, or Sadi, or Calidasa, or of Mycenæ, or Sparta, or Argos, or Herculeum, or Byzantium, or Smyrna, or Bologna, or Loretto, or Asti, or Bordeaux, or Rouen, or Soissons, or Ispahan, or Teheran, or Hyderabad, or Agra, or Delhi. It may be added that, in all languages, many proper names have come to be familiarly and universally employed as common words, or to be admitted as roots for both nouns and verbs. Thus, in English we have *To hector*, to pander, platonic, philippic, parchment (from Pergamos), muslin (from Mosul), nankin, brumagem, guillotine (both verb and noun), a manton, a minié, tram (from Outram), to burke, to kyanize, redpathism, and hundreds more. In fact, any proper name may be so used.

A complete enumeration of the words composing the English language, it thus appears, would carry us much farther than might at first be expected. Even if it were to be confined to words and forms which were exclusively English, instead of fifty thousand words, which is the common estimate of the extent of

our vocabulary, it would probably mount up to, at least, five hundred thousand, provided we reckoned every inflexional variation a separate word. It is to be remembered that, even with our scanty apparatus of inflection, every substantive noun is susceptible of being varied or modified in four different ways (*father, father's, fathers, fathers'*), every adjective in three (*long, longer, longest*), and every verb in, at least, five (*love, loved, lovest, lovedst, loving*); to say nothing of the almost unlimited capacity of combining with one or other of certain inseparable particles, as prefixes or affixes, which belongs to all these parts of speech.

The Philological Society has lately appointed a committee to collect from the entire body of our literature such words as have not yet been registered in any of our English dictionaries. There can be no doubt that large additions will in this way be made to the amplest inventories of the language that have yet been drawn up, and much new matter made available for the illustration of its history. Another service of great importance both to our philology and to our literature, would be the formation of verbal indexes to some of our principal authors. While all the more eminent among the Greek and Latin classics have been furnished with such indispensable aids

for the critical study of their expression, the Plays of Shakespeare and the Poetical Works of Milton are our only English writings (if we except the authorized version of the Bible, in so far as it has been illustrated by the labours of the Concordance-makers), that have had the same trouble taken with them. Some useful instructions in regard to the best method of compiling such indexes may be found in a small tract, which appeared in 1764, by the Rev. James Merrick, entitled, "A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Joseph Warton, chiefly relating to the composition of Greek Indexes, and the advantage to be received from it in learning the Greek language." No literary institution, indeed, is more needed, or would be more useful, if it could be organized, than a Society for the Compilation of good Indexes of all kinds. There is no species of literary work, depending in any degree upon the consultation of books, that would not be materially abridged and facilitated by what such a society might produce. It would not be necessary that all the indexes that were drawn up should be printed; some of them perhaps might have general interest enough to command a sale; but by far the greater number would be sufficiently published by the manuscript being accessible to all who desired to consult it.\*

G. L. C.

#### VITTORIA COLONNA.

THE year 1490 was one of those periods that intervene between an old decaying system, ready to perish, and a new time, full, indeed, of disquietude, uncertainty, and strife, yet containing within itself the more perfect order that is to come. "Men are near awaking," says Novalis, "when they dream that they dream;" and there were many evident signs that the slumber, which had been long and deep, was now about to be broken.

In this year of threatening spiritual and temporal revolution, Anna, daughter of the Duke of Urbino, and wife of Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of the Kingdom of Naples, gave birth to a daughter in the Castle of Marino, twelve miles distant from Rome, who soon after received the

name of Vittoria—a name which her life teaches us to associate with a noble mind, a sweet countenance, and a heart most pure.

Vittoria early gave signs of a beauty which was to subdue proud hearts; and early, too, if we believe her biographers, she manifested those extraordinary powers which have placed her in the first rank of female poets. Yet, though thus pre-eminent in her own time, how scanty is our knowledge of this incomparable Italian lady. Sismondi makes no mention of her name in his History of the Literature of Southern Europe. The little that is generally known has been gathered from casual remarks by Hallam, Roscoe, Robertson, Ranke, Duppe, M'Orlé, and other writers of less note.

\* In Chapter II., at p. 437, col. 2, line 24, for "producer" read "product."

Dr. Harford, in his recent biography of Michel Angelo, has appended a sketch of Vittoria's Life and Poetry; but this he has taken almost verbatim from the notice prefixed by Rota to the last edition of her works. Rota, in his turn, is mainly indebted to Giôvio, the historian, and the French encyclopædist, Bullart. Making use of these various materials, we shall sketch Vittoria's biography.

Amongst the most intimate friends of Fabrizio Colonna, father of Vittoria, was Don Alfonso, Marquis of Pescara, to whom a son was born the same year that Vittoria saw the light. Wishing to strengthen their friendship by the possession of common interests, Pescara proposed to Colonna that their children should be betrothed in marriage. Fabrizio consented, and this engagement was solemnly made when the children were not more than four years of age.

We do not hear much of Vittoria until she was sixteen. We are told that her parents bestowed much attention upon her education; and we must understand this word in no limited sense; for they educated both body and mind, and, most of all, her affections. What wonder, then, that when she came to womanhood, great lords and nobles crowded to her feet, irresistibly attracted by her learning; by the wit which prevented that learning from becoming pedantry; by her warmth of heart; and by the magic of her beauty.

Among other nobles who followed in her train, were the Dukes of Savoy and Braganza. Each made her an offer of marriage. To both, as to all other suitors, she made the same reply:—Her hand was not her own.

Vittoria was what, in modern times, would be spitefully called a "blue-stocking." She not only knew how to write her own language with correctness and grace, but had studied ancient literature, and was guilty of composing Latin verse. Some allowance must be made for this serious failing. In our own country, half a century nearer these more becoming times, the gentle Lady Jane Grey studied Plato in his own tongue; and Ascham declared that "there were not four persons in court or college" who knew Greek better than our Queen Elizabeth.

Italy has even greater cause to blush,

for, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Professor's Chair of Jurisprudence, at the University of Bologna, was filled by a woman, and no less than five women subsequently held the professorships of jurisprudence, philosophy, and mathematics at the same university!

The Marquis of Pescara died at the siege of Naples, in 1496, and his son succeeded to the ancestral honours when but an infant. As he grew up he became scarcely less an object of attraction than Vittoria. Brave, generous, and handsome, he was quite a cavalier of the good old time, when courage was not deemed another name for brute force. He could wield the pen as well as the sword, and would, as was the fashion of the young men of that day, address to his Vittoria sonnets à la Petrarca; or, like our own noble-hearted Montrose, sing:—

"But if thou wilt be constant, then,  
And faithful of thy word,  
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
And famous by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
Was never seen before,  
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee evermore."

The marriage of this "peerless couple," to use Rota's words, was celebrated, in 1507, with great pomp; the united ages of bride and bridegroom not exceeding thirty-four years. For a short time after the wedding they resided at Ischia, that "epitome of the whole earth," as Bishop Berkeley afterwards termed it.

But since 1490, that time, as we have said, of coming troubles, many events of the utmost importance had taken place in Italy. One French king, Charles VIII., had crossed the Alps, and having overruled the fair plains of the Peninsula, had overturned the power of the Medici at Florence, marched into the Eternal city, and pointed his cannon against the Castle of St. Angelo; had, moreover, compelled the Pope to capitulate, seized the crown of Naples, and, for a time, given laws to Italy, until the different states, united by a common danger, joined with the German emperor and Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain to drive out the intruder.

In 1500, Louis XII. also descended from the mountains, and in twenty days made himself master of the Duchy of Milan and the powerful re-

public of Genoa. Five years afterwards Louis made peace with the German emperor. Three later—that is the year after Vittoria's marriage—the celebrated League of Cambray was formed, by which Pope Julius II. united with the kings of France and Spain to crush the formidable state of Venice. Julius, having obtained his ends by means of this strong alliance, resolved to break with Louis and expel the French forces from the country.

Now was the time for every true man to rally round the standards of Italy and Spain. Pescara was not one to lag behind where duty or glory pointed the way. He had not passed his brief time of wedded happiness in slothful ease. Of him it may be as truly repeated, as was once said of the Emperor Vespasian, "*Nunquam minus otiosus quam cum otiosus erat ille.*"

At the age of twenty-one he had acquired a reputation, not merely for bravery, but for military skill, and was appointed General-in-chief of cavalry. In the following year, 1512, on the 11th of April, occurred the celebrated battle of Ravenna, in which, after a desperate struggle, the French won the day. This engagement is remarkable for the youth of two of the principal generals who commanded in it. Pescara was but twenty-two; while Gaston de Foix, nephew of the French king, was only one year older. The first was taken prisoner, together with his father-in-law, and the cardinal legate—de Medici, afterwards Leo X.; the latter was shot, while in the ardour of pursuit, by a Spanish harquebuisier. His death damped the joy of his countrymen in their hour of victory, and he carried to the grave the regrets of brave foes.

Pescara was taken to Milan; but was soon set free on the intercession of his maternal uncle, Triulzi.

During her husband's absence Vittoria lived at Naples, passing her time in reading the classics and writing poetry. She had but one theme for all her verse—her husband's praises; so that, says Bullart, "she seemed to be a new muse, destined to proclaim the renown of this great captain, and to inspire the praises which are ever due to warlike virtue." Even after Pescara had been released, the unsettled state of Italy demanded the constant presence of the General among his troops. It was only at distant

intervals that he could visit his wife. This absence was rendered more bearable by the frequent letters that passed between them, full of tenderest affection, and firm unshaken faith in each other's constancy.

We must now pass over some dozen years. In 1524 occurred the battle of Biagrasa, interesting chiefly on account of the death of the renowned Bayard, the "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*"

On the 24th of February, in the year following, was fought the famous battle of Pavia, where the valorous Francis "lost all, save honour." Pescara, on that occasion, contributed to the success of the Allies. He, himself, was wounded, though not seriously. The victory was by no means such an one as the Italians desired. It was too decisive. They were as much in the power of Germany after it, as before they had been at the mercy of France. They accordingly sought to detach Pescara from the imperial interests, by offering him the crown of Naples.

Whether Pescara did or did not accept the proffered honour; or whether, by a feigned assent, he made a treacherous use of treachery, we know how Vittoria acted. As soon as she had heard of the proposal she wrote to her husband, reminding him of his "wonted virtue, and with what reputation and renown he had advanced the glory of many kings; that not by the grandeur of kingdoms and titles was honour acquired, but by a life of virtue, which should pass unspotted to his descendants; that she did not desire to be the wife of a king, but rather of that great captain, who, not only in war by his valour, but also in peace by his generosity, had known how to conquer the greatest kings." This was about August or September, 1525. Towards the close of the year, Pescara became seriously indisposed. As he grew worse the physicians began to feel alarmed, and communicated their fears to their patient. He ardently longed to see his faithful wife before he died; but the prayer was not to be granted. His cousin and heir, the Marquis del Vasto (for he left no children) closed his eyes a few days after.

Vittoria no sooner heard of the serious illness of her husband than she set out from Naples. On her way

she passed through Rome, and there, and everywhere, was received with extraordinary honours. But when she had proceeded no farther than Viterbo, the fatal news reached her. The blow was terrible. She was no ordinary wife weeping for an ordinary husband. Hers was not such a loss as one year's tears and weeds would suffice to mourn. For a long time she refused to be comforted; and showed that, with all her high intellectual endowments, she had but a woman's heart, most tender, most true. At last she checked her grief, and—married the Duke of Braganza? By no means. She was still young, and very beautiful, and, moreover, famous in the world of letters. So, after a decent interval, princes and lords crowded around the widow, as, twenty years before, they had thronged around the maiden. Again they made her offers of marriage; but each and all she gently, though firmly, refused, saying, "My bright sun" (so she used always to call her husband) "although he is set to others, still lives and shines for me." For the first seven years of her widowhood Vittoria gave herself up to the study and the writing of sonnets in praise of her husband. There are not less than one hundred and twenty-five of these extant; and it cannot be denied that they manifest more real feeling than the famous sonnets of Petrarch. They are infinitely more genuine in their tone, and almost wholly free from the wearisome conceits which disfigure the poems of Laura's lover. Indeed, while it is still a matter of dispute whether the Beatrice of Dante, the Laura of Petrarch, and the "Donna" of Michel Angelo, are historical personages, there is no doubt that Vittoria's verses are not the result of ingenuity, but the offspring of deep affection, hallowed by the sense of loss. The following elegant epigram has been variously ascribed to Flaminio, Mosconi; but with more justice to Ariosto:—

"Non vivam sine, te mi Brute, exterrita  
dixit  
Portia, et ardentis sorbuit ore faces;  
A vale, te extincto, dixit Vittoria, vivam  
Perpetuo mœstas sic dolitura dies.  
Utraque Romana est, sed in hoc Vittoria  
major,  
Nulla delere potest mortua, viva dolet."

The same idea is brought out in the 112th of Vittoria's sonnets:—

"Beata lei, che con un fuoco estinse  
L'altro più interno, e dall'ardita Morte  
Fu'l martir lungo in sì brev'ora spento.  
Ma timor dell' eterne fè più corte  
Le pene sue; lo mio furor distrinse  
Maggior paura, e non minor tormento."

Yet, though thus bravely meeting sorrow, the mourner did not the less look forward to death as her only release, her best and truest friend. About this time she wrote three sonnets (Nos. 38, 39, and 40) on the death of the parents of Molza, who died on the same day:—

"Quanta invidia al mio cor, felici e rare  
Anime, porge il vostro ardente e forte  
Nodo, che l'ultime ore a voi di morte  
Fè dolci, che con sempre agli altri amare l'  
—Son. 38.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful sonnets Vittoria ever wrote, and that one which has been best rendered into English, is the 43rd, in Rota's collection, commencing—

"Parmi, che'l sol non porga illume usato."

The translator in this case is Mr. James Glassford, who, some twenty-five years ago, published "Lyrical Compositions from the Italian Poets":—

"Methinks the sun his wonted beams denies,  
Nor lends so fair light to his sister car;  
Methinks each planet mild, and lovely star,  
Has left its sweet course in the spangled  
skies:  
Fallen is the heart of noble enterprise,  
True glory perished, and the pride of war;  
All grace and every virtue faded are;  
The leaf is withered, and the flow'et dies;  
Unmoved I am, tho' earth and heaven invite,  
Warned by no ray, nor fanned if zephyr  
blow;  
All offices of Nature are deranged,  
Since the bright Sun that cheered me  
vanished so.  
The sources of the world have quite been  
changed;—  
Ah, no! but sorrow veils them from my  
sight."

"This beautiful sonnet," writes the Edinburgh Reviewer, "reminds us of some of those in the noble collection of Dedicatory Sonnets prefixed to the 'Faery Queene.' Vittoria is one of the best of the Italian sonneteers; and, in grave dignity, and the absence of conceits and epigrammatic turns, approaches nearly to the style of Wordsworth."—*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1835.

After a period of retirement, Vittoria again appeared in society, and her friendship was courted by the *literati* of that brilliant age. Among those

who could claim acquaintance with her, we find Martelli, Giovio the historian, Flaminio the poet, "whose Latin verses," says Hallam, "are often equal in beauty and purity to those of Tibullus himself." Castiglione wrote his *Cortigiano* greatly to please her. Bernardo Tasso she substantially befriended; for when he lost all his property in the political turmoils of that time, Vittoria gave him such assistance as called forth all his gratitude; and his more illustrious son was taught to look up to the gentle lady with heartfelt devotion. With Pietro Bembo she held frequent correspondence; while best known of all her friends was Ariosto himself, who, in the 37th canto of his *Orlando Furioso*, alludes to her as "another sun lightening the heavens":—

"Vittoria è il nome, e ben conviensi a nata  
Fra le vittorie; e a chi o vada, or stanzi,  
Di trofei sempre, e di trionfi ornata  
La Vittoria abbia seco o dietro, o innanzi."

Seven years Vittoria spent in writing these elegiacal sonnets. A great change then came over her. She began to doubt whether it was right to give up so much precious time to tears and sad memories. The cause of this change is ascertainable.

At this period Juan Valdez (or Valdeso), a Spanish nobleman holding office at Naples, exercised a powerful influence over the minds of those with whom he came in contact. He was one of those men who do much, without making any show. He studied theology, and became attached to simpler views than the Romish Church could offer. A perfect gentleman, a thorough scholar, endowed with excellent qualities of head and heart, it was no marvel that he won the affections of every one. His mingled gentleness and power made a vast impression upon Vittoria. By him she was taught to look with favour on the Reformation movement in Italy. At this time the Reformed doctrines had obtained a higher ascendancy in that country than they have ever since held. The Reformation was of a far more intellectual character there than in Germany. Consequently, while in the North the new doctrines were embraced by the peasantry, in the South they were adopted almost exclusively by the nobility and gentry, the *literati* and students at the universities. Hence it followed, that the teaching of Luther remains to

this day, and the lessons inculcated by the scholarlike Valdez have altogether died out of Italy.

Among Vittoria's leading friends at this time were the cardinals Contarini and Pole. The latter had left England in order to escape the displeasure of Henry VIII. for his conduct on the divorce question. Both Englishman and Italian had become acquainted with the main tenets of the German divines; but, unlike the Reformers, they viewed separation from Rome as the greatest calamity that could befall the Church, and were ready to give up any dogma for the sake of visible unity. Pole was Vittoria's spiritual guide. He watched her with the deepest solicitude, lest her love for Scriptural truth should induce her to secede from the Church of Rome; and about this time she joined one of those societies which, under the name of "*Oratories of Divine Love*," were accustomed to meet in the different Italian cities for "mutual edification, the worship of God, preaching, and the practice of spiritual exercises."

Among the most prominent characters of the period was Bernardino Ochino. A man of deep earnestness, his search after truth led him at first to become a Franciscan; but finding the discipline of that order not sufficiently strict, he joined the society of the Capuchins. Yet frequent fastings and severe penance did not satisfy him. Like Luther, his cell was the scene of many a desperate conflict with the powers of evil.

In Italy it was not, as in Germany, the custom for the regular clergy to preach. This duty was performed by the monks and friars. The chapters of the different orders chose such of their number as possessed the greatest powers of eloquence, and sent them to preach in the principal towns during Lent, which was the only time of the year when the people received religious instruction. Ochino had attained this highest reach of a monk's ambition. At each returning season of humiliation he addressed vast multitudes in one or other of the cities of Italy. Multitudes crowded to hear him. He caused the avaricious to become liberal; the proud he taught humility. He melted all hearts by the fire of his language. "That man," said Charles V., "would make the



stones weep." So great was his fame, that in 1538, four years after he had joined the Capuchin brotherhood, the people of Venice used every effort to induce him to preach in their city. Cardinal Bembo writes to Vittoria, begging her to exercise her great influence over Ochino for that purpose. Vittoria was successful; and, in one of Bembo's letters to the Marchioness, dated from Venice, February 23, 1539, he describes the effect which the friar had produced upon his hearers, and adds:—"From the whole city I send your Highness immortal thanks for the favour that you have done us; and I especially will ever feel obliged to you." And again, on the 14th April, he writes:—"Our Frate Bernardino, whom I desire henceforth to call mine as well as yours, is at present adored in this city. There is not a man or woman who does not extol him to the skies." Ochino did not, for some time, openly inculcate the Reformed doctrines. He left his hearers to draw their own conclusion. They could draw but one; and as the preacher waxed bolder in denouncing the infamous corruptions of Church as well as State, vague suspicions that the devout and revered brother was not quite sound ripened into certainty. Formal complaints were laid against him. These he answered with irresistible force. But soon after, while preaching at Venice, in 1542, he heard that one of his personal friends, a convert of Valdez, had been imprisoned for heresy. Then, when all the senators and principal persons of the city were present, he burst forth into impassioned exclamations: "To what purpose do we exhaust ourselves, if those, oh, noble Venice! queen of the Adriatic—if those who preach to you the Truth are to be thrown into prisons, thrust into cells, and loaded with chains and fetters? What place will be left to us? Oh that we had liberty to preach the Truth! How many blind, who now grope their way in the dark, would then be restored to light!"

Soon after this Ochino was summoned to Rome. He proceeded as far as Florence, but, finding that his death was resolved upon, he fled to Geneva, and there openly joined the Reformers, with whom he had long secretly sympathized.

Another of the notables of this time

was Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, and daughter of Louis XII. of France. From her kindness of heart, her superior accomplishments, her engaging manners, and her many virtues, she earned the honourable name of the "Good Duchess." In her early maiden life she had formed an intimacy with many of the leading Reformers who frequented the court of Margaret Queen of Navarre. After her marriage with Ercole II., Duke of Ferrara, she clung to the teaching of the French Reformers. But in Italy caution was needed. She invited to her court those who thought with her; but it was as *litterati* they came, and not as the expositors of ecclesiastical corruption. Upon the terrace of the ducal palace would often assemble a goodly company, intent upon one great subject. There might have been seen, sitting near the "Good Duchess," Olympia Morata, the most learned, and Julia Gonzaga, the most beautiful women of Italy. At their feet, gazing with large wondering eyes, would sit little Leonora d'Este, still a child, and not yet ripened into that perfect loveliness which Tasso found so fatal to his peace. There, too, grouped around these noble ladies, appeared the Cardinal Pole, with anxious face, full of dread, lest the poison of heresy should infect them, while Contarini strove to cheer his audience with hopes of a bright future. Carnesecchi, standing next to him, seemed already wearing the bright crown of victory, soon to be exchanged for fiery martyrdom. Stern and gloomy, John Calvin, known here as Charles Heppesville, knits his brows in anger at the temporising policy of Contarini and Pole. Valdez, too, is here, justly claiming the "grand old name of gentleman," as he smoothes away the half-uttered taunts of the uncompromising Genevan, doing what he can to mediate between him and Ochino, who, in burning words, carries the hearers with him, urging that the hour to break with Rome, decisively, has not yet arrived. Others there are of lesser note; Flaminio, the poet, and missionaries from the Waldenses, sent to visit their brethren on the hills of Italy. The homage of the company is divided between Renée and Vittoria, Marchioness of Pescara. The beauty of the latter still remains, albeit time and sorrow have dimmed

the brightness of her eye, and tinged her hair with grey. She is calm and resigned; full of earnest desire for the truth; listening reverently to all that is said, and pondering the words in her heart.\*

Looking back through three centuries upon those distinguished assemblies, we wonder how it was that so many refined minds, so many generous hearts, so many noble intellects, failed to produce a lasting influence upon the Italian mind. Was it that this people, so prone to gorgeous display, and all the "luxury of devotion," was naturally unfit for the severe austerity of Northern worship? or, was it that the Reformers of Italy were too refined, too intellectual, and not sufficiently endowed with the mental and physical strength of Luther?

We must retrace our steps. During Vittoria's seven years' sadness were probably written the whole of the 125 sonnets, placed by Rota in the first part of his edition. To this period doubtless belong the *Canzoni*, which Roscoe esteems above her sonnets; while subsequently must have been written the 212 "*Rime Spirituali*," and the "*Stanze*," of which the above-mentioned historian remarks, that in simplicity, harmony, and elegance of style, they equal the "productions of any of her cotemporaries, and in lively description and genuine poetry excel them all, excepting only those of the inimitable Ariosto." In the first-mentioned sonnets, and in the *Canzoni*, she dwells on the eventful life and noble actions of her husband.

In 1537 a friendship commenced which, more than any other circumstance, has handed Vittoria's name down through 300 years, and caused the general reader to have some knowledge, at least, of her history, even though he may be ignorant of her writings.

It was at Rome that Vittoria first saw Michel Angelo. She was then in her forty-seventh year, he in his sixty-fourth. This fact must preclude all ideas of a romantic attachment on the part of the great artist. We cannot look on this as another illustration of "the Loves of the Poets," but be

content with a more common-place view. And yet the affection which this "king of men" felt for our poetess was of no common sort. He looked up to her with reverence. His love for her was that of the artist. He loved her as we do not find he had loved any other woman. More than Laura was to Petrarch—even as Beatrice was to Dante—in his sonnets he makes frequent mention of Vittoria. Mr. Taylor has thus translated one of these:—

"If it be true that any beauteous thing  
Raises the pure and just desire of man  
From earth to God, th' Eternal fount of all;  
Such I believe my love; for, as in her  
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,  
I view the gentle work of her Creator,  
I have no care for any other thing  
Whilst thus I live. Nor is it marvellous,  
Since the effect is not of my own power,  
If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth,  
Enamoured through the eyes,  
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,  
And through them riseth to the primal love  
As to its end; and honours in admiring;  
For, who adores the Creator needs must  
love His work."

Though Angelo's writings often partake of the obscurity of the other great Italian poets, so that it is not always easy to determine whether he is speaking of an abstraction, there can be no doubt that in this case he does refer to an actual person. The last line proves it. In a sonnet translated by Dr. Harford, he speaks of Vittoria as embodying those æsthetic ideas which all his life long he had been striving to express. In another he speaks of painful doubts, which he beseeches her to solve—

"I, lady, to your sacred penmanship  
Present the blank page of my troubled mind,  
That you, in dissipation of my doubts,  
May on it write how my benighted soul  
Of its desired end may not so fail  
As to incur at length a fatal fall.  
Be you the writer, who have taught me how  
To tread by fairest paths the way to heaven."

The same year that Vittoria became acquainted with Angelo she formed the design of visiting Jerusalem. From this she was dissuaded by her cousin, the Marquis Del Vasto. In 1541 she determined to retire into a convent, and joined a sisterhood at Orvieto. Thence, a few months after, she re-

\* We are partly indebted to the authoress of "*Sketches of Christian Life*" for the above description.

moved to the convent of Santa Caterina, at Viterbo, this being the town where she first heard the sad tidings of her husband's death. Towards the end of 1546 Vittoria returned from Viterbo to Rome, and took up her residence at the convent of Sta-Anna. At the beginning of 1547 she became seriously ill, and was removed to the palace of Giuliano Cesarini. She rapidly grew worse. On the 15th February, she made her will,\* and very shortly after her gentle spirit rejoined the spirit of him whom she had so long loved and lost.

Mr. Landor, in his very beautiful *Imaginary Conversation* between Vittoria and Michel Angelo, has made Vittoria say, "When death approaches me, be present, Michel Angelo, and shed as pure tears on this hand as I did on the hand of Pescara."

"Madonna!" replied Angelo, "they are these, they are these! Endure them now rather! Merciful God! grant me to behold her at that hour, not in the palace of a hero, not in the chamber of a saint, but from thine everlasting mansions!"

The prayer was not granted. During the last moments of her life

Angelo came to her bedside, and kissed the hand that was now well nigh cold.

Those who live long learn to be out of love with life. Angelo had worked hard through a protracted existence, and had received but little emolument or honour. In his eighty-second year, his aged and faithful servant, Urbino, died. The old man sat with him night and day, and tended him in his last illness. He, himself, lived seven years longer, and expired, February 17th, 1563.

Some idea of the great popularity of Vittoria's writings may be gathered from the commendatory notices which Rota has attached to them. Many of these are by contemporaries, and all speak almost extravagantly of her powers, calling her divine and God-like. More than this. While the first edition of her poems appeared in 1538, a second was published in 1539, a third in 1540, a fourth in 1544, a fifth and sixth in 1548, a seventh in 1552, and three more in the same century. Since then editions have been published in 1692 and 1698, and in 1760, this being Rota's, and we believe the last.

#### THE EUPHRATES VALLEY RAILWAY.†

No other dominion has advanced so rapidly and steadily as that of steam. By sea, it has altered our principles of maritime warfare, and in peace, reduced contingent to certain calculations. By land, it has associated nation with nation, and replaced weeks by hours in periods of transit. It is hard, indeed, to determine whether our advance during the last forty years has been more rapid in point of railways or steam-ships. In Germany the

"eilwagen" is no more, and in France the "diligence" is nearly extinct. Coaches in England have shared the same fate; but the difference has been, perhaps, least striking amongst ourselves, in consequence of the perfection to which coach-travelling had been carried, since the vehicles established between London and York in the age of Queen Anne boasted of unrivalled celerity when performing the distance in four days. Not thirty

\* Vittoria bequeathed 10,000 crowns to Pole, which he refused to accept. He ordered it to be added to the fortune of the Marchioness's niece, when she married Don Garcia.

† 1. *European Interests in Railways in the Valley of the Euphrates*. By Count Edward de Warren. Translated from the *Revue Contemporaine*. London: Effingham Wilson. 1857.

2. *London to Lahore; or, Euphrates, Scinde, and Punjab Railways*. London: Effingham Wilson. 1857.

3. *Routes to the East: a Letter to Viscount Palmerston, by an Old Indian*. Spottiswoode, London. 1857.

4. *Cheap Railroads for India and the Colonies, in connexion with the Traction Engine and Endless Railway*. London: Effingham Wilson. 1857.

years ago, it was a fortnight's weary journey to Vienna; we can now reach it in forty-eight hours. The outward and homeward voyage between this country and America then occupied several months, and the outward and homeward voyage between this country and India a year. We can now steam to America in ten or twelve days, and to India, with the aid of a European railway, in a month.

It may seem surprising that with these rapid strides in steam communication we should not have sooner established railways in Asia. Our steamers have nearly circumnavigated the globe; sixteen years ago they ascended the Chinese rivers on a hostile expedition. But Indian railways, and railways connecting the Levant with the Indian Ocean, have hitherto remained a dream. Nor does it seem likely that we shall profit, in an appreciable degree, even by the leisure we have given ourselves for maturing our schemes, since it would be difficult to conceive a greater amount of ignorance and contradiction than what still prevails among the authors and promoters of railway communication in India and the west of Asia. The pamphlets whose titles we cite illustrate this. Each of these publications conflicts with the others; each advocates the peculiar hobby of its author with a pertinacity which is amusing.

The cause of this delay in the extension of railways to the East is of a two-fold nature. The European nations possessing the necessary wealth have been occupied with railway speculation in their own territories. There are at this day but three countries in Northern Europe—Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; and but three countries in Southern Europe—Spain, Portugal, and Greece (for we except Turkey, as a semi-Asiatic state), that have not an extensive ramification of railways. These lines have absorbed the treasure, and burnt the fingers of many of the capitalists who have engaged in them. Our present railway economics present but a dismal prospect, indeed, to those who meditate the extension of our financial failures into the eastern hemisphere. Nevertheless, the general spirit of reorganization which prevails, with regard both to the direct and incidental relations of India, is, for the present, too strong to be overpowered by ad-

verse experiences at home. We assume, therefore, that the progress, if not the completion, of some one of these railway schemes in the East is inevitable; and we shall, consequently, attempt to point out the evils and the advantages which the plans already struck out respectively present.

Three distinct classes of communication have been devised with a view either to bring India into an approximation with this country, or to centralize its government. We state, as the first of these, the lines of railway by which it is proposed to traverse Western Asia, and connect the European with the Indian Seas. Two of these projects have assumed a certain definite form. They are—the Euphrates Valley Railway, which is mapped to cross Northern Syria, and follow the course of the river, and the railway designed from Constantinople to the Indus, over Asia Minor and Persia, through Trebizond, Teheran, and Herat. The second of these classes of communication with the East consists of the two projected canals—the one designed to connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, from the Gulf of Suez to the Bay of Pelusium, and the other to connect it with the Euphrates, from the nearest navigable point of the river to the port of Seleucia (or Suedia), at the north-east corner of the Levant. The third class consists of railways for the Indian territory itself.

We shall deal with the Euphrates Valley Railway alone. We view it as the most important, and (with the exception of the Suez Canal) the most practicable of the schemes. We dismiss the others with the remark, that while the question of purely Indian railways is at present premature, the railway from Constantinople to the Indus is permanently impracticable, in consequence of the immense distance to be traversed, and the canal from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean has been nearly abandoned by its originators, from the physical difficulties of the soil. There remains, therefore, but the scheme of the Suez Canal.

The design of the Euphrates Valley Railway had its origin in the expedition of General Chesney, so long ago as the year 1830. That enterprising officer proceeded to the East, in the first instance, without any authority,

to discover the shortest route between this country and India. He had hardly, however, reached the Euphrates when illness prevented him from following the caravan which he had joined. This incident diverted his survey from the land to the river. Having induced the Arabs to build him a raft, he descended the Euphrates with a view of ascertaining its practicability for navigation. The crew consisted of the General, his servant, an interpreter, and three Arabs. So jealous were the latter of encroachment, that General Chesney was compelled to make secret soundings by means of a pole attached to the after part of the raft, at which he took post under pretext of steering her. Thus his investigations commenced. In 1836 he re-ascended the Euphrates in a steamer from the Persian Gulf; and he has since diverted his inquiry to the question of communication by land.

It is necessary, in the first instance, to state with precision what the scheme of the Euphrates Valley Railway actually is. This railway then is designed to run from Seleucia, at the mouth of the Orontes, and at the north-east of the Levant, either to Bassorah, at the mouth of the Euphrates, and on the Persian Gulf, or to Kurnah, some thirty miles from the mouth of the river, and the highest point at which the Euphrates is navigable for vessels of the greatest draught. The distance from Seleucia to Kurnah is computed at 771 miles, inclusive of the curves of the projected line. From its terminus, on the Mediterranean, the railway will cross the plateau of Aleppo to the nearest point of the Euphrates, opposite Kalat Jaber. The distance from Seleucia to Kalat Jaber is estimated by Sir John Macneill, the engineer of the company, at about 125 miles; but it is thought not improbable that the deviations from the direct track will increase the length of the line to 150. From this point the railway is designed to follow the general course of the Euphrates, although it will avoid the innumerable sinuosities of the stream, and thereby save nearly 200 miles in the course pursued by the navigators of the Euphrates itself.

The course from Seleucia to Kalat Jaber presents the first section of the line; and for this section only have the company as yet obtained a firman from the Porte. The exertions of Lord Stratford and General Chesney have been directed in vain to the extension of these powers. It is true that a concession of the whole line would have been made somewhat after the fashion of the mediæval grant by the Papacy to the Spanish court, of the Atlantic Ocean within certain longitudes. The Porte would have been conceding what it is not actually in their power to grant. The authority of the Sultan, always feeble in the region of the Euphrates, is now reduced there to a zero which represents no more than titular sovereignty.

What, therefore, is commonly termed the "Euphrates Valley Railway scheme," presents two distinct questions. We have, first, the ideal line stretching across Northern Syria, from Seleucia to the Euphrates, for which the permission of the Sultan has been given, and where the authority of the Sultan is respected. We have, secondly, the ideal line, in continuation of that railway, stretching along the "valley" of the Euphrates, for which the permission of the Sultan has *not* been given, and where his authority is *not* respected. The former involves 150 miles of railway; the latter about 620. At present, therefore, in the strict sense of the term, there is no question of a Euphrates Valley Railway at all. The company are organizing themselves, and preparing to commence their labours, without any assurance that they will obtain a firman for the longer portion of the route, or that (in the event of their obtaining it) they will find a prolongation of the railway practicable.\*

As we are compelled to charge the company with temerity on other grounds, it is the more necessary to observe that the success of their experiment does not *necessarily* depend upon the practicability of a continuation of the line along the course of the Euphrates. If they should be unable to continue the railway, they will cling to the alternative of navigating the river by steamers. A firman, con-

\* The term, "Euphrates Valley," is, in itself, inaccurate. The river passes through a region, for the most part an extensive flat. We do not, however, insist on this inaccuracy, and accept the designation offered.

ferring upon the British Government and the East India Company the right of permanent navigation on the Euphrates, was issued many years ago. But it is, nevertheless, impossible to acquit the Railway Company of a certain suicidal leap in the dark. They have assumed the navigable character of the Euphrates without accurate information on the subject.

It appears that the Euphrates Railway Company have fallen into the extraordinary error of taking the survey and soundings of General Chesney, in 1830-31, and in 1836, as a test of the navigable character of the river at present. In this fatal inaccuracy they are followed by a shoal of pamphleteers, who write in ignorance. They assume that, in consequence of General Chesney having sounded a depth of at least ten feet in 1830, during the expedition which we have described, there exists at least the same depth now. Mr. Andrew, more especially, the chairman of the Company, writes a letter to Lord Palmerston to that effect. For errors of this kind there is less surprise to be expressed when they emanate from harmless pamphleteers, than when they proceed from speculators about to invest millions sterling.

The fact, however, undoubtedly is—and our assertion will be acknowledged by every inquiring traveller in those regions to be true—that the depth of the Euphrates has diminished, as probably the depth of no other river in the world has diminished, during the last twenty years. It seems as though the prediction in the Apocalypse were to be literally realized, and that “the waters of the great river Euphrates” were about to be “dried up.” This change is not the result of natural causes—if, indeed, it were, the phenomenon would be inexplicable; but it is simply the result of a cessation of the artificial system by which the river had been kept within what may be presumed to be its original bed. This change is the immediate result of the reforms which took place during the reign of Sultan Mahmoud, after the battle of Navarino. Under the mediæval system of the Ottoman empire, which had been continued until that day, the governors of provinces were invested with very large powers of local administration, while their individual interests

were bound up with the cultivation and prosperity of their several provinces. Under the present system, the local governors have no such powers or interests. It is one of the many results of this complete administrative change, that the banks of the Euphrates are now neglected, and that the inundations which skill and labour no longer attempt to restrain have greatly affected the depth of what has been termed the navigable channel of the river. Far from possessing a minimum depth of ten feet, it is now in many places almost fordable.

This result appears to us to complete the desolation of the Euphrates. In the Babylonian age, the depth of the river and the fertility of the soil were maintained by a vast expenditure. There are now neither the men nor the money for a restoration of that fertility. The question, therefore, of an improvement in the navigation of the Euphrates is, in our view, one of the most practical and important in the whole of this scheme. Far be it from us to decide it, and to assert that the Euphrates is not susceptible of navigation. The presumption, indeed, lies the other way. But, waiving this, as a physical or engineering difficulty of no extraordinary magnitude, it is, nevertheless, of no light importance as a matter of money. The simple problems we propound to Mr. Andrew and his colleagues are—What is to be the original cost of restoring the banks of the Euphrates? What, also, is to be the consequent and annual cost of maintaining them? What is the extent of the probability that it will be easy to organize an effective administration for this purpose, if we assume the scheme of a continued line of railway along the Euphrates abandoned, in consequence of an invincible hostility on the part of the Arab tribes?

It is possible the company may design the navigation of the Euphrates either by flat-bottomed vessels, or vessels of light draught. We apprehend that a recourse to this expedient would materially affect the rapidity of transit. It would, in a still greater degree, trench upon the comfort of the passengers. Nor is this all. Time and convenience would again be lost in a fresh trans-shipment. At Kurnah,

or at Bassorah, there would be a new "turn-out" of the passengers and the goods destined for India. This, in fact, would be the event, whether the Euphrates could be restored to its navigable condition in 1830 or not. The steamers capable of crossing the Indian Ocean in security, would not, probably, be capable, in either case, of ascending the Euphrates so far as Kalat Jaber.

It is impossible, therefore, to see in what other object than that of time, the passage by the Euphrates (unless the railway be completed) can compete with the existing and established passage by the Isthmus of Suez. The railway from Alexandria to Cairo is already completed—it will soon be extended to Suez. By this route there will then be but two distinct modes of transit between India and the Mediterranean—the railway from Alexandria to Suez, and the steamer from Suez to Bombay or Kurrachee. By the Euphrates route there would be at least three modes of transit—the railway from Seleucia to the Euphrates, the river steamer, or flat-bottomed vessel, from thence to Kurnah, and the ship-transit from Kurnah to Kurrachee. We have already said that the riverain expedition, by way of the Euphrates, will be encountered under a great sacrifice of personal comfort, in consequence of the smallness of the vessels navigating the stream. It is also to be borne in mind that the heat of the Euphrates is often as intolerable as the heat of the Red Sea, although the former lies in a less southerly latitude. It must be acknowledged, however, that the periods of extreme heat, by these two routes, do not always coincide, and that at certain seasons the passage by the Euphrates may be preferred to the passage by the Red Sea.

It is then, in point of time only, that an appreciable advantage can be gained by the proposed route, if the continuation of the railway to the Persian Gulf be abandoned. The calculations which have appeared on this head are very inexact. Mr. Andrew has asserted that by this route we may travel from London to Kurrachee in fifteen days. This computation entirely depends on the completion of the railway—an event which Mr. Andrew can by no means insure. It allows *three* days for the journey be-

tween London and Trieste, *five* for the voyage between Trieste and Seleucia, *two* for the journey to Bassorah, and *five* for the voyage to Kurrachee. No allowance, however, is made either for trans-shipment, or for the contingency that the river voyage may be substituted for the projected continuation of the railway. In the former event, if we take into account the contingency of heavy storms, the passage from London to Kurrachee will scarcely be made, on an average, under twenty days, nor, in the latter event, under twenty-four; for the windings of the Euphrates, between Kalat Jaber and the Persian Gulf, are computed to extend over 900 miles.

When the Egyptian railroad is complete, we shall be able to pass from London to Suez, on the Red Sea, within the time required for the passage between London and Kalat Jaber, on the Euphrates. Thus it may be assumed that the saving of time, by way of the Euphrates, will not exceed ten days, under the event of the continuation of the "Valley Railway," and that it will not exceed six days if that railway be not continued to Bassorah. It is for the speculators in the Euphrates Valley Railway to determine whether these advantages are likely to countervail the discomforts, to surmount the difficulties, and remunerate the expenditure, of this mode of transit.

So far we have chiefly dealt with the contingency that the continuation of the line beyond Kalat Jaber may be found impracticable. It is not easy to censure in too strong terms the imprudence of those who have made themselves prominent in this scheme without full inquiry. The self-complacency of Mr. Andrew is certainly not a little amusing. This gentleman tells us, in his recent publication, that the favourable nature of the country implies "that Providence had marked it out as a highway for the nations." Mr. Andrew does not add that the extremely unfavourable character of the population implies the reverse. We shall assume that the existing difficulties may not prove insurmountable, and shall glance at the means by which the entire line of railway is to be executed and maintained.

In the first place the capital of the company is quite unequal to the requirements of the first section of the

line between Seleucia and the Euphrates. That capital consists of no more than £1,000,000. Now the line between Seleucia and Antioch is calculated to cost, in construction, nearly £9,000 per mile. The distance is ninety miles, and the charge, accordingly, £810,000. The remaining distance, from Aleppo to the Euphrates, is sixty miles, and the average estimate £6,000 per mile, or £360,000. The total is £1,170,000. In addition to this charge, we have to take into account the expense of engines, carriages, &c., and the floating capital required for the working of the line. And, although the above are the careful estimates of Sir John Macneill, it is impossible to overlook the fact, that nearly every railway that has yet been constructed has greatly exceeded its original estimate.

But this is not all. The purchase of land has found no place in these calculations. Much misconception has prevailed on this head. Count de Warren has maintained that the Ottoman Porte "has undertaken to pass a law, at its own expense, to give possession to the company of all private property that may be on the line." (p. 12). This is not correct. The Porte does no more for the Euphrates Company than an Act of Parliament does for an English one. The company are enabled to insist upon their possession of the requisite land, but they are bound to indemnify the proprietors. It is to be observed that M. de Warren qualifies his statement by saying that "the Ottoman Government has made a gratuitous grant to the Euphrates Valley Railway Company of all the lands *belonging to the State* which lie immediately along that portion (*i. e.*, the first) of the line." It may be true that the Porte has surrendered the strip of land necessary for a construction of the railway; but to assert that it has given the founders of the speculation the "crown lands" (to use a term of our own), through which they may choose to make the railway, is to assert an absurdity. Moreover, a great proportion of this territory is in the hands of the Mosques, and there is no doubt that the sacerdotal fraternity of Islam, true to the established character of aggregate corporations, will extort the uttermost farthing. Besides this expenditure, the company have two additional classes of works to com-

plete and defray; and for neither of these do they appear to have made any provision. We allude, first, to the restoration of the banks of the Euphrates, which, in a certain degree, is essential; and secondly, to the formation of two harbours—the one at Seleucia, the other at Bassorah. It is true that the Porte has undertaken to meet the expense of the former; their fulfilment of this obligation is, however, a matter of doubt; and with regard to the necessary harbour at the entrance to the Persian Gulf, there is no probability that either the Porte or the East India Company would contribute to its construction.

Now, it is obvious that, unless the Euphrates Railway Company can establish a steam passage—either by land or water—along the Euphrates, their line of railway to Kalat Jaber will prove abortive; and unless they undertake, at least, a large share in the expense, incident to a continuation of the route wherever their line of rails terminates, they will not find any company willing to undertake the water-passage. To construct a railway from Seleucia to the Euphrates, in the expectation that some new company about to start into life may undertake to render the Euphrates navigable, and build a capacious harbour at Bassorah, would be absolutely suicidal. We must see, therefore, in the first place, that a corresponding company is established before we buy a foot of ground; we must next estimate the expenditure involved in these additional works; and we must agree upon an equitable division of the burden.

It may be gravely doubted, consequently, whether the company will be able to construct their line to Kalat Jaber, and encounter its incidental expenses, under a cost of between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000.

But, in regard to the entire line, we readily acknowledge that, if the *moral* difficulties be surmounted, the *physical* difficulties will not be great. Scarcely any tunnelling will be required. From the shore of the Mediterranean the ascent, towards the high plain of Aleppo, is so gradual as to present an incline of but about 100 inches to the mile. Between Aleppo and the Persian Gulf the corresponding *decline* has been calculated, by M. Falkowsky, a Polish engineer of no mean ability, at



not more than eighty inches to the mile.

The expense of the whole line of railway is estimated at above £5,000,000. The completion of the line would dispense with the necessity of improving the navigation of the river; and it is probable that a new company would relieve the proprietors of the railway from much of the expense involved in the construction of a harbour at Basorah, when the latter had completed the communication between the Levant and the Persian Gulf. Assuming the practicability either of a railway along the Euphrates, or an improvement in the navigation of the river, we feel disposed to regard the complete railway as the more remunerative speculation of the two.

We have said that the moral difficulty in this scheme outweighs the physical. What we here allude to, is the character of the populations through which this line must pass. Between Seleucia and the Euphrates we have anticipated no difficulty on this head. But beyond the first section of the line, civilization and centralized government are replaced by the wild and uncertain influence of nomadic tribes, who overawe the settled inhabitants and defy the power of the Turkish Pashas. The concordat which is to be drawn up between the Company and "the powers that be," must, therefore, be framed, not so much by Lord Stratford at Constantinople, as by General Chesney, with the separate sheikhs, somewhat after the fashion of William Penn's treaty with the Indians. It is clear that, if we are to construct a railway, and run passenger-trains, we must first guard against the danger of hostile irruptions. Otherwise we must send a body of troops to protect our "navvies," as though we were about "to trench a field or cast a rampart." This alternative is not to be entertained; for if we require troops to protect the construction of the railway, we shall require them for its working. We could not, in that case, insure the safety of a single train; passengers would be robbed in order to supply clothing for the Arabs; and our young ladies who go out to India in a hope of finding husbands, would not desire to be carried off by the sheikhs of the wandering families. It is by Turkey alone that these troops could be sup-

plied: it is quite certain that Turkey is too poor and indifferent to the enterprise to supply them, if she be compelled also to support them; and it is equally certain that the revenues of the Railway Company would be unequal to the defrayal of such a charge.

It must be remembered, at the same time, that the formation of a mercantile passage in the abstract, between England and India by way of the Euphrates, can be no chimera, inasmuch as it is no new route. Prior to the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope, this was the recognised passage of British and Italian merchants. The Euphrates was then regularly navigated by a fleet of boats in the service of the passing merchants. Such was the condition of Anglo-Indian overland transport in the sixteenth century. But from some cause or other, the system in vogue during the age of Elizabeth is no more tolerable in the age of Victoria than it would be if man had declined in the interval from the condition of an octo-centenarian patriarch to a miserable being of three score and ten. He has no notion, in these days, of floating down the Euphrates in a boat as his ancestors did aforetime; though his ordinary longevity is not probably less, and his time, therefore, is presumptively not more valuable.

It is the object of these observations, however, to show that, as the hostile disposition of the Arabs has not perceptibly changed during the three intervening centuries, so the dangers arising from that cause are not greater at this day. We admit that the dangers presented by this transit are not likely, *in the abstract*, to deter those who are in the pursuit of gain. But it remains a very different question whether they will encounter those dangers to save a week or ten days, when the passage by the Red Sea is already open.

This, in our view, is the gist of the difficulty with which the Euphrates Valley Railway Company has to contend. Until some solution of it shall be found, the scheme must rest a mere commercial idea. What is most surprising is, that no attempt has been made, among all the publications that have appeared upon the subject, to grapple with it in direct terms. Every reference to the character of the tribes that we have read has consisted of an

attempt vaguely to depreciate the difficulty. It is, of course, quite possible that it may have been overstated. But what, in that case, is required, is a clear statement of the particulars in which it is so overstated, and the grounds upon which the assumption of exaggeration is based. What is required, not less, is an equally explicit view of the manner in which the difficulty, be it what it may, is to be surmounted.

Thus far we have endeavoured to argue this question from three separate points of view. We have dealt, first, with the navigation of the Euphrates, in the event of a discontinuation of the line beyond Kalat Jaber; we have glanced, secondly, at the physical labour involved in the complete railway; and we have adverted, thirdly, to the moral difficulties to be encountered in the character of the population. There remain a few other considerations to be entertained. We will suppose this railway, in spite of all these obstacles, to be complete. We have to inquire, what is the nature and extent of the traffic by which the shareholders are to be remunerated?

From one of the works which we have cited above, we make the following quotation, with respect to passenger traffic:—

"The traffic of passengers on the Euphrates Valley Railway may be computed at 125,000 per annum between Suedia and Feludja, and between Feludja and Bassora at 250,000. The Euphrates Valley Railway being the most direct and convenient route from Europe to India, and *vice versa*, would most certainly be chosen by passengers who now take the mail by way of the Red Sea and Lower Egypt; and as it would connect the towns of Aleppo, Bagdad, and Bassora, whose fairs are renowned in the East, and numerously attended by the wandering tribes of the country, they would prefer this mode of conveyance to a long journey on the back of a camel."—*European Interests, &c.*, p. 24.

What this author relies on for a remunerative traffic is, not the continuous intercourse of ordinary life, but such casual events as fairs and pilgrimages. It is to be presumed that the fair at Bassorah is held annually; nor can the pilgrimages be frequent. He calculates the annual number of passengers according to the number frequenting fairs and pilgrimages on these occasions. The

fallacy is obvious. Such great concourses of Asiatics require to be at certain places on or about the same day. Now the average traffic on one part of the line is stated to be 250,000 a-year, or about 700 a-day; and on the other part, only 125,000 a-year, or 350 a-day. If this average is so largely drawn from the assemblages of people passing on special occasions, probably the ordinary traffic would be but 200 and 100 a-day, respectively. Is it likely that a railway, accommodating itself to this insignificant every-day traffic, would be capable of accommodating itself to the enormous demands of the fairs and pilgrimages?

Now the remunerativeness of this railway depends upon four classes of conditions. The expense of its construction and maintenance; the traffic of passengers in transit between Europe and India; the local passenger traffic of Asiatics; and the traffic in the produce of the countries through which the line is to pass. Let us glance at each of these means of remuneration in turn.

First, then, with regard to the expense of construction and maintenance. This is still almost wholly unascertained. It may be divided into three heads: the physical labour, the acquisition of materials, and purchase of the land; the annual expense of working the line; and the *indirect* expense of payments to the wandering tribes, in consideration of their protection or forbearance. The calculation of £5,000,000 for the expense of construction, does not include the purchase of land, nor touch on the contingency, that the railway may be compelled to share in the construction of one of the two necessary harbours. If the total original expense were £10,000,000—for with these inaccurate data we can hardly rely on a smaller sum—the ordinary interest would alone trench on the profits to the extent of £500,000 a-year. The company will then have to defray the annual expense of maintenance, which has not yet been computed, and the expense of tribute to the Arabs, which it would be difficult to compute at all.

Secondly, with regard to European passenger traffic, if the railway be completed, and worked in security, the company may expect to convey a

great proportion of the passengers, not simply between Great Britain and India, but between China and the rest of Europe. The British residents in India, and the European mercantile community on the Chinese waters, will frequent this course. Nevertheless, we question whether such a traffic can be expected to form a large item of revenue. It may be gravely doubted whether the traffic at present maintained across the isthmus of Suez, would go far to support 800 miles of railway. And it is certain that the traffic by the Euphrates will at any rate be less than that now maintained by the isthmus, inasmuch as that traffic would thenceforth be divided between the two means of transit.

It must be borne in mind, also, that there never can be such a highway between Europe and Asia, as there exists between Europe and America, or between Europe and Australia. To the west or to the south we are still busy colonizing. In those regions we have a perpetual mart for our surplus population.

It would be desirable to possess a summary of the annual number of European passengers by the overland route to and from the Eastern seas. We are not aware that such a summary has been published in connexion with the present scheme; and we advert to this deficiency as one of the many instances of incomplete data on which the projectors of the company attempt to form public opinion. We incline to believe that no extensive reliance can be placed upon this source of revenue.

Thirdly, we have to consider the question of local traffic among the Asiatics. The public mind has been greatly misled on this question. Mr. Andrew describes the route as thronged with populous towns. If it had been so, there need hardly have been any apprehension of the wandering Arabs. The truth is the reverse. There are, no doubt, not very infrequent congregations of huts. These are populous cities in the fertile imagination of Mr. Andrew! It happens that this people are not habituated to locomotion, and, if they were so habited, are probably too poor for railway travelling, on a remunerative scale of fares. We suspect, therefore, that the ordinary travelling by railway on the part of Asiatics, will prove very

slight; and we have already shown that the machinery of the company can hardly be such as to provide for the masses that may throng the route on special occasions. On neither ground, therefore—neither as respects Europeans nor Asiatics—can we look for extensive passenger traffic.

The fourth consideration—that of commerce in goods—remains for discussion. On this question we have to deal, first, with the traffic of goods between Europe and India.

We apprehend that the only transit commerce that can be established by means of this railway, is a commerce in small and perishable goods. With an equally convenient passage by way of the Red Sea, we find that nearly the whole of the merchandise shipped from India is sent by way of the Cape, in order to avoid the labour of transshipment. It cannot, therefore, be anticipated, that this route will be adopted for goods, which neither deteriorate by a sea-voyage, nor are of small compass. The bulk of our merchandise will then pass, as heretofore, by way of the Cape.

What are the inland products of this district of Asia which may be carried for exportation by the railway?

The *Revue Contemporaine* asserts that "the annual export [from Bassorah] under the British flag, for Bombay alone, amounts to 9,000 tons, and is valued at £80,000." The translator of this essay maintains, that "when Mr. Barker (H. M. Vice-Consul at Suedia) sent his last report to the Foreign Office, in 1856, there were 50,000 quarters of wheat lying at various places eastward of Aleppo, for which means of transport could not be found."—"The city of Bassorah," says the *Revue* itself, "contains 50,000 inhabitants; but from its favoured position, being in the centre of the Babylonian Delta, and its proximity to the Euphrates, still retains its commercial importance, and is the outlet for all Babylonian produce—dates, grain, rice, cotton, buffalo skins, wools, and Arab horses."—"In exchange for these exports, Bassorah receives tobacco, sugar, wrought iron, indigo, furnished by the English merchants in India, and coffee, which is its principal article of import; for it is estimated that at least fifty vessels laden with this commodity enter the port annually."—"The traffic between Bag-

dad and Bassorah," says the last-mentioned writer, "may be computed at about 3,000 tons per annum."—"Babylonia, moderately cultivated, would yield more grain than the entire of France. Whatever the actual state of the case may be, it is certain that the present population of Babylonia could grow, without very much effort, 500,000 quarters of wheat for exportation. This would afford about 140,000 tons for conveyance by the railway towards the Mediterranean."—"The little town of Antioch alone, from the information of the English consul, imports to the Mediterranean 15,000 tons, and exports 8,000. Aleppo imports 34,000 tons, and exports 20,000."

We do not rely on these as accurate data; but we make them from the most reliable of the writings that have lately appeared on this subject. That extensive commerce prevails in the regions watered by the Euphrates is not to be questioned. But it is worth inquiry, whether the commerce that is at present conveyed by the Euphrates, by way of the Persian Gulf, would not still be conveyed by that river? River communications will be cheaper and easier for such goods as are commonly measured in tons, while time is often of slight importance. So far,

however, as the opening of a mode of transit between the Euphrates and the Levant is concerned, the railway, undoubtedly, could have no competitor.

We have endeavoured to deal with this interesting question in its principal relations. Our readers, if they follow our reasoning, will acknowledge that the Euphrates Valley Railway is a highly complicated project, through which we can at present by no means see our way. What, however, has chiefly been our aim is, to point out the deficiency of public knowledge on this subject; and to suggest the most important points of immediate inquiry. The company have first to ascertain what will be the actual expense of construction; they have next to calculate, far more closely than they have done, what will be their annual returns for traffic. They have, thirdly, to devise means which shall associate, if possible, the interests of the Nomad tribes with the prosperity of the railway. They have, lastly, in default of success in such an endeavour, to ascertain at what cost the Euphrates can be rendered navigable for vessels of moderate draught. The scheme of the Euphrates Railway, until these questions can be solved, must remain a political and commercial problem.

## THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

### CHAPTER VII.

TRIAL BY COMBAT IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, A.D. 1583. SIR JOHN PERROTT APPOINTED VICEROY. PROPOSITION TO MAKE ATHLONE THE METROPOLIS OF IRELAND. EXPENSES OF PERROTT'S HOUSEHOLD. ESCAPE OF HUGH O'DONNELL FROM THE CASTLE. VICEROYALTY OF SIR WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM, ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX, AND LORD MOUNTJOY.

THE following contemporary description has been preserved, of a trial by combat, held in the Castle of Dublin, in 1583, between two gentlemen of the clan O'Connor, of Offaly—the appellant, named Tadhg Mac Gilla Patric O'Connor, and the defendant, Con Mac Cormac O'Connor:

"One of these appealed, and charged the other for sundry treasons in the late rebellion, and which could have no other trial but by combat, which was granted unto them. Whereupon, according to the laws and orders of England for a combat to be tried, all things were prepared, the day, time, and place appointed; and, according to the same, the lords justices, the judges, and the privy councillors, came and sat in the place appointed for the same, every man in his degree and calling. And

then the court was called, and the appellant or plaintiff was brought in before the face of the court, being stripped unto his shirt, having only his sword and target, which were the weapons appointed, and when he had done his reverence and duty to the lords justices and to the court, he was brought to a stool set in one of the ends within the lists, and there sat. After him was the defendant brought in, in the like manner and order, and with the like weapons, and when he had done his duty and reverence to the lords justices and to the court, he was brought to his chair, placed in the other end of the lists. Then were their actions and pleadings openly read, and then the appellant was demanded whether he would aver his demand or not? who, when he had affirmed that he would, the party defendant was likewise asked whether he would confess the action, or

stand to the trial of the same? who did answer, as did the other, that he would aver it by the sword. Upon these their several answers, they were severally called, the one after the other, every of them taking a corporal oath that this quarrel was true, and that they would justify the same both with sword and blood. Thus, they being sworn, were brought back again, every of them, to their several places as before.

"And then, when by the sound of a trumpet, a sign was given unto them when they should enter into the fight, they arose out of their seats and met each one the other in the middle within the lists, and there, with the weapons assigned unto them, they fought; in which fight the appellant did prevail, and he not only did disarm the defendant, but also, with the sword of the said defendant, did cut off his head, and, upon the point of the same sword, did present it to the lords justices, and so, with the victory of his enemy, he was acquitted."

Sir John Perrott, a knight of large possessions in Wales, was appointed Lord Deputy in 1584. Report stated that Perrott was a son of King Henry the Eighth, and a writer of the seventeenth century observes, "if we compare his features, his qualities, gesture, and voice, with those of the king, whose memory yet remains amongst us, they will plead strongly that he was a surreptitious child of the blood royal." Perrott was sworn into office as Lord Deputy on the 26th of June, 1584, in Christ Church, where he received the sword of state from the lords justices, at which time, says the old writer, he, "peradventure, in imitation of the ancient Roman governors, who were ever accustomed at their election into public office to make orations to the people, made a brief speech, more plain and pithy than glorious or eloquent."

"This sword," quoth he, laying his hand upon the sword of state, "shall punish ill-doers without partiality, and protect the good subject from violence and injury; but, because words and deeds do now-a-days use to dwell so far asunder, I leave you, that hear me now, hereafter to judge me and my words by my deeds."

Perrott's views on the mode of governing and subjecting Ireland, were detailed in a memorial drawn up by him at the Queen's command in 1582, in which, after discussing a variety of points, he writes:—

"In mine opinion the standing seat for the Deputy and the law, would be translated from Dublin (which is apt for nothing else but to send and receive readily from England) to Athlone, which is, as it were, the centre of Ireland, and situate both in a good soil, apt for all things necessary, and on the Shannon, which is the best river of the realm, and would, with a small charge, be made portable twenty miles above Athlone at least. By that means, as the Deputy may upon every occasion (be it never so sudden) be within twelve hours in the farthest province from him, so, in short time, the repair hither from all quarters of the realm, would breed a thoroughfare, even through deserts and woods, that are now lurking holes for rebels, and nurseries for rebellion."

A parliament assembled at the Castle of Dublin in 1585 and 1586 was attended by a large number of the native chiefs, whom Perrott endeavoured to induce to forego their own peculiar costume by bestowing upon several of them gowns and cloaks of velvet and satin.

In his private capacity Perrott had enjoyed the reputation of maintaining the retinue and hospitality rather of a nobleman than of a knight; but his enemies in Ireland accused him of unbecoming parsimony in his vice-regal establishment, on which subject we find him writing as follows, in an unpublished letter to Burghley, in 1585:—

"Having run over the public causes, I must say somewhat in my own defence for a matter that I hear I am touched withal in private to Her Majesty. I had little thought that any part of Her Majesty's honour had depended on my suppers. Truly, my lord, I was not held for a niggard when I was in mine own private house, where always a supper was ready, as here it hath been for them with whose stomachs and healths it agreeth. As I am sorry that men's eyes are so narrowly bent upon my diet, and, I doubt not, vie with my uprising and down-lying, too, so I am glad they can touch me with no worse thing than abstinence, the note whereof will become me every way better than surfeiting excess. It is no new thing with me to forbear suppers; but of twenty-three years' continuance, whereunto I have been informed in regard of my life and health, as Mr. Doctor Hector, whose counsel I have used, having been long acquainted with my body, can further let your lordship understand; but I had rather to be falsely accused of niggardliness than, for

any man's pleasure, kill myself with excess; and since my expenses in house being comparable to any that hath gone before me, and spent in order, will acquit me of that malicious slander, I will leave to others to eat a full supper at my cost, and content myself better with M. Curius, his thin diet, than with Lucullus' supper, made to Pompey and Cicero in his surfeiting hall."

Among our unprinted archives is preserved a "Medium of the expenses of the household of the Right Honourable Sir John Perrott, Knight, Lord Deputy of Ireland, as well ordinary as extraordinary, made by two weeks' expenses; the one ending on Saturday, the 4th of July, 1584, which amounted to £50—22d., 11 white groats; the other week ending on Saturday, the 4th of September, 1585, and amounting to the sum of £39—2d., 1 white groat, besides wood and coal, and the charges of his lordship's stable." During these two weeks the accounts show that the Viceregal Household consumed ten bullocks, forty sheep, sixteen hogsheds of beer, one hogshhead Gascoigne wine, four gallons of sack, besides bread, manchetts, or fine white rolls, pastry, lings, stock-fish, salted salmon, organ-lings, bacon, fowl, both wild and tame, fresh fish, butter, sweet and salted, eggs, oatmeal, salt, sauce, herbs, spices, and fruit of all sorts; the other items of expenditure were wax lights with staff torches, white lights, coal, and wood. The viceregal officers, chaplains, and servants in ordinary, amounted to sixty in number; the total of their wages being £170 6s. 8d. per annum, in addition to which they were provided with linens by the Deputy, whose further expenses under this head are enumerated as follows: linens, cloaks and frieze jerkins for twenty-three retainers; alms, rushes, perfumes, flowers, strewing herbs, the maintenance of ninety horses and hacknies; board-wages for forty-five horse-boys; linens for them, viz., mandillions (or loose gowns) of cloth. To the document is appended a memorandum, that "herein is neither contained the festival days, great gifts, and rewards, nor his lordship's own apparel, with many such like things; there is also, it adds, to be considered the daily access of noblemen, privy councillors, knights, gentlemen, and pensioners to his lordship's table, and their servants

to attend them, which are part of the occasion of this charge."

Perrott is said to have received intelligence of King Philip's preparations against England from the spies employed by him in Spain, four of whom were apprehended and put to the rack by the Marquis Della Croce. To secure the peace of Ireland during the expected Spanish invasion, the Deputy exacted hostages from the principal native chiefs, and lodged them in the Castle of Dublin. At this period the Lord Deputy obtained, by a stratagem, possession of the person of Aodh, or Hugh O'Donnell, surnamed *Rua*, or the Red, son of the Lord of Tir Connell, one of the native chiefs most dreaded by the English Government.

Perrott, after a vicerealty of four years, obtained permission, in 1589, to resign the government to Sir William Fitz Williams.

At Sir John Perrott's departure from Dublin, after he had resigned the sword, many of the nobility, gentry, and commons of the kingdom came thither to see and take their leave of him; so that, as he went from his lodging to the Merchants'-quay to take boat,—

"The press of people coming to salute him—some with cries of applause, and some with tears bemoaning his departure—was so great, that he was well near two hours before he could pass the street, and was enforced twice or thrice to take house for his ease, to avoid the throng. Also a great number of poor country-people came thither at his departure—some that dwelt twenty, some forty miles or more from Dublin, and many of them that had never seen him before; yet they did strive and covet, as he went through the streets, if they could not take him by the hand, yea to touch his garment; all praying for him and for his long life."

Sir William Fitz Williams, Perrott's successor, had twice before been Lord Deputy, and at five different periods had held the office of Lord Justice of Ireland. As a governor, he was both feared and hated by the natives. Soon after entering upon office, he made an expedition into Ulster and Connacht, nominally for the Queen's service, but really in the hope of gaining possession of the treasure said to have been deposited with the inhabitants of these coasts by the Spaniards who

had escaped from the wreck of the Armada.

Red Hugh O'Donnell and the two Ulster princes, his companions, while in the Castle prison, were continually devising plans of escape, for which object they maintained a communication with Fiach Mac Hugh, leader of the clan of O'Byrne, through the medium of a youth named Edward Eustace, who, being allowed, without suspicion, to visit them, contrived to furnish them with a file to cut their fetters, and a quantity of sliken materials for the formation of a rope. Fiach also promised to have a guide and horses in readiness to convey them to his fastness at Glenmalur, and thence to Ulster, when they should escape from the fortress, for attempting which a night shortly before Christmas (1592) was fixed. In the middle of the appointed night, Red Hugh filed the bolts by which his fetters and those of his companions were secured. Aided by the rope, one end of which they made fast to a portion of the fortress, Henry O'Neill descended safely through the Castle sewer, and was followed by O'Donnell; but Art O'Neill, in his rapid descent, dislodged a stone from the building, which, in its fall, injured him so severely, that he was scarcely able to retain hold of the rope. Having climbed the Castle trench, into which they had descended, they were met by their promised guide, with the ill news that the horses intended for them had been, during the preceding day, removed by a friend without his knowledge. They, consequently, proceeded, on foot, by unfrequented paths, until they reached the Three Rock Mountain. Owing to the darkness of the night and their hurried flight, Henry O'Neill separated from his two companions, who, with their guide, travelled onward under a heavy fall of snow, from which they suffered severely, having left their outer garments behind to facilitate their escape from the Castle of Dublin. Art O'Neill, becoming enfeebled, was supported by leaning on the shoulders of his companions. After having crossed the mountain, they rested, according to appointment, under the shelter of a rocky precipice, not very distant from the residence of Fiach Mac Hugh, to whom they despatched the guide with intelligence of their position.

Overcome by fatigue, from rapidly walking during the entire day, they fell asleep, despite the pangs of hunger. The second day passed without receiving any assistance; and on the third day Red Hugh, reduced to a state of starvation, fed upon the leaves of the adjacent trees, of which, however, Art was unable to partake. Meanwhile, Fiach, surrounded by spies and enemies, had, notwithstanding his utmost efforts, been unable to supply the concealed fugitives with food; but on the night of the third day he succeeded in secretly despatching four of his soldiers to them with provisions, ale, and other necessaries. Hugh O'Donnell was subsequently conveyed to the fastness of Glenmalur, whence, after his recovery, he was, through the arrangement of his brother-in-law, Hugh O'Neill, the great Earl of Tir Owen, enabled to effect his return to his native territory of Tir Connell, of which, in the same year, on the resignation of his father, he was elected chief, and subsequently proved one of the most formidable of the native opponents of the English in Ireland.

Of another native nobleman, imprisoned at this period in the Castle, we find the Lord Deputy Fitz Williams writing as follows to the English Privy Council, in February, 1591-2:

"It pleased your lordships lately to write for the delivery of Philip O'Reilly; he was committed in Sir John Perrott's time for practising with Spain, as Sir John himself told me, at his departure, and hath been since, by some of the Council here also told me. The gentleman is very valiant, well-spoken, not an Irishman better thought of for wit; reads and writes the Irish; and a pretty scholar, none of his name or sept so esteemed of as he, nor was when he was abroad."

After his liberation from captivity, Philip O'Reilly was, through the influence of Hugh O'Neill, inaugurated chief of Breffny, the territory of his clan, soon after which he was accidentally slain.

The Lord Deputy Fitz Williams contributed two hundred pounds towards the erection of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1591, and in acknowledgment of the benefits derived by the institution from his exertions in its behalf, his armorial bearings were, on

the erection of the building, fixed over its chief gates. In 1593 we find him soliciting the Privy Council in England, in the following terms, to relieve him from the government of Ireland :

"I humbly beseech your lordships to have my revokement in remembrance, for I find my state rather worse, or as evil as when I was abroad in travel, and for my wife, her swellings and pain remain still, and at fits grievous; an hard state to us both, when neither counsel of physician or surgeon is to be had."

Elizabeth permitted Fitz Williams, "in consideration of his sickness," to resign the viceroyalty in 1594, and on returning to England he carried with him the Irish Privy Council book, commencing in the thirty-second year of Henry the Eighth, the most ancient record of that kind existing in Ireland, which, to the great loss of historic investigators, has never been recovered.

To succeed Fitz Williams in the deputyship, the Queen appointed the Duke of Bedford's youngest son, Sir William Russell, who had previously served in Ireland, and in the wars of the Low Countries, where he had been Governor of the town of Flushing. On the arrival of the new Governor, the Earl of Tyrone coming to Dublin to answer various charges of disloyalty, Russell proposed to have him arrested and imprisoned in the Castle, to which the Council is said to have objected; but, according to another account, O'Neill having received private intimation of their hostile intentions, crossed the Liffey in a boat, and, accompanied by his attendants, fled to Ulster on horseback.

To repress the hostile movements of the Ulster and Leinster chiefs, the English government dispatched to Ireland a large body of troops, composed of veterans who had served in France and the Netherlands. The command of this force, with absolute authority in military affairs, was conferred upon Sir John Norris, who, although he had acquired, from his services abroad, the reputation of being one of the ablest generals of the age, was frequently defeated, and severely wounded in his engagements with the Ulster clans, to whose leaders the Lord Deputy and Council despatched commissioners, to offer terms of peace, which the native chiefs declined, on the

grounds that the English had never observed their treaties with them or their fathers longer than suited their own interests. To reduce the Wicklow clans who, at this period, carried their incursions close to the walls of the metropolis, the Lord Deputy Russell encamped at Ballinacor, where he cut off several of their leaders, one of whom, Walter Fitz Gerald, surnamed *Reagh*, or the swarthy, he had hanged in chains at Dublin; he also took prisoners Fiach Mac Hugh's wife and sister, the former of whom was sentenced to be burned alive, but reprieved and kept confined in the Castle prison for purposes of state. Russell subsequently succeeded in having betrayed into his hands the valiant chief, Fiach Mac Hugh O'Byrne, whom he had executed at Dublin, where his head and quarters were publicly impaled. Dissatisfied with the treatment which he experienced from the English Privy Council, Russell petitioned to be discharged from office, to which the Queen willingly acceded, as her Irish affairs were said to have been prejudiced by his disputes with General Norris, who differed with him on various points of state policy.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, on his appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, was invested with powers more absolute than those intrusted to any of his predecessors. Accompanied by many noblemen, he arrived at Dublin in April, 1599, having under his command an army of 16,000 foot and 1,300 horse. By the advice of the Privy Council, Essex led his army to the south, every stage of his progress towards which was contested with desperate intrepidity by the Leinster clans, who, having expelled the settlers, had re-entered upon their old territories, from which they had been evicted by the English government. The remembrance of one of these engagements was long preserved in a locality named the *Bearna na g-cleitigh*, or the "pass of the plumes," from the number of these military ornaments left in the field by the Queen's troops, when defeated by the natives, under O'Noy O'More, the proscribed chief of Leix.

"If your Majesty," he writes to the Queen, "will have a strong party in the Irish nobility, and make use of them, you must hide from them all purpose of establishing English government, till



the strength of the Irish be so broken, that they shall see no safety but in your Majesty's protection."

At Dublin Essex conferred knighthood upon fifty-nine persons, including Sir John Harrington, Queen Elizabeth's godson, the translator of Ariosto, and esteemed one of the chief wits of his time. Among the epigrams of Harrington, whom the Queen styled "her godson, the merry poet," we find the following lines, relating his experience of the campaigns in Ireland under the Earl of Essex:

"I prais'd the speech, but cannot now abide it:  
That war is sweet to those that have not tried it,  
For I have prov'd it now and plainly see 't,  
It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet.

At home, Canary wines and Greek grow  
loathsome:

Here, milk is nectar, water tasteth toothsome.  
There, without bak'd, roast, boil'd, it is no  
cheer:

Biscuit we like, and bonny-clabo here.

There we complain of one rear-roasted chick:

Here, meat worse cook'd ne'er makes us sick.

At home, in silken spanvers, beds of down:

We scant can rest, but still toss up and down:

Here, we can sleep, a saddle to our pillow,

A hedge the curtain, canopy a willow.

There, if a child but cry, oh, what a sprite!

Here, we can brook three 'larums in one  
night.

There, homely rooms must be perfumed with  
roses:

Here, match and powder ne'er offend our noses.

There, from a storm of rain we run like pullets:

Here, we stand fast against a shower of bullets.

Lo, then, how greatly their opinions err,

That think there is no great delight in war.

But yet for this, sweet War, I'll be thy  
debtor,

I shall for ever love my home the better."

The enemies of Essex exerted their influence during his absence to prejudice him with the Queen, who expressed great dissatisfaction that he had made an expedition into Munster, instead of carrying the war into Ulster, a course which he had strongly advocated in England.

Having obtained reinforcements from England, Essex commenced an expedition against Tyrone, in a frame of mind depicted as follows in some lines addressed by him from Ardbracan to the Queen:—

"From a mind delighting in sorrow;  
from spirits wasted with travail, care,  
and grief; from a heart torn in pieces  
with passion; from a man that hates  
himself and all things that keep him  
alive, what service can your Majesty  
reap? Since my services past deserve  
no more than banishment and proscrip-

tion into the most cursed of all countries,  
with what expectation, or to what end  
shall I live longer? No, no; the rebel's  
pride and successes must give me means  
to ransom myself, my soul, I mean, out  
of this hateful prison of my body. And  
if it happen so, your Majesty may be-  
lieve that you shall not have cause to  
mistake the fashion of my death, though  
the course of my life could not please  
you."

On approaching the Ulster chief's encampment in Louth a council of war protested against an attack proposed by Essex. A few days subsequently a parley was held with O'Neill, who, on horseback in the centre of a ford, discoursed secretly for some time with the Lord Lieutenant, who stood mounted on the opposite bank. After this private discussion the chief men of both sides were called forward, and decided on holding a meeting on the following day, at which a truce was mutually agreed upon. Irritated that so large and costly an army had, in six months, effected nothing, Elizabeth wrote a sharp letter to the Lord Lieutenant and council, censuring their conduct and requiring them to transmit her a report of the mode which they considered most judicious for prosecuting the war. On the 16th of September the Queen received, by Captain Lawson, a letter from Essex, enclosing a journal of his expedition into Ulster, and on the following day she despatched the messenger back to Dublin with a missive censuring the Lord Lieutenant's conduct, and prohibiting the final ratification of any peace with O'Neill unless specially approved of by her.

"It appeareth," she writes, "by your journal, that you and the traitor, O'Neill, spoke half an hour together without any body's hearing; wherein, though we that trust you with our kingdom are far from mistrusting you with a traitor, yet, both for comeliness, example, and your own discharge, we marvel you could carry it no better; especially having, in all things, since your arrival, been so precise to have good testimony for your actions, as, whenever any thing was to be done to which our commandment tied you, it seemed sufficient warrant for you if your fellow-councillors allowed better of other ways, though your own reason carried you to have pursued our directions against their opinions; to whose conduct, if we had meant that Ireland, after all the calamities

ties in which they have wrapped it, should still have abandoned, then it was very superfluous to have sent over such a personage as yourself."

On receipt of this letter, Essex summoned the council at Dublin, committed the sword to the Chancellor and the Treasurer, appointed the Earl of Ormond to command the army, and immediately embarked for England. On Michaelmas-eve, about ten o'clock in the morning, Essex, says the contemporary narrator,

"Alighted at the court-gate in post, and made all haste up to the presence, and so to the private chamber, and stood not till he came to the Queen's bed-chamber, where he found the Queen nearly up, the hair about her face; he kneeled unto her, kissed her hands, and had some private speech with her, which seemed to give him great contentment; for, coming from her Majesty to go shift himself in his chamber, he was very pleasant, and thanked God, though he had suffered much troubles and storms abroad, he found a sweet calm at home. "Tis much wondered at here," continues the narrative, "that he went so boldly to her Majesty's presence, she not being ready, and he so full of dirt and mire that his very face was full of it. About eleven he was ready, and went up again to the Queen, and conferred with her till half an hour after twelve. As yet all was well, and her usage very gracious towards him. He went to dinner, and during all that time discoursed merely of his travels and journeys in Ireland; of the goodness of the country; the civilities of the nobility that are true subjects; of the great entertainments he had in their houses; of the good order he found there."

On the evening of the same day Essex was placed in custody by order of the Queen, who, to fill the post of Lord Deputy of Ireland at this juncture, selected Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, whom she had previously destined for the office, but her design had been opposed by the Earl of Essex, on the grounds that Mountjoy had too small experience in martial affairs.

During the first year of his viceroyalty, Mountjoy led two expeditions against the Ulster chiefs, who valiantly opposed his progress, and contested every pass through which he endeavoured to enter their territories. He subsequently persecuted the Queen's enemies in Leinster with fire and sword; and after the defeat of the Spaniards at Kinsale, succeeded in

pacifying the country by inducing Hugh O'Neill to surrender to the Queen.

The hesitation of the southern cities to proclaim James I., called Mountjoy to Munster. At Waterford he held a theological controversy with some of the chief Roman Catholic divines, and when the citizens, relying on an ancient grant, refused to admit his soldiers into the town, he declared that if they did not immediately open their gates to him and his forces, he would cut King John's charter with King James' sword, and that if he entered the town by force, he would raze it, and strew salt upon the ruins. After the submission of Waterford, Mountjoy proceeded to Cork; the citizens of which, on his entry, placed ploughshares on each side of the street, to denote the destruction of their agriculture by military oppression. Returning thence, he published at Dublin, a general proclamation of indemnity.

By the establishment of Elizabeth, Mountjoy was paid, as Lord Deputy, £1,300 per annum, for his ordinary entertainment; he was also allowed £4 4s. per day, for a band of horsemen in his family; and eight pence a man, per day, for fifty footmen in his family; his "doctor of physic" received five pounds per week, and his chief chaplain was paid at the same rate.

"For his diet," says Mountjoy's secretary, "the Lord Deputy used to fare plentifully and of the best; and as his means increased, so his table was better served; so that in his latter time, no lord in England might compare with him in that kind of bounty. Before these wars he used to have nourishing breakfasts, as panadoes and broths; but in the time of the war, he used commonly to break his fast with a dry crust of bread, and in the spring-time with butter and sage, with a cup of stale beer; where-with, sometimes in winter he would have sugar and nutmeg mixed. He fed plentifully both at dinner and supper, having the choicest and most nourishing meats, with the best wines, which he drank plentifully, but never in great excess; and in his latter years, especially in the time of the war, as well when his night sleeps were broken, as at other times, upon full diet, he used to sleep in the afternoons, and that long and upon his bed. He took tobacco abundantly and of the best, which I think preserved him from sickness, especially in Ireland, where the foggy air of the bogs, and

waterish fowl, plenty of fish and generally all meats, with the common sort, always unsalted and green roasted, do most prejudice the health, for he was very seldom sick, only he was troubled with the head ache, which duly and constantly, like an ague, for many years, till his death, took him once every three months, and vehemently held him for some three days; and himself, in good part, attributed as well the reducing of this pain to these certain and distant times, as the ease he therein found, to the virtue of this herb."

The successful issue of Mountjoy's government confuted the anticipations of Essex, who predicted that his studies or "bookishness" would unfit him for active employment. He was deeply read in the works of the Fathers and schoolmen, and also a proficient in the natural philosophy of his time. During his vicerealty, plays are stated to have been frequently acted in the Castle of Dublin, by the gentlemen of the court; and we find special mention that, on the Queen's birthday, in 1601, a performance took place there

of the play of "Gorbodue," or "Ferrex and Porrex," which, according to our highest dramatic authority, is the earliest extant piece in English that can, with any fitness, be called a tragedy.

After having been advanced from the Deputyship to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, Mountjoy, in April, 1603, committed the government to Sir George Carew, and with the Earl of Tir Owen, Rory O'Donnell, and a large number of knights and gentlemen, sailed from the harbour of Dublin in the King's pinnace called the "Tramontana," and landed safely in Wales, after having narrowly escaped shipwreck. At court Mountjoy was graciously received by the King, who bestowed on him various important offices, together with the title of Earl of Devonshire; and until his death, he had the full superintendence of all the affairs of the government of Ireland, all despatches connected with which passed through his hands as Lord Lieutenant.

## ELEÁNORE.

### I.

O! fairer than vermillion  
 Shed upon western skies,  
 Was the blush of that sweet Castilian  
 Girl with the deep brown eyes.  
 As her happy heart grew firmer,  
 In the strange bright days of yore,  
 When she heard young Edward murmur,  
 "I love thee, Eleánore!"

### II.

Sweeter than musical cadence  
 Of the wind through cedar and lime,  
 Is Love to a timorous maiden's  
 Heart in the fresh spring-time;  
 Sweeter than waves that mutter  
 And break on a sinuous shore,  
 Are the songs her fancies utter  
 To brown-eyed Eleánore.

### III.

The twain went forth together  
 Away o'er the midland main,  
 Through the golden summer weather,  
 To Syria's mystic plain.  
 Together, toil and danger,  
 And the death of their loved ones, bore,  
 And perils from Paynim, stranger  
 Than death to Eleánore.

## IV.

Where Lincoln's towers of wonder  
Soar high o'er the vale of Trent,  
Their lives were torn asunder :  
To her home the good Queen went.  
Her corse to the tomb he carried,  
With grief at his stern heart's core,  
And where'er at night they tarried  
Rose a cross to Eleánore.

## V.

As ye trace a meteor's onset  
By a line of silver rain—  
As ye know a regal sunset  
By streaks of a saffron stain—  
So to the Minster holy,  
At the west of London's roar,  
May ye mark how, sadly, slowly,  
Passed the corse of Eleánore.

## VI.

Back to where lances quiver—  
Straight back, to tower and town,  
By hill, and wold, and river—  
For the love of Scotland's Crown :  
But, ah ! there is woe within him  
For the face he shall see no more ;  
And conquest cannot win him  
From the love of Eleánore.

## VII.

Years after, sternly dying,  
In his tent by the Solway Sea,  
With the breezes of Scotland flying  
O'er the wild sands, wide and free,  
His dim thoughts sadly wander  
To the happy days of yore,  
And he sees in the grey sky yonder  
The eyes of his Eleánore.

## VIII.

Time must destroy those crosses,  
Built by the Poet-King :  
But as long as the blue sea tosses—  
As long as the skylarks sing—  
As long as London's river  
Glides softly down to the Nore,  
Men shall remember ever  
How he loved Queen Eleánore.

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GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VILLA AT ORVETO.

If the villa life of Italy might prove a severe trial of temper and spirits to most persons, to young Gerald, trained in all the asceticism of a convent, it was a perfect paradise. The wild and far-spreading landscape imparted a glorious sense of liberty, which grew with each day's enjoyment of it. It was a land of mountain and forest—those deep, dark woods of chestnut-trees traversed with the clear and rapid rivulets so common in the Roman states; with here and there, at rare intervals, the solitary hut of a charcoal-burner—in these vast solitudes, silent as the great savannas of the South, he passed his days. Now, roaming in search of game; now, dreamily lying, book in hand, beside a river's bank, or strolling listlessly along, tasting, in the very waywardness of an untrammelled will, an ecstasy only known to those who have felt captivity.

Though there were several young people in the family of the Intendente, Gerald had no companionship with any of them: the boys were boorish, uneducated, and coarse-minded; and the girls, with one exception, were little better. Ninetta, it is true, was gentler: her voice was soft, and her silky hair, and soft, dark eyes, had a strange, subduing influence about them; but even she was far from that ideal his imagination

had pictured, nor could he, by all his persuasions, induce her to share his raptures for Ariosto, or the still more passionate delight that Petrarch gave him. He was just opening that period of youth when the heart yearns for some object of affection—some centre around which its own hopes and fears—its wishes and aspirations, may revolve. It is wonderful how much imagination contributes in such cases, supplying graces and attractions where nature has been a niggard, and giving to the veriest commonplace character traits of distinctive charm.

Ninetta was quite pretty enough for all this, but she was no more. Without a particle of education, she had never raised her mind beyond the commonest daily cares; and what with the vines, the olives, the chestnuts, the festivals of the church, and little family gatherings, her life had its sphere of duties so full as to leave no time for the love-sick wanderings of an idle boy.

If she was disposed to admire him when, in fits of wild energy, he would pass nights and days in chase of the wild boar, or follow the track of a wolf, with the steadfast tenacity of a hound, she cared little for his intervals of dreamy fancy, nor lent any sympathy to joys or sorrows which had no basis in reality; and when

her indifference had gone so far as to offend him, she would gently smile and say: "Never mind, Gerald; the Contessina will come one of these days, and she'll be charmed with all these 'moonings.'" Whether piqued by the tone of this commiseration, or careless as to its meaning, he never thought of asking who the Contessina might be; until, one morning, a showily-dressed courier arrived at the villa, to announce that, ere the end of the week the Cardinal's niece and her *gouvernante* were to arrive, and remain for, probably, several weeks there.

It was two years since her last visit, and great was the commotion to prepare a suitable reception for her. Salons that had been carefully closed till now, were immediately opened, and all the costly furniture uncovered. Within doors and without the work of preparation went briskly on. Troops of labourers were employed in the grounds and the gardens. Fresh parterres of flowers were planted beneath the windows; fountains long dried up were taught to play, and jets of many a fantastic kind threw their sportive showers on the grass.

Gerald took immense interest in all these details, to which his natural taste imparted many a happy suggestion. By his advice the statues were arranged in suitable spots, and a hundred little devices of ingenuity came from his quick intelligence. "The Contessina will be delighted with this! How she will love that!" were exclamations that rewarded him for every fresh exertion; and, doubtless, he had fashioned to his own heart a Contessina, for he never asked a question, nor made one single inquiry about her, the real one. As little was he prepared for the great *cortège* which preceded her coming—troops of servants; saddle-horses; fourgons of luggage; even furniture kept pouring in, till the villa—so tranquil and almost deserted in its appearance—became like some vast and popular hotel. There was something almost regal in the state and preparation that went forward; and when, at the close of a long summer day, two mounted couriers dashed up to the door, all heated and dust-covered, quickly followed by two heavy coaches, with scarlet panels, Gerald's curiosity at length got the upper-hand, and he stole to a window,

to watch the descent of her for whom all these cares had been provided. What was his astonishment to see a little girl, apparently younger than himself, spring lightly to the ground, and, after a brief gesture of acknowledgment to the welcome tendered her, pass into the house! He had seen enough, however, to remark that her long and beautiful hair was almost golden in tint, and that her eyes—whatever their colour—were large and lustrous. He had dwelt with more pleasure on these traits, had he not marked, in the haughty gesture she vouchsafed, and the proud carriage of her head, what he, not unfairly, ascribed to a character imperious and exacting—almost insolent, indeed, in its requirement of respect.

Guglia Ridolfi was, however, the greatest heiress in the Roman States, she was the niece of a cardinal, the grand-daughter of a *grandee* of Spain, and—more than all—had been taught to reflect on these facts from the earliest years of her infancy. It had been for years the policy of the Cardinal to increase the *prestige* of her position by every means in his power; and they who knew the ambitious nature of the man, could easily see how, in the great game he played, his own future aggrandizement was as much included as was her elevation. Left without a father or mother when a mere infant, she had been confided to the care of her uncle. Surrounded with teachers of every kind, she only learned what and when she pleased; her education being, in fact, the result of certain impulses, which swayed her from time to time. As she was gifted with great quickness, however, and a remarkable memory, she seemed to make the most astonishing progress, and her fame as a linguist, and her reputation for accomplishments, were the talk of Rome.

She had all the waywardness, caprice, and instability such a discipline might be supposed to produce, and so completely sated with amusement and pleasure was she, that now, as a mere child, or little more, she actually pined away, from sheer *ennui* of life. A momentary change of place afforded her a slight, passing satisfaction, and so she had come down to Orvieto, to stay some time, and persuade herself, if she could, that she enjoyed it. Strange enough, nothing

in either her general appearance or her gestures betrayed this weariness of the world: her eyes were bright, her look animated, her step active. It was only when watching her closely might be seen how estranged her thoughts were from what seemed to occupy them; and how, at times, a low, faint sigh would escape her, even when she was apparently occupied and interested.

It was rumoured that these very traits of her disposition were what had attached her uncle so fondly to her, and that he recognized in them the indications of a blood and a race which had always made their way in life, subjecting others to their rule, and using them as mere tools for their own advancement. One thing was certain: he curbed her in nothing; every wild weed of her heart grew up in all its own luxuriance, and she was the ideal of imperiousness and self-will.

Either from caprice or settled purpose—it were hard to say which—the Cardinal affected to submit his own plans to her, and consult her about many things which were clearly beyond the sphere of either her years or her knowledge, but to which her replies gave him the sort of guidance that gamblers are wont to accept for the accidents of play; and often and often had "Da Guglia's" counsels decided him when his mind was wavering between two resolves. Whether from perceiving the ascendancy she thus obtained over her uncle's mind, or that really, to her pleasure-sick heart, these sterner themes gave her a gleam of interest, but gradually did she turn her thoughts to the great events of the day, and only listened with eagerness to subjects of state craft and intrigue.

Such was she to whose morning levée Gerald was summoned on the day after her arrival, when in a sort of vassalage the Intendente, followed by his family and the villagers, were admitted to pay this homage. It was not without a certain compulsion Gerald yielded to this customary act of deference; nor was his compliance more gracefully accorded when he learned that he was to be supposed to be a member of the steward's family, since if known to be a stranger, it was almost certain the Contessina would not suffer him to remain there.

It solved much of his difficulty to be told, that in all likelihood she would never notice nor remark him. She rarely did more than listen to the few words of routine gratulation the Intendente spoke, and with a slight nod of her head intimate that they might retire. "Then, why am I needed at all? Why can't this ceremony go on without me?" cried he half peevishly.

"Because, if she were afterwards to see you about the grounds, she is quite capable of remembering that you had not presented yourself on her arrival. She forgets nothing."

"That's true," broke in the Intendente. "It was but the last time she came here she remarked that the lace border of my hat was torn, and said to me, 'Signor Maurizio, you must have lazy daughters, for I saw that piece of gold braid torn, as it is now, on the last two visits I made here.'"

Gerald turned away in ill-humour, for he was vexed at what he could not but feel an act of servitude required of him. There is a strange mystery in that atmosphere of deference which arises from the united submission of many to one whom they would honour and reverence. The most stubborn asserter of equality has not failed to own this, as he has stood amongst the crowd before a throne. The sentiment of homage is quickly contagious, and few there are who can bear their hearts against the feelings of that homage which fills every breast about him. Gerald experienced this as he found himself moving slowly along in the procession towards the chamber where the Contessina held her court. The splendid suite of rooms, filled with objects of art, the massive candelabra of gilded bronze, the costly tables of malachite and agate, all obtained their full share of admiration from the simple villagers, whose whispered words almost savoured of worship, till awe-stricken, they found themselves in a magnificent chamber, hung with pictures from floor to ceiling. In a deep window recess, from which a vast view opened over mountain and forest, the Contessina was standing, book in hand, but gazing listlessly on the landscape, and never noticing in the slightest that dense throng which now gathered in the lower part of the room.

"Maurizio and the peasants have come to pay their duty," whispered a thin, elderly lady, who acted as *gouvernante* to the young Countess.

"Well, be it so," said she, languidly. And now a very meanly clad priest, poor and wretched in appearance, came crouching forward to kiss her hand. She gave it with averted head, and in a way that indicated little of courtesy, while he bent tremblingly over it, as beseeemed one whose lips touched the fingers of a great cardinal's niece. Maurizio followed, and then the other members of his household. When it came to Gerald's turn to advance, "You must, you must; it is your duty," whispered the steward, as, rebel-like, the youth wished to pass on without the act of deference.

"Is this Tonino?" asked the *Contessina*, suddenly turning her head, for her quick ears had caught the words of remonstrance. "Is this Tonino?"

"No, *Eccellenza*, Tonino was drawn in the conscription," muttered the steward, in confusion. "He knew your *Excellency* would have got him off, if you were here, but ——"

"Which is this, then—your second son, or your third?"

"Neither, *Eccellenza*, neither; he is a sort of connexion ——"

"Nothing of the kind," broke in Gerald. "I'm of the blood of the *Geraldines*."

"Native prince," said the *Contessina*, quickly. "Irish, too! How came you here?"

"He has been living with us, *Eccellenza*, for some months back," chimed in the steward, an honest *Frato*, one——

"Let himself answer me," said the *Contessina*.

"They took me from the Jesuit College, and placed me here," said the boy.

"Who do you mean by they?" asked she.

"The *Frato*, and the Count;—perhaps, indeed, I owe the change more to him."

"What is his name?"

"I never heard it. I only saw him once, and then for a short time."

"How old are you?" asked the *Contessina*.

"I think, fifteen."

"Indeed. I should have thought

you younger than I am," said she, half musingly.

"Oh, no; I look much, much older," said Gerald, as he gazed at her bright and beautiful features.

"Don Cesare," said she, turning to a pale, old man beside her, "you must write to the rector of the college, and let us learn about this boy—how he came there, and why he left. And so," said she, addressing Gerald, "you think it beneath your quality to kiss a lady's hand."

"No, no," cried he, rapturously, as he knelt down and pressed her hand to his lips.

"It is not so you should do it, boy," broke in the *gouvernante*. "Yours has been ill training, wherever you have got it."

"Alas! I have had none," said Gerald, as his eyes ran over.

"Pass on, boy; move on," said the *gouvernante*, and Gerald's head drooped as his heavy footsteps stole along. He never dared to look up as he went. Had he done so, what a thrill might his heart have felt to know that the *Contessina's* eyes had followed him to the very door.

"There, you have done for me and yourself too, with your stupid pride about your blood," cried the *Intendente*, when they gained the courtyard. "The next thing will be an order to send me to Rome, to explain why I have taken you to live here."

"Well, I suppose you can give your reasons for it," said Gerald, gravely.

"Except that it was my evil fortune, I know of none other," broke out the other, angrily, and turned away. From each, in turn, of the family did he meet with some words of sarcasm and reproof; and though Ninetta said nothing, her tearful eyes and sorrow-stricken features were the hardest of all the reproaches he endured.

"What am I, that I should bring shame and sorrow to those who befriend me!" cried he, as with an almost bursting heart he threw himself upon his bed, and sobbed there till he fell asleep. When the first gleam of sunlight broke upon him he awoke, and as suddenly remembered all his griefs of the day before, and he sat down upon his bed to think over what he should do.

"If I could but find out the Conte, at Rome, or even the *Fra Luke*,"



thought he; but alas, he had no clue to either. "I know it; I have it," exclaimed he at last. "There is a life which I can live without fearing reproach from those about me. I'll go and be a charcoal burner in the Maremma. The Carbonari will not refuse to have me, and I'll set out for the forest at once."

When Gerald had uttered this resolve, it was in the bitterness of despair that he spoke, since of all the varied modes by which men earned a livelihood, none was in such universal disrepute as that of a charcoal burner; and when the humblest creature of the streets said "I'd as soon be a charcoal burner," he expressed the direst aspect of his misery.

It was not, indeed, that either the life or the labour had any thing degrading in themselves, but, generally, they who followed it were outcasts and vagabonds—the irreclaimable sweepings of towns, or the incorrigible youth of country districts, who sought in the wild and wandering existence a freedom from all ties of civilization—the life of the forest, in all its savagery, but in all its independence. The chief resort of these men was a certain district in those low-lying lands along the coast called Maremmas, and where, from the undrained character of the soil, and rapid decomposition of vegetable matter ever going on, disease of the most deadly form existed—ague and fever being the daily condition of all who dwelt there. Nothing but habits of wildest excess,

and an utter indifference to life, could make men brave such an existence; but their recompense was, that this district was a species of sanctuary, where the law never entered. Beyond certain well-known limits the hardest carbineer never crossed; and it was well known that he who passed that frontier came as fugitive, and not as foe. Many, it is true, of those who sojourned here were attainted with the deepest crimes—men for whom no hope of return to the world remained—outcasts, branded with undying infamy; but others there were, mere victims of dissipation and folly—rash youths, who had so irretrievably compromised their fair fame that they had nothing left but to seek oblivion.

The terrible stories Gerald had heard of these outcasts from his school-fellows, the horror in which they were held by all honest villagers, inspired him with a strange interest to see them with his own eyes. It savoured, too, of courage—it smacked, to his heart, like bravery, to throw himself amongst such reckless and dare-devil associates, and he felt a sort of hero to himself when he had determined on it. "Ay," said he, "they have been taunting me here, for some time back, that my friends take little trouble about me—that they half forget me, and so on. Let us see if I cannot push a path for myself, and spare them all future trouble."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TANA IN THE MAREMMA.

SIMPLY turning his steps westward, in the direction where he knew the Maremma lay, Gerald set out on his lonely journey. It was nothing new in his habits to be absent the entire day and even night, so that no attention was drawn to his departure till late on the following day; nor, perhaps, had it occurred even then, if a summons had not come from the Contessina, that she desired to speak with him. A search was at once made, inquiries instituted on every side, and soon the startling fact acknowledged, that he had gone away—none knew whither or why.

The Contessina at once ordered a

pursuit; he was to be overtaken and brought back; and now mounted couriers set off on every side, scouring the high-roads, interrogating hotel-keepers, giving descriptions of the fugitive at passport stations—taking, in short, all the palpable and evident means of discovery; while he—for whose benefit this solicitude was intended—was already deep amongst the dreary valleys to the west of the Lake of Bolseno. The country through which he journeyed was, indeed, sad-coloured as his own thoughts. Hills, not large enough to be called mountains, succeeded each other in unbroken succession, their sides covered

with a poor and burnt-up herbage, interspersed with masses of rock, or long patches of shingle; no wood, no cultivation on any side; a few starved and wretched sheep, watched by one even more wretched still, was all that represented life—while in the valleys, a stray hut or two, generally on the borders of a swampy lake, offered the only thing in the shape of a village. After he had crossed the great post road from Siena to Rome, Gerald entered a tract of almost perfect desolation.

He bought two loaves of rye-bread and some apples at a small house on the road, and with this humble provision slung in a handkerchief at his side, set out once more. At first, it was rather a relief to him to be utterly alone; his own thoughts were his best companions, and he would have shrunk from the questionings his appearance was certain to elicit; but as the time wore on, and now the noon of the second day was passed, he felt the dreariness of the solitude creeping over him, and would gladly have met with one with whom he could have interchanged even a few words of greeting. Not a human trace, however, was now to be seen; for he had gained that low-lying district which, stretching beneath the mountain of Bolseno, extends, in patches of alternate lake and land, to the verge of the Maremma. This tract is not even sheep-walk, and although in mid-winter the sportsman may venture in pursuit of the wild duck or the mallard, the pestilential atmosphere produced by summer heat makes the spot unvisited. Gerald was not long a stranger to the sickly influences of the place: a strange sense of dizziness would now and then come over him—something less than sickness, but usually leaving him confused and half-stunned; great weariness, too, beset him—a desire to lie down and sleep, so strong as almost to be irresistible, seized him; but a dread of wild beasts—not unfrequent in these places—enabled him to conquer this tendency. The sun bore down with all his noon-day force upon him, while an offensive odour, from the stagnant waters, oppressed him almost to choking. He walked on, however, on and on, but almost like one in a dream. Thoughts of the past superseded all sensations of the pre-

sent in his mind, and he fancied he was back once more in the old college of the Jesuit fathers. He heard the bell that summoned him to the school-room, and he hastened to put himself in his place, marching with crossed arms and bent-down head, in accustomed fashion. Then he heard his name called aloud, and one of the fathers told him to stand aside, for he was "up" for punishment; and Fra Luke was there, wishing to speak to him, but not admitted; and then—how he knew not—but he was gazing on grizzly bears and white-tusked boars, in great cases; and there they stood spell-bound, and savage, but unable to spring out, though it was but glass confined them; and through all these scenes the wild strains of the tarentella sounded, and the light gestures, and wistful looks of Marietta, whose hair, however, was no longer dark, but golden and bright, like the Contessina's. And as suddenly all changed, and there stood the Contessina herself, with one hand pressed to her eyes, and she was weeping, and Gerald felt—but how he did not know—he had offended her; and he trembled at his fault and hated himself, and, stooping down, he fell, at last, at her feet, and sobbed for pardon. And there he lay and there night found him sleeping—the long sleep that awakes to fever. Damp mists arose, charged with all the deadly vapours of the spot; foul airs steamed from the hot earth, to mingle with his blood, and thicken and corrupt it. Though the sky was freckled with stars, this light was dimmed by the dull atmosphere that prevailed, for the place was deadly and pestilential. When day broke, racking pains tortured him in every limb, and his head felt as though splitting with every throb of its arteries. A dreadful thirst, almost maddening in its craving, was on him, and though a rivulet rippled close by, he could not crawl to it; and now the hot sun beamed down upon him, and the piercing rays darted into his brain, piercing it in all directions—sending wild fancies, horrible and ghastly visions, through his mind. And combats with wild beasts, and wounds, and suffering, and long days of agony and suspense, all came pouring in upon him, as vial after vial of misery bathed his poor, distracted intellect.

Three days of this half-conscious state—like so many long years of suffering they were—and then he sunk into the low torpor that forms the last stage of the fever. It was thus, insensible and dying, a traveller found him, as the third evening was falling. The stranger stooped down to examine the almost lifeless figure, and it was long before he could convince himself that vitality yet lingered there; from the dried and livid lips no breath seemed to issue; the limbs fell heavily to either side, as they were moved; and it was only after a most careful examination, that he could detect a faint fluttering motion of the heart.

Whether it was that the case presented so little of hope, or that he was one not much given to movements of charity, but the traveller, after all these investigations, turned again to pursue his path. He had not gone far, however, when, gaining the rise of a hill, he cast his eyes back over the dreary landscape, and again they fell upon that small mound of human clay, motionless and still, beside the lake. Moved by an impulse that, even to himself, was unaccountable, he returned to the spot, and stood for some minutes contemplating him. It might be, that in the growing shades of evening, the gloomy desolation spoke more touchingly to his heart; it might be, that a feeling of compassionate pity stirred him; as likely as either was it a mere caprice, as, stooping down, he raised the wasted form, and threw it loosely over one shoulder, and then strode out upon his way once more.

The stranger was a man of great size and personal strength, and though heavily framed, possessed considerable activity. His burden seemed little to impede his movements, and almost as little to engage his thoughts, and as he breasted the wild mountain, or waded the many streams that crossed his path, he went along without appearing to think more of him he was rescuing. It was a long road, too, and it was deep into the night ere he reached a solitary house, in a little slip of land between two lakes, and over whose door a withered bough denoted a cabaret.

"What, in the name of all the saints, have you brought us here?" said an old man, who quickly responded to his knock at the door.

"I found him as you see beside the Lago-suro," said the other, laying down his burden. "How he came there I can't tell you, and I don't suspect you'll ever get the report from himself."

"He's not a contadino," said the old man, as he examined the boy's features, and then gazed upon the palms of his hands.

"No; nor is he a Roman, I take it: 'he's of German or English blood: that fair skin and blonde hair came from the north.'"

"One of the Cavalrista, belike!"

"Just as likely one of the Circus people; but why they should leave him there to die seems strange, except that strangers deem this Maremma fever a sort of plague, and, perhaps, when he was struck down, they only thought of saving themselves from the contagion."

"That wouldn't be human, Master Gabriel—"

"Wouldn't it, though!" cried the other, with a bitter laugh. "That's exactly the name for it, caro Pipo. It is the beast of prey—the tiger and lion—that defend their young; it is the mild rabbit and the tender woman that destroy theirs."

The old man shook his head, as though the controversy were too subtle for him, and, bending down to examine the boy more closely, "What's this, Master Gabriel?" said he, taking a peculiar medal that hung suspended round his neck.

"He was a collegier of some sort certainly," cried the other. "It's clear, therefore, he wasn't, as we suspected, one of the Cavalrista. I'll tell you, Pipo; I have it: this lad has made his escape from some of the seminaries at Rome, and in his wanderings has been struck down by the fever. The worthy Frati have, ere this, told his parents that he died in all the hopes of the Church, and is an angel already—"

"There, there," interposed the other, rebukingly; no luck ever came of mocking a priest. Let's try if we can do any thing for the lad. Tina will be up presently, and look to him;" and with this, he spread out some leaves beside the wall, and covering them with a cloak, laid the sick boy gently on them. "There, see; his lips are moving—he has swallowed some of the water—he'll get about—"

"I'll swear to it!" cried the other. "A fellow that begins life in that fashion, has always his mission for after years. At all events, Pipo, don't disturb me for the next twelve hours, for I mean to sleep so long; and let me tell you, too, I have taken my last journey to Bon Convento. The letters may lie in the post-office till doomsday, ere I go in search of them."

"Well, well, have your sleep out, and then——"

"And then?" cried the other, turning suddenly round, as he was about to quit the room. "I wish to heaven, you could tell me, what then?"

The old man shook his head mournfully, heaved a heavy sigh, and turned away.

Tina, a peasant girl, pale and sickly, but with that energy of soul that belongs to the Roman race, soon made her appearance, and at once addressed herself to nurse the sick boy. "I ought to know this Maremma fever well," said she, with a faint sigh; "it struck me down when a child, and has never left my blood since." Making a polenta with some strong red wine, she gave him a spoonful from time to time, and by covering him up warmly induced perspiration, the first crisis of the disease. "There," cried she, after some hours of assiduous care; "there, he is safe; and God knows if he'll bless me for this night's work after all! It is a sad, dreary life, even to the luckiest!"

While Gerald lay thus—and it was his fate in this fashion to pass some six long weeks, ere he had strength to sit up, or move about the house—let us say a few words of those to whose kindness he owed his life. Old Pipo Baldi had kept the little inn of Borghetto all his life. It was his father's and grandfather's before him. Situated in this dreary, unwholesome tract, with a mere mountain bridle-path—not a road—leading to it, there seemed no reason why a house of entertainment—even the humblest—could be wanted in such a spot; and, indeed, the lack of all comfort and accommodation bespoke how little trade it drove. The "Tana," however, as it was called, had a brisk business in the long, dark nights of winter, since it was here that the smugglers from the Tuscan frontier resorted, to dispose of their wares to the up-country dealers; and bargains for

many a thousand scudi went on in that dreary old kitchen, while bands of armed contrabbandieri scoured the country. To keep off the Pope's carbineers—in case that redoubtable corps could persuade themselves to adventures so far—the Maremma fever, a malady that few ever eradicated from their constitution, was the best protection the smugglers possessed; and the Tana was thus a sanctuary as safe as the rocky islands that lay off St. Stephano. A disputed question of boundary also added to the safety of the spot, and continual litigation went on between the courts of Florence and Rome, as to which the territory belonged—contests, that the scandal-monging world implied might long since have been terminated, had not the Cardinal-Secretary Manini been suspected of some secret league with the smugglers. The Tana was, therefore, a sort of refuge, and more than one gravely compromised by crime, had sought out that humble hostel, as his last place of security. To the refugee from the north of Italy it was easily available, lying only a few miles beyond the Tuscan frontier, while it was no less open to those who gained any port of the shore near St. Stephano.

In a wild and melancholy waste, with two dark and motionless lakes, girt in by low mountains, the Tana stood, the very ideal of desolation. The strip of land on which it was built was little wider than a mere bridge between the lakes, and had evidently been selected as a position capable of defence against the assault of a strong force, and two rude breast-works of stone yet bore witness that a military eye had scanned the place, and improved its advantages. Within, a stray loop-hole for musketry still showed that defence had occupied the spirits of those who held it, while a low, flat-bottomed boat, moored at a stake before the door, provided for escape in the last extremity. The great curiosity of the place, however, was a kind of large hall, or chamber, where the smugglers transacted business with their customers; and the walls of which had been decorated with huge frescoes, in charcoal, by no less a hand than Franzoni himself, whose fate it had once been to pass months here. Taking for his subjects the lives of the various refugees

who had sojourned in the Tana, he had illustrated them in a series of bold and vigorous sketches, and assuredly every breach of the Decalogue had here its portraiture, with some accompanying legend beneath to show in whose honour the picture had been painted. Pipo, who had supplied from memory all the incidents thus communicated, regarded these as perfect treasures, and was wont to show them with all the pride of a connoisseur. The maestro, so he ever called Franzoni, "The maestro," said he, "never saw Cimballi, who strangled the Countess of Soissons, and yet, just from my description, he has made a likeness his brother would swear to. And, there, look at that fellow asking alms of the Cardinal Frescobaldi, that's Fornari. He's merely there to see the cardinal, and he's sure he can recognise him; for he is engaged to stab him, on his way to the Quirinal, the day of his election for Pope. The little fellow yonder, with the hump, is the Piombino, who poisoned his mother. He was drowned in the lake, out there. I don't think it was quite fair of the maestro to paint him in that fashion;" and here he would point to a little hump-backed creature rowing in a boat, with the devil steering, the flashing eyes of the fiend seeming to feast on the tortures of fear depicted in the other's face.

Several there were of a humorous kind. Here, a group of murderous ruffians were kneeling to receive a pontifical blessing. Here, a party of Papal carbineers were in full flight from the pursuit of a single horseman armed with a bottle; while, in an excess of profanity that Pipo shuddered to contemplate, there was a portrait of himself, as a saint, offering the safeguard of the Tana to all persecuted sinners; and what an ill-favoured assemblage were they who thus congregated at his shrine!

We had not dwelt thus long on the frescoes of the Tana were it not that it was here, and amidst these strange fragments of contemporary history, the days of poor Gerald's convalescence were passed.

Few of us, dear reader, have not known what it is to taste of that curious existence, when issuing out of suffering and the dreary sorrows of

the sick bed, we begin to live again in all the freshness of uncloyed pleasure; how grateful to us then are the simplest of those enjoyments we had scarce deigned to notice in the days of our strength—how balmy every odour—how softly soothing every breath of air—how suggestive each cloud-shadow on the still mountain side—and how thrilling the warble of the mellow blackbird that sings from the deep copse near. What an ecstasy, too, is the very stillness—the silence that we can drink in without a pain to break its calming influence upon our souls. There is a strange retentiveness attached to these moments which all the most stirring scenes of after-life never succeed in effacing; and the tritest incidents, the most commonplace events, leave an impress which endure with us to the last.

Let us then imagine the poor boy, as days long he lay gazing on the singular groupings, and strange scenes, these walls presented. At first, to his half-settled intellect, they were but shapes of horror, wild and incongruous. The savage faces that scowled on him in paint, sat, in his dreams, beside his pillow. The terrible countenances and frantic gestures were carried into his sleeping thoughts, and often did he awake, with a cry of agony, at some fearful scene of crime thus suggested. As his mind acquired strength, however, they became a source of endless amusement. Innumerable stories grew out of them; romances, whose adventures embraced every land and sea; and his excited imagination revelled in inventing trials and miseries for some, while for others he sought out every possible escape from disaster. His solitude had no need of either companionship or books; his mind, stimulated by these sketches, could invent unweariedly, so that, at last, he really lived in an ideal world, peopled with daring adventurers, and abounding in accidents by flood and field.

It was while thus musing he lay stretched upon his bed of chestnut leaves that the door opened quietly, and a large, powerfully-built man entered, and walking, with noiseless steps, forward, placed a chair in front of Gerald, and sat down. The boy gazed stead-

fastly at him, and so they remained a considerable time, each staring fixedly on the other. To one who, like Gerald, had passed weeks in weaving histories from the looks and expressions of the faces around him, the features on which he now gazed might well excite interest. Never was there, perhaps, a face in which adverse and conflicting passions were more palpably depicted. A noble and massive head, covered with a profusion of black hair, rose from temples of exquisite symmetry, greatly indented at either side, and forming the walls of two orbits of singular depth. His eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, the expression usually sad; here, however, ended all that indicated good in the face. The nose was short, with wide expanded nostrils, and the mouth large, coarse, and sensual; but the lower jaw it was, of enormous breadth, and projecting forwards, that gave a character of actual ferocity that recalled the image of a wild boar. The whole meaning of the face was power—power and indomitable will. Whatever he meditated of good or evil, you could easily predict that nothing could divert him from attempting; and there was in the carriage of his head, all his gestures, and his air, the calm self-possession of one that seemed to say to the world, "I defy you."

As Gerald gazed, in a sort of fascination, at these strange features; he was almost startled by the tone of a voice so utterly unlike what he was prepared for. The stranger spoke in a low, deep strain, of exquisite modulation, and with that peculiar mellowness of accent that seems to leave its echo in the heart after it. He had merely asked him how he felt, and then seeing the difficulty with which the boy replied, he went on to tell how he himself had discovered him on the side of the Lago-scuvo, at nightfall, and carried him all the way to the Tana. "The luck was," said he, "that *you* happened to be light, and *I* strong."

"Say, rather, that *you* were kind-hearted and *I* in trouble," muttered the boy, as his eyes filled up.

"And who knows, boy, but you may be right!" cried he, as though a sudden thought had crossed him;

"your judgment has just as much grounds as that of the great world!" As he spoke, his voice rose out of its tone of former gentleness, and swelled into a roll of deep, sonorous meaning; then changing again, he asked—"By what accident was it that you came there?"

Gerald drew a long sigh, as though recalling a sorrowful dream; and then, with many a faltering word, and many an effort to recall events as they occurred, told all that he remembered of his own history.

"A scholar of the Jesuit College; without father or mother; befriended by a great man, whose name he has never heard," muttered the other to himself. "No bad start in life for such a world as we have now before us. And your name?"

"Gerald Fitzgerald. I am Irish by birth."

The stranger seemed to ponder long over these words, and then said: "The Irish have a nationality of their own—a race—a language—traditions. Why have they suffered themselves to be ruled by England?"

"I suppose they couldn't help it," said Gerald, half-smiling.

"Which of us can say that? who has ever divined where the strength lay till the day of struggle called it forth! Chance—chance—she is the great goddess!"

"I'd be sorry to think so," said Gerald, resolutely.

"Indeed, boy," cried the other, turning his large, full eyes upon the youth, and staring steadfastly at him; then passing his hand over his brow, he added, in a tone of much feeling, "And yet it is as I have said. Look at the portraits around us on these walls. There they are, great or infamous, as accident has made them. That fellow yonder, with that noble forehead and generous look, he stabbed the confessor who gave the last rites to his father, just because the priest had heard some tales to his disadvantage—a scrupulous sense of delicacy moved him—there was a woman's name in it—and he preferred a murder to a scandal! There, too, there's Marocchi, who poisoned his mother the day of her second marriage. Ask old Pipo if he ever saw a gentler-hearted creature; he lived here two years, and died of

the Maremma fever, that he caught from a peasant whom he was nursing. And there again, that wild-looking fellow, with the scarlet cap—he it was stole the Medici jewels out of the Pitti, to give his mistress; and killed himself afterwards, when she deserted him. Weigh the good and evil of these men's hearts, boy, and you have subtle weights if you can strike the balance for or against them. We are all but what good or evil fortune makes us, just as a landscape catches its tone from light, and what is glorious in sunshine, is bleak, and desolate, and dreary, beneath a leaden sky and lowering atmosphere."

"I'll not believe it," said the boy, boldly. "I have read of fellows that never showed the great stuff they were made of till adversity had called it forth. They were truly great!"

"Truly great!" repeated the other, with an intense mockery. "The truly great we never hear of. They die in workhouses or garrets—poor, dreary optimists, working out of their fine-spun fancies hopeful destinies for those who sneer at them. The idols men call great are but the types of Force—mere Force. One day it is courage; another, it is money; another day, political craft is the object of worship. Come, boy," said he, in a lighter vein, "what have these worthy Jesuits taught you?"

"Very different lessons from yours," said the youth, stoutly. "They taught me to honour and reverence those set in authority over me."

"Good, and then——"

"They taught me the principles of my faith; the creed of the Church."

"What Church?"

"What but the one Church—the Catholic!"

"Why, there are fifty, child, and each with five hundred controversies within it. Popes denying Councils; Councils rejecting Popes; Synods against Bishops; Bishops against Presbyters. What a mockery is it all!" cried he, passionately. "We who, in our imperfect forms of language, have not even names for separate odours, but say, 'this smells like the violet,' and 'that like the rose,' presume to talk of eternity and that vast universe around us, as though our paltry vocabulary could compass such

themes. But to come back: were you happy there?"

"No; I could not bear the life, nor did I wish to be a priest."

"What would you be, then?"

"I wish I knew," said the boy, fervently.

"I'm a bad counsellor," said the other, with a half-smile; "I have tried several things, and failed in all."

"I never could have thought that you could fail," said Gerald, slowly, as in calm composure he gazed on the massive features before him.

"I have done with failure now," said the other; "I mean to achieve success next. It is something to have learned a great truth, and this is one, boy—our world is a huge hunting-ground, and it is better to play wolf than lamb. Don't turn your eyes to those walls, as if the fellows depicted there could gainsay me—they were but sorry scoundrels, the bad ones; the best were but weakly good."

"You do but pain me when you speak thus," said Gerald; "you make me think that you are one who, having done some great crime, waits to avenge the penalty he has suffered on the world that inflicted it."

"What if you were partly right, boy? Not but I would protest against the word crime, or even fault, as applied to me; still you are near enough to make your guess a good one. I have a debt to pay, and I mean to pay it."

"I wish I had never quitted the college," said the boy, and the tears rolled heavily down his cheeks.

"It is not too late to retrace your steps. The cell and the scourge—the fathers know the use of both—will soon condone your offence; and when they have sapped the last drop of manhood out of your nature, you will be all the fitter for your calling."

With these harsh words, uttered in tones as cruel, the stranger left the room; while Gerald, covering his face with both hands, sobbed as though his heart were breaking.

"Ah! Gabriel has been talking to him; I knew how it would be," muttered old Pipo, as he cast a glance within the room. Poor child! better for him had he left him to die in the Maremma."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE 'COUR' OF THE ALTIERI.

A LONG autumn day was drawing to its close, in Rome, and gradually here and there might be seen a few figures stealing listlessly along, or seated in melancholy mood before the shop-doors, trying to catch a momentary breath of air ere the hour of sunset should fall. All the great and noble of the capital had left, a month before, for the sea side, or for Albano, or the shady valleys above Lucca. You might walk for days and never meet a carriage. It was a city in complete desolation. The grass sprang up between the stones, and troops of seared leaves, carried from the gardens, littered the empty streets. The palaces were barred up and fastened, the massive doors looking as if they had not opened for centuries. In one alone, throughout the entire city, did any signs of habitation linger, and here a single lamp threw its faint light over a wide court-yard, giving a ghost-like air to the vaulted corridors and dim distances around. All was still and silent within the walls—not a light gleamed from a window—not a sound issued. A solitary figure walked, with weary footsteps, up and down, stopping at times to listen, as if he heard the noise of one approaching, and then resuming his dreary round again.

As night closed in, a second stranger made his appearance, and timidly halting at the porter's lodge, asked leave to enter; but the porter had gone to refresh himself at a neighbouring *caff  *, and the visitor passed in of his own accord. He was in a friar's robe, and by his dusty dress and tired look showed that he came off a journey—indeed, so overcome was he with fatigue that he sat down at once on a stone bench, depositing a heavy bag that he carried beside him. The oppressive heat, the fatigue, the silence of the lonesome spot, all combined, composed him to sleep; and poor Fra Luke, for it was he, crossed his arms before him, and snored away manfully.

Astonished by the deep-drawn breathing, the other stranger drew nigh, and, as well as the imperfect light permitted, examined him. He himself was a man of immense sta-

ture, and, though bowed and doubled by age, showed the remnant of a powerful frame; his dress was worn and shabby, but in its cut, and in the fashion he wore it, bespoke the gentleman. He gazed long and attentively at the sleeping Fra, and then, approaching, he took up the bag that lay on the bench. It was weighty, and contained money, a considerable sum too, as the stranger remarked, while he replaced it. The heavy bang of a door, at this moment, and the sound of feet, however, recalled him from this contemplation, and, at the same time, a low whistle was heard, and a voice, in a subdued tone, called out, "O'Sullivan."

"Here," cried the stranger, who was quickly joined by another.

"I am sorry to have kept you so long, Chief," said the latter; "but he detained me, watching me so closely too, that I feared to leave the room."

"And how is he—better?"

"Far from it; he seems, to me, sinking every hour. His irritability is intense, eternally asking who have called to inquire after him—if Boyer had been to ask—if the Cardinal Caraffa had come. In fact, so eagerly set is his mind on these things, I have been obliged to make the coachman drive repeatedly into the courtyard, and by a loud uproar without convey the notion of a press of visitors."

"Has he asked after Barra, or myself," said the chieftain, after a pause.

"Yes; he said twice, 'We must have our old followers up here—tomorrow, or next day.' But his mind is scarcely settled, for he talked of Florence and the duchess, and then went off about the insult of that arrest in France, which preys upon him incessantly."

"And why should it not, Kelly. Was there ever such baseness as that of Louisa. Take my word for it, there's a heavy day of reckoning to come to that house yet for this iniquity. It's a sore trouble to me to think it will not be in my time, but it is not far off."

"Everything is possible now," said Kelly. "Heaven knows what's in



store for any of us. Men are talking in a way I never heard before. Boyer told me, two days ago, that the garrison of Paris was to be doubled, and Vincennes placed in a perfect state of defence."

A bitter laugh from the old chieftain showed how he relished these symptoms of terror.

"It will be no laughing matter when it comes," said Kelly, gravely.

"But who *have* called here? Tell me their names," said the chief, sternly.

"Not one, not one—stay, I am wrong. The cripple who sells the water-melons at the corner of the Babuino, he has been here; and Giacchino, the strolling actor, comes every morning and says, 'Give my duty to his Royal Highness.'"

A muttered curse broke from O'Sullivan, and Kelly went on, "It was on Wednesday last he wished to have a mass in the chapel here, and I went to the Quirinal to say so. They should, of course, have sent a cardinal; but who came?—the Vicar of Santa Maria maggiore. I shut the door in his face, and told him that the highest of his masters might have been proud to come in his stead."

"They are tired of us all, Kelly," sighed the chieftain. "I have walked every day, of the eight long years I have passed here, in the Vatican gardens, and it was only yesterday a guard stopped me to ask if I were noble!—ay, by heaven, if I were noble! I gulped down my passion and answered, 'I am a gentleman in the service of his Royal Highness, of England;' and he said, 'That may well be, and yet give you no right to enter here.' The old Cardinal Balfi was passing, so I just said to his Eminence, 'Give me your arm, for you are my junior by three good years.' Ay, and he did it too, and I passed in; but I'll go there no more! no more!" muttered he sadly. "Insults are hard to bear when one's arm is too feeble to resent them."

Kelly sighed too; and neither spoke for some seconds. "What heavy breathings are those I hear?" cried Kelly, suddenly; "some one has overheard us."

"Have no fears of that," replied the other; "it is a stout friar, taking his evening nap, on the stone bench yonder."

Kelly hastened to the spot, and by the struggling gleam of the lamp could just recognize Fra Luke, as he lay sleeping, snoring heavily.

"You know him, then?" asked O'Sullivan.

"That do I; he is a countryman of ours, and as honest a soul as lives; but yet I'd just as soon not see him here. Fra Luke," said he, shaking the sleeper's shoulder, "Fra Luke. By St. Joseph! they must have hard mattresses up there at the convent, or he'd not sleep so soundly here."

The burly friar at last stirred, and shook himself, like some great water-dog, and then turning his eyes on Kelly, gradually recalled where he was. "Would he see me, Laurence; would he just let me say one word to him," muttered he in Kelly's ear.

"Impossible, Fra Luke, he is on a bed of sickness. God alone knows if he is ever to rise up from it!"

The Fra bent his head, and for some minutes continued to pray with great fervour, then turning to Kelly, said, "If it's dying he is, there's no good in disturbing his last moments; but if he was to get well enough to hear it, Laurence, will you promise to let me have two or three minutes beside his bed. Will you, at last, ask him if he'd see Fra Luke. He'll know why himself."

"My poor fellow!" said Kelly, kindly; "like all the world, you fancy that the things which touch yourself must be nearest to the hearts of others. I don't want to learn your secret, Luke—Heaven knows I have more than I wish for in my keeping already!—but take my word for it, the Prince has cares enough on his mind, without your asking him to hear yours."

"Will you give him this, then," said the Fra, handing him the bag with the money; "there's a hundred crowns in it, just as he gave it to me, Monday was a fortnight. Tell him, that—" here he stopped and wiped his forehead, in confusion of thought; "tell him, that its not wanting any more for—for what he knows—that it's all over now; not that he's dead, though—God be praised!—but what am I saying? Oh, dear! oh, dear! after my swearing never to speak of him!"

"You are safe with me, Luke, depend on that. Only, as to the money,

take my advice, and just keep it. He'll never want to hear more of it. Many a hundred crowns have left this on a worse errand, whatever be its fate."

"I wouldn't, to save my life! I wouldn't, if it was to keep me from the galleys!"

"Have your own way, then," said Kelly, sharply; "I must not loiter

longer here;" and so saying, he took the bag from the Friar's hand, and moved over towards where O'Sullivan was standing.

"Come along home with me, Friar," said O'Sullivan, as Kelly wished them good night; "I'll give you a glass of Vermuth, and we'll have a talk about the old country."

#### LORD MACAULAY.

THE peerage recently bestowed upon Lord Macaulay is a fitting tribute of Power to Genius. Undoubtedly it was the reward of political as well as literary eminence; but it is well that a species of intellectual greatness, which, hitherto, the State has rarely rated at its worth, should have been thought entitled to receive such a distinction. For, although it is a simple necessity, that the majority of men of science and letters should find no other patronage than that of the public, in particular instances of high excellence, they are among the worthiest objects of the honours of the Crown. And such favour becomes a real obligation, whenever, as is the case with Lord Macaulay, such men have done good service to the State in their works—when, for example, they have powerfully advocated just principles of government, successfully denounced abuses and false theories, and fought in that good fight of freedom and order, which owes as much to pen as sword. These lofty natures, however, in comparison with their real merits, have hitherto been rewarded by England, either inadequately or with caprice. It is melancholy to reflect that the great seal was given to Bacon not because he was the ablest thinker of his age, nor because his philosophy, even among his contemporaries, was acknowledged to have furthered his country's welfare—nor yet because he had proved himself equal to the task of digesting and codifying the laws of England, which as yet had baffled all other powers; but because he had stooped to meannesses and crimes which must ever deface his noble name. So, it will probably be thought, a place

in the Customs was scarcely a meet reward for the great philosopher who enunciated the laws that determine the Wealth of Nations; whose thoughts, borrowed at second-hand by Shelburne and Pitt, acquired for those statesmen an extraordinary reputation; and whose doctrines as to colonial government, the mercantile theory of Economics, and the true sources and methods of taxation, are now accepted as axioms by all politicians of any note. Too many examples of this kind might be mentioned; and, therefore, it is with real pleasure that we recognise in Lord Macaulay's elevation to the Peerage, a tendency to the admission, that the State's highest prizes are due to pre-eminence in certain kinds of literature.

To review Lord Macaulay's works is not now our object; but while he stands before the public in his recent honours, we wish to inquire into his intellectual status in its varied developments. If we compare Lord Macaulay with the brightest luminaries in each sphere of mental cultivation wherein he has taken a place, his lustre will not be surpassing, though frequently most brilliant. He does not possess that creative power which, throughout the regions of Thought, Fact, and Imagination, reproduces outward objects, and excites emotions, and which, as by a real enchantment, presents its subjects to us through all their varieties, vividly and completely. He has not the dramatic genius which gives form to the rude materials of History, and shapes them into an harmonious picture of living characters, in just relations, and of actual events in proper grouping—the genius which has made Tacitus the first of narrative painters. He is not

a very strong or original thinker : he has occasionally mistaken accidental phenomena for essential laws ; and, upon the many lines of thought along which he has moved, he has not made any remarkable discoveries. It would, probably, have been better for his fame had he never ventured within the precincts of Philosophy, for his brilliant and wild incursions into its domain only disclose the excessive poverty of his forces ; and had he found a Plato to expose his sophisms, he would certainly have been drawn as the modern Gorgias. Nor can we ascribe to Lord Macaulay, in a great degree, the faculties of analysing existing things deeply, of drawing out the central thoughts of other minds, or of sympathising genially with high intelligences. And although his style is perfect of its kind, it is not of the best order of language, which is ever in accord with its author's mind, and shines in splendour, or rises into majesty, from simple expression of the thought it interprets.

But if Lord Macaulay falls short of perfection, he is entitled to respectful praise for his intellectual achievements. He is blest with a warm and fertile fancy, which arrays the stores of a marvellous knowledge in hues of pleasing lustre, and which, if it fail in creative strength, gives a bright expression to vast resources of learning. He has, beyond any other author of the generation, the power of drawing materials from innumerable sources, and of arranging them into a congruous structure, sometimes wanting in truth, seldom in beauty. His mind is extremely clear and logical : it classifies his thoughts, within their entire scope, in order and precision ; it can at once detect the fallacies of opponents, and refute them with vigour and felicity. His judgment is remarkably good. If, being unaided by a lively imagination, it has not saved him from false impressions as to the past, it is generally correct upon questions of the day ; it secures him from affectation and vicious taste, and balances his powers into harmonious energy. Finally, his language is a splendid specimen of rhetorical art ; it is always lucid and picturesque ; terse and elegant, if not quite melodious ; and richly adorned with the graces which are found in antithetical and metaphorical expression.

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These qualities are plainly revealed throughout Lord Macaulay's works in all their special excellences and defects. We trace them in his poetry, criticism, essay-writing, and history. His chief title to poetic fame is founded upon his "Lays of Ancient Rome." These poems want that higher imagination which seems to create living agents and external objects, and to set them before us in perfect clearness, and which fills us with sympathy for the emotions it simulates ; but they abound in a rich and glowing fancy, which enlivens them with peculiar picturesqueness ; they represent the general outline and colour of the classic age in beautiful descriptions of singular fidelity ; they show great power when dealing with classical subjects in the mass, and when their work is not to reproduce individual objects ; they contain passages of exquisite rhetoric ; they overflow with copious and profound knowledge ; they are full of admirable forms of expression, especially of most excellent imagery, and their language throughout is energetic and splendid. And in consequence of these peculiar merits and defects they are somewhat feeble and dim when they attempt particular and specific creations ; but they give us real and deep gratification when they bring before us successions of classical subjects to form the accessories of a general picture ; or when they roll along in a sounding narrative, exhaustless in learning and brilliant allusion ; or when, through the lips of his mimic characters, they utter the poet's own reflections. For Horatius fronting the Tuscan army at the bridge ; for Lars Porsenna bidding good speed to his noble foe from his ivory car ; for the mysterious advent of the great Twin Brethren in the shock of the battle ; for the young Icilius denouncing the wrong done his bride ; for Virginius lifting the steel over his daughter's breast ; even for the fair and gentle Virginia—the best of Lord Macaulay's creations ;—we cannot feel, as Homer would have made us feel ; nor can we see, as we should have seen them in a Roman Iliad, the combat of the dauntless Three with the Etrurian Chieftains, and the rage and swell of battle along the lake Regillus. But the account of Etruria and Latium mustering their cities for the war ; the gene-

ral outline of the battle pieces ; the fine description of the Roman country household—though here Lord Macaulay has borrowed from Virgil—and the noble speech which closes the prophecy of Capys, and which really is the author's vision of the great destiny of Rome :—

“ There, where, o'er two bright havens  
The towers of Corinth frown ;  
Where the gigantic King of Day  
On his own Rhodes looks down ;  
Where soft Orontes murmurs  
Beneath the laurel shades ;  
Where Nile reflects the endless length  
Of dark-red colonnades ;  
Where in the still deep water,  
Sheltered from waves and blasts,  
Bristles the dusky forest  
Of Byrsa's thousand masts ;  
Where fur-clad hunters wander  
Amidst the northern ice ;  
Where, through the sand of morning land,  
The camel bears the spice ;  
Where Atlas flings his shadow  
Far o'er the western foam  
Shall be great fear on all who hear  
The mighty name of Rome ;—”

These evince a mingling of fancy, learning, and richness of language, which only falls short of very high poetry. Some other passages of the “Lays” remind us of the art of Sir Walter Scott, transferred from romantic to classic subjects, and embodied in a diction of Drydenian magnificence.

As an affirmative thinker on subjects of lasting interest, Lord Macaulay is not remarkably eminent. He has written a good deal on political philosophy, and the causes of important historical events ; but, in general, he has only placed the speculations of others in brighter relief. His theory of government—that its primary end is temporal and negative—that its main object is the security of the subject, to which all other ends should give place, though they may be more important in themselves, is essentially Paley's idea ; but it is laid down with the polity of England in view, and is not devoid of the colour of party. And hence, while its author advocates liberty and toleration, and denies that the State, as such, should profess a religion, unless it can insure a contented uniformity ; he avoids applying his principles strictly to the Church establishments of the empire. His sketches of the rise and progress of the British constitution ; of the

slow development of our organic institutions, amidst many retarding and promoting influences ; of the real questions at issue in the civil war ; of the gradual change in the attitude of our sovereigns to the people, from a haughty arrogance to a corrupting prerogative ; of the causes which produced the great revolution, and the effects that followed that event, are, perhaps, the most complete and masterly in the English language ; but they add little to the thoughts of Hallam and Mackintosh, though they place these thoughts in the clearest light, and charm the reader by an attractive manner in rehearsing them. His views upon the Reformation, and the causes of the Roman Catholic revival, are more original, but not quite trustworthy. For, to compare the events of the Reformation with those of the French Revolution, appears to be judging things by their accidents ; inasmuch as the conflicts of the former, though marked with atrocities, and mingling with them all the vilest elements of our nature, were essentially the contests of earnest men fighting for their religious faiths ; whereas the latter have always seemed to us to have been the strife of selfish passion against selfish power, each struggling for an ignoble mastery. And so, in accounting for the Roman Catholic revival, Lord Macaulay gives too much weight to the moral forces of Romanism ; and does not place in sufficient prominence the virtual isolation of England from the Protestant cause, and the intense union of the Catholic powers. Nor is it just, when he consigns so much of Europe to Catholicism, to conceal that it is penetrated by Protestant influences ; that if the dominions of Rome have not been narrowed, they have been enlightened ; that she can no longer deal in dogmatic arrogance, but is forced to attempt to adjust her doctrines to the standard of Scripture ; that she has substituted logic for persecution ; and that Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, repudiate the conduct of Alva and the creed of Escobar.

Lord Macaulay, however, is most remarkable as a sceptical thinker in the philosophic sense—that is, as an opponent of settled creeds in philosophy. He narrows the limits of natural theology to the truths evolved by the argument from design, and he denies

that it is a progressive science.\* He evidently thinks with Milton, that the sciences of metaphysics and ethics are

"Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy ;"

that, at best, they are only refiners of the mind, and do not lead to useful results. He declares "that it is a mistake to imagine that subtle speculations, touching the Divine attributes, the origin of evil, the necessity of human actions, the foundation of moral obligation, imply any high degree of intellectual culture. Such speculations, on the contrary, are in a peculiar manner the delight of intelligent children and half-civilized men."<sup>†</sup> He covers logic with especial scorn, and asserts that "the knowledge of the theory of logic has no tendency whatever to make men good reasoners," which assertion, perhaps, is popularly believed, though the real logician may afford to smile at one who tells us that the test of a sound induction is the number of the instances of the fact ; that the inductive process is not worth knowing, because it applies to the simplest experiments ; and that new discoveries can be made by induction alone. And quite in harmony with these opinions, he terms the philosophy of the Greeks, which is peculiarly that of the mental and moral sciences, "a philosophy of words ;" he contrasts it unfavourably with that of Bacon, which he calls "a philosophy of works," and, whether this contrast be sound or not, he evidently thinks that the only useful or "fruitful" sciences are those which lay down the immediate laws of mechanical arts. He thus sums up his antithesis, and leaves no doubt about his meaning :—

"Plato drew a good bow ; but, like Acastes, in Virgil, he aimed at the stars ; Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and within bow-shot, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words—noble words, indeed, words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects, exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in arts."

To refute these views at length would exhaust our space ; but we may briefly point out their cardinal errors. In the first place, Lord Macaulay fails to appreciate the nature and objects of natural theology. The argument from design is only part of a science, which aims at indicating the ways of God to man, by the light of reason ; and which has proved to moral conviction, if not mathematically, that a First Cause must exist somewhere ; that a certain order is to be found in the universe ; that man is a part of the system, and under definite laws ; that the most important of these is that the practice of virtue conduces to happiness, and of vice to misery ; that the evidences of this law are indubitable, although, in some cases, we cannot see its application ; and that, therefore, the existence of a moral government, rewarding the good and punishing the wicked, is a fact of such extreme probability that it would be sheer folly to disbelieve it. But to mistake a part of a science for the whole, is to place it in a light altogether false, and render comment, proceeding on that basis, utterly futile.

Again, we conceive that natural theology, though not a demonstrative, is a progressive science. For, although it does not state a series of truths, which all mankind must necessarily accept, and on which new truths may infallibly be raised ; though even its principles and discoveries must ever partake of a probable nature, and be open to certain objections ; we think that, as knowledge grows clearer and fuller, and as fresh facts give birth to new inductions, its laws must acquire a firmer assurance. We deny that its evidences could be as complete to the Indian who sees God in the clouds, and hears Him in the wind, and whose knowledge is limited to a few traditions, as to the honest and patient enquirer who reads the lessons of philosophy and history. With Milton, we believe that

"Earth is the shadow of Heaven, and things therein,  
Each to the other like, more than on earth  
is thought ;"

\* See *Essay on Ranke*, vol. ii., p. 129, Edition 1854. It is true that, in this *Essay*, Lord Macaulay classifies some questions which are properly metaphysical, or moral, *e. g.*, that of a future state, and others, under the head of natural theology ; but his conception of the science appears to be as we have stated it.

† See *Essay on Ranke*, vol. ii., p. 129, Edition 1854 ; and the *Essay on Bacon*, vol. i., p. 391, Ed. 1854.

and that the more we study the shadow, the clearer will be our apprehension of the substance; that as our knowledge of man and of nature becomes more perfect, we ascend more closely to the knowledge of God. Nor, when estimating the tendency of Natural Theology to progressiveness, should we forget that a full exposition of its laws has always been the work of successions of thinkers; and hence that its truths have never been classified into systems, except in a slow and natural development. The analogy of Butler was a late birth in Time; it was the sum of a long succession of inquiries by natural theologians.

"But all the mental and moral sciences, natural theology, metaphysics, ethics, and logic, are merely a waste of splendid words, and, except as a discipline, are of no real usefulness!" Divine philosophy is a glittering cheat! Speculations on the nature of God, man, and creation, are a mere mirage, without form and void! The only science is that which adds comforts to life, builds our ships, improves our railways, enlarges our telescopes, and prolongs our health. We feel as bewildered by this scepticism as the old Athenian in Aristophanes' play, whose faith the "new logic" so fiercely uprooted; but let us see what all this is worth. And, first, is natural theology so utterly useless? We feel assured Lord Macaulay will admit that Revelation is of use to a State. For its authoritative declaration of the Being of God—that He metes out their due to the just and unjust, and that all apparent exceptions to His moral rule will ultimately be resolved, prepare the mind of a nation for government, create a standard of law, and pour into men's hearts those principles of reverence and obedience which are the real basis of political stability. But Revelation is external to us; it is not given to us in a scientific form which commands assent by cogent logic; it is comprised in a mass of maxims, history, and prophecies; and it shows a tendency to become corrupt whenever it enters human society. And hence it must be of use to a nation, for the purpose of keeping revelation pure, of giving additional sanction to it, and thus of promoting the general welfare, that its teachings should, in

part, be reflected in a positive system of human reason, and that the Divine economy detailed in the Scriptures should be proved in complete analogy with natural theology. For then the minds of men will be prepared to accept revelation in its simplicity, and to free it from injurious influences; the light from without will not shine in a darkness which not only comprehends it not, but breaks it into glimmering phantoms—it will find an answering light within. Reason will be the minister of religion, and will tend to assure its blessings to the State. Thus, if revelation be useful to civil society, there is use in natural theology as a testimony to the truth of revelation, and a scientific preservation of it.

Let us take, again, the science of metaphysics. The proper object of this science is the real nature of man and the universe. We may admit that it rests upon probabilities; that its truths have never been freed from question; and that it has been tortured into subtleties of the flimsiest texture. Some of its laws, however, are morally certain; that is, we think and act with a reference to them. Such are the doctrines that phenomena are not fortuitous, nor yet merely fixed coincidences, but that they obey the rules of a Cause outside them; that no analysis of material substances, no refined theory of physical forces, will explain that living agent, man; that man is something beside all this, a being of a nature we term spiritual; that this nature, although it interacts with matter, appears to be of a different essence; that in consciousness it keeps a complete identity, while the forms of matter around it are changing; and, therefore, that there is more reason to think it will outlast the great change of death, than there is to assume its annihilation. The expressions of every civilized language, the acts of materialists confuting their own logic, and the regular, and seemingly unconscious, tendency of all reasonable men to live in accordance with them, are too strong proofs of the certainty of these truths, to yield to any opposite speculations.

Now, if these laws are so very probable, that it seems irrational to think or to act in defiance of them, we ask is the science which teaches them useless? In the first place, in showing

that an efficient cause exists, which is the ultimate author of phenomena, and assures us that material causes will always have the same effects, it gives a pledge of certainty to the material sciences, which otherwise they could not possess. Hence it clears away the puzzling doubts, as regards the fixed order of material causes, and the necessary recurrence of material phenomena, which, were its teachings utterly silent, would soon settle down on the minds of men, and lead to a disbelief in the possibility of ascertaining the laws of any thing. And thus the science of metaphysics is of real use in promoting those material sciences which Lord Macaulay thinks the sum total of philosophy; it stamps upon them the assurance of certainty; and is a powerful agent in their fruitful pursuit. There is great wisdom in the remark of Pope, that when philosophy sinks to these second causes, to which Lord Macaulay would confine her domain, she soon ceases to shine at all. Experimental scepticism, ending in an idle empiricism, is the result of physics deprived of metaphysical truth.

Again, if Revelation be of use to society, and yet is ever being overlaid with corruption, the science of metaphysics is of practical value, inasmuch as it ministers to revealed truth. For Revelation expressly tells us that we are here in a state of trial for hereafter; that that Being we term Spirit is, in fact, of an imperishable nature; and that its dwelling within a veil of flesh is but an overshadowing of its eternity. But, since this doctrine is necessarily difficult, and yet is of essential value, there must be value in a science which proves it reasonable, which gives it a basis in our understandings, and shows that it is in perfect concord with the truths we gather by observation. If, therefore, revealed truth be important as a harmonizing element in national life, there must be use in metaphysics, its rational index.

The truth is that in an age of high education, which thoroughly, and yet by indirect methods, has been impregnated with their truths, it is not easy to separate and define the precise good done by natural theology and metaphysics. Their doctrines are so imbedded in us, we receive them through so many channels, that we

think of their value as little as that of the air, which we breathe unconsciously, without reflecting that it is a necessary of life. But, could we place ourselves in a country where their teachings were utterly withdrawn; in which the course of all material, intellectual, and moral phenomena was thought to flow along in the shifting channels of chance, or to issue merely in coincidences—in which man was supposed a physical organ, with no other power but that of receiving impressions from without—in which spirit appeared a manifestation of sense—in which revelation telling man of a moral government, of an immortal soul, and of a world to come, found no echo in ears long accustomed to other sounds—and in which the light from above shot down its rays in vain through the thick darkness below,—we might learn to appreciate the value of sciences which are ancillary to religion, and are, besides, the best promoters of the scientific spirit. The age of Condillac and Voltaire resembled that we have described; its issue was the French revolution—that is, the rule of anarchy and ignorance. It is significant that the generation which heard a philosopher exclaim, with regard to natural theology and metaphysics, "*Il en savait ce qu'on en a su dans tous les âges; c'est-à-dire fut peu de chose,*" was that which saw the Goddess of Reason, and listened to Robespierre proclaim that "the Republic had no need of chemists."

Again, let us take the science of ethics. This science, starting from the facts, that man is ever in pursuit of that which seems to him good, and that his chief good is his perfect happiness, proves that this is to be found in the practice of moral excellence, in the relations of social life, with a reasonable possession of external comforts. As practice implies the will to act, it discusses incidentally the problem of necessity; it shows that man, in all his dealings, thinks himself free, and thus that human nature repudiates fatalism. But, as the moral excellence and comfort of man in society are the elements of his perfect good, it necessarily inquires how they are to be evolved; and it declares that the means most apt to secure them, are to be found in a well-organized political government, in which indi-

vidual life has the freest development, and yet is restrained from evil by law. And here ethics melts into political science, and leaves it to search out the various means by which this great end is to be attained; how forms of governments, external policy, municipal laws, and social regulations, can be framed with a view to the happiness of the subject.

It is unnecessary to point out how a science proving the freedom of the will, and connecting our happiness with the practice of virtue, must minister to revealed religion, which, of course, Lord Macaulay will admit to be useful. But perhaps its most evident use is that it shows that, as happiness is possible to social man, and is best realized under government and law; these agents should ever conduce to their end, the greatest happiness of the society; that, therefore, they are perverted from their purpose when they cease to promote the common weal, and are used in the interest of Power alone; and hence, that Power, though accidentally it may use their names, and array itself under their symbols, may yet in fact be in antagonism to them, and accordingly may be justly overthrown. A science which is the real apology for Magna Charta, for the meeting of the first English Parliament, for the extinction of villeinage, for the Reformation, for the Petition of Right, for the great Revolution, for all the triumphs in which the good of the state has been preferred to the selfish ends of dominant injustice, should not have been placed by Lord Macaulay in a "Philosophy of Words." Ethics will cease to be of practical good, when a justification of the principles of good government becomes unnecessary.

Nor can we agree with Lord Macaulay that the science of logic is of no value. Undoubtedly it is an imperfect science, although we possess the "Organum" and the "Rhetoric" of Aristotle; and perhaps the calculus of reasoning will never be thoroughly laid down. Of course, it cannot do impossibilities; it cannot, as Bacon conceived it could, map out the domain of reason in easy outlines, and, along the entire range of intellectual subjects, make the conditions of proof equally clear to all minds. Cultivate the theory of proof as we may, there will still remain an intellectual gulf

between Aristotle and Lord Macaulay, and between Lord Macaulay and a common scribbler. But a real and sound knowledge of logic, acquired by an earnest study of its rules, and a constant applying of them to practical examples, is certainly a useful mental training; it makes the intellect steady and cautious, slow in induction, and sound in conclusion, and gives a peculiar depth and completeness to thought. The tone and method of several remarkable works—we might instance Butler's "Analogy of Religion"—evinces the justice of this remark. Of course, Lord Macaulay may gaily assert "that a man of sense syllogises in celarent and cesare all day long, without suspecting it; and though he may not know what an *ignoratio elenchi* is, has no difficulty in exposing it, whenever he falls in with it, which is likely to be as often as he falls in with a reverend Master of Arts nourished in mode and figure in the cloisters of Oxford." But two sneers are not half an argument; and "Oxford logic" may be a sore subject to one who has felt the home-thrusts of Mr. Stanley pierce the gorgeous mail of his rhetoric, and whose reasoning faculties, strong as they are, must yield in debate to the subtle dialectics of Gladstone. And, perhaps, Lord Macaulay's Master of Arts might have told him that to charge on a science the errors of its professors is the common fallacy of "*Non causa pro causa*."

As regards Lord Macaulay's antithesis between the Greek and Baconian philosophies, we cannot pretend to imitate his method, and condense the whole subject in one paragraph. A few words, however, may be written upon it within these limits. Sincerely as we respect Lord Macaulay's powers we do not think them equal to the task of parting off, in opposing tides, the mighty sea of modern and ancient philosophy. We deny that the speculations of the Greeks and Bacon can be separated into such evident contrast; although a distinction runs between them. It is idle to say that sciences which, commencing with man in the abstract, trace out the elements of which he is composed, consider the nature of things around him, mark out his place and work, and investigate the social influences, the forms of government, the modes of law, the eco-



nomic rules, the kinds of education, which directly tend to promote the welfare of states—that such treatises as the republic of Plato, and the ethics and politics of Aristotle, can be summarily laughed down, as “a philosophy of words.” It is equally untrue that the logic of Bacon, which aimed at extracting the *material essences* of things, “*naturæ formam, sive differentiam veram, sive naturam naturantem, sive fontem emanationis*,”\* which has given place to an humbler method, that of observing and registering the laws of phenomena,† and which was not, in itself, fruitful of great discoveries, can be characterized as a pure “philosophy of works.” But between these two philosophies there was this difference: that of Greece took man as its central object, considered nature in reference to him, evoked a deity as a type of human perfection, and wrought out its metaphysical and ethical sciences, with a view to the work of man in society, in pursuit of the greatest of blessings, happiness. That of Bacon, being of later date, and having been preceded by revealed truth, which positively explains the most important problems in human nature, dwelt especially on the subject of things, and sought to find out the *material causes*, which produce the phenomena perceivable around us. The one began in metaphysics, and ended in a political science by far the most profound which as yet has appeared; the other began in a most original logic, which has led the way to an earnest interpretation of nature, and is the genuine parent of physical science. To civilize man is the aim of Plato, to subdue nature is that of Bacon.

But between Lord Macaulay, the sceptical speculator, and Lord Macaulay, the practical thinker, there is a difference as great as that between Pericles murmuring nonsense to Aspasia, and Pericles in the Agora of Athens. As a thinking politician on contemporaneous questions, Lord Macaulay takes a very high place among statesmen of his day; like Burke, he is, perhaps, the only man of his age whose writings and speeches on

passing subjects will be treasured for posterity; and although he falls far short of Burke in depth, originality, and imagination, his logic is neater and more pointed, his powers are under better control, his taste is purer, and his style fresher and more popular. His characteristics in this sphere are, a happy art of treating questions deeply and brilliantly, of bringing them under general laws, and yet dealing with their particular facts; of condensing enormous stores of knowledge in a ready, vivid, and attractive manner; of quickly seizing an opponent's errors and confuting them with precision; of explaining general views by happy illustrations; and using quotations aptly and well.

But criticism was the earliest subject of Lord Macaulay's successful labours. He has given a peculiar fashion to an art which has reached its highest development in our time. It is true that his criticisms are not eminent for depth of thought, original views, searching analysis, or genial sympathy. With the exception of the curious paradox, of which we presume Lord Macaulay's “matured judgment” does not approve,‡ that learning and civilization are hostile to poetry—as though the true poetic genius cannot alchemise knowledge as it extends into beauty—they do not contain any profound theories; they do not lay down any striking canons, or remarkable definitions; they fail in drawing out and placing before the mind the most marked characteristics of their subject; and they are wanting in a kindly and reverent spirit. They do not evince the philosophic thought of Coleridge, nor the keen power which Mr. Sellar has recently shown, in elucidating the special features of Lucretius and Thucydides;§ nor the earnest feeling with which Mr. Ruskin reflects the genius of Turner in his graphic pages. But their method, though not the best, is interesting in its results. It consists in grouping together, in brilliant relief, the various influences from without which tend to form an author's genius—the age in which he is placed, the society in which

\* *Novum Organum*, vol. ii.; *Bacon's Works*, p. 457, Bohn's edition, 1853.

† See an excellent article on Bacon, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1857.

‡ See Preface to *Essays*, Ed. 1854.

§ *Essay on Lucretius*, Oxford Essays, 1855. *Essay on Thucydides*, *Ibid.*, 1857.

he moves, and the circumstances of his life; and in describing his works by some of their peculiarities, or through a comparison with those of others, rather than in marking out their essential qualities. And thus a most vivid picture is produced, rich in many figures, and a splendid background; but, of course, it is liable to the objection, that the principal form is not drawn with sufficient emphasis. In truth what Lord Macaulay says of Mr. Martin's pictures is, in part, true of his own critical essays: \* "The landscape is everything; Adam, Eve, and Raphael attract less notice than the lake and the mountains, the gigantic flowers, and the giraffes which feed upon them." The essential fact is obscured in the mass of accessorial circumstance, gathered round it in gorgeous profusion. This brilliant eclecticism is attractive indeed, but it mars the just proportions of each criticism.

The characteristics mentioned run through all Lord Macaulay's literary criticisms. Thus, he notices Milton's power of suggesting trains of ideas by words which have no apparent magic, and his skill in bodying forth to our imaginations the powers of darkness; he contrasts his poetic method with that of Danté; and dwells on the circumstances which may have influenced his genius. This essay is extremely brilliant; but it fails to pourtray that great artist's peculiarities, to do justice to the spell with which Milton creates a series of sensible forms, which satisfy our thoughts about the invisible world; how his mighty imagination, to compass this end, avails itself of every art of producing effect; how wonderfully he has accomplished his aim—

"What surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so  
By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,  
As shall express them best."

In what delightful, yet splendid, hues he has reproduced the primeval world—so like, yet so unlike, our actual habitation—and how all the rays of his immense knowledge converge in light on his sublime picture. So Lord Macaulay describes extremely well the poetic era of Lord Byron, and the tone of general thought under which he wrote. His remark

is just that Lord Byron "was the man of the last thirteen years of the eighteenth century, and of the first twenty-three years of the nineteenth century; and that he belonged half to the old and half to the new school of poetry." But a few paragraphs about Lord Byron's want of dramatic power, the excessive self-consciousness of his mind, and the vigour and cogeny of his style, give an inadequate notion of a genius which could reproduce all sensible beauty, stir the feeling of melancholy to its depths, and which, though occasionally morbid and extravagant, was essentially that of an athletic man of the world. So, again, Lord Macaulay's essay on Addison transports us back to the age of Anne—to its stirring drama of great events, and its vivid and social life of letters; and gives us a charming personal sketch of "the unsullied statesman, the accomplished scholar, the master of pure English eloquence, and the consummate painter of life and manners"; but it is less successful in explaining the genius of the *Clio* of the *Spectator*; and its comparison of Addison, Swift, and Voltaire, as regards the faculty of humour, is not remarkably felicitous. We might multiply instances of this method of criticism, for it is that of all Lord Macaulay's efforts; but it will be sufficient to state that it is most conspicuous in the essay on Milton, and least so in that upon Madame D'Arblay—a review, in our judgment, of very high merit. Although in the hands of a great master, who makes it display his enormous reading, brilliant fancy, and rapid style, this form of critical writing has been successful; we do not think it a good model, and we warn the young writer against an attempt at imitation. Let him remember that no amount of accessorial splendour can compensate for the want of deep analysis.

We are not great admirers of the historical essay, for it is merely a compendious view about history, which generalizes the subject into masses of thoughts, frequently difficult to verify or believe, which does not stamp itself strongly on the mind, and tends to repress true historical inquiry. It is the natural, but not the most fruitful, growth of an age of energetic intellect,

in contact with huge masses of knowledge, but with little leisure to possess it thoroughly. It feeds that love for "diluted omniscience" for realising all learning in an Encyclopædia, which Mr. Froude most truly denounces as tending to degrade historical pursuit. But, such as it is, the historical essay has been brought by Lord Macaulay almost to perfection. Had he never written anything else, his essays of this character would have secured him a name in English literature. They may be divided into two classes—the didactic and the narrative—those which contain his opinions, and those which sketch the events of a period or life. They are all characterized by extensive reading, vivid fancy, extraordinary power of condensation, ingenious, if not very deep, reflections, a strong and practical common sense, and a terse and splendid diction. But the former are necessarily open to the objection that they consist of merely unverified results, of conclusions unattested by their premises, and, great as are the merits of the latter, they occasionally want true sympathy with their subjects. Among the former we assign the highest place to the essays on the History of the Popes, and upon the causes and results of the great Revolution; and the lowest to that on Lord Burleigh and his times, which appears to us almost a brilliant caricature. Of the latter, the biographies of Clive and Warren Hastings, and the masterly sketch of Lord Chatham and his contemporaries, appear the most remarkable; but Lord Macaulay's hatred of hero-worship, of what he calls "lues Boswelliana," contracts the Great Commoner into less than his measure. And, admirable as these sketches are, we think them inferior to three or four historical portraits which have lately appeared in the *Westminster Review*, and in which we trace the searching boldness, the creative imagination, the deep thought, and noble language of Mr. Froude. We would especially mention those of Cardinal Wolsey, of Mary Tudor, and of Mary Stuart.

But the *opus magnum* of Lord Macaulay, that on which he evidently rests his title to fame, is his English History, of wide renown. Were the merits of a work invariably in the ratio of its success, we should be obliged to admit at once that this is the

greatest of all histories, for its sale has been a bibliopolic miracle. And, undoubtedly, its excellencies are so great, that it is a masterpiece of historical work, and is as far in advance of the productions of Hume and Robertson, as it is below the genius of Thucydides and Tacitus. It displays a knowledge of its subject unapproached by any English historian, and it is quite a wonder in itself to behold how its immense masses of rude material, collected from every imaginable source, have been brought into a harmonious structure. It reproduces, with a picturesqueness equal to that of Scott, and a fidelity he could never have attained, the external scenery of ancient England, and its description of the general features of our society immediately before the great Revolution—of the different classes which made that society up, their distribution and co-relation, their manners, tastes, and peculiarities—of the condition of the population at large—and the influences operating upon our polity, is without a parallel in any language. Its narrative has great merit: it abounds in splendid and noble passages; it flows along in a powerful stream, occasionally full of impressive eloquence, and it is interspersed with striking reflections. Its diction is strong, clear, and brilliant, and, throughout, it reveals a vigorous mind, animated by a bright and fertile fancy, possessed of considerable artistic power, balanced by a sound and experienced judgment, and enriched with such a treasury of knowledge, as, perhaps, was rarely, if ever, amassed by an individual. And it has this especial merit, that, perhaps, it is the first of English histories which has given us a true portrait of William the Third; that it shows him to us, not as he appeared to his people, a sickly foreigner, of coarse manners, or, as he appeared to the Whigs of the Revolution, too liberal-minded to please their tastes, and too cosmopolitan for English statesmen; but, as he appears in the graphic pages of Saint Simon, as he was felt and appreciated at the Court of Versailles, the profound and untiring foe of France, the unbending check upon her ambition, the organiser of vast coalitions against her, the capacious head of the Protestant interest, and the general who, though often defeated, ever rose superior to defeat,

and heralded the great triumph of which he was not destined to partake.

And yet this history has defects, which seriously lessen its value and detract from its trustworthiness. Thus, with the single exception of William the Third, Lord Macaulay's portraits of statesmen and generals want vitality; and even his portrait of William, admirable and elaborate as it is, approaches to a careful assemblage of qualities, individualized by throwing in a few distinctive particulars. So, although Lord Macaulay's account of the England of the Stuarts is a masterpiece of industry and detail, it does not transport us back to the time, and it is written with a continual reference to the actual England of Queen Victoria, as a parallel rather than as a description. Again, this history is deficient in true sympathy: it does not unfold the real principles of action which animated many of the characters it describes; it proceeds under modern conceptions altogether; and thus it places the past in an incongruous light, and is full of existing party spirit. Nor, although the narrative is splendid, is it free from several artistic blemishes. It does not sufficiently observe historical *keeping*; it does not place events in their just relations, and give them a proper significance; and, exactly after the bad fashion of Gibbon, it chronicles gossip, and delineates battles, with the same brilliant magnificence. It is most happy when it flings together masses of facts, which do not require close particularising,—as a coronation, the outlines of a country, or the general character of a court or public meeting; it is least successful when it struggles with a specific scene, which requires individualising touches, and in which each event should be placed in its just prominence. And thus, we think its battle-pieces very ineffective: they are not only far inferior to those of Sir William Napier, which perhaps Lord Macaulay could not hope to equal, but they are even below those of Sir Archibald Alison; and, we fear, that this defect will be very visible, when Lord Macaulay approaches the fields of Blenheim or Ramillies. We might also notice some minor imperfections, a certain over-rapidity, an

occasional straining after effect, and, though not frequently, a tone of debating contentiousness.

We have said that Lord Macaulay's diction, though it shows the greatest rhetorical skill, and is rich with various beauties, is not of that highest kind of language, which is the simple expression of great thoughts, and is noble in virtue of their greatness. We shall illustrate our meaning by an example and a contrast. The following brilliant passage from Lord Macaulay describes the evils attending the alliance of Christianity with power\* :—

“The ark of God was never taken till it was surrounded by the arms of earthly defenders. In captivity, its sanctity was sufficient to vindicate it from insult, and to lay the hostile fiend prostrate on the threshold of his own temple. The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave. To such a system it can bring no addition of dignity or strength, that it is part and parcel of the common law. It is not now for the first time left to rely on the force of its own evidences, and the attractions of its own beauty. Its sublime theology confounded the Grecian schools in the fair conflict of reason with reason. The bravest and wisest of the Cæsars found their arms and their policy unavailing, when opposed to the weapons that were not carnal, and the kingdom that was not of this world. The victory which Porphyry and Diocletian failed to gain is not, to all appearance, reserved for any of those, who have, in this age, directed their attacks against the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched. The whole history of Christianity shows, that she is in far greater danger of being corrupted by the alliance of power, than of being crushed by its opposition. Those who thrust temporal sovereignty upon her, treat her as their prototypes treated her Author. They bow the knee and spit upon her; they cry ‘Hail,’ and smite her on the cheek; they put a sceptre in her hand, but it is a fragile reed; they crown her but it is with thorns; they cover with purple the wounds

which their own hands have inflicted on her; and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her, to perish in ignominy and pain."

Let us now take this passage from Mr. Froude's history upon a cognate subject—the alliance of Christianity with excessive dogmatism\* :—

"Had it been possible for mankind to sustain themselves upon this single principle without disguising its simplicity, their history would have been painted in far other colours than those which have so long chequered its surface. This, however, has not been given to us; and perhaps it never will be given. As the soul is clothed in flesh, and only thus able to perform its functions in this earth, where it is sent to live; as the thought must find a word before it can pass from mind to mind; so every great truth seeks some body, some outward form, in which to exhibit its powers. It appears in the world, and men lay hold of it, and represent it to themselves in histories, in forms of words, in sacramental symbols, and these things which in their proper nature are but illustrations, stiffen into essential fact, and become part of the reality. So arises, in era after era, an outward and mortal expression of the inward immortal life; and at once the old struggle begins to repeat itself between the flesh and the spirit, the form and the reality. For a while the lower tendencies are held in check. The meaning of the symbolism is remembered and fresh. It is a living language, pregnant and suggestive. By-and-by, as the mind passes into other phases, the meaning is forgotten. The language becomes a dead language, and the living robe of life becomes a winding-sheet of corruption. The form is represented as every thing, the spirit as nothing; obedience is dispensed with; sin and religion arrange a compromise; and outward observances, or technical inward emotions, are converted into jugglers' tricks, by which men are enabled to enjoy their pleasures and escape the penalties of wrong. Then such religion becomes no religion, but a falsehood; and honourable men turn

away from it, and fall back in haste upon the naked elemental life."

Now, in the quotation from Lord Macaulay the thought is ordinary, and has often been made before; but it is arranged in very splendid language; it is enriched with historical illustration, and is embodied in imagery of great beauty. In the quotation from Mr. Froude the thought is original, and organizes itself into language which reflects it simply, but which appears to us of peculiar nobleness.

In conclusion, we have but to express a hope that Lord Macaulay may yet achieve many intellectual triumphs. We can scarcely expect that he will ever resume the lyre of the poet, or the pen of the critic and essayist; but we trust that in that senate to which he has been raised so worthily, he may be heard upon the recent crisis of India in accents which, if they be not so deep as those of Burke, nor so interpenetrated with imaginative power, will reveal a mind more keenly logical, an equal fancy and splendour of diction, a sounder judgment, and a riper experience. We trust that on many questions which may require profound historical and constitutional learning, civil prudence, and parliamentary reputation, England may long possess the advantage of his powers. And we hope that if the enormous research required for his great work precludes him from the possibility of accomplishing his original design, "of writing the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living," he may be spared at least to complete that great drama of the Revolution, which was closed by the accession of George the First, and secured for England that Parliamentary government in which, in his own generation, he has taken a conspicuous part.

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\* History of England, vol. ii.

## THE ROYAL BRIDAL.

Round wild Dunree's unshelter'd rock  
That hears the broad Atlantic beat,  
The salt waves of the great sea lough  
Wash'd to the poet's feet.

Like jewel in a frosted setting  
Was that sweet day in winter time,  
And all day long those blue waves fretting  
Had mingled with his rhyme.

No harsher sound the distance broke,  
Where Inch, a giant fast asleep  
Lay folded in his purple cloak,  
Upon a purple deep.

The round sun sinking slowly down  
Behind Rathmullan far away,  
Saw other hills eternal crown  
Mulroy's romantic bay.

All round his burning amber bed,  
Were rosy clouds, and crimson fring'd,  
And lines of golden light that led  
Thro' dark doors silver hinged.

Burn, burn, O sun ! along the west ;  
Ye fringed cloudlets shift and gleam,  
Till with bright shapes the poet's breast  
Give colour to his dream.

For like a relic in a shroud  
Of crimson silk within its shrine,  
His heart lies in a chapel proud,  
Wrapt in a vision fine.

A glorious trance of bridal pomp,  
Of tossing plume and jewell'd hair,  
Of pawing steed and swelling trump,  
Brave men, and women fair.

No need of light clouds set on fire  
To paint the Royal pageant's pride,  
When passes to the blazing choir  
That graceful childlike Bride.

When proud of heart, but calm and grave,  
The matron Queen of all the land,  
Comes pacing up the banner'd nave,  
Her children in her hand.

Hush weltering wave, and streams that dash  
Down mountain clefts—ye charm no more,  
He hears the organ's mighty crash,  
He hears the Anthem pour.

They pass,—they pause—Prince, Princess, Queen,  
And now the herald's task is done,  
Dies slowly down the gorgeous scene  
The word that makes them one.

Ah me ! there's many a peasant's eye  
That looks on purple Inch to-day,  
And only sees a headland high,  
A shadow in the bay.

There's many a curious careless face,  
Has look'd along that glittering line,  
Seen but the beauty and the grace,  
And mark'd the jewels shine.

They saw the fairest coast on earth,  
They saw the monarch most beloved,  
Nor dream'd beneath that mask of mirth  
What holier feelings moved.

They praised the regal mantle's flow,  
They praised the diamonds richly piled,  
While all the time the heart below  
Was yearning for her child.

On the Bride's brow, so young, so pale,  
They watch'd the whiter myrtles set,  
But not the glances thro' her veil,  
Half love, and half regret.

Ah, what dear household memories press'd  
Thro' all their hearts !—what prayers were pour'd  
To Him whose hallowing presence bless'd  
Of old the bridal board.

What broken links of joy there fell,  
While still smiled on that face serene !  
What tears were those—beseeching well  
The Mother, and the Queen !

Go Bride, fair home afar be thine,  
And happy even as her own ;  
We grudge thee to that grand old Rhine,  
And to thy German throne.

Old England gives thee from her arms,  
She gives thee with all blessings crown'd,  
All surest vows, all holiest charms  
Wherewith true hearts are bound.

One general thrill of love and hope,  
Has stirr'd in all our island hearts—  
From wooded plain, and pasture slope,  
And crowded city marts.

To where from rude cliffs beetling high,  
The great sea eagle northward shrieks,  
And the long rolling billows lie  
In mountain guarded creeks.

## PROFESSORS LEE AND CAIRNES.

It would require the pen of Harry Lorrequer himself to describe the changes which have passed over our venerable University since Charles O'Malley led a roystering life within its walls, in days when debt, drink, and duelling were the *trinoda necessitas*—the three-knotted necessity of a Galway squire, and the suspension of cash payments the mark of a young man of spirit.

If Charles O'Malley, who graduated in the Pre-Reformation age of Trinity, were to return and revisit the lecture-rooms that once rang with his merry laugh, the place would know him no more. The times are changed since Dr. Mooney used to address his shivering Sophs at early morn from the downy hollow of a four-post bed, and when Frank Webber could play a practical joke on the class by passing himself off as the Doctor through the drawn curtains.

College lectures are now no laughing matter. Competitive examinations, and a new staff of professors, have forced Old Trinity to keep pace with the times. Dr. Lee, the new Professor of Ecclesiastical History, reminds us in his opening lecture of the legend of the seven youths who fell asleep in Ephesus during the Decian persecution, and awoke in the thirtieth year of the Emperor Theodosius the Younger. Looking around in vain for traces of the heathen worship, they timidly ask a passer-by whether there are any Christians in Ephesus, and receive for answer, "We are all Christians here." Could the Board of Trinity College of the days of Charles O'Malley awake to hear one of the new Professors say, "Drones hive not with us, we are all at work here," their astonishment would out-do the legend. Truth is stranger than fiction; and the Seven Sleepers of Trinity who lectured through drawn bed-curtains, and slumbered on in Senior Fellowships, and sinecure Professorships, is another instance that legends are not

all lying, and that the fables of one age may point a moral in another.

To the two Archbishops of Ireland, Trinity College owes a debt of obligation which she will best discharge by raising such men as Dr. Lee and Mr. Cairnes to fill the chairs endowed by their liberality.

Archbishop Whately led the way by endowing a chair of Political Economy many years ago, and the Primate, not to be out-done in munificence, has endowed a chair of Ecclesiastical History. Of the two Archbishops indeed, it may be said, as of the great Lord Cardinal of York—

In bestowing

They were most princely: Ever witness for  
them

Those twins of learning that they raised in  
you.

Dr. Lee and Mr. Cairnes, the newly-appointed Professors of Ecclesiastical History and Political Economy, are "those twins of learning" raised in Trinity by the liberality of the Archbishops. These two Professors, who entered on their quinquennial term of office together last year, have published their introductory lectures. Like the lustral sacrifice offered by the Roman censors once in five years, the two small volumes mark a new epoch in the round of College life—the infusion of fresh blood into the old veins; and, therefore, call for some notice at our hands.

Dr. Lee's *Donnellan Lectures on Inspiration* have already reached a Second Edition, and have raised their author deservedly to a first rank among English divines of the orthodox school. He has now entered on a new department of theology; and we take up, with the highest interest, the three *Introductory Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*,\* with which he has opened his course as Professor. The first lecture marks out the respective limits of Civil and Ecclesiastical History. To ascertain this, Dr. Lee glances at that

\* *Three Introductory Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, by Wm. Lee, D.D., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University, Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co., 1858.



much vexed question of the relation of Church to State. The theory of Hooker was, that "the Church and the Commonwealth are personally one Society, which is thus variously named, whether as we consider its relation to the secular or to the Spiritual Law." Warburton and Paley, on the other hand, denied a conscience to the State, and "regarded considerations of utility as the motive determining its adoption of a National Religion." Lastly, there is Coleridge's beautiful theory of "the Church in the State as the Soul in the body—as the sustaining, correcting, befriending opposite of the world, the compensating counterforce to the inherent and inevitable defects of the State, as a State"—a theory, the truest of all, as it is undoubtedly the most primitive. It is found almost word for word in the Epistle to Diognetus, a fragment as early as the Apostolic fathers.

"As the soul," says the writer, "dwells in the body, but is not of the body, so Christians are in the world but not of it. The invisible soul is shut in in a visible body, and Christians are known only as dwellers in the world, their worship is hidden and invisible."

The last theory of all, if theory it can be called, is that which either merges the Church in the State as an engine of Police, or degrades the State to dependence on the Church, kings being a kind of *Guardia Nobile*, or Pope's body-guard, according to modern ultramontanists.

It is evident, that according as a Church historian adopts one or other of these widely-differing theories, will his study of Ecclesiastical History be narrow or liberal.

Dr. Lee has taken a broad view of Church matters. He holds that the clergy are more than professional men, and the Church more than a close corporation with interests of its own, which it is bound to advance above every other. The marriage of the clergy and a University life, in which secular and religious training go hand in hand, not separately as in the seminaries of the Romish priesthood, are checks with us to the mere professional view of the Church. Still the clergy are but men, and the protection of vested interests is the natural right of every Englishman, from the mighty monopoly of Leadenhall-street, down

to a turnpike trust or a parish beadle-ship. If an error, it is a natural one, that the clergy sometimes look at Christianity from a clerical point of view. There is a little bit of social pride at bottom of half the high Church theories. The clergy are taken from the upper section of the middle classes of society; Dissenting preachers from the under section of the same. No wonder, therefore, if they look on Dissenters as a physician of the College of Surgeons on a General Practitioner, or a young guardsman on an officer of constabulary or marines. Dissent and the middle classes have risen into importance together, the coalition is as old as our constitutional history, and will last while aristocracy lasts. It is not to be wondered if a Pusey, whose family still hold lands by the horn bestowed by Canute on their ancestor William eight centuries ago, should lead a religious revival among the upper classes more congenial to their political sympathies than the current Evangelical opinions of the day. Professor Blunt, that rare and bright instance of a High Church divine, not 'dry,' has very truly described the inconsistent alliance of monarchical opinions in State, with republican sentiments in Church, such as men of the *Record School* attempt.

Happily, Churchmen are becoming every day more liberal, and Statesmen more religious, not by pressing the two into external alliance, but by each penetrating more deeply into the spirit of the other. Dr. Lee has adopted the same liberal view of Church History which Professor Stanley has introduced into Oxford. The Oxford Professor led the way a few months ago, and has been followed, with no lagging step, by the Professor in Dublin, in the opinion,

"That the provinces of Civil and Ecclesiastical History are inextricably intertwined; and that no one, whether speculative student or practical statesman can pretend to a philosophical knowledge of the annals or the constitution in the laws of his country, who does not assign at each era of his country's progress due weight to the influence of the Church."

The distinction between Sacred and Profane history is wholly inapplicable to Christendom. Church history is, it is true, a special department of

Universal history, and, as such, may engage the particular attention of some, but it never can be studied long by itself without confusing us; it must receive light from surrounding events—it must reflect that light back again on the world in which it moves. There are two characteristics of Christianity which Dr. Lee very properly seizes as those which mark it out as the universal religion. The one is, that Christianity has no priesthood, as a *caste*, separate from the rest of mankind.

“In Oriental forms of religion, as of civil government, the individual was nothing—*caste* ruled all. Even the Jewish priesthood was a *caste*, for the office was hereditary, and the chronicles of the sons of Aaron but partially unfold the history of the children of Abraham. The idea of the corporate body of the Christian clergy, on the other hand, continually recruited from the mass of the people, has replaced in the Christian church the idea and the limited spirit of *caste*. It has rendered the writings of ecclesiastics a faithful transcript of the national characteristics of each country, and ecclesiastics themselves true representatives of the civilization of each successive age.”

The second mark by which the universality of Christianity may be distinguished is, that it is a religion of the poor. We again quote Dr. Lee's words:—

“You remember the Lord's reply to the question, ‘Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?’ ‘Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard.’ The proofs which evinced that His religion was divine were not merely His acts of supernatural power, but a fact which to his hearers was no less astonishing. ‘The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached.’ I do not know whether this collocation of proofs have ever struck you with surprise. The ‘preaching of the Gospel to the poor’ is added to the last and greatest of testimonies, that of raising from the dead.”

After this very just appreciation of the two respects in which Christianity was unlike any other religion, Dr. Lee passes on to notice the state of the Roman Empire at the time that Christianity entered Rome on trial, and in chains, in the person of its

great preacher and apostle, St. Paul. The antithesis between a Roman emperor and a Roman slave in the days of Paul was the greatest imaginable. Heathen society had culminated in these two extremes. Its corruption must have been great when society could exalt its fellowman into the image of God, and abase its fellowman into that of the brute. In fact, as Dr. Lee very clearly shows, slavery and *Cæsar-worship* were the two institutions most characteristic of the Roman empire. It is easily seen that they had a common origin. The state of slavery grows out of war, and the imperatorship was a military title; so that its power to marshal vanquishing hosts and enslave vanquished was one and the same; the inevitable result of social slavery was political—war was the one religious idea to the Roman mind; they began by worshipping their ancestor, Mars—they ended in worshipping the general of the day, the elect of the *Prætorian* camp, the man who could force Sicily and Egypt to send their harvests to Rome to feed its bread-eating, show-loving populace. War thus equally made the Roman slave and the Roman emperor what they were—the victor was a god, and the vanquished a beast. Bacchus on his tiger was an emblem of what the Roman world became; the *Cæsar* was a drunken god astride a world of slaves—terrified, but not tamed by his iron whips.

*Cæsar-worship* and slavery formally ceased three centuries after St. Paul had begun to make converts, in the catacombs, among runaway slaves, and in the palace, among *Cæsar's* household. Dr. Lee shows, however, that the triumph of Christianity was far from complete with the accession of the first Christian emperor. Rome still remained the head quarters of the old religion, and continued so during the whole of the fourth century. The overthrow of Rome and Paganism went together. In the year 410 Rome was taken by Alaric, and the temples fell at last—not by the stroke of a converted people, but by the axes of barbarian hordes.

Dr. Lee is careful to dwell on this slow progress of Christianity in the days of her youth; it will help to disabuse us of many false expecta-

tions regarding its rapid success now. If the past is to teach us any lessons as to the spread of Christianity, we see that we shall have to enlarge our chronology in missions as divines have enlarged their chronology in Genesis. The Lord is "not slack concerning his promises as some men count slackness," but he moves in circles far too wide to be taken even by the lapse of many generations. For five centuries Christianity was hardly out of its swaddling-clothes—performing infant prodigies—strangling, like young Hercules, the Python of Paganism that attacked its cradle—but still a child, nursed by doctors and fathers of the church, learning and unlearning many things, and beginning at last to fight its way in the world. At the end of five centuries it has taken hold of the human mind; it ceases to be a sect separate from the rest of mankind. Its body is broken into many parts, and its spirit is diffused through those broken parts—the church being the life of the world, while the life of the church itself is "hid with Christ in God." For a thousand years all is chaos. There is life and light in the world, but the *source* of this life and light is hidden—the sun is not seen in the heavens to rule the day, and for signs and for seasons; they are dark ages, because men do not know where to look for the sun, and are like savages in mid-winter who have lost their count of time, and to whom day and night are the same. The monastery was then the same witness for Christ which the borealic light is to the sun in Lapland. To the poor is the Gospel preached; but for how many centuries has Christianity halted before it has reached the poor. For five centuries the poor it saved were only a few slaves who escaped their masters, and hid themselves among a sect as despised as slaves. For ten centuries more Christianity was only preached to the poor as a new superstition, in lieu of the old. Saint-worship displaced demon-worship, and the face of the world was but little changed

by it. For the last three centuries, it is true, Christianity is becoming more a people's religion, and less the *peculium* of a priestly caste; but how far short do we come of its realization in spiritual principles in the breast of every man. Of all rights of the people do they enjoy the chief right to know that heaven is opened, and a ladder set up from earth to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of Man.

Dr. Lee proposes, in succeeding lectures, to consider the causes, remote and proximate, of the Reformation, commencing with the fifth century, the epoch which determines the final downfall of Paganism. The Professor is to conduct his class through these dark centuries which lie between the light of the old Pagan world and the light of the new Christian world. The light of the sun will be seen to be "sevenfold;" then we emerge from the old civilization to the new. Gladly would we follow so competent a guide. Dr. Lee reminds us of our Dante; he has taken two of three illustrations from the "bard of hell" to adorn his eloquent pages. We take leave of him, therefore, on the threshold of the Reformation, as Dante took leave of Virgil, his guide, at the gate of heaven, with the same expression of confidence in our guide through the subterranean chambers of the dark ages that Dante paid to his:

"Ma Virgilio n'avea lasciati scemi  
Di se Virgilio dolcissimo padre,  
Virgilio a cui per mia salute diemi."

Mr. Cairnes' lectures on Political Economy\* are interesting to the world outside the College walls, as indicating the methods employed by academic minds in grappling with the questions of the day. Mr. Cairnes professes to lay down the character and logical methods of political economy. He complains that the rapid successes achieved by political economy, and the attention paid to this branch of political philosophy since the adoption of free trade has led many

"To abandon the true grounds of the

\* *Character and Logical Method of Political Economy*, by John E. Cairnes, A.M., Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. London: Longmans.

science in order to find for it in the facts and results of free trade, a more popular and striking vindication. It was as if mathematicians, in order to attract new adherents to their ranks, had consented to abandon the method of analysis, and to rest the truth of their formulas on the correspondence of the almanac with astronomical events. The severe and logical style which characterized the cultivators of the science in the early part of the century, has thus been changed, to suit the different character of the audiences to whom economists now address themselves. The discussions of political economy have been constantly assuming more of a statistical character; the rules of arithmetic are superseding the canons of inductive (quere *deductive*) reasoning, till the true course of investigation has been well-nigh forgotten, and political economy seems in danger of realizing the fate of Atalanta—"Declinat cursus auxumque volubilis tollit."

It is natural that Mr. Cairnes, addressing an academic audience, should regret that the severely logical or deductive method has been abandoned by modern economists, and attention paid instead to the study of statistics, not in the hope of discovering fresh laws, but only some new illustrations of human laws. Let us see, however, how far this complaint is reasonable.

Perhaps the most striking instance of the deductive method applied to political economy, is the well-known theory of Malthus. In his celebrated "Essay on Population," this ingenious theorist contrasts together the capacity of human beings to increase and multiply and replenish the earth; and the capacity, on the other hand, of the earth to bring forth fruit for their sustenance. The former advances at a greater ratio than the latter, and the inevitable consequence must be, that sooner or later the earth will be overstocked; and, to use Emerson's phrase of the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon in America, "buffalo must gore buffalo, and the pasture to the strongest." Nothing can be more logical than Mr. Malthus' argument. Two solitary facts are taken and laid down as principles, and if you admit the premises, you cannot resist the conclusion; you are sucked down the mill-race of the deductive method, and before you can strike out into

smooth water, you are torn on the wheel of inexorable logic, and drowned in a whirlpool of despair, at the insoluble problem of human progress.

Mr. Cairnes complains that in rejecting the logical method in political economy, and adopting the empirical in its stead, we are falling into the opposite extreme from the "Anticipatio Naturæ," which was the base of discovery in the age of Bacon. In the deductive method, as pursued by Mr. Malthus and other great writers on the science, we have a remarkable instance of this anticipation of nature. Bacon objects to that "springing from sense and from particulars to the most general axioms; and from principles thus obtained, and their truth assumed as a fixed point, judging and inventing intermediate axioms." Now in Malthus' theory of population, we have nature thus anticipated. It is the "Logical Method of Political Economy;" but the conclusion, though ever so logically drawn, is one at variance with facts. Mr. Malthus' error was this, that he was only an economist, not a historian or political philosopher. He left out of view those modifying causes which would have shown that the catastrophe he anticipated—a world with more mouths than bread to fill them with, could never occur. Abstractedly true, his theory was practically false; for, as a matter of fact, population has not the tendency to multiply beyond the means of supporting it. Man and his meat have always increased together in equal proportions. Nay, the old saw, about "God sending meat when he sends mouths," is not so religiously put as it might be, and we saw it lately in "Lutfullah's Diary" that God sends the meat *before* the mouths. As the green grass and cattle were all created before man appeared on the earth, so it is to this day.

It is curious to remark, that this theory of Malthus is as old as the infancy of political economy. Sir William Petty, in his "Political Arithmetic," a posthumous work published in 1691, was struck by the necessary consequences of an uniformly progressive population; although, in common with writers of his day, he did not suppose that the population of England would double itself under

four or five centuries : yet he foresaw that if even this slow ratio of increase was indefinitely protracted, the world would become overpeopled. Hence he infers in a way characteristic of his own age, "According to the prediction of the Scriptures, there must be wars and great slaughters." Thus, the wind-up of human history, the Armageddon of mankind, and blood to the horses' bridles, for the space of sixteen hundred furlongs, was to be brought about by the inevitable result of population pressing too fast on production. Truly, the logical method of political economy thus confutes itself. The error, as we conceive, of the present school of political economists, is not their exclusive attention to facts, but quite the contrary. We do not agree with Mr. Cairnes, that statistics are the mere "chaff and draff" of the charlatans of the science. The great father of the science, Adam Smith, was a discoverer. His method, if any, (and the chief claim of the book is the absence of method, at least that repulsive method of modern doctrinaires,) was inductive. He expressly condemns the two great deductive theories which then held undisputed supremacy in political science ; the one the mercantile system, a theory of trade, deduced most logically from the principle that wealth consists in the surplus of exports over imports ; the other, the agricultural system of M. Quesnai, which proved quite as logically that since land was the only *fund* of wealth (perhaps suggested by the text, the earth bringeth forth grass of itself), the landed interest alone deserved support. Well, says Adam Smith, in face of these rival theories, both deduced from certain positions arbitrarily assumed—

"'If the rod be bent too much one way,' says the proverb, 'in order to make it straight, you must bend it as much the other.' The mercantile system of M. Colbert overvalued the industry of towns, and the agricultural system of M. Quesnai, that of the country."

We have another fault to find with political economists of the school whose side Mr. Cairnes has espoused. Their method is logical,—it is more, it is oftentimes philological. Aris-

totle himself does not rest more upon the definition of a word. Words are not their counters, but their money. The whole science, in the conception of some, is only one of terminology. To ascertain nicely the sense of a few words, *Value, Rent, Wages, Capital, Stock, Exchange*, is the length to which they carry their study.

Now, we are not insensible to the value of metaphysical distinctions in the pursuit of physical truth. For instance, the metaphysical conception of an atom is the one barrier to the verification of the most magnificent hypothesis of modern science. We must get a clear idea of value, whether labour or the raw material, or both, are its constituents, before we can move a step in the science. But this is not all. Political economy is not a science, *per se* ; it is a branch of politics ; and as it tends to politics, so it has its source in politics. Modern economists, for instance, have discoursed much upon *rent*, as if rent was a necessary part of the profits of land—a surplus peculiar to land either on account of its being a monopolized thing, or on account of the superior productiveness of some soils over others. Both these theories, the one that of Adam Smith, the other of Ricardo, are true as far as they apply to modern society. They explain the physical conditions for rent in the limitations of the earth's productiveness ; but is this the entire explanation of the phenomenon of rent ?

Rent is the result, we think, of political, more even than of economical causes. We observe that in states where slavery, in its pure unmitigated form, prevails, rent does not exist at all. The produce of the land goes into one common stock. The food and clothing of the slaves represent the wear and tear of machinery, and after replacing this, the whole profits, small or great, go to the owner. Rent can only exist in a state in which the community is divided into three classes—the labouring class, the farming, and the landlord. In earlier stages of society, when either slavery or serfdom prevail, rent disappears. There are the profits on capital, and the wages of labour ; but that *tertium quid*, which is neither wages nor profit, but, like the right of a patentee or a monopolist, has no existence. In a state of

slavery, rent is impossible; for where there are no tenants there can be no landlords. There are capitalists and black stock, and what these black stock produce, is no more rent than the profits of a steam-engine or a mill are. In a state of serfdom, again, rent cannot exist—it is confounded with wages and profit; so that the social and political condition of a people is a determining cause of the existence or not of rent. Were the slave-holding states of America ever so advanced in general civilization, rent could never exist, for the land-owners are capitalists, using them as machines: were the lands even sublet, the original owner would be like the sleeping partner in a commercial concern—he would have a share in the profits, but in no case could these profits come under the description of rent. Thus it is that the social condition of a people lies at the root of those questions which seem so purely economical.

We accept heartily Mr. Cairnes' definition of political economy. It satisfies the two conditions of a good definition,—it is both comprehensive and precise. "Political economy," he says, "is the science which, accepting as ultimate facts the principles of human nature, and the physical laws of the external world, investigates the laws of the production and distribution of wealth which result from their combined action." Viewed as a branch of political science, we cannot estimate its value too highly. The laws of nature and of mind are constant; the laws of commonwealths vary. To bring the variable quantity into harmony with the constant, must be the highest attainment of legislative wisdom.

Before it was suspected that the laws of mind were as constant as those of matter, it was thought that legislation could turn trade into this channel or that. Sumptuary laws, bounties, monopolies, were all clumsy attempts to bring the fixed into line with the varying. But *naturam expellas furcat*—mankind persisted in taking the shortest road to riches, and so legislators desisted; and the triumph of political economy lies in "thus having accepted as ultimate facts the principles of human nature, and the physical laws of the external world," and

inducing legislators to abandon restrictions which only retarded, but never could stop, the course of trade.

Political economy, we said, was a regulative science. It mediates between the constant laws of mind and matter, on the one hand, and the varying laws of nations, on the other. Generally, and of late, the varying laws have given way to the constant. Legislation has ceased to compete with moral and physical laws. With us the political has yielded to the economical; but in America it is still otherwise. Rightly or wrongly, the people of the United States are attempting to create a manufacturing interest in spite of certain physical laws. They bind their economy to their politics, not, as we do, their politics to their economy. The political object of raising a mercantile class, supersedes the economical, of buying in the cheapest market. How far this is sound policy it would be too wide a question here to enter on. It is, at least, worth notice; and it is a further proof that economy is only a branch of the political science, that the laws of wealth are not final, but only auxiliary to other and higher laws of national progress; and that while they can never be lost sight of, they must be viewed in their subordination to the highest law of all, which is for the national interest.

In conclusion, we would remind Mr. Cairnes of the old Greek proverb that "the half is often more than the whole." A subordinate place in political science is the safest position for political economy. To make it a master science is to excite suspicion against it. The Professor, in his zeal to magnify his office, has claimed too much for it. The "wealth of nations," not its logical method, is its claim to respect. We will listen respectfully to its facts; but its "laws," as laid down by modern professors, are often no laws either of matter or of mind, but assumptions from the present state of society, which is neither constant or the same everywhere. The sailors who cast anchor, as they thought, on an islet, and found out, when lighting their fire, that they were on the back of a sleeping whale, could not be more surprised than Ricardo and his school if the *terra firma* of rent and wages should heave and dive down into the depths of patriarchal

life again. Were Christian socialism a live, and not a sleeping monster, as now, where would rent and wages disappear? and yet the logical method of political economy is pledged to these distinctions of modern society. It does not see that they are factitious only, not essential, laws of human nature. But as we are already reminded that the half is better than the whole, we leave off in the middle of these sug-

gestions, which, perhaps may be realized in some future day of the world, when there shall be no masters or workmen, capital or wages, and political economy only be remembered as an ingenious puzzle to keep society going by selfishness, for want of a higher and nobler principle, as dogs turned spits before wheel-work and jacks were thought of.

# PASSAGES IN IRISH ETHNOLOGY—RELATION OF THE KELTS AND NORTHMEN.

BY R. G. LATHAM, M.D.

## CHAPTER III.

It was suggested in our last chapter, that the most mythological portion of the most classical prose work in the old Norse language, the *Ynglinga Saga*, with which Snorro Sturleson's *Heimskringla*, or *Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*, commences, was by no means so purely Norse as is usually imagined. It was more or less Lithuanic or Prussian. Stranger still, it was not without Indian elements. The specimens of its legends, stories, fables, or (as the current phraseology somewhat more scientifically calls them) myths, were a few out of many. The earlier the reign of the king under whom they occurred, the more purely mythic they were. Towards the end, however, the character of the *Saga* changes, and the kings with whom it leaves off stand almost on the edge of the field of history. A little light shines over them, though still obscure and flickering. Light, however, there is, inasmuch as we can see our way to evidence of some kind.

The second *Saga* gives us the reign of a king who may have had an actual skald about him, whose business it was to attend him in his battles, and to celebrate them when they were over. Such, at least, is the conventional character of the Norwegian and Danish poet. He generally saw what he described. It is doubtful, however, whether all were thus minstrels militant, after the fashion of Tyrtæus and Taillefer. It is only certain that some of them were. So, too, were some of the kings

themselves. Indeed it may freely be admitted, that if they were worse poets than Archilochus and Horace they were better soldiers.

The king in question is Halfdan the Black, whose son, Harold the Fair-haired, is especially stated to have had a skald. What the son had, the father may also have possessed. There is no evidence, however, to such being the actual fact; indeed, the *Saga* of Halfdan the Black, the second of the *Sagas* of the *Heimskringla*, is the only one in which no single line of verse is quoted. It is prose from first to last, without a single quotation from a single singer, and, in being thus prosaic, it stands alone.

Up to the death of Halfdan the Black there are but few notices of any expeditions over sea. The time for the so-called Sea-kings has not yet come. But it is not far off. Harold Haarfagre's *Saga* notices several, especially Rolf, the conqueror of Normandy. Particularly, too, does it claim him as a Norwegian—a fact for which there is no historical evidence whatever. The Rolf of the nearest contemporary historians is a Dane, the proof that the Norwegians were called Danes being very unsatisfactory. The testimony, however, that the Danes were called Northmen (indeed the northern Germans were sometimes so denominated) is decided. I believe it to be a pure piece of patriotic book-work by which Snorro makes the conqueror of Normandy a Norwegian. It is true

enough that he was a Northman—true, too, that when Snorro wrote *Northman* he may have meant Norwegian rather than Dane. But Snorro's notice (for our dates must be carefully attended to) is full 300 years later than the time of Rolf, Rollo, or Rou, and the foundation of the noble, and, afterwards, royal line of the dukes of Normandy and the kings of England. In the Saga under consideration, which, upon the whole, is accurate in the general outline of its narrative, Ireland is mentioned more than once, merely, however, as one of the countries which, like England, Bretland, Valland, Vendland, and Estland, were harried by the Norse corsairs.

We pass over the reigns of Harald Graafeld and Sigurt Hiort to that of their successors.

Of Norwegian kings, whose residence was in Norway, as opposed to those who effected permanent settlement in Great Britain and Ireland, no one seems to have had more to do with Dublin than Olaf, the son of Tryggve, the son of Olaf, the son of Harald Harfagre. He began life as a wanderer on Courland and Livonia, in the domain of the old Prussians, the Slavonians, and the Estonians. He married, too, the daughter of Burislaaf, king of the Vends. He sojourned three years in Vendland, and in the fourth his queen, Geyra, fell sick, and died. After her death Vendland grew hateful in the eyes of Olaf. He had no comfort in remaining—not, at least, in remaining quietly. So he collected a crew, and manned a fleet of war ships, and set out on a plundering expedition, first landing on the coast of Friesland, next among the Saxons, (in Germany), thirdly in Flanders, fourthly in Britain. The exact details of his line of coasting are given, and they help to verify the doctrine so often laid down by the present writer, viz., that whilst the Danes moved across the island, the Norwegians went round it. Olaf Tryggvason did so, at all events. From Friesland he passed over to Northumberland, where he plundered, and in Northumberland he turned his face towards Scotland. Thence he went to the Hebrides, thence to Man, thence to Ireland. Having ravaged Ireland, he landed on the Scilly Isles

at the end of the fourth year of his cruise. A wise man, or fortune-teller—probably a hermit, of British blood—from Cornwall, lived in the Scilly Isles, having a great reputation for accurate prophesy. Olaf tried his skill; but being himself so tall and comely that he could never show himself to even a stranger without being fixed upon as the famous king, he picked out the likeliest man amongst his followers to represent him, and sent him to the fortune-teller with orders to say that he was the king, come to consult him. When he came to the seer, however, he was detected offhand. "Thou art not the king. Go back, and be faithful to him." The man returned, told his story, and so convinced the king of the prophet's skill that he visited him himself, and asked him if he could foresee what was to become of his kingdom. The seer answers—

"Thou wilt become a great king, and do famous deeds. Many men wilt thou bring over to baptism. To know this, listen: on thy return to thy ships many of thy men will conspire against thee, and a battle will follow, in which many of them will fall. Thyself will be wounded, almost mortally, will be carried upon a shield to thy ship, and in seven days will recover."

All this happened. The king returned, and the men conspired. The wound was given. The sore was healed. The credit of the hermit increased. The king visited him again, and was persuaded to be a Christian.

Olaf let himself be baptized, and all his followers were baptized with him. He remained there and got about him priests and other learned men. Was this in the Scilly Isles? Scarcely. It was more probably in Cornwall or Ireland. It was manifestly in one of the Keltic parts of Britain. The narrative goes on and says, that when "the king left Scilly he sailed for England;" not, however, as a pirate or invader. He was now a Christian, and England was a Christian country. A thing or parliament was now held (was this in England?) When the thing was assembled a queen called Gyda came to it. She was sister to the king of Dublin, and the king of Dublin was Olaf Cyrr (Olaf Curan), a Northman, whose name will be noticed again. Olaf Cyrr is the best known of all the Scandinavian



kings of Ireland. At present, however, the Olaf under notice is Olaf Tryggvason. The names, be it noticed, occasionally repeat themselves alternately, and Tryggva is the son of an Olaf, just as Olaf is the son of a Tryggva. It is Miltiades the son of Cimon, and Cimon the son of Miltiades over again. Queen Gyda—her more proper title was that of a countess of royal blood—was a widow. Her husband had been an earl in England; and after his death she succeeded to his property and power. A great fighting-man named Alfin then made love to her. She answered his addresses by saying she would choose for herself, and she called a thing accordingly. Alfin came there in his very best attire, and Olaf was there too; but he was in his ordinary working, or fighting, gear. He had a coarse top garment, over a coarse and worn suit of clothes. He stood with his men apart from the other Thingmen; however, the queen, or countess, observed him:—

“Queen—What manner of man are you?”

“Olaf—My name is Olaf; I am a stranger here.”

“Gyda—Wilt thou have me for a wife, if I choose thee for a husband?”

“Olaf—To that I will not say no. Who are you, and what is your blood and family?”

“Gyda—My name is Gyda. My father is king of Ireland; my husband was an earl in England. Since his death I have held his earldom; have been sought by many; have refused all.”

Olaf and Gyda thereupon agreed to be man and wife. Alfin being enraged thereat, challenged Olaf to a holm-gang, or a fight, either single, or with a fixed number of followers. The time and place were settled. Olaf then said to his men, “Do as I do.” He carried a large axe, with which he knocked Alfin’s sword out of his hand; and all his men did the same to all the swords of all the men of Alfin. Then Olaf bound Alfin, and his men bound Alfin’s men. Their lives, however, were spared, Alfin being ordered to leave the country—empty-handed; for Olaf took his property, and after that lived with Gyda sometimes in Ireland, sometimes in England.

The first of these bards, in point of antiquity, is Braga, surnamed the Old, a poet more after the fashion of *Mosses* or *Linus* than of *Hesiod* or

*Pindar*—a hero rather than a mere mortal, a mythic rather than a historical personage—a god, perhaps, more than even a hero—the analogue of *Apollo* rather than *Orpheus* or *Amphion*. When the great warriors of the north departed this life, and crossed *Bifrost*, or the rainbow, to take up their residence with *Thor* and *Odin*, in *Valhalla*, where unlimited ale was to be their drink, and fat pork their meat, it was *Braga* who welcomed them, with his harp and song, and related their actions on earth to their peers and fellows in the sky. As these songs were chiefly sung in the world above, few of them have come down to us. In the *Ynglinga Saga* *Braga* is quoted but once, to the effect, that when *Odin* had settled himself in *Odinsee*, in the island of *Fyen*, he sent *Gefion* across the water into *Sweden*, where *Gylfe* was king—King *Gylfe*, whom we noticed in the preceding chapter, with whom *Thor* had the trial of strength and wit. It was *Gylfe* who gave *Gefion* a yolk of land. Having got this, she went to *Yotunheim* and became, *pro tem.*, the wife of a giant, and after that the mother of four sons. These she changed into oxen, which she yoked to a plough, and drove through the land which *Gylfe* had given her. Thus was made that part of the *Baltic* which lies between *Sealand* and *Sweden*. Thus far *Braga* the Old. The remainder of the narrative is *Snorro’s*, and I give it as a piece of early geology. The promontories of *Sealand* correspond, says he, with the fiords of *Sweden*. Is this a tradition? No; it is an inference.

The skalds who, besides *Braga*, are quoted in the *Ynglinga Saga*, *i.e.*, for the earliest portion of *Snorro’s* history, are two in number—*Thiodolf* of *Hvine*, and *Eyvind Skaldaspiller*, the former the older. *Eyvind Skaldaspiller* is the authority for the genealogy of the *Sæmings* and portions of the story of *Niord*. *Thiodolf* of *Hvine* is answerable for a great deal more. He is the oldest of the skalds whose name is known—older than any prose writer by more than two centuries. We shall do well to fix his date, and compare the state of literature which it represents with what we find in England amongst the Anglo-Saxons. *Thiodolf* of *Hvine* was skald to King *Harold Haar-*

fagre (the Fair-haired), who was contemporary with Athelstan. He was the first king who ruled over the whole of Norway, having effected, partly by force and partly by policy, the expulsion or subjection of the numerous petty potentates who, as so many lords of the valley, or princes of the fiord, had hitherto held sway over the country. With the consolidation of Harold's power the general history of the Northmen as pirates and colonists is connected. Driven from home, they were forced upon the world at large, and took to the sea. They had, doubtless, done this before. In Harald's time, however, their actions in different and widely-distant countries had become prominent. Iceland is discovered, Normandy colonized, Orkney and Shetland held as Norse earldoms, Scotland harried, England protected only by the power and vigour of Athelstan. But the inglorious days of Ethelred the Unready and his Dane-gelt are at hand.

However, Athelstan is now on the throne. As the story runs, he sends an ambassador to Harold with a sword, as a gift. Harold accepts the same, and compromises himself by doing so. "You have taken," says the envoy, "our king's sword, and, therefore, art his liegeman." This Harold treated as a jest. Next year he plays his own game. He has a son, named Hakon, whom he entrusts to a brave warrior, named Hauk Haabrok, with orders to use him, in England, much as Athelstan had used the sword in Norway. So Hauk approaches King Athelstan, and presents the boy to him, saying, "Harold the King bids thee foster his servant-girl's child." This angers the king at first; he ends, however, in adopting Hakon, who succeeds his father as king of Norway, under the names of Hakon the Good and Hakon Athelstan's-foster-son. Whilst in England he was baptized, and it was not until his father's death that he returned. Athelstan gave him his outfit—a choice of good ships, manned by English sailors.

Now, whatever may be said to the contrary, it is beyond doubt, that before the time of Thiodolf of Hvine, who sang in the reign of Harald Haarfagre, who was the cotemporary of Athelstan, there is, with the ex-

ception of the fabulous Brage, neither skald nor sagaman known, by either name or work, throughout the whole length and breadth of Scandinavian Norway, Scandinavian Sweden, Scandinavian Denmark. Signs of the existence of an alphabet are equally wanting; for whatever may be said about the antiquity of the so-called runes, not one of them transcends the date of the introduction of Christianity. Thiodolf of Hvine stands at the head of Norse literature; and Thiodolf of Hvine was eminently in contact with English, or Anglo-Saxon influences. The skalds who sang (we cannot say wrote) before him are like the brave men before Agamemnon. They may have had existence. They may have been numerous. If so, neither their numbers nor their merits have preserved them. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem habenda est ratio.*

Though we are not warranted in saying that the Norse metres are of Anglo-Saxon origin, we must remember, that though no Scandinavian skald is known anterior to the time of Thiodolf of Hvine, Anglo-Saxon poems of earlier date are numerous—poems in form and spirit so like the corresponding compositions of the northmen as to look very like the models of them; the metres being the same, the imagery the same, and the subjects allied.

Thiodolf of Hvine composed his chief poem at the command, or request, of Rogvald, Earl of Orkney. It ends with Olaf, the father of the earl himself, and goes up to Odin. It is a pedigree, in short, of the Rognvald family, whom it makes out to be, like the kings of the Iliad, heaven-descended. As truly as a Greek royal line ends in Jupiter, does a Norse ascend to Odin. In genealogies of the kind the three last generations, at the utmost, may be considered as historical.

That Thiodolf was less of a bookman than his Anglo-Saxon contemporaries is likely. He was nearer the days of paganism. He was, perhaps, a pagan. Nevertheless, there is one passage at least, in the fragments of his writings that have come down to us which suggests that he was a man who wrote, in some degree from his learning, as a topographer rather than a simple poet. The story of

Vandland, as given in the prose of *Smorro*, furnishes the names of only *Driss* and *Hulda*, as the witch-wives. In the quotation, however, from *Thiodolf* which follows it the name of *Grimhilda* appears. What should we say to an Anglo-Saxon poem which gave us the name *Helena*, or *Dido*? That it was not Anglo-Saxon at all, but that, so far as these names went, at least, it contained exotic elements, derived from the erudition of the writer.

Now a Norwegian who writes about a wicked *Grimhilda*, is a Norwegian who has got hold of a German, rather than a Scandinavian, story. I think *Thiodolf* of *Hvine*, for all his skald-hood was a scholastic-minded man. Whether he was or was not, he is the earliest Norse author, and though the earliest, no older than the time of *Athelstan*, and the introduction of Christianity into Norway. He may, himself, have been able to write. His grandfather and father were, certainly, unlettered in the strictest sense of the word.

When King *Hakon* died, *Eyvind Skaldaspiller*, the other authority for the details of the *Ynglinga* and *Saga*, sang his *Drapa*, or funeral song. It is known as the *Hakonarmal*, or Song on *Hakon*. It is thoroughly pagan. There is a place in *Valhalla* for a king of the *Yngling* strain. So *Odin* tells *Gondul* and *Skogul*, *Valkyrias*, or Choosers of the Slain, to bring up *Hakon*, who had just died. They bring him up, and *Braga* welcomes and introduces him. Now *Hakon* was a Christian, notwithstanding all this paganism, and so may the bard who wrote his *Drapa* have been. I do not say that he was, I only suggest that the pagan character of the poem proves no more in respect to its author than it does in respect to its object. He *was*, both *may* have been, Christian.

The name of one of the authorities for the reign of King *Olaf Tryggvason*, who died about A. D. 1000, is suggestive. It is *Haldon* the Unchristian. One man to have been thus distinguished implies that his contemporaries were Christian. Yet one of these was *Eyvind Skaldaspiller*, the oldest, next to *Thiodolf* of *Hvine*, of all the *Skaldas*.

Fifteen years after the death of *Olaf Tryggvason* the reign begins of

*Olaf the Saint* (St. *Olave*), succeeded by *Magnus the Good*. The very names indicate that Christianity is now the law of the land. These are the times of *Canute* and *Edward the Confessor*, yet no line of prose has yet been written, or if written, it has perished without leaving a trace of its existence.

The next point of contact between King *Olaf*, the son of *Tryggva*, and any Keltic population, for which the *Heimskringla* is an evidence, are the *Orkney Isles*, along with the northern *Hebrides*. In the time of *Harold Haarfagre* they are said to have been first settled, having previously been only the resort of pirates. The first Earl was *Sigurd*, the second *Torf Einar*. *Torf Einar* was attacked by *Halfdan Haaleg*, a son of *Harold's*, and driven out of *Orkney*. However, after a time he returned, and killed *Halfdan* in *Ronaldsha*. This is avenged by *Harald*, who brings all his power to bear upon the earldom of *Torf Einar*, whom he ejects from *Orkney*, and sends as a fugitive to *Scotland*. After a time, however, a reconciliation takes place, and *Halfdan*, reinstated, consents to hold *Orkney* as a fief. His sons succeed, are subdued by *Eric Blodöxe*, two out of three falling in battle. *Thorfin*, the third, survives, and lives to be an old man and leave sons behind him. His wife was the daughter of *Dungad*, Earl of *Caithness*, whose name was *Grelend*, and whose blood was probably Keltic on the father's side, though not on the mother's; for her mother was a daughter of *Thorstein the Red*, a Northman. *Lödver* succeeded *Thorfin*, *Sigurd the Thick* *Lödver*. It was *Sigurd the Thick* whom *Olaf Tryggvason* took prisoner in *Ronaldsha*. However, he set him free on condition of his being baptized and introducing Christianity into *Orkney*. This he did. He also let his son be taken to Norway as a hostage; but the son died, and then the father's fealty was allowed to sit easy on him. He married a daughter of *Malcolm*, king of *Scotland*, by whom he had a son, named *Thorfin*. "Four or five years after *Olaf Tryggvason's* death Earl *Sigurd* went to *Ireland*, leaving his eldest son to rule the country, and sending *Thorfin* to his mother's father, the Scottish king. On this expedition Earl *Sigurd* fell in Brian's

battle." Brian's battle is the battle of Clontarf, and this is Snorro's notice of it. When the news of it reached Orkney, Thorfin was only five years old. Malcolm, however, gave him Caithness and Sutherland. Meanwhile his brothers, Sumarled, Bruse, and Einar, ruled Orkney. Einar was generally in Ireland, Scotland, or Bretland. He fought, one summer, a great battle, in Ulfréksfiord, against King Konofoger, and was defeated. Upon this battle Mr. Worsaae has the following remarks:—

"Snorro Sturleson relates, that in the beginning of the eleventh century a desperate naval battle was fought between the Orkney jarl, Einar, and the Irish king, Konofögr, in Ulfréks, or Ulfkel's Fiord, on the coast of Ireland. The situation of this fiord, or firth, was entirely unknown, until it was lately discovered that in a document issued by the English-Irish King John, in the year 1210, the Firth of Lough Larne, on the east coast of Ireland, about fourteen miles north of Belfast, was at that time still called Wulvríchefford, which agrees most accurately with the Icelandic name, Ulfréksfjörður. By a remarkable coincidence a skeleton was dug up a little while previously, just on the shores of Lough Larne, together with a pretty large iron sword, having a short guard and a large triangular pommel at the end of the hilt; the form of which sword was not Irish, but pure Scandinavian, like that of the swords used, towards the close of heathenism, in the north. There is every probability that the skeleton and sword belonged to one of the Scandinavian warriors who fell in the above-mentioned battle, and who was afterwards buried on the shore."

Afterwards the whole of Sigurd's dominions gets divided between Bruse and Thorfinn. It was left to Bruse alone to defend the islands, which at that time were severely scourged by vikings; for the Northmen and Danes

went much on viking cruises in the West Sea, and frequently touched at Orkney on the way to or from the west, and plundered and took provisions and cattle from the coast. Bruse often complained of his brother, Thorfinn, that he made no equipment of war for the defence of Orkney and Shetland, yet levied his share of the scatts and duties. Then Thorfinn offered him an exchange, so that Bruse should have one-third of the land, but should undertake the defence of the territory for the whole. Although this bargain was not made immediately, it is related that it was agreed upon at last, and that Thorfinn had two parts, while Bruse had only one, when Canute the Great subdued Norway, and King Olaf fled the country. Earl Thorfinn Sigurdson had been the ablest earl of these islands, and had enjoyed the greatest dominion of all the Orkney earls, for he had under him Orkney, Shetland, and the Hebrides, besides very great possessions in Scotland and Ireland. Thorfinn was a great warrior. He came to the earldom at five years of age, ruled more than sixty years, and died in his bed about the last days of Harald Sigurdson. But Bruse died in the days of Canute the Great, a short time after the fall Saint Olaf. If Arnor, the earl's skald, be accurate in the statement that his patron's rule extended from Thursoe to Dublin, and if the chronology which fixes the death of Thorfinn, A.D. 1069, be reliable, it must have been under his dominion that Guttorm took up his winter quarters in Dublin, and formed an alliance with King Margad.

Magnus Barefoot and Harald Gille are the last of the kings of Norway mentioned by Snorro as having much to do with Ireland. They bring us down, however, to the reign of Henry II., in England. Harald Gille, king of Norway, was an actual Irishman.

## POPE AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

It is now more than three years since a new edition of the works of Pope, edited by the late Mr. Croker, assisted by Mr. Peter Cunningham, was first announced for publication. The advertisement ran as follows :—

“THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE—

Containing nearly 150 unpublished Letters. Edited by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, assisted by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A., 6 vols., 8vo. “\* \* \* This edition will be collated for the first time with all the editions which appeared in the poet's life-time, including those of Warburton, Warton, and Roscoe, and the allusions throughout will be explained with greater fulness and accuracy than has yet been attempted. The letters will include Pope's hitherto unpublished correspondence with Edward, Earl of Oxford, and with Broome, his assistant, in the translation of the *Odyssey*, while the life will contain many new facts of importance, and correct many errors of previous biographers.”—*Athenæum*, July 8th, 1854.

The nature of the information which this language might be supposed to promise was discussed at considerable length in the *Athenæum*, and with great affectation of superiority. Indeed the *Athenæum* critic seems to regard the poet as his peculiar property, and to be resolved that no one else shall have any thing to say upon the subject. If, as is currently reported, certain private and exclusive sources of information are accessible to this writer, his assumption of authority may not be unwarrantable, however unfair towards his literary brethren, or selfish towards the public at large. We are, indeed, bound to confess that most of the discoveries embodied in the latest publications on this topic seem to have been derived from the newspaper in question. But, however this may be, it is quite certain that lovers of literature cannot acquiesce

in any hypothesis as long as fresh revelations are looming in the future, and will accept no decision while the evidence is yet unexhausted. We propose, therefore, on the present occasion, to propound no theory of our own, on the character or writings of Pope. It is useless to argue on premises which may be swept away at any moment; and we have judged, accordingly, that we shall be discharging a more acceptable office in placing before our readers, as briefly as possible, a sketch of Pope's various biographers; the successive stages through which Popian criticism has passed; the state in which it now rests; and the points which, in our opinion, still demand elucidation. They will then be in a position both to appreciate the labours of Mr. Carruthers, and to look forward, with interest, to fresh disclosures.

The only one of his biographers who was personally acquainted with Pope was Dr. Warburton. This circumstance has hardly been allowed sufficient weight in estimating the value of his opinions. He owed his intimacy with the poet to a defence of the *Essay on Man*, from the aspersions of a foreign assailant. Warburton's productions were printed in “*The Republic of Letters*,” a periodical of the day, and gave Pope so much satisfaction that he became the friend of his defender. Their introduction, we are told, took place in Lord Radnor's garden, which adjoined Pope's own at Twickenham, in the presence of Doddsley, the bookseller, who was surprised at the warmth of Pope's compliments. This was in 1740, and the future bishop would seem to have been constantly in the poet's society up to the date of his death in 1744. He stands, therefore, on a vantage ground, from which it is impossible to dislodge him; and as

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*The Life of Alexander Pope, including Extracts from his Correspondence.* By Robert Carruthers. Second Edition, revised and considerably enlarged, with numerous engravings on wood. London: Henry Bohn, York-street, Covent Garden, 1857.

*Pope, his Descent and Family Connexions.* By Joseph Hunter. London: J. H. Smith, Soho-square.

he had the opportunity, unquestionably he had the ability to form a correct judgment. He was no adventurer, as Mr. Carruthers calls him; and even if he had been, we do not see how it would have affected his opinion. But, on the contrary, he was a man of ancient birth, a branch in the male line from the Warburtons of Orley, in Cheshire, whose last representative, Sir Peter Warburton, died in 1813. Though his father and himself, before he took orders, were both attorneys, and though he himself is said to have been for a short time a wine merchant in the borough, yet the family was sufficiently respectable for their son to be a gentleman and an independent man. At the date of his first acquaintanceship with Pope he was in the enjoyment of a valuable living in Lincolnshire, and though he certainly profited by his association with the Allens, whose niece and heiress he married, yet that does not justify Mr. Carruthers in the strong terms he applies to him. We require something more than assertion before we can believe that the rough and wilful scholar would have either "fawned," or "crept," or done any other mean action, for the sake of money.

The first complete edition of Pope's works was published by Warburton, in 1751, and is valuable for the notes, communicated to the editor by the poet himself. In the preface a forthcoming life, by the same hand, was advertised in pompous terms. But the promise was not redeemed till eighteen years afterwards, and then only partially, by a joint composition of Warburton and Ruffhead. The latter was a barrister, who hovered between law and literature. He brought out one or two legal works, and was proprietor of a periodical, entitled "The Contest." But he had little literary ability, and his life of Pope is meagre, Warburton seeming to have contributed nothing to the work beyond his own vehemence. Nevertheless, whatever facts are adduced may be presumed to have received his sanction, and to have been considered by him as authentic.

The next biographer was Johnson, whose "Lives of the Poets" was published in 1781. His life of Pope is based partly upon Ruffhead's, partly upon Pope's letters, partly on oral

communications, partly upon fragments of Spence's *Anecdotes*, which he was permitted to see in manuscript, and partly on a memoir published soon after the poet's death, by a person known as "Squire Ayre," which was of dubious authenticity. Warton's *Essay* on the "Genius and Writings of Pope," published in 1756, could not fail to exercise an influence on Johnson's mind, though he always differed from that accomplished writer in his estimate of Pope's poetry. It is in Warton's *Essay*, however, that the worst charges against Addison are for the first time stated; and it is possible that the adoption of them by a comparatively impartial writer, like Warton, might have induced the Doctor to be less careful to investigate the grounds on which they rested.

Warton himself brought out an edition and a memoir, in 1797, three years before his death. But the memoir is merely his own essay engrafted upon Johnson's narrative, and contains nothing new.

With the commencement of the present century a new biographer appeared, who took up a more decided position than his predecessors. All Pope's foibles he brought out into strong relief, and some he magnified into vices. He had new materials in the shape of letters to Martha and Theresa Blount, which the possessors allowed him to inspect; and he was determined to make the most of his novelty. The conclusions he drew from the correspondence as well as the controversy in which they involved him with Lord Byron, we shall notice hereafter. The Rev. W. Lisle Bowles was a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, afterwards rector of Uphill, in Somersetshire, and prebendary of Salisbury, and appears to have been an elegant classical scholar and a man of considerable shrewdness. He died but recently, in the year 1850.

At length, in 1824, the poet found a champion, almost as earnest as Warburton, in William Roscoe, the celebrated author of the "Life of Leo X.," who died at Toxted Park, Liverpool, in the year 1830. He published the life and writings of Pope in a ten volume edition, much the same in size and appearance as Bowles'. We may state generally that his estimate of Pope is of an ultra favourable character. He styles him one of the "greatest

and wisest men" this country has produced, and undertakes to clear his memory from every stain.

Dr. Croly followed, in 1835, with his useful and commodious edition, in four volumes. He was in turn succeeded by the first edition of Mr. Carruthers, given to the world in 1853. In 1856 the depreciatory memoir of the Rev. George Gilfillan appeared. Our list is concluded with the text-book of our present article, the second edition of the *Life* by Robert Carruthers.

These various publications have evoked, as might have been expected, elaborate comments in the literary journals and reviews. Among others, some valuable papers will be found in the twenty-third and thirty-second volumes of the *Quarterly Review*; while a running fire of criticism has for some time been kept up in the *Athenæum*, under circumstances to which it is not necessary further to allude. We shall now collate the authorities, as far as may be admissible, in their treatment of those disputed passages in the poet's life which most affect his character, or are of the greatest general interest; and first, of his quarrel with Addison.

In Dr. Warton's "Essay," vol. i., p. 155, we find the following explicit statement:—

"It is certain that Addison discouraged Pope from inserting the machinery in the 'Rape of the Lock'; that he privately insinuated that Pope was a Tory and a Jacobite, and had a hand in writing the 'Examiners'; that Addison, himself, translated the first book of Homer, published under Tickell's name; and that he secretly encouraged Gildon to abuse Pope, in a virulent pamphlet, for which Addison paid Gildon ten guineas."

What is there to support such charges? The two first we dismiss as of little weight. Addison's advice to Pope about the sylphs, is, as Mr. Bowles and Mr. Macaulay observe, neither better nor worse than Pope's advice to Addison about Cato—not to venture on the stage; while the reputation of a Tory and a Jacobite could not have been so formidable to the constant associate of Swift and Bolingbroke, as to render the insinuation an act of hostility. But two points are left. Did Addison translate the first book of Homer, and did he pay Gildon to abuse Pope. Warton's opinion we have seen. In Ruffhead we

find nothing but a general complaint of Addison's behaviour. Johnson expresses no opinion of his own.

Mr. Bowles contents himself with a simple *ipse dixit*. He knows, he says, that Addison did not write it. Roscoe gives a fair account of the matter, quoting Bishop Hurd, in his "Life of Warburton," on the one side, and Blackstone, in "Biog. Brit.," on the other; but giving his own opinion in favour of Addison's guilt. Lord Macaulay, as all the world knows, decides that the translation was by Tickell; but this he does in one of those sweeping assertions which are worthless in such complex cases. Mr. Gilfillan does the same.

We should add that Isaac D'Israeli, not otherwise very favourable to Pope, coincides, on this point, with Warton and Roscoe. Thus we have on the one side, Warton, Roscoe, Blackstone, and D'Israeli; on the other, Bowles, Macaulay, and Carruthers. Of the evidence by which these critics have been guided our readers must judge for themselves.

In favour of the translation being Addison's we have: first, the semi-positive declaration of Steel. Secondly, the opinion of Young, founded on the circumstance that Tickell always informed him of any literary enterprise in which he was engaged. Thirdly, the following anecdote by Spence, that, "when the subject was introduced in conversation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope by a third person, Tickell did not deny it, which, considering his honour and zeal for his departed friend, was the same as owning it" (*Vide Carruthers*, pp. 125-6). Fourthly, what Mr. Carruthers has omitted to state—i. e., Warton's assertion that Watt, the printer of the piece, told him that it was indeed in Tickell's handwriting, but interlined throughout by Addison. On the other hand we have nothing but shadowy possibilities. It is true that Pope was angry with Addison, for repudiating his vindication of Cato from the attacks of Dennis—a trait in Addison's character which Mr. Carruthers candidly admits to be unfavourable—and that he might possibly, therefore, have been unduly suspicious. It is possible, also, that Tickell's silence, on the occasion alluded to by Spence, may not have implied assent. Yet we know not by what other reason he could

have been swayed—certainly not by that which Mr. Carruthers alleges:—

“Tickell, knowing Pope’s feelings on the subject, and the excessive irritability of his temper on all questions affecting his literary character, may have evaded the question or remained silent; but it is impossible he could ever have assented to a statement so personally degrading and dishonourable, both to himself and Addison.”

Personally degrading, no doubt, if it was false. But Mr. Carruthers begs the question. While, on the other hand, Tickell could hardly have been silent through fear of irritating the poet, for it was the confession implied by his silence which was the source of irritation to Pope, whose wrath would have been mitigated at once by a candid avowal of the truth.

As to the allusion to Tickell’s papers and family, they prove nothing whatever. Had Addison and his friend been capable of concerting such a scheme, the papers and the family would easily have been squared to their purpose. The story of Watt, the printer, is especially suspicious. That Addison should have corrected Tickell’s translation is perfectly natural and excusable; but that neither should have offered this explanation looks very much as if he had done something more than correct it, and as if the interlined manuscript could not stand the test of an investigation by scholars. When we add, that Addison was, as we have said, nervously anxious for poetical fame, solicitous to keep up his rank in the eyes of the “little senate,” and that if either writer were jealous of the other as a poet, that one could hardly have been Pope, we think that, in this particular instance, the verdict must go against “Joe Addison.”

On the subject of the alleged bribe to Gildon, Bowles is again contemptuously silent; Macaulay much the same; Roscoe and Isaac D’Israeli observe, with some justice, that it is remarkable no contradiction of the fact was ever put forward by any one. The former quotes Sir William Blackstone again, who denies the truth of the story, because, he says, the character of Atticus, usually supposed to have sprung from Pope’s indignation at this circumstance, was written in 1715, but that Wycherly, in the life of whom Gildon had inserted his venal abuse,

did not die till 1716. That here, therefore, is a manifest inconsistency, which ought to throw discredit on the whole report. But then this is a pure assumption of Blackstone. There is nothing to show that Pope wrote his character of Atticus in 1715,—positively none; or if so, Sir William has neglected to state it; and without it his argument is valueless.

The evidence in favour of this flagrant act of turpitude is, we acknowledge, weak; yet, we are constrained to add, that Mr. Carruthers’ reasons for disbelieving are even still weaker.

“‘Gildon,’ says Pope, ‘wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he abused both me and my relations very grossly;’ and Lord Warwick ‘assured me that Addison encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published.’ No copy of this pamphlet, nor any allusion to it in any of the publications of the day, can be found. It is highly improbable that Addison knew Gildon, who was a wretched hack scribbler; but that he should not only know him, but should bribe him to publish scandals against Pope and his relations, and after having perpetrated this crime should intrust the secret to a dissolute, unprincipled youth of eighteen. All this is foreign to Addison’s character, and evinces such extreme malice and folly that the tale is utterly incredible.”

We do not see why it is improbable that Addison should have known Gildon, or why it is impossible that Lord Warwick could have been aware of the transaction unless told by Addison. This argument, first propounded by Sir W. Blackstone, is surely of a most desperate character. What more probable than that Gildon may have let out the secret in his cups, and that it should in this way have travelled down to Lord Warwick, who was not so choice of his company as to have led it a very long journey? Gildon, be it remembered, was not always the mere drunken Bohemian which he had become at the time of this alleged transaction. He was the son of a Royalist gentleman, who had been persecuted for his attachment to Charles the First. He received a good education on the Continent; and when Addison lived in the Haymarket garret, was, probably, still maintaining an appearance of respectability. The fact that no such pamphlet can be found is not very



remarkable. It is, after all, Addison's character upon which Mr. Carruthers and those who take the same view must mainly rely for his acquittal. We are willing to allow great weight to the argument; yet here, too, we must remember it is assumption against assertion, and that Addison's nature, however gentle and refined, was not of that lofty moral stamp which is sometimes allowed to outweigh all but the evidence of the senses.

The dubious language of the *Athenæum* of October 3rd, seems to confirm our view of this question:—

"The account of the quarrel between Pope and Addison is written with a manifest desire to be scrupulously just—to hold the balance even. There is indeed so much of delicate handling in the praise and censure, that we doubt whether the reader will be able to come to any conclusion on the subject; and there are, we think, too many assumptions. But we cannot at present enter on the subject."

The latest knowledge, then, upon this disputed passage of Pope's life, to use his own language—

"Is but to know how little can be known;"

the only charge against Addison standing out from the others, with any strong probability, is the clandestine translation of Homer. This was, by itself, however, quite sufficient to justify Pope's indignation, and excuse the readiness with which he suspected Addison's guilt upon other points.

We now take up another literary mystery, not next in order of time, but next in importance, namely, the publication of Pope's correspondence in the years 1735 and 1737. The course of criticism has, we may say, been gradually to confirm Dr. Johnson's construction of this case; and as Ruffhead does not even condescend to notice the narrative of Edmund Curll, we shall commence with Johnson's account of it:—

"One of the passages in Pope's Life which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious book-

seller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume containing some letters from noblemen,\* Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence. 'He has,' said Curll, 'a knack of versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him.' None of the orders of the House appeared to have been infringed, Curll went away triumphant, and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

"Curll's account was, that one evening a man, in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorized to use his purchase to his own advantage.

"That Curll gave a true account of the transaction it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and, when some years afterwards, it was mentioned to Lintor, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be that Pope knew better than anybody else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and, consequently, not to deal with a nameless agent.

"Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers—to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintor, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintor, I believe, did nothing; and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to sale by the private messengers showed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

"It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do without imputation of vanity—what has in this country been done very rarely—contrived an appearance of compulsion; that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

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\* The collection was found to contain no letters from noblemen. This is why Curll came off triumphant. It is very curious that Curll should never have examined the letters, or that Pope should knowingly have instituted a baseless prosecution.

"Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purpose, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

"Pope in time solicited a subscription for a quarto volume, which appeared (1737), I believe, with sufficient profit. In this preface he tells us that his letters were deposited in a friend's library—said to be the Earl of Oxford's—and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was, doubtless, received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected that the preface to the *Miscellanies* was written to prepare the public for such an incident; and to strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll."

We should state that Curll himself published a long narrative of the transaction, including the correspondence between himself and the alleged negotiator, whose initials were P. T., together with Pope's own version of the matter, an abusive commentary being annexed. It may be as well, however, to mention that there is a point in this narrative which no one of Pope's biographers has thought it worth his while to explain, but which certainly requires elucidation. Curll's statement was, that the application of P. T. was first made in 1733, or two years before the surreptitious publication took place; that he replied to it, as was requested, in the *Daily Advertiser*, but never received an answer till two years afterwards. It seems strange, that if this application had, in reality, proceeded from Pope, he should have allowed the matter to drop for so long a period. He had the means at hand of carrying out the stratagem whenever he liked. *He*, at all events, had access to Lord Oxford's library, where his letters were deposited, even if he had not copies at home. Might not the delay have been occasioned by the necessity for waiting till a favourable opportunity of carrying out a difficult enterprise should present itself? In that case, as no such difficulty could have been experienced by the poet, the applicant, P. T., could not have

been in collusion with him. To the benefit of this doubt we think Pope is entitled, and we are rather surprised it should have been left so long unnoticed. Warton merely extracts Johnson's version of this affair, and adds nothing new of his own. Mr. Bowles was the first, if we do not mistake, who called attention to the internal evidence in the case. He it was who pointed out that the so-called interpolations and omissions in the surreptitious edition of 1735 exactly corresponded to the alterations in Pope's edition of 1737. Of the value of this evidence we shall say more hereafter.

Roscoe comes gallantly to the rescue. His statement in effect is this, that whenever Pope wrote a letter to any person of note, he made a rough copy first, and then re-wrote it with such improvements as occurred to him, and sent it to the post; that these "rough copies" are, in some instances, the basis of those in Lord Oxford's library, and, in consequence of both the editions of 1735 and 1737, that, therefore, it is not surprising Pope's own corrected edition, and Curll's, which was a theft from the same source, should agree and differ with the "originals" in exactly the same points. This statement is worth bearing in mind. We may observe, in passing, that by all Pope's later commentators the words, "original letters," are used with the most tantalizing ambiguity. Sometimes they appear to mean the letters in Lord Oxford's library; sometimes the copies of them which Pope detained; sometimes a *tertium quid*, in the shape of letters still remaining in the hands of his correspondents' connexions.

The case stands thus:—In 1727, Pope called in his letters from various correspondents, caused, as he says, copies to be made, and deposited either the copies or originals in Lord Oxford's library, keeping the others himself. In 1737 he published a correct edition of his correspondence, in consequence of the publication of Curll's surreptitious edition. The two editions were found to agree in a remarkable manner; but whether the letters in Lord Oxford's library were the originals, or the copies, would appear to be immaterial. Either those which Pope kept, and those he sent to Lord Oxford, were facsimiles,

or they were not. If they were, it is not singular that copies stolen from Lord Oxford's should agree with those published afterwards by Pope. If they were not, the wonder is just as little, and for the same reason, namely, that we must presume Pope meant Lord Oxford's copy to be the generally accepted and authentic version; and that, therefore, when he published his own edition, he based it upon that. Once concede the possibility of the letters being transcribed from Lord Oxford's library, and the resemblance between Curll's and Pope's edition follows of course. Again, of the letters not returned to him in 1727, as we know some were not, Pope had rough copies, or he invented them, which is equally good for our argument. These he also fitted up, to form part of the complete collection; and if Curll's copy was stolen from that collection, both the surreptitious and the genuine edition would agree and differ in the same points with the unreturned originals. The mere resemblance, then, between the two editions is, in our opinion, quite compatible with Pope's innocence of the charge imputed.

The next point, the difficulty of procuring secret copies from the books in Lord Oxford's library, is involved in too much uncertainty to form the foundation of an hypothesis. Some of the amanuenses, or some of Lord Oxford's household, might have been privy to the offence; and if the originals could be got at, they could be taken out, and if they could be taken out, they could be taken back. Nor do we attribute very much importance to Pope's habit of "cooking" his correspondence in the manner described—in fact, the more emphasis we lay upon this feature of the case, the easier does it become to account for his alleged withdrawal of the letters from Lord Oxford's library in 1735, without supposing that his object was to expose them to Curll. But, however this may have been, we cannot perceive in what manner the removal of the letters affects the question at issue. The fact is stated, without any authority, in a note to Mr. Peter Cunningham's edition of Johnson's *Lives*, 1856. But we have turned it over in our mind till we are tired of it, without being able to comprehend

its relevancy. Had not Pope his own collection of the letters in his library at Twickenham? and would he not have found it both safer and more convenient to make use of these? Such are the kind of objections which biographers ought to anticipate. Perhaps we are very foolish to start such a difficulty. Perhaps a single word from any one of the learned brotherhood who have appropriated this subject would dispel our doubts. If so, pray let them speak it. We write as critics, not as persons "in possession of certain information;" and we protest, in behalf of the public, against this habit of writing solely to the esoteric few. It mars the utility of a book like Mr. Carruthers', and throws an unnecessary obstacle in the way of making Pope popular. The impression which remains upon our own minds, after a careful perusal of the arguments, is this—that the evidence, if sifted to the bottom, would turn out to be mainly traditional. No doubt there was among Pope's contemporaries a widely diffused opinion, that the poet loved stratagem even to dishonesty. But Pope was a satirist, and had many enemies. He was also an invalid, and had few vices. It was necessary to make the most of every weak point he had. If he was neither profligate, like Curll, nor poor, like Gildon, nor both together, like Savage, it was needful to find out something else which might be made equally ridiculous or detestable. Accordingly his independence was voted ingratitude; his economy, meanness; and his tenderness, lust. His irritable and scheming vanity was the one real fault which served to give colour to the rest. *Quisque suos patimur manes*, may the shade of Pope exclaim, with more anguish than most shades. And trebly, indeed, has he expiated the indulgence of that unlucky foible. Most of the other charges against him are fabrications; but that one remains, and has given weight to circumstances that would otherwise have defied suspicion. Addison is a good example of the converse. His character has come down to us in a light which renders it difficult to credit any thing to his disadvantage. Twenty men believe that Pope stole his own letters, for one who believes that Addison

translated the Homer. But the evidence in the latter case is, at least, as strong as in the former. Here, then, tradition steps in; and we cannot wonder that in her hands the satirist fares worse than the humorist.

The next case upon our list is of a widely different description. The world, in general, is apt to look upon Pope as disabled by bodily infirmities from an early period of his life. His satire is attributed to that bitterness of mind which frequently attends personal deformity. But our estimate of his character, and our taste for his poetry, assume new features at once, if we believe that Pope was a man of pleasure as well as wit; and that he was able to please a lady, as well as to punish a lord.

Though the unfortunate gentlemen whom the Dunciad had reduced to starvation, could not miss so good an opportunity of traducing their foe as was afforded by his intimacy with Martha Blount, we believe Bowles was the first respectable person who sanctioned the calumny. He seems to have thought that Martha was neither more nor less than the poet's mistress, and that there was a time, too, when her elder sister, Teresa, had yielded to his solicitations. His reflections upon Pope's virtue, as well as his poetic genius, provoked a reply from Lord Byron, in the shape of a letter to Mr. Murray. This was followed by a rejoinder from Mr. Bowles, and a concluding reply from Byron. His lordship, though sometimes witty, does not show to great advantage in this correspondence. At all events his mode of writing would jar upon the taste of the present day. His slang allusions to pugilism are too coarse, and his anecdote to illustrate the value of "delicacy," too thoroughly in the style of Holywell-street, for a critical essay on the character of a great man, and the elements of his poetry. But Bowles stood to his colours. He had thirteen letters of Martha Blount's, never published before. And what was the use of those new materials if they did not establish a new fact? We confess we cannot see a tittle of evidence to support his theory. There was just that general suspicion which Pope's circumstances, and his intimate acquaintanceship with the lady, suggested. But, considering their peculiar position, such

allegations are more than improbable—they are ludicrous.

The bond given by Pope to Teresa Blount, by which an annuity of £40 a-year was secured to her, has never been satisfactorily explained. Nor do we think the conjecture of the *Athenæum*, that it was a ruse of Pope to conceal his money, in case he should get into a scrape as a Romanist, anything more than plausible. The sum was too small. But, nevertheless, we think this more probable than that the money was the price or the reward of her dishonour. Pope's relations to the female sex were a good deal like Cowper's. Adding to this Pope's known generosity in pecuniary matters, and the narrow provision secured to the Maple Durham ladies, we may safely acquit him. We believe there are no longer any differences of opinion on the subject, and we shall proceed, therefore, to the consideration of other less determined questions.

Another charge against Pope involves a piece of sordid and unqualified rascality, which would, by itself, be sufficient to sink him to the level of Gildon and Welstead, and, indeed, as much lower as his temptation was less than theirs. All his readers must be familiar with those lines of searching satire in which Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, is held up to ridicule under the title of Atossa. Nothing can more clearly show the terrible, and almost inquisitorial, supremacy which the pen of the satirist wielded in those days, than the conduct of this lady towards the poet. The beautiful and imperious Sarah was the only human being, it is said, whom the dauntless Marlborough feared, and what the Duchess was to her husband, Pope was to the Duchess. She was fairly cowed by his authority. Pope was, in fact, the *Times* of his generation. With the additional advantage of a style which made sarcasms proverbs, and the certainty of being read by every member of that limited circle in whose good opinion only his victims lived. He could not only slay transgressors, but he could gibbet them afterwards, and expose their rotting remains to the execrations of future time.

The Duchess of Marlborough is known to have been most solicitous about her posthumous reputation, and it is not, therefore, incredible that she

may have offered Pope a sum of money to hold his tongue about her. We know that he did not do so; and then arises the question, did he accept the money? Warton and Walpole relate that he received £1,000 to suppress the character he had drawn of her. Neither Bowles nor Roscoe make any effort to disprove the statement. Mr. Carruthers believes it; and Dr. Johnson says, in speaking of the character of Atossa, that "Her character was inserted with no great honour to the writer's gratitude." We are glad to consider that this injurious report rests wholly upon hearsay; and here, we think, Pope's well known character may be allowed to plead for him, as it has heretofore done against him. He who had refused £500 a year from Craggs, with no condition annexed, when he was poor, would hardly have taken £1,000 from the Duchess of Marlborough to perform a disagreeable service, when he was rich.

The passage in Bolingbroke's letter to Lord Marchmont, published in the "Marchmont Papers" (1831), and much relied on by Mr. Carruthers, is susceptible of another construction, subversive of that gentleman's hypothesis. Bolingbroke says, he thinks Pope ought not to have published the character "after the favour you and I know of;" and in the margin of the manuscript, opposite the word "favour," Mr. Rose, to whom the papers descended, wrote the figures £1,000. We are inclined, however, to think with the *Athenæum*, that this may probably have been intended as a memorandum of the current story, and not the statement of a fact which the writer knew to be true. Still it undoubtedly points to the important circumstance that such a story *was* then in general circulation. It so happens, however, that a favour of another kind had, about this time, been conferred upon Pope by the Duchess. She had, at his recommendation, given to Nathaniel Hooke, a Roman Catholic, whom Pope was anxious to serve, the task of writing an account of herself, for which he was well paid. This may have been the "favour" alluded to by Bolingbroke. But the *Athenæum*, strange to say, missing this simple

and obvious deduction, from the above circumstance, contends that the sum of money given to Hooke has been the source of the error, and that the £1,000 imputed to Pope himself, was simply what was received by his protégée. But both Maty\* and Ruffhead state that Hooke received £5,000 for his work instead of one. And it is only fair to add that the former attributes the introduction of Hooke to the Duchess and Lord Chesterfield alone. Still it is probable that, as Hooke was Pope's friend rather than Chesterfield's, Pope was in some way accessory to the transaction, and regarded his employment as a personal favour to himself. It is remarkable, also, that critics should have concurred in supposing that both Johnson and Bolingbroke were referring to a bribe by the words "gratitude" and "favour." Such is not the language in which we describe transactions of that character. Simple hire demands no "gratitude;" and, though the word "favour" may be construed as a present, Bolingbroke would have been likely to use some much stronger term had he been alluding to so base an action. We should recommend our readers, therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, to adopt, in this case also, the theory of the poet's innocence.

We are sorry to conclude our list of controversies with one so discreditable to both parties concerned in it, as that relating to Pope's treatment of the "Patriot King," and Bolingbroke's consequent displeasure. The latter had handed to his friend a certain number of copies of the "Patriot King," which he expressly forbade him not only to print, but even to let out of his own hands, except to a very small circle of intimate friends. What Bolingbroke's motive might have been, is no business of ours, and was none of Pope's. It is not doubted that he was perfectly sincere in his injunction, and it *cannot* be doubted that Pope was greatly to blame for transgressing it. At the same time, Bolingbroke's conduct on discovering that 1,500 copies had been privately printed was certainly intemperate and unkind. He ought to have had sufficient tenderness for Pope's memory to have con-

doned this dying offence—especially one dictated by sincere admiration for himself. It must, however, be borne in mind, that Bolingbroke's sharpest attack upon his deceased friend was not made when these copies were first discovered. He burned them, and commented severely on Pope's conduct in private, but that was all, though even then he knew that Pope had taken the liberty of correcting his own copies; and also, if we may credit Lady Luxborough,\* Bolingbroke's sister, that he had been haggling with a publisher about the price of them. But it was not until Bolingbroke found that he had not burnt them all, and fragments began to appear in the columns of a monthly magazine, that his wrath boiled over, and he penned that preface to the "Patriot King" which all his admirers regret. But we must remember that Bolingbroke was verging upon seventy years of age—that his temper was soured by disappointment, and exasperated by a painful disease, and that he was, in some measure, made a cat paw by the crafty sycophant, Mallet, who thus lined his own nest with the shreds of two reputations.

A lady frequently alluded to in Pope's letters as Mrs. W., has been supposed by most of the critics to be the "unfortunate lady" of the "Elegy," and to have borne the name of Wainsbury or Withinbury. On this point, at least, the public are now enlightened. Her name was neither of the two; and we for one do not believe that she was the heroine of the Elegy, a point on which Mr. Carruthers very wisely reserves his opinion. It has been ascertained by a remarkably ingenious train of reasoning, which would not discredit Edgar Poe, that the lady in question was a Mrs. Weston, and from p. 82-86 of Mr. Carruthers' volume the reader will find her history detailed. That she was the "unfortunate lady" with whom the public is best acquainted we think impossible. The "Elegy" would, in that case, be changed from a plaintive and beautiful poem into a piece of arrant humbug. Nor do we believe that the commonplace incidents of this lady's career would ever have suggested the language and imagery of this famous lament.

Since the publication of Mr. Carruthers' volume, an interesting tract has been issued from the press by Mr. Hunter, a gentleman well known for his genealogical attainments, on the subject of Pope's lineage. Taking as his text the lines

"Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,  
While yet in Britain honour had applause)  
Each parent sprung"—

Mr. Hunter proceeds to investigate both his paternal and maternal descent, and to inquire what grounds existed for the assertion contained in the parenthesis. His investigations have led him to confirm the poet's own statement in every particular. It seems that Pope's grandfather was a clergyman of the Church of England, and rector of Thruxton, in Hampshire, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and that there is almost indisputable evidence that he was connected with Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, whose brother was the first Earl of Downe. Pope's father married Edith Turner, daughter of William Turner, of Towthorpe, in Yorkshire, a gentleman of considerable landed property, and the descendant of Sir Launcelot Turner, who held a manor likewise in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Two of Edith's brothers were killed in the civil war, and another rose to the rank of general in the Spanish service. These ascertained facts neutralize all taunts at the obscurity of Pope's birth.

Upon a detailed criticism of Pope's poetry we cannot enter at present. The controversy between Bowles and Byron could not be revived in the present day; for nobody now would deny that the principles laid down by Bowles and his predecessor, Joseph Warton, were, in the main, correct. Byron was a poet, not a critic; and among his many noble gifts, purity of taste was not conspicuous. Pope, in fact, had splendid poetical endowments, but they were balanced by a strong infusion of common sense and business talents. He felt a strong inclination to literature, but a much stronger aversion to the poverty which literature entailed. Had he lived at present, he would have written novels, just as Mr. Thackeray, had he lived

in Pope's age, would have written poems. The Hoolans, Doolans, and Bludyers are the lawful successors of the Dunces; and what gems would not Becky, and the Major, and the "Campaigner," have been in the sparkling essays upon Character?

But Pope has been differently classified, and it is now neither possible nor desirable to alter his position. His relation to English poetry much resembles that of Locke to English philosophy, and of Hume to English history. Students know very well that neither the one nor the other are at the head of their respective departments; but the mass of the nation, when History and Philosophy are spoken of, at once revert to Hume

and Locke. From a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, each was able to seize on a vacant niche in English literature. Their right was strengthened with possession, and no one now dreams of displacing them, though many may be able to dispute their worthiness to occupy it. Roughly, and within a more limited area, the same may be said of Pope. From the ranks of English poetry, between the English Revolution and the French, though neither in force, nor in fancy, nor in pathos was he without superiors, Pope stands prominently forward, the representative of the Muses, and the embodiment of English genius.

## BRIALMONT'S DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

### PART II.

Space forbids us entering into a detail of the series of triumphs by which, without suffering a single defeat, Wellesley fulfilled his own prophecy, and exceeded the most sanguine hopes of his allies, his countrymen, and even of his warmest admirers. The mere enumeration of them is sufficient to amaze the understanding and almost to stagger belief.

His last blow was struck at Toulouse, five years after he first landed in the Peninsula. Within that period he had fought twelve pitched battles, and as many actions of minor importance, in every one of which he was victorious; nearly always over superior numbers; invariably remaining master of the field, and inflicting on the enemy a loss in killed and wounded far greater than he sustained himself; taking innumerable prisoners, and nearly 3,000 guns, without leaving his foes a solitary cannon as a trophy. He captured three cities of the first class—Oporto, Madrid, and Toulouse; carried the five strongest fortresses in Spain—Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Burgos, St. Sebastian, and Pampeluna. He crossed the Pyrenees, and invaded France with the first foreign army that had stood upon her soil since Napoleon had assumed the direction of her energies; and these successes were gained, not over raw or timid troops, not over generals inexperienced or irresolute, or trained in the

effete imbecilities of an antiquated system, but over soldiers believed, till the British infantry beat them, to be the most invincible that the world had seen—over soldiers who had planted the French flag in almost every capital on the continent of Europe; and over the French marshals, inured to victory under their great leader's own eye, who had never before yielded to a foe—over Soult and Massena, Junot and Victor, Ney, Marmont, and Jourdain. Those same warriors, before whose skill and courage so many temples and towers had gone to the ground, found no towers or bulwarks, erected by art, no obstacles furnished to their aid by still mightier hand of nature, of any avail to bar Wellesley's ceaseless career of triumph.

Nor may we stop to relate what is engraven on the heart of every Briton, how he crowned all his former exploits by the final defeat of the imperial master of his previous antagonists, and secured the tranquillity of Europe on the plains of Waterloo: it will be as much as our limits will allow us to do, and perhaps even a more instructive task, to accompany M. de Brialmont, while he traces, with acuteness and candour, the special qualities, both of character and genius, by which Wellington was enabled to render to the world these unparalleled services.

Our biographer not unfairly points

out, that the difficulties already enumerated as impeding Wellington's success, were, in some degree, counter-balanced by others which embarrassed the enemy, such as the jealousies existing between the different French marshals—still more, by the obstinacy of Napoleon himself, who, though at a great distance, persisted in giving them minute directions for their campaigns, many of which proved impracticable; while, of those which were capable of being executed, the greater part were injurious; and, above all, by the system of requisitions adopted by them (the result of Napoleon's principle of making war maintain war), which required such large bodies of troops to enforce them, that the different main armies were seriously weakened; as well as by the detestation of the French entertained by the people in general, engendered partly by this system of plunder, but still more by the Emperor's project for the dismemberment of their country. These difficulties, though serious they were, did not equal the seriousness of those which hampered the British commander. We have yet to look for other explanations of the causes which enabled him, with his comparatively scanty forces, to triumph over their vast and well-trained hosts.

It must be remembered that he had more than one variety of persons to manage—he had to deal with his own army, both officers and soldiers, so as to render them contented, docile, and orderly, in order that he might be able to feel confidence in them himself; that the allies in whose country they were serving might feel confidence in them, he had to repress any disposition to drunkenness, violence, and pillage; that their own countrymen might feel confidence in them he had to teach them self-reliance and attachment to him their leader. He had also the ministers, and the great body of the people at home to manage, so as to teach them likewise to believe in his ultimate success. He had the Spaniards, too to conciliate, generals, ministers, the army, and the nation at large; to prevent the generals from thwarting his plans, if they would not further them; to induce the ministers to keep some sort of faith with him, and with his government, and if they neglected to supply his army themselves, as they had engaged to do, at

least not to rob his troops of the supplies sent to them from their own country; to prevent the Spanish army from pillaging their fellow-countrymen, and to shame them into desisting from running away at the sound of their own fire; finally, to inspire their nation in general with a higher kind of patriotism than was shown in ill-treating such Frenchmen as the miseries of war threw into their power; and in all these difficult tasks he succeeded—with the Spaniards to a great degree, with his own countrymen completely. His army became confident, not only in the skill and courage, but in the wisdom of their chief, and he more than reciprocated that confidence when he paid them the proud compliment of declaring that, while other generals often found their troops fail them, if he got in a scrape his army got him out of it; and when he again declared, that with that army he could have gone anywhere, and have done any thing. So orderly had he rendered them, that not only did the Spaniards implicitly rely upon them, but, when he entered France, the French were more willing to approach his camp than that of Soult, and supplied his troops more cheerfully than their own countrymen. The wavering timidity of the ministers at home, and even the rancour of the opposition, he had changed into one unanimous feeling of exultation; and, again, with regard to his Spanish allies, though he could never render their soldiers first-rate troops in battle, or wholly repress their inclination towards cruelty and plunder, yet so completely did he win the respect of the chiefs of the nation, that they appointed him Generalissimo of all their forces, placing their generals under his command, so that during his last campaign he was able to insist on obedience, where, previously, he had been forced to solicit compliance, often vainly.

The talents by which the Duke achieved these great ends, apart from his military genius, of which we shall defer to speak till we come to the comparison which our subject will naturally lead us to institute between him and Napoleon, were, in the first place, his accurate political foresight. Some years before Pitt had given a singular proof of his sagacity by foretelling, not only that Napoleon's ambition



and rapacity must, in the end, raise up a formidable resistance to his power, but also that such resistance would probably begin in Spain; and when the power of the French Emperor appeared more solidly fixed than ever—when Russia had been compelled to an apparently cordial co-operation—when Prussia had been crushed into submission, sullen, indeed, but complete—and when Austria had, as it seemed, cemented a perpetual alliance with him by giving her daughter to his arms, Wellington, though he stood almost alone in the opinion, saw that all this apparent power was hollow, and that things were gradually tending to produce a general opposition, before which it must inevitably give way. He also perceived that even without such a resistance, the time must speedily arrive when the resources of France would be exhausted, and even in the annexation of Holland and the Hanse towns, which to many appeared proofs of Napoleon's still increasing power, Wellington saw indisputable evidence of weakness. He declared that Napoleon had only annexed those states because France was already drained, and pronounced, confidently, that the moment Napoleon was confined to France alone, his system should fall. With equal clearness he saw it was his own army that, if properly conducted, would awaken the resistance which he foretold, by showing its practicability. The same sagacity led him to foretell the danger of Napoleon's restoration, from the dissatisfaction of the large army which he left behind him, and from the universal poverty of the nation, of which he pronounced three-fourths to be in a state of actual indigence, and, as a matter of course, disaffection. And again, when Napoleon returned from Elba, he perceived the certainty of his failure, but prophesied truly that the real difficulties of the allies would only commence with his overthrow.

We doubt whether among professional statesmen there is an instance of any one having more clearly divined the end of events so complicated, having more accurately pointed out beforehand the courses of the issue, or having so efficaciously contributed himself to the accomplishment of his predictions.

In the second place we must notice

the straightforward, practical, commonsense character of his intellect, which led him to disregard theories, and to fix his attention on results, so that Napoleon himself had scarcely a greater contempt for those whom he called ideologists than that entertained by the Duke. Akin to this characteristic we class the minute attention to details, in which also he resembled Napoleon, and the extraordinary talent for finance displayed at an early period in his Indian career. In the administrative part of his duties nothing seemed too great for his capacity, nothing too minute for his grasp. He could draw up an admirable system of regulations for the kingdom of Mysore equally as for the active movements of his army, and could enter with the same pains-taking care, and the same accuracy of information, into questions concerning the price of mules, the materials for boots and shoes, whether camp kettles should be made of tin or of iron; nor did he think it beneath him to warn the troops, in General Orders, to shell their barley before boiling it.

Still more important than his mental excellencies, were his moral attributes—his unswerving love of truth, justice, and order, which, as is always the case, won the respect even of those who suffered by them. His courtesy towards the lowest, his firmness towards the highest, his unceasing confidence in his own powers, founded on a conviction that his aims were practicable, and that he had taken the proper means to secure their accomplishment; the fearlessness with which he was at all times ready to undertake the most serious responsibility, while the knowledge of such responsibility, and the certainty that all his actions were watched by the most unfriendly critics, never for a moment dimmed the sagacity of his conceptions, or blunted the resolution with which he carried them into effect; and still more, perhaps, that force of character and steady calmness of resolution which made him bear disappointment and success with similar equanimity, so that one who had constant access to him has recorded that, at the close of the great victory of Salamanca, there was no difference perceptible in his look or voice. Very conspicuous also, and admirably calculated to secure co-operation, was

his perfect disinterestedness. We do not mean in a pecuniary sense. We should be ashamed to think it necessary to vindicate the incorruptibility of a British officer, or to imply that their honesty is not general, by selecting it for commendation in any particular instance, though of Wellington's scorn of even enormous gains, when illegitimate, more than one anecdote is adduced by M. Brialmont; but we allude to that rarer virtue which passed over every thing affecting his personal pretensions. In one of his letters we find him saying, "I have given you my ideas, founded on our own strength, our position, and the enemy's strength, still, if the plan which I propose is not approved, I am willing to do whatever is decided on." Again, on that remarkable occasion when, having left Cork in the belief that he was to command the expedition, he, when on the Portuguese coast, received information that he was superseded by Burrard and Dalrymple, no word of discontent escapes him; he writes to the government, "All that I can say on the subject is, that whether I am to command the army or not, or am to quit it, I shall do my best to insure its success." At the same time, this willingness to yield to others on unimportant points, this indifference to his personal consideration and position, was accompanied with a keen sense of what became his character, and with the firmest resolution to prevent others from tarnishing the glory he had acquired. So, when Blücher proposed to destroy the bridge of Jena, he remonstrated, and would not have scrupled even to use force to prevent it, if remonstrance had been ineffectual, and, when the same fierce old man conceived the idea of putting Napoleon to death if he could seize him, the Duke repressed such an intention with still greater energy, telling him, with honest indignation, that they had "both acted too distinguished a part in the recent transactions to become executioners."

M. de Brialmont canvasses with great fairness the different criticisms that have been passed on the brief campaign of 1815, not concealing his opinion that no efforts of Grouchy could have affected the result of the battle, and that Napoleon's account of the circumstances is not to be depended upon. He classes the French

Emperor's opening of the campaign as among the most brilliant strategical operations of his life, but considers that on the 16th he did not press the defeated Prussians with sufficient vigour, and that on the 18th, before the battle, he omitted the requisite reconnaissance of the British position, while in the battle he did not support his attacks with his usual energy—in short, that he did not display the talents that had won Rivoli and Marengo, and more recently scattered the allies at Champ Aubert and Montmirail. That Napoleon put forth no unusual efforts of military skill we have the highest testimony, proceeding from the Duke himself, who, in a letter to Lord Beresford, described the battle as one of sheer hard fighting on both sides.

"Never," said he, "did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call *gluttons*. Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all, he just moved forward in the old style in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

The fact is, if we trust Marmont's Memoirs—and that soldier was a competent judge—Napoleon's *forte* was not tactics, while there was probably no branch of the military science in which the Duke was so pre-eminent. Napoleon, who was enormously superior in the number and weight of his artillery, slightly so in the number of his army, and again, very greatly so in the quality of his troops, trusted to this superiority to enable him to overwhelm his enemy by the violence and frequency of his attacks, and, forgetful how often the British infantry in line had beaten back the French column, reckoned on accomplishing by main force what he had less confidence in being able to effect by skill.

With respect to the Duke's strategy, M. de Brialmont blames him for scattering his cantonments too much at first, and for being so apprehensive of having his flank turned as to detach an important division to prevent such a disaster, as to which we may observe, that the fact of no such opera-

tion having been attempted by Napoleon, may have been caused by the knowledge of the step taken to counteract it, and, at all events, that an event of this kind not having taken place, is no proof at all that it was not prudent to guard against it. The idea of the Duke's having been surprised at Brussels, and that the attainment of the victory was owing to the Prussians, our author treats with merited contempt, though giving the latter the credit to which they are indisputably entitled, of having rendered it far more decisive than the exhausted British army could have done. He disregards the criticism of Napoleon, that the existence of the forest of Soignies in the rear of the British position, was an incurable defect, which ought to have prevented Wellington from fighting on the ground that he selected, affirming, in conformity with the Duke's own opinion, that the field of battle was in every respect well chosen, and expressing a just disdain of the absurd fables with which many French writers have filled their volumes, he attributes no small share in the event of the day to the personal heroism and imperturbable coolness of the victorious general.

It is impossible to dismiss even a brief consideration of the military portion of the Duke's career, without comparing him with this last and greatest of his antagonists, Napoleon, though, according to the view taken by M. de Brialmont, of whose work we shall here present our readers with extracts, as a favourable specimen of his style, and of the conscientious temper in which he has approached his subject, such a task must lead us to an enumeration of contrasts rather than resemblances, since with the exception of the fact that\*

"Both owed their success to the care with which, in combining their operations, they employed the means which were at their disposal, suitably to the character of their nation, and to the diversity of the institutions to which they were bound to conform. Napoleon, at the head of an English army, would have found insurmountable difficulties, arising even from the nature of his own

genius, and Wellington, had he been called to the command of the enthusiastic troops of a victorious republic, would have been in a no less embarrassing situation. Napoleon strikes the imagination, and advances, as one may say, by a succession of prodigies; Wellington addresses himself to men's reason, and attains success by ordinary means. There is not one proclamation of Buonaparte's in which glory is not exalted, and duty forgotten; there is not one of Wellington's orders of the day which makes even an allusion to glory, or in which any other motives are appealed to, save duty and patriotism.

"An imagination fond of prodigies and insatiable; aiming at the infinite and the impossible; the most vast and versatile faculties; boundless conceptions, united with a singular susceptibility of ideas and impressions, were the principal characteristics of Napoleon's genius. Solid judgment, cool reasoning powers, a glance of marvellous accuracy, both in the field of battle and closet; the most piercing good sense raising itself to a height which becomes genius; perseverance which nothing could weary, and which nothing could distract; imperturbable steadiness in the greatest dangers—were some of the characteristics which made the Duke of Wellington so great a figure in the history of the nineteenth century.

"It was with giant steps that Napoleon ran a career that bore him for a moment to the summit of human greatness: by the rapidity of his rise he amazed the world, and every thing about him bears the stamp of magical improvisation. His rival, on the contrary, raised himself with a patient and modest slowness, by courageous reflection. He never receded; he continually advanced with successful moderation; and his glory has followed an advance which always had the skill to avoid reverse.

"To speak vividly to the imagination of men, to fascinate them, to awaken their enthusiasm, to labour by every possible means to inspire them with an admiration not unmingled with terror, was the constant study of Napoleon, who, when occasion required, did not disdain the tricks of theatrical display.

"Always simple, the Duke of Wellington never attempted to produce any effect except upon men's reason—under no circumstance did he ever lend himself to any thing like dramatic effect. Duty was his only rule, and the only law which he imposed on others;

\* The passages given here and elsewhere within inverted commas, are translated, though not with absolutely *literal* exactness, from M. de Brialmont's third volume.

he had a horror of charlatanism and falsehood: he never sought to influence the minds of his troops; but on one or two rare occasions he reminded them that they were expected to shed their blood freely, because such was their duty.

"Wellington, obliged to respect the laws and institutions of his country, met with obstacles unknown to the French generals, and to which all resistance was necessarily fruitless. As chief of the army, he had to obey statesmen who knew nothing of military affairs, and who yet pretended to direct them; a pretension as fatal as ridiculous, but in strict conformity to the spirit of constitutional governments.

"Napoleon, on the contrary, executed his resolutions without control. During his reign the press had no liberty, except that of panegyric; the legislative assembly, and the nation in general had no right save that of obedience. The Emperor had nothing to do but to require of France her last man and her last shilling, and France was willing to give both without a murmur.

"Whatever importance we may attach to the influence of these their respective positions, it is certain that the English general did all that could be done with the resources at his disposal. If genius in war consists in knowing how to apply the principles of strategy judiciously in a given theatre, to make the best of all the moral and physical resources at one's disposal, then Wellington displayed as much genius as the Emperor would have displayed in his place. Each situation requires particular qualities, and glory is measured less by the greatness of the results obtained than by the extent of the means employed. To invade the empire of Russia with 400,000 men is not more difficult than to land 9,000 in the bay of Mondego, to deliver the Peninsula. So that it is very fair to compare the talents of the two generals, of whom one, like Buonaparte, turned the world upside down; the other, like Sir A. Wellesley, founds his fame on having, after seven years of war, led 35,000 British troops from Lisbon to Toulouse, and from Waterloo to Paris."—iii. 279.

Up to this point we wholly agree with our author. In what follows we think him scarcely quite consistent with some of the passages above quoted, and somewhat under the dominion of continental prejudice. He proceeds to say—

"It is certain that in respect of a genius for war, Wellington was inferior to

Buonaparte, perhaps the greatest general that has ever existed. His conceptions were less vast, and less rapid; slowly and laboriously did he elaborate the plans of his campaigns: Buonaparte, on the contrary, formed his with the facility of an improvisatore, and with the confidence of a man who believes in his star. In the execution of his plans he exhibited a vigour and a decision which Wellington very rarely approached. Nevertheless, on the field of battle, the English general was equally able—perhaps abler than the Emperor. He possessed in a high degree that rapid *coup d'œil*, and that facility in moving masses of troops which distinguishes first-rate tacticians. In this respect Salamanca, Orthes, and Waterloo, may be compared with the most brilliant battles of the republic and of the empire.

"As a strategist, Napoleon is without a rival. Next to him, among contemporary generals, come, at a considerable distance, the Archduke Charles and Wellington. Both exhibited talents: they combined their operations with great ability; but we must not lose sight of the fact that, coming after Napoleon, they naturally profited by the admirable lessons and glorious examples of their master.

"Let us be just, and say that with less boldness and less genius, Wellington was more scrupulous in the choice of his means; a more faithful observer of his engagements, in short, a more honest man than the incomparable victor of Austerlitz. He had also more patience and tenacity, a more calm, and, at times, a more enlightened judgment. Especially in the case of the Peninsular war, he gave proofs of a sagacity and foresight of which the letters of the Emperor offer only very occasional traces."

It seems to us that in this comparison, the superiority of Napoleon to Wellington is assumed, not established. Believing in one's star is no proof of military genius; and though it is certain that Napoleon, with vast means, performed brilliant achievements, we think the deeds of Wellington, armed, as he was, with resources far inferior, may challenge equality. Napoleon, with the uncontrolled resources of a martial nation at his disposal, triumphed over Mack, Wurmser, the Archduke Charles, Kutusoff, Blücher, and a number of other generals (not one of whom, except the Archduke, deserves to be placed even in the second rank of great commanders); and over troops, by his own confes-

sion, so inferior to the French, that, according to his calculation, one French soldier was equal to two of any of the conquered armies. Thus he overran Italy, Austria, Russia, and Prussia—nearly the whole eastern portion of the continent. Wellington, labouring under the difficulties already enumerated, subdued extended provinces in India, delivered Portugal and Spain, twice successfully invaded France, and at last took Paris itself. These triumphs, moreover, he obtained, not against generals of moderate capacity, but over Napoleon's choicest marshals, men who had not before found equals; and over the same French soldiers, too, who had beaten the troops of every other nation in Europe. Compared with the means employed to effect them, it certainly seems to us that these successes are greater than those of Napoleon. If we look to the military genius by which they were attained, though the Duke had not often, from his limited means, such opportunities for displaying great strategical skill as the French emperor, yet the campaign of 1813, every step of which was carefully arranged beforehand, may fairly be put by the side of Napoleon's most brilliant displays of that talent, while the latter never, in his whole military history, gave proof of such long-sighted caution—no valueless quality in one engaged in the precarious game of war—as was exhibited in the construction of the lines of Torres Vedras. Splendid, indeed, was the dash with which the French emperor, on more than one occasion, overwhelmed his enemies; yet we question if any of his exploits exceeds in happy audacity and in inventive promptitude, the victory of Assaye, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz; and, above all, the surprise of Soult at Oporto. As a tactician, there can be no doubt of Wellington's superiority, which is admitted by M. de Brialmont. Lastly, if the avoidance of disaster is, as we must contend, no unimportant proof of military ability, how can he who lived to see all the advantages which he had ever gained successively wrested from his grasp; who left the most splendid army that ever existed mouldering on the Russian plains, and who, though at the head of a force in every respect superior, yet, in the only battle in which he ever

met his rival, was completely defeated by him, be reckoned superior to the general who, in all his numerous campaigns never lost even a single gun; and who, under every disadvantage, gave him a total defeat on the plains of Waterloo?

M. de Brialmont enters into a brief comparison between Marlborough and Wellington, agreeing with the opinion universal among ourselves which ranks our contemporary as much the greater general, and pointing out with justice the inferiority of the Duke's coadjutors, the wretched Spanish generals, Cuesta, Blake, Ballesteros, and others, to the chivalrous and skilful Eugene, who so often fought by the side of Marlborough; the variety of scenes on which our Duke achieved his reputation, when compared with Marlborough's, whose field of action was limited to the Netherlands, and the valley of the Danube; the slight reputation of Tallard, Villeroy, and of all the generals defeated by Marlborough, except Vendome, when weighed in the scale with the renown of Soult, Ney, Marmont, Massena, and the others who successively yielded to the superior genius of Wellington; and reminding us also, that while the latter chief was exposed to every kind of vexatious contest, Marlborough, though equally the servant of a constitutional monarchy, did, in fact, enjoy, during the greater part of his career, unlimited power. In fact, it is plain that M. de Brialmont considers no one but Napoleon, in the history of the world, superior as a general to Wellington; and we feel very confident that an unprejudiced consideration of the exploits of our hero will convince no small portion of our readers that even that exception need not have been made.

Wellington was called on to take upon himself the part of a civil statesman, even before the termination of his military career. His success in dealing with the Portuguese, Spaniards and French in the south of France, had shown him to be possessed of great diplomatic ability; not, indeed, of that kind which consists in finesse, intrigue, and dissimulation (and, certainly, never in those arts which caused a celebrated diplomatist in former days to define an ambassador as a person sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country); but the penetration with

which he had divined the plans of others; the secrecy with which he had formed and executed his own; his unruffled calmness and temper; his courtesy, combined, when requisite, with the most unyielding firmness; his uniform caution and prudence; and, besides these high qualities, the great weight which his achievements had naturally given him among foreign rulers, all pointed him out as a man eminently calculated to conduct some of the difficult negotiations which arose at the end of so long and complicated a war as that with Napoleon. Accordingly, scarcely any one bred to diplomacy as his sole profession was ever employed in a larger variety of important missions, or ever executed his charge with greater success, while the motive which led him to undertake employments so at variance with his previous occupations, and which seemed to remove him so completely from his proper sphere of action, was, as usual, no feeling of personal ambition, but simply one of duty. "I must," he says to his brother, in announcing his appointment to the embassy at Paris, "serve the public in some manner or other; and as, under existing circumstances, I could not well do so at home, I must do so abroad."

Within three weeks after the battle of Toulouse he was sent as ambassador to Paris; and he had hardly arrived in that city when his labours there were suspended by a mission to Madrid, where the inability of the restored sovereign to appreciate the change wrought by the events of the last seven years in his position, and in the temper of the nation, threatened to cause embarrassments not only to himself, but to Europe in general. Wellington did not succeed in persuading Ferdinand to adopt the liberal system of government, which alone could secure his people permanent tranquillity; but mediated between the opposite parties with such effect, that he prevented, or for the time averted civil war, and strengthened the feeling entertained by the nation in general in favour of the English alliance.

On his return through France, he took leave of the army which he had led to glory in an affectionate and graceful general order; and then, before commencing his duties at Paris,

he returned for a few days to England, which he had not seen for upwards of five years. He had quitted it to take the command of a small force, not greatly trusted by its countrymen; himself labouring, in the eyes of many, under no slight obloquy for his share in the convention of Cintra, to engage in a campaign which scarcely one person in Europe, except himself, expected to prove creditable. He came back the victorious general of an army whose achievements had united the whole nation in one feeling of confidence and pride, followed by the gratitude of Portugal and Spain, which he had delivered, and by the respect of France, which he had defeated, to receive the most welcome reward for his service in the spontaneous, unanimous applause and homage of his countrymen. On taking his seat, for the first time, in the Upper House, to use the words of the Lord Chancellor's address to him on that occasion, "by a combination of honours hitherto unprecedented he manifested his right under various grants to all the dignities in the peerage which the crown could confer." The House of Commons appointed a deputation of its members to congratulate him on his return to his country; and rose uncovered to receive him when he came to thank them for the praise which they had bestowed on his exertions; for the noble liberality with which they had rewarded them; and, above all, for the great efforts which they and their constituents had made to enable him to bring the contest to so fortunate a termination: while the Speaker, in a short but most eloquent speech, expressed the admiration of the House, not only at the grandeur of the Duke's military success, but still more at

"That generous and lofty spirit which inspired his troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; at that moral courage and enduring fortitude which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood, nevertheless, unshaken; and at that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled him to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires."

More gratifying still were the less formal acclamations of the whole

people whenever he appeared among them. At the time of his return, England was receiving the visit of some of the most powerful sovereigns of the continent, and of some of the foreign warriors who had borne the most distinguished part in the operations against Napoleon; but amid the hospitable cheers which greeted the Russian emperor, the hetman of the Cossacks, or the resolute old Prussian marshal, the redoubled shouts whenever Wellington showed himself, indicated that he was of them all the one whom prince and people most delighted to honour.

His duties as ambassador at Paris were chiefly confined to giving advice, and also the support of the British government to the restored king and his ministers, some of whom were but little acquainted with the feelings of the French nation in general, and especially of the soldiery. He was too shrewd an observer not to perceive that the utmost discontent had arisen from the universal poverty,\* but still he trusted that a wise system of government would be able to do much to allay this dangerous spirit; and he was unwearied in pressing views of large-minded liberality on the French cabinet.

At the beginning of the next year he was transferred to a still more important scene of action—to Vienna, as the representative of Britain, at the important congress to be held in that city, the deliberations of which were suddenly terminated by Napoleon's invasion of France.

Surely, if renown had been his object, Wellington was now the most fortunate of men. The only triumph wanting to his glory was a victory over the imperial master of those marshals, of whom so many had successively yielded to his superior genius; and circumstances at length proffered that also to his grasp. To whom else could the British army be intrusted? He was at once sent as commander-in-chief to Belgium, where, in the briefest and most decisive campaign that the world has yet seen, he for ever broke the power of Napoleon, routed his army on the field of Waterloo, and pressing his march with the greatest rapidity, compelled Paris itself to capitulate. No conqueror

ever used his victory with such moderation. Fully convinced that the peace of Europe depended on the tranquillity of France, and that its tranquillity could only be secured by the establishment of the legitimate government of the Bourbons, he exerted all his influence to bring about that result; and that, too, in such a manner that their restoration should appear to be the voluntary act of the French themselves, and not one dictated by the allies. It is well known how completely he succeeded, and also with what energy, in more than one instance, he placed himself in open opposition to the more revengeful Blucher, with the object of saving the pride of the French people. We may almost say that every thing done at Paris, or done in relation to the nation at large, was his work. It was he who, by his energetic advice, decided Louis XVIII. on returning so speedily to Paris, displaying thus, according to M. de Brialmont, a more accurate perception of the state of feeling, and of parties in France, than even Talleyrand himself; since it is certain that the king's prompt return, by the support it afforded to his own partizans, and the perplexity it caused to the Buonapartists, who did not yet wholly despair, and to the Orleanists, who were beginning to hope, contributed more than any one event to his re-establishment on the throne. It was he who prevented the project of stripping France of many territories which were claimed by some of the allies as originally theirs, and only wrested from them by more or less recent conquests. It was he who projected the occupation of France for some years by an army of the allies, which should be both a support to, and in some respects a check on, the restored royal family. It was he, above all, when the army of occupation had done its work, urged its evacuation of the French territory long before the truce originally appointed, though the continuance of its stay in France would have been productive of the greatest possible advantage to himself. To him, too, were owing most of the moderate and constitutional measures adopted by the first government of Louis XVIII.

Nevertheless, for two portions of

\* See especially his letter to General Dumouriez. Gurwood xii., 192.

his conduct during the period when he was thus usefully employed, he has been more severely attacked than for almost any actions of his life—namely, the countenance he gave to Fouché, one of the most odious of all the monsters of the Reign of Terror; and his refusal to interfere to prevent the execution of Ney. The reason which M. de Brialmont alleges for the Duke's conduct in the first case, was not far from the truth, as we learn from Sir John Malcolm's memoirs.

"Wellington," says M. de Brialmont, "could not overlook nor despise his abilities; no one was so well able to lead the public opinion of his countrymen to acquiesce in the restoration of Louis XVIII. Moreover Wellington was aware of Fouché's liberal ideas and principles of toleration; and felt that his interference would be of use in counterbalancing the influence of the king's usual counsellors."

The Duke's own account of his motives was not very inconsistent with this statement. Malcolm was one of his most trusted friends in India, and was with him in Paris soon after Waterloo, talking freely on all the occurrences of the day; and in his memoirs, lately published, we find the following passage. "I told him they had abused him more for giving Fouché a dinner." "If I had not settled with Fouché when I did," the Duke replied, "the Duke of Orleans would have been proclaimed king the next day, and that would have been a new trouble."

On the subject of Ney's execution, M. de Brialmont, while he asserts resolutely that it was a breach of the capitulation of Paris, wholly acquits the Duke of all the blame.

Capefigue, in his history of the Restoration, so far mistakes the character of the Duke, whose most unvarying characteristic was an unswerving love of truth, as to charge him with having said what was "completely false" when he replied to the petition of the Marshal's wife, "that he had no influence over the government of the King of France, and no power to arrest the course of justice." We imagine the truth to have been that the Duke felt that if he did interfere to save the Marshal's life, he

could only do so on the ground that he was protected by the capitulation of Paris, and it is clear that not only he, but that no one concerned, really thought that he was so protected. Even Marshal Moncey, in the touching letter which he addressed to the King\* when he refused to sit as president of the tribunal at first appointed to try Ney, never mentioned the capitulation; nor did Ney himself, or his counsel, ever think of appealing to it till all other hope was at an end. It was also, no doubt, within the Duke's knowledge that the Royalist party, with the Dauphine at their head, were so clamorous for Ney's blood that it was probable that any interference on his part might be ineffectual, while the knowledge of its having been exerted would only have weakened the government which it was his main object to strengthen. Nor must it be forgotten that, of the Marshals who sat among his judges, though his own ancient comrades, Serrurier, and Marmont, and Victor, and Kellermann, were of the number, not one voted for the milder penalty of banishment, which was not without its advocates; and which would at least have been a more fitting punishment to inflict on one who had been weak rather than designedly treacherous, and who, of all his country's mighty warriors, was one of those of whom she had the greatest reason to be proud.

When the occupation of France by an army of the different allied nations was decided on, though one does not see how the command could possibly have been conferred on any one else, yet M. de Brialmont fairly speaks of the cordial unanimity with which the foreign sovereigns agreed to invest Wellington with it, as an unexampled proof of their confidence in something more than his military genius; and he fully justified it by the admirable order he maintained among his troops, though some, especially those belonging to foreign nations which had suffered most severely in past times from the outrages of their French invaders, were disposed to retaliate upon a people whom they now looked upon as conquered; and were indignant at finding themselves prohibited most

\* See the letter in Capefigue's *Hist. de la Restauration*, iii., p. 350, and the Duke's memorandum on the subject. Gurwood xii., 694.



rigorously from sporting without leave, from trespassing, and even from insisting on the choice of places in the theatres. There can be no greater proof of the excellent conduct to which the whole army was thus compelled, than is found in the fact that its very existence among them is very little noticed by French historians; while the most judicious and impartial of them do ample justice to the disinterestedness with which the Duke, in spite of the wishes and opinions of the ministry at home, exerted himself to anticipate the period originally fixed for its evacuation of the French territory. He was appointed one of the British plenipotentiaries at the Congress held at Aix-la-Chapelle to arrange this and other matters of importance; he was also selected as President of the Diplomatic and Financial Commission, charged with the task of finally arranging the indemnities to be paid by France to the different nations which had suffered from Napoleon's aggressions and exactions, and by the confession of the French historians themselves, the moderate and liberal amount at which these indemnities were ultimately fixed was chiefly owing to his influence, and to the ascendancy which he had acquired over even the most intractable of his colleagues.

At the end of the year 1818 he returned to England, where he received the appointment of Master of the Ordnance, and for sometime confined his attention to the duties of that post without taking any prominent part in domestic politics, beyond attaching himself to the ministerial party, and showing, on different occasions, his distrust of all who advocated any change, however slight, in

the laws or constitution of the country. In 1822 he was sent as plenipotentiary to the Congress held at Verona, where, though its ostensible object was the termination of the occupation of Naples and Piedmont by the Austrians, the question that really occupied attention was the intervention of France in the affairs of Spain, which was in rebellion. To such intervention Prussia, Austria and Russia were favourable, while the Duke was instructed to declare that England would not be a party to it. He could not prevent it from taking place, however, and was much blamed by the liberal party in the British Parliament as if his failure had been imputable to his own lukewarmness in the cause, but he exculpated himself vigorously, and showed more readiness in debate than had been expected.

In 1826 he was again called upon to exert his diplomatic talents, being sent as ambassador to Russia (to the throne of which country Nicholas had lately succeeded by the death of his brother), with the view of persuading the new Emperor to adopt the measures considered necessary by England for the settlement of the affairs of Greece; and the success which he met with there is attributed by M. de Brialmont in no small degree to the respect entertained by Nicholas for the veteran champion of legitimacy. He had long been a field-marshal of Russia, as of almost every other country in Europe, and as a further compliment the Emperor now ordained that the regiment of Smolensko, one of the finest corps in the Russian army, should henceforth bear the title of the Duke of Wellington's regiment.

#### SPEAK ! SMILE ! SING !

Speak !—and as melodious winds, agreeing,  
Flutter some Æolian harp above,  
All the sentient fibres of my being  
Tremble to those thrilling tones of love.

Smile !—and as the beams of morning render  
Iridescent violets brimmed with dew ;  
So thy joyous glance responsive splendour  
Wakes in tearful eyes that turn to you.

Sing !—and ah, my fancy, spreading pinions,  
Floats above the sweet seraphic air :  
Even as the soul to heaven's dominions  
Soars upon the incense of a prayer.

## NOTES ON INDIA.

BY AN EASTERN.

I. LIKE some other matters connected with India, people in general have but a misty notion of what the civil servant's life really is; and dream not of the drudgery which awaits the supposed favourite of fortune, who is called to take a share in the administration of our "Eastern Empire." Nevertheless, his situation, though different from that scene of luxurious inaction which fancy had conjured up, has its enjoyments and advantages. The effect of such a life as he is obliged to lead, upon the mental faculties, merits especial notice. A mechanical facility in dealing with ordinary subjects is rapidly acquired. Constant writing produces directness and fluency, if not purity of style. The absence of higher attractions and enjoyments forces the civilian to seek both in the everyday tasks of the "cutcherry;" and a vast amount of work is thrown off with intelligence and celerity. The influence of continual isolation from congenial society, and of a ceaseless round of routine occupations is, however, paralysing to the higher faculties. Year after year the drudge goes on, and by the time he has attained eminence in the service, he is reduced to a mere machine, with vast powers of work indeed, but neither energy nor inclination to originate improvement. Follow such a man into his ultimate retirement. He has gained a large store of local and departmental experience. His knowledge of the native character is accurate and practical, if not profound. He can penetrate with quick insight through the tangled webs of Indian intrigue, and predict how any particular measure will be received by the Hindoo or Mussulman population. But confinement for a long period to minute details has cramped his intellectual faculties. Five and twenty years spent in a manner as an eremite, have not improved his literary talents; one by one they have been rubbed off in the process of report writing, till his imagination is gone, and his style assumes the driest and most uninterest-

ing of forms. The climate, too, has done its work. His physical energies are unequal to the effort of engaging in a new and untried field of exertion. He smiles, half in bitterness, half in contempt, at the puerilities which daily meet his eye in connexion with India and Indian topics; but resigns himself to the evil, rather than undertake the thankless task of setting testy editors right in matters of fact, or stemming the tide of popular prejudice. It is thus that in the silence of those whose means of information have been most extensive, we are left to form our impressions of India, its government, and its people, from the flashy sketches of a traveller by palki, or the limited observations and false inductions of a resident at a presidency town, whose inhabitants, stained with many European vices, divested of many of their own superstitions, and with faculties abnormally sharpened by contact with a higher civilization, are no more representatives of the millions of the interior, than the smart Cockney is a type of the Highlander or genuine son of Connemara.

Military men of superior intelligence are generally invested with civil appointments; and from the day they take office, go through a course much the same as that we have sketched for the civilian proper. In some "staff" situations, however, there are opportunities of observation, and a certain amount of leisure. It is from the holders of such offices accordingly, that the fullest, and in some respects, most trustworthy accounts of India have proceeded; and to them, perhaps, we must chiefly look for the best solution of the mysterious rising which has so imperilled our dominion.

II. We have up to this moment been deluged with crude theories and defective reasonings. But let not those who pause to think, ere they presume to write, be deterred from an important labour, by the avidity with which noxious morsels of so-called information are now devoured by the public.

Let them view it rather as an indication of the candid reception that will be accorded to any well-digested review of the causes of the crisis, and of its true import in relation to the future of our Empire.

We do not propose, on the present occasion, to anticipate the labour to which we have pointed, lest haply our own lucubrations on so difficult a subject might follow in their turn the rest of the "*charta inepta*," which the mutiny has called forth in such abundance. Yet a few considerations of a general character may be permitted us. In India the bearing and conduct of officers cannot be severed from the measures of Government which they have to carry out. The Hindoo has no recognition of abstractions. To him three pairs of eyes and nine hands, are the omniscience and omnipotence of his deity. The same Hindoo identifies law with its administrators. His notion of the "Sirkar" is strictly that embodiment of its power, presented by his immediate superior, or at furthest by the court of ultimate appeal open to him; and he never believes that the decisions of either one or the other are aught but the expression of the feeling of individuals in each particular case. To appreciate rightly, therefore, the influence of legislation on the Indian Armies, we must never lose sight of the European Officer. In no country of the world, so much as in India, does the maxim hold good, "That which is best administered is best." Personal characteristics, comparatively unimportant in other countries, here assume enormous value for good or evil. Peculiarities of our officers, whether constitutional or arising from the influence of an anomalous state of society—from the early severance of domestic ties, or from the premature assumption of the duties and responsibilities, along with the independence of manhood;—all must be weighed with a wise and careful discrimination by the future statesmen of India.

Long before the revolt manifested itself, the English officers, being mostly inexperienced, and in many cases the seniors being removed for civil duties, trusted entirely for the management of their troops to Indian subordinates. The Sepoys' attention and

esteem were thus divested from their European leaders to be fixed upon individuals of their own race, many of whom combined, with a certain amount of shrewdness, a degree of effrontery which gave them an ascendancy over their fellows. The officers, ignorant of the native character and religion, were forced to take on trust the accounts of both which the interests of these clever natives led them to offer. They viewed caste as a sleeping monster whom it was dangerous to disturb, and as usual, taking *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, created in the end the very evils which they were most anxious to avoid. The fact that the Bengal troops refused to perform trench-work at the siege of Mooltan is well known; and it is but a sample of the insolence and insubordination which they manifested on many other occasions when they were called on to perform any other duties than those of parading their bulky forms and glittering uniforms at a military show. Instances may, indeed, be given of their having, under the pressure of necessity, foregone many of their prejudices. At the siege of Jellalabad, a high caste regiment subsisted on camel's flesh; and other examples of the like description are not wanting. The moral deducible from such cases is simply this: that these caste necessities are *not* so deeply rooted in the nature of the Sepoy as has been alleged, and that under a better system, they would never have become unmanageable. These prejudices too, amongst the very same class in the Bombay Army, have so completely disappeared under a better organization, that during the late war in Persia, men of the highest caste, brothers and cousins, in fact, of the present mutineers, might be seen cheerfully performing their part, not only in entrenching work, but in handing baggage from the ships to shore, and other occupations for which the proud Bengalese would have jeered them, as at Mooltan, with shouts of "Cooley." That some of the Bombay regiments have wavered, only shows how infection will spread; that no one of them has proved wholly mutinous, proves how much discipline can do.

III. The religious element in the rising is another subject which cannot be adequately dealt with, except by

one familiar with the native mind. How much or how little it operated as the exciting cause of the outbreak; or whether in fact it was a mere tool in the hands of the designing to inflame the fanatical, and to furnish a pretext which the native mind would recognise for the mutiny of those who were already disaffected;—these are questions which, from lack of certain information, possibly also from the proximity of the events, could not be satisfactorily disposed of. We shall venture no further upon this ground than to suggest the fact, well known to all who have resided in India, that in practice the religious obligations of any individual native always assume an obstructive form, and vary in exact proportion to the indulgence they meet with from his European superior. In the case of Brahmins in particular, the whole of their waking hours would barely suffice for the performance of the ceremonial observances enjoined by their shastras. Yet we find them filling the government “cutcherries,” and willing, for the sake of lucre, to engage in the occupation of money-lending, and others equally forbidden by their law. The way to deal with such men is obvious. Do not recognise their ceremonial where it interferes with their duty, nor bow to conditions, which it is impossible fully to satisfy, and which they themselves feel no hesitation in shuffling off at the dictates of temporal interest. Another fact may be noticed: every step made by the government towards loosening the trammels of the Hindoo superstitions has been hailed with secret joy by all except those immediately interested in their maintenance. Suttee and other abominations have disappeared, despite the reclamations of short-sighted Europeans, and proud enthusiastic natives. Still, one subject has not been touched—the caste distinctions; Brahminical superiority. *This is the “Indian difficulty.”* It bars the way to all progress, and must be removed, ere civilization can penetrate below the surface. That it is a delicate thing to meddle with must be acknowledged. That it is an irremediable ill, no one will admit who has faith in the future of India, or in the great destinies of the human race. A tender but firm hand is required; and, in God’s appointed time, will

doubtless be found to execute the task. Meanwhile we hope, in the sequel, to indicate one step at least, towards its accomplishment.

IV. However opinions may differ as to the causes of the mutiny, and the policy by which it was met in Bengal, there can be no disagreement as to the admirable firmness and energy of Lord Elphinstone, at a juncture more momentous than any other in the history of India. With a confidence in the Bombay Native Army, which all their past history justified, he unhesitatingly despatched two of the three Royal Regiments allotted to his presidency, to the assistance of their perishing brethren in Bengal. What services they rendered there, Fame’s recording hand has stamped in imperishable lines; and Havelock’s name claims an immortality of grateful recollection. But those services had well nigh been purchased at a cost too dear. We have before adverted to the composition of the Bombay Army. The brothers and cousins of our foes in Bengal could not be indifferent spectators of the contest. The European community lay apparently at their mercy. The district treasurers in many places held out a tempting bait. Gradually the infection spread, and though long held in check by an excellent discipline and a traditional moral, was on the point of bursting forth in massacre and ruin. No one who was not an eyewitness, can form a just idea of the deep anxiety that possessed the minds of the European community, as slowly but surely the conviction forced itself upon them that disaffection was rife and rapidly ripening into open revolt. In the whole Southern Mahratta country, which but a few years before had been the scene of a rebellion which tasked the whole energies of the government, there were at this time but a couple of depots of European troops. Other districts were equally defenceless. We have said that deep anxiety prevailed; to have called it fear would be injustice to those firm and gallant men, who equally with their chief, shared the honour of staking their fortunes and their lives upon the cast of duty. The civil authorities demanded assistance, *if it could be spared.* The military took such measures of precaution as the circumstances admit-

ted. It may be said with truth, that no member of either service flinched or felt one emotion of alarm, save for the helpless. In this position of affairs, the slumbering flame burst forth at a place called Kolapoor, in the Southern Mahratta country. The mutiny was suppressed there by the admirable conduct of an irregular corps, and from defect of organization or mutual mistrust, a simultaneous rising at several other places miscarried. But what had been anxiety at last became panic. Women went on board the ships in the harbour of the presidency town, and government were harassed with every sort of alarming report. Amid all this clamour Lord Elphinstone "kept his head." There was a Company's European regiment in Scinde. A detachment of it was promptly despatched to Goa by sea, whence they toiled in the midst of the monsoon, across rivers without bridges, and along roads knee deep in mire, till they reached their appointed station at Belgaum. Another small detachment arrived at Kolapoor; Her Majesty's 86th Regiment was similarly broken up to protect the posts most threatened. In a few days more, fresh troops began to arrive in Bombay, and the danger was past. Its magnitude has not hitherto been duly estimated at home—possibly on account of the very efficiency of the measures by which it was met; but the historian eventually will award their meed of praise to the men, who in the presence of unparalleled disasters, and in an almost defenceless condition, found resources and safety in their own coolness, energy, and foresight.

V. One striking feature in the mutiny must not go unnoticed. It was nowhere sympathized in by the mass of the natives. This fact is the noblest vindication of our rule. It speaks of justice, if not beneficence. It shows that neither could be expected from a change of government. But it indicates more. It speaks a population trained in some degree to habits of peace and order. There is probably no European country in which similar events would have been attended with less general disturbance. It may be predicted that if our rule ceased to-morrow, its memory would be cherished, not more for its impartiality than for the firm administration

of the laws which suppressed predatory hordes, forcing the turbulent, and enabling the timid, to pass life in safety. But allowing the native this appreciation of the blessings of regular government, we must not take the further step of considering him capable, in his own person, of carrying out a government in repose. The civilization of the national mind has not begun. To all other disqualifications of indolence and superstition, we must add a constitutional fear. A race of cowards is almost of necessity a race of liars. It is certainly a race of tyrants and slaves. The Hindoo who has an object to attain will crouch at your feet. Invested with authority, his first employment of it is oppression. He is not incapable of generous impulses; but to adopt a principle of conduct from conviction, or submit to its control when passion prompts to violence, is not dreamt of in his philosophy.

The utter absence of self-reliance is a capital failing in the native character. How on such a decrepit stock to graft a vigorous growth of enlightenment and virtue, is the problem to which Indian administrators, with a due sense of their high calling, are bound to apply themselves. The duty is an onerous—in some respects a thankless one; but it must not be evaded. The standstill policy has received an irrecoverable shock. Let the hands of the government endeavour to guide the change, which for better or worse, must date from the present year, and rather initiate a system themselves than see its introduction confided to rash and ignorant hands, or left to chances impossible to anticipate.

VI. The filth of the Hindoo theology is its fascination. Its coarsest devices are not too absurd—its most prurient conceptions not too revolting for the mingled credulity and sensualism from which it sprang, and which in its turn it tends to perpetuate. And if the theology of Christendom cannot be severed from its civilization, much less can that of Hindoostan. It regulates with iron hands the classes of society, prescribes the details of daily life, binds a man to the occupation of his father, and forbids the acquisition of all that it regards as knowledge to any but the dominant castes. Such are some of the least objectionable features of a system which has weighed

upon India for so many centuries. Its natural effects are found in a constantly accelerated degeneration of national and individual character. Successive tides of conquest have swept over the continent. Tartars and Mussulmans have had their seat of empire where Englishmen now rule. They, too, like us, had their works of material improvement. Remains of aqueducts and tanks in every quarter of the peninsula, attest, equally with elegant musjids and tombs, the civilized and systematic sway which the Mahomedan dynasties once exercised. All these have passed away, and still the character of the people has remained unchanged in tendency—a tendency constant and increasing from bad to worse, till science and literature have utterly died out; so that for some of the native languages, it is next to an impossibility to procure a pundit who is able to explain any thing of their derivation or structure. Arts formerly known have been forgotten, and the stores of Sanscrit Literature become virtually a sealed book, even to the small class who were ever allowed access to them. Caste remains; its divisions more impassable; its effects worse than ever. Beneath its fatal shade virtue and ambition equally perish, for it holds out no encouragement, save in the favoured class, to either. What can be expected from such a system? It attained its limits of perfection centuries ago; and has ever since been sinking to decay. To talk, therefore, of civilizing the Hindoo by flattering the “best features” of his superstition is absurd.

But besides the objections to the plan of civilization just hinted at, arising from the inherent vices of the Hindoo system, there is a second one, almost equally great, in the ignorance of Europeans, as to the nature of the materials they have to work upon. Years must be spent in the study of the native languages; years more in exploring the dark labyrinths of native character. Natives, in general, like many superstitious persons at home, are remarkably reticent concerning their besetting frailty. They feel, by a sort of instinct, that their cherished failing will not bear examination; but from weakness of character, or long habit, they cannot throw off the yoke. They evade argument, or yield a nominal assent, but the logic of passion

and timidity is still omnipotent over their imagination and conduct. Against difficulties such as these, what energy shall struggle successfully? The task must be resigned as hopeless and useless; impracticable to the means at our command; and if accomplished, promising no fruits that would sufficiently reward the achievement.

Evils and abominations that strike the generous mind with horror and disgust on first landing in India, become tolerable by habit. The plans of amelioration designed in the flush of youthful enthusiasm, are laid aside for ceaseless routine. The young theorist is content to bide his time, in the hope that experience will furnish him with new arguments in support of his views, and that meantime he may attain that position in the service in which his voice will command attention. Years roll by, and still the convenient season comes not. A ceaseless round of employments leaves no time for maturing the plans of an earlier age, or moulding them into a practicable shape. Meanwhile the evils exist. His practice must be adapted to them. Daily familiarity robs them of their repulsiveness. His energy is insensibly impaired by the climate. Constant association with natives, and comparative isolation from other society, perhaps, enfeeble his earlier convictions. One by one, native prejudices take possession of his understanding. His generous ardour to promote the welfare of the subject people becomes damped by the constant instances of villany that come before him, and by the base ingratitude which generally rewards his promotion of any particular individual. He comes at last to feel his personal convenience concerned in the maintenance of things as they are. Unless strongly imbued with all-embracing, all-enduring Christian love, he loses all anxiety for a race so mean and worthless, and ends by devoting himself solely to the mechanism of his department, without any effort at changes which he now finds would meet with much opposition from his colleagues, and entail a good deal of present inconvenience on himself; while their fruits, if any, must be left to be reaped by the generation which is to succeed.

VII. If there be any truth in the views here set forth, it follows that the idea of improvement on the native

model, and the see-saw system which is based on it, should be definitively abandoned, and another more promising means sought out for effecting the object in view. That means we state at once, and without hesitation, to be the *assiduous culture of European knowledge, tastes, and ideas*. The growth of European ideas implies a reference in the estimate of man's acts to a standard lower, indeed, than that of Revelation; but yet immeasurably higher than what Hindoo religion or philosophy affords. It implies admiration of truth and scorn of falsehood, and bids us honour and emulate those acts of self-sustaining virtue, which constitute the hero, be he patriot or martyr. It implies a spirit of inquiry that extends to all nature, producing elevated views of creation, and, by the sympathies which kindred pursuits and common aims engender, embracing all scientific workers in one brotherhood of intellect. It leads to the study of human nature, of political philosophy, and of the noble plans of social amelioration sketched out by the masters in either science. Who can doubt that familiarity with this region of thought would do much to elevate the native mind from the mire of superstition and ignorance, in which it is at present plunged?—that it would substitute higher standards of action for those of duplicity and selfishness? What latent sparks of generous enthusiasm might not be kindled by the examples of that self-immolation, on the altar of faith and conviction, which alone is truly sublime. The process must be gradual, the sower living not to reap the harvest. But if our principles be right, it behoves us to have faith in them, and still to labour on; confident that though our individual achievements may be obscure as those of the coral insect who toils and struggles towards the light beneath the depths of the Pacific, we still are performing our allotted share in a great work, whence in due time, a new world may arise. Nay, let the mass remain for some time polluted and ignorant as at this day. Some minds, at least, of loftier flight, will soar to meet the first rays of the sun; and such minds it is which in every age and nation, undeterred by obloquy or peril, scatter seeds of thought that germinate throughout a people—in

some as new knowledge, in all as new opinions.

But if the spread of European ideas be thus desirable, the question immediately rises—"What means are to be employed for effecting such a revolution?" The inquiry is of vital importance. It will be admitted that the very feebleness of the native's character lays him particularly open to the influence of surrounding ideas; while his quickness of perception makes him a ready imitator. When he is removed but partially from native influences, and can forget that he is looked down upon as an inferior, he becomes rapidly assimilated in manners, tastes, and habits, to the Europeans with whom he associates. Some of our readers may possibly have met natives of India in this country. If they have, they will scarcely credit the accounts they receive of the blind obstinacy with which the Hindoos adhere to absurd superstitions; for those of them who visit this country, are, after a short residence, in no way distinguishable, save in colour. Why the same point is never attained by natives while living in India, is not difficult to account for. Amongst their own people they find no kindred minds; they are too few and feeble to elevate the mass of native thought; and can enjoy no communion of ideas, except by sinking themselves to the general level. If, on the other hand, they seek European society, they find themselves either altogether excluded, or met with so many insults, that they are forced to retire once more within their own circle. They are looked on as a subject and despicable race by the crowd of inexperienced and uneducated men who constitute society in India, and writhe under the consciousness, with that sensitive vanity which often accompanies superior endowments. Thus repelled by coarse jests or stinging affronts, they often become editors of seditious native journals, in which, writing constantly to native prejudices and faculties, they are soon affected by the doctrines they have to inculcate, and in the end, the abilities which might have been attached to the cause of order and advancement, are engaged in pouring out floods of vituperation, or assiduously instilling the poison of disaffection into the minds of their countrymen. These

men have been stigmatized as ungrateful. They have ever been held up as examples of the inutility, or positive mischief of extending educational advantages to the natives. The true remedy, however, is not to withdraw education, but to secure it as our ally. It is dangerous to arm a man with a deadly weapon, if we intend to provoke him to turn it against us ; but the arms in this case we are bound by our duty to give. Our course, therefore, is to attach the bearers to our cause by the ties of interest and affection. The accomplishment of this object involves, it must be confessed, a radical change in the character of English society in India, where class distinctions, even amongst our own countrymen, are more drawn than at home, and where the intrusion of a native, no matter how gifted, would be looked on as little less than pollution. The spirit of exclusiveness has been propagated from sire to son through many generations. Indian officials of every grade have in general contrived to provide for their children in "the service," and the narrow spirit of a century ago with regard to colour, has thus been as fully perpetuated in India as in America. It will be one advantage, at least, of the new system of filling appointments, that men will go out comparatively unfettered by the hereditary prejudices which affected their predecessors.

VIII. A benefit possibly still greater might be secured if military appointments were given to men instead of the children who now go out as cadets, at an age when their minds and principles are wholly unformed. A cadet arrives in India an ignorant stripling of seventeen, with a feeling for the natives that fluctuates between contempt and aversion. From the day of his landing he is surrounded for the most part by men who came out originally under as great disadvantages as himself. He joins his regiment. The most intelligent of his fellow officers, all the men of special aptitudes, those who would be most likely to call kindred abilities into play, are drained off for staff employments. He finds an old and stupid major, a shrewd but illiterate adjutant, a captain, perhaps, who has married, and avoids "youngsters," and several ensigns and lieutenants, clever at billiards, practised horsemen,

and disposed to ridicule a new hand's deficiencies in these respects, but in all that relates to the people amongst whom their lot is cast, or to their profession, beyond the most mechanical routine, quite as ignorant as himself. He has abundance of leisure, but everything tempts him to squander it in useless or vicious occupations, and no encouragement is held out by his seniors to a profitable employment of his opportunities. Should he be a "reading man," he finds himself the object of that jealous dislike with which the ignorant and narrow-minded regard those who aim at a higher standard of intelligence. If he gives way to an expression of interest in the subject race, he is laughed at by the "experienced" men as a fool for his pains. Thus the process goes on ; a youth of frivolity is succeeded by a maturity of ignorance and selfishness, and an old age of fatuous obstinacy, which arrogates to itself the title of firmness. That this is a common case every candid observer will agree.

The first step towards improvement should be, to send cadets to India at twenty, instead of seventeen years of age ; and to subject every candidate to a strict examination, as some, though not a conclusive, test of his fitness for the service. Any one tolerably acquainted with the Indian Army comes to the conclusion that the Addiscombe examinations are a farce. The practical working of that institution would seem almost a mockery ; for without exacting from its students such an amount of professional knowledge as is applicable, and actually applied in their professional career, it withdraws them, partially at least, for two most valuable years, from those liberal studies which should form the basis of every gentleman's education. It may be suggested that liberal studies are cultivated to some extent at Addiscombe, but the answer is obvious. Those studies to be pursued successfully must be pursued for their own sakes. A young man at college knows that his degree depends on his classical and mathematical attainments ; proficiency in them is therefore the immediate, if not the ultimate goal of his ambition ; and he is stimulated to exertion by the example of all the most able and ambitious men around him. Remove the scene to a school such



as Addiscombe, and everything is changed. Classics, English literature, have no attractions; the student knows his destination in life; he cannot believe the advantages to that career of cultivated powers and tastes; he crams enough to scramble through the examinations, but nothing that is not strictly necessary gains an abiding place in his memory. The remedy here is tolerably obvious. Raise the age of admission to nineteen or twenty, and exact from candidates a liberal education, and some vigour of conception and expression. Once admitted, let their training be strictly and exclusively professional. A year would be quite sufficient for line officers; and from the most successful and promising students a selection should be made of officers for the scientific corps, who should go through an advanced technical course of study, and practice before proceeding to India. Students who failed in passing a tolerably high standard of examination at the close of their first year, should, except under very special circumstances, be dismissed without remorse. If their want of preparation arose from indolence, they would have no shadow of excuse; if from sickness, men of feeble constitution are unfit for India. We would not even place any great restrictions on the conduct of the military students, or hold out any stronger inducements for study than the prizes for proficiency, and penalty of remissness at the end of their course of instruction. Study, diligence, and self-command amid temptations, cannot be looked for at fifteen or sixteen; at twenty they should not be wanting—and if wanting, that circumstance alone is sufficient to disqualify a man for service in India. In that country a young man is freed from nearly all checks on his conduct, except such as his own honour and conscience impose. We cannot, it is true, by such means determine with accuracy what a man's future character will be, but we can at least weed the service of those whose presence and example would prove a source of injury. If our Indian Army was thus officered with intelligent and energetic men, those officers might safely be entrusted with a real and efficient control over their Sepoys, which cannot reasonably be confided to raw boys of seventeen; or to those whom age has hardened in their self-

conceit and obstinacy. We shall not pursue this branch of the subject further; but it should occupy a prominent place in the deliberations of those to whom the future destinies of Hindostan may be confided. The importance of personal character and influence in our government of India, cannot be over-estimated. It may assist us to the conception of the truth, to remember that for a thousand years the Hindoo has practically had no law superior to the caprice of his immediate ruler. The habit of dependence, and cringing to servility, thus produced, may in itself be anything but the spirit which wise and generous rulers should foster; but the evil exists; it is useless to ignore its presence and influence; and, until long teaching have expelled it, our duty and our policy is to make it as far as possible work for good.

The remarks we have ventured will, perhaps, call forth the denunciations of some portion of the Indian press. They will be condemned as a jaundiced view of military society; as a cold, ungrateful return for unflinching gallantry and heroic sacrifices, which the late deplorable events have exhibited in Bengal officers. To the former reproach, we can only reply, that our remarks convey literally the impressions received from actual observation; and appeal to the experience of candid witnesses. The latter reproach would be a severe one, indeed, if of any force; but it is to be understood that it is *the system* of which we complain. Bravery and generosity have never been wanting in the British character; and the recent disasters have but brought them into prominence. Our only question was, whether a different system might not give those noble qualities a better chance of development. We would leave the cadet some four or five years longer in the bracing atmosphere of home, ere yet submitting him to the unholy influences and debilitating climate of India.

IX. Along with other prejudices of the past, none is held more tenaciously than the doctrine that the native character is radically bad; and that education imparted to natives will invariably be made use of for ill purposes. The advocates of this view point triumphantly to Nana Sahib, as a case in point; and clamour for the instant closing of all places of education sup-

ported by Government. We venture, though with much diffidence, to differ from these gentlemen. One portion of the question we have already touched upon ; and we would now repeat emphatically, that hand in hand with all other measures for the regeneration of India must go a reformation of our social policy in reference to the natives of that country. If we refuse to recognise worth and talent in a native, still we cannot prevent that worth gaining him influence amongst his own countrymen ; nor that ability from being used against us. As regards Nana Sahib himself : the fact that he could so completely imitate the English social characteristics, should lead us to reflect how much of corruption and villany may be compatible with the outward bearing of a "gentleman," on which model that miscreant doubtless shaped himself. But we see in his acts the conduct of a man playing a desperate game ; committed against the English, yet suspected by the mutinous soldiery on account of his former connections, and therefore cementing his league with his new companions by atrocities worse than their own. To prove that he was not lukewarm or treacherous to his allies, he had to outrun the excesses of a bloody fanaticism ; but his new enthusiasm was just as factitious as his former assumption of English habits and liberality. A "Century in India" of our institutions and example has, it seems, left the native mind in such a condition, that Nana Sahib could hope for sympathy and admiration amongst his countrymen, while perpetrating horrors that made all Europe shudder. It must be urged in our exculpation, however, that for the greater portion of that century our rule was confined within comparatively narrow limits, and that till the close of the Punjab campaigns, we were never free from external perils. It must be remembered, too, that the acts in question have not met with general sympathy, except from an infuriated soldiery ; to whom, if to any men applies the maxim, "*Quos deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" But, taking the fact as it stands, how damning is its testimony as to the native standards of conduct ! The possession of absolute power, which is yet subjected in its exercise to the control of reason and principle,

is the thing of all others most difficult of conception to the mind of a native. With him power means tyranny, which may be carried to its worst excesses by its holder, without exciting complaint or surprise in any one but the immediate sufferers. Ages of such oppression, in addition to other vices, have engendered a selfishness and apathy which are unmoved by the most harrowing scenes ; and, in contests for empire especially, torture and death have been so universally the portion of the vanquished, that mercy is never ascribed to any higher motive than fear.

Slavery is only one of the evils that have been in action in Hindostan from times beyond memory. To elevate the millions of that country will require long-continued and energetic exertions. But the very hideousness of the case should be an additional motive to those exertions. As Christians we must not, as governors we dare not, leave untouched a state of feeling, and a stage of barbarism, which already have so nearly proved our ruin. We cannot prevent the existence of ruffians such as Nana Sahib, nor can we deprive them of those energies and bad accomplishments which exercise such a fascination over the minds of weak and half-civilized men. It remains, then, to strengthen the understandings, and improve the moral tone, of the society which renders such monsters possible. It is literally true that human nature revolts at his excesses. It is only human nature brutalized with oppression, that could look upon them with apathy ; only human nature drunk with fanaticism, or maddened with despair, that could regard them with exulting admiration.

X. But whence is to come this improvement among the Indian community ? Where shall we find a lever powerful enough, or the hands to work it, which shall overcome the inertia of so vast a mass of ignorance, increased from age to age by fresh accretions of falsehood and superstition ? The lever to be applied is *European thought* ; the hands that wield it must be those of Governors conscious of their power ; the fulcrum must be found in those common sympathies which extend throughout the human family, and those remnants of our nobler nature, wrecks of man before his fall, which

indicate at once how much we have deteriorated, and to what we may attain.

To bring this great engine to bear, will require a general cultivation of the *English language*. We say English; because there is no other European language which we, as rulers, can diffuse and cultivate to perfection.

We are far from joining in the cry that if the British abandoned India to-morrow, they would leave no other traces than some empty bottles to mark their former empire. Such a statement exhibits an ignorance of what has been done. It involves also an unfair oblivion of *how* it has been done. The great civilizers who performed in the ancient world, the function assigned to us in modern times, have left no nobler monuments behind them than their roads and viaducts. The splendid edifices, built with exactions wrung by tyrannic proconsuls from the oppressed provincials, should rather recall the grinding selfishness that marked the Roman domination, than the refinement of their manners, and the pattern of civilization which they presented to their subjects. Now, in India, great roads have been laid down; noble canals of irrigation, partially at least, carried out; and every work that promises to advance, even in a slight degree, the physical well-being of the people, is taken in hand with a promptitude and vigour that put to shame many of the governments of Europe. And all this is accomplished without harshness or oppression; the governed have enjoyed the inestimable blessing of security against their governors; and beyond a fixed and most moderate assessment upon their land, need pay no tax and render no service. That they are at once penurious and poor is true, but it is owing to distinct causes which we cannot here discuss. But if poor, their wants, being few and simple, are quite as well provided for by their small incomes, as those of European peasants by theirs. Absolute starvation is almost unknown. But great as are the blessings which the ryot enjoys under the British rule, in all that appertains to his external condition, it must be confessed that the higher labour, the civilization of his mind, has hardly commenced; and if our rule were overthrown, he must, void as he is of any

knowledge and working principles within, and deprived of the support of our laws and executive without, rapidly relapse into his former state. Municipal institutions may be almost forced, as they have been in many cases, upon Indian towns; but they are a mere form, lifeless and therefore useless, without a municipal spirit to animate them.

In this, as in other things, we have forgotten that lesson which history so constantly inculcates—that the institutions of one country cannot become vital and efficient in another of different language and different traditions. We have plainly begun at the wrong end; and our first task should be to assimilate, in some degree, the natives of India in language, and manners, and opinion, to ourselves, ere we attempt to build up a political structure which presupposes these things as its basis.

Examples are not wanting to illustrate the course we ought to follow. Greek civilization, Roman refinement, spread only where their language became the ordinary medium of intercourse. Our own early literature and laws were nurtured at a Roman breast; and still the nature of the nursing-mother is vitally inherent in the vigorous offspring. All over Europe it may be said that a Latin civilization gained permanent footing, only as the Latin language, and with it Latin reflections, arguments, and forms of thought became familiar to the nations. Such we should make the English language in India—a difficult task, no doubt; but not invincible to the energy, wisdom, and courage which constitute the safest vindication, and can form the only secure basis, of our empire. No time could, in all probability, be chosen more favourable to the attempt than the Era of Reconstruction which is about to commence. Justly exasperated, as we have been, our duty, as rulers of India, is still to promote the welfare of its people. In the day of our might, let our aim be beneficence.

XI. The first difficulty that presents itself to the diffusion of the English language in India, is that which comes from the *scarcity of Europeans*. Scattered, a few thousand among many millions, it is impossible that they should come into frequent contact with the individual natives; and when

they do come into contact with them, it is, generally, either as magistrates to try them for offences, or as collectors to discover frauds in their accounts. Such occupations, pursued for many years, have a tendency to render the European official distrustful of the natives. He learns to consider that nothing but abject fear keeps his subordinates moderately honest. Long possession of power may have rendered him somewhat unreasonable and choleric. The native official regards him as a man whom it is ruin to incense, excusable to outwit. The existence of such feelings is an effectual bar to any intercommunication of thoughts and opinions between them. The European, in point of fact, asks questions and dictates orders connected with his duties, and beyond this his intercourse with the natives does not, in general, extend. Should he, however, be biassed with a philanthropy which triumphs over the many trials to which he is exposed, and endeavour to combat native prejudices by reason instead of authority, he finds an almost invincible obstacle in the character of the natives themselves. He is armed with administrative powers; the people cannot sever the law from the man, or believe when he expresses an opinion or wish that he will not exercise all the power with which he is invested to enforce it. He can, in general, find no one to converse with who is not in some way dependent upon him for employment or promotion, and such a man will not venture to question any opinion or argument of the Sahib. He believes that if he did so his prospects would be irretrievably ruined. His course, therefore, is first to sound astutely the real opinions of the European, and then, after a faint show of opposition, profess himself overcome by the Sahib's arguments—not very convincing, perhaps, in themselves, but of which he, at all events, has, in all probability, only the possible conception. Such men cannot really teach or learn from each other. A different class of men, or else books, are the necessary channels for conveying the stream of European thought to the barren waste of the Hindoo mind.

We would propose the employment of both. It would not be difficult to find, in the state schools of Britain, many young men possessing a competent knowledge of their own lan-

guage, and versed in a sound system of instruction, who would be willing to proceed to India on a very moderate stipend. The acquisition of a native language would be the work of a few months; and they would then be prepared to enter on their duties. Promising boys, who would probably themselves become good teachers, should alone be placed under the instruction of these masters; and a vigilant superintendence should be exercised by properly qualified inspectors. As native pupils attained proficiency, they should be distributed through the country as teachers—without, however, ceasing to import a number of Europeans to co-operate with them. Such men would become much more really intimate with the natives than those of higher rank.

Such are the roughest outlines of one attempt we should wish to see made for educating India. We believe that if such an effort were carried out with earnest purpose, it would be successful; and if successful, attended with momentous and happy consequences. When our language once becomes familiar, books will flow in. Books speak to all; they force themselves on none. The native, not assenting to their opinions from mere complaisance, would be the more likely to weigh and be influenced by them. New regions of thought would open to his mind; and finding himself addressed in language as elevated as that intended for European readers, he would be in a manner forced up to a European level of intelligence. The very ignorance on the part of European writers of his native character and superstitions, would, in some sort, be an advantage; since, without repelling perusal by open attacks on his prejudices, they would gradually justify ideas, and arouse a spirit of inquiry incompatible with their continuance.

Universities have recently been founded at the presidency towns; and the legislative acts for embodying them appear in ludicrous contrast in the Government gazette, side by side with offers of reward for the person of Nana Sahib, and acts for the summary trial of suspected mutineers. The establishment of universities in India at all is questionable

policy. Their establishment at this moment is only another instance of the absurdities into which the Government has been drawn by popular pressure, or a wish to gain applause at home. Here, if any where, we have begun at the wrong end; and many lacs of rupees will be squandered on costly establishments, which, if expended on the more humble, but more practical object of affording the rudiments of education—an English education—to the millions who will never even hear of the university, might prove of incalculable benefit. We speak the conviction of all thoughtful men in India, when we say that under the present circumstances of that country, universities will for ages to come be practically a dead letter—mere schools of medicine, in fact—without influence and without attraction beyond the precincts of the capitals. Without those limits, there is neither wealth nor education to fit aspirants for a university career; and long years must elapse before a class arises possessing either the means or the desire to avail themselves of the new institutions.

But the law is made, and it now

only remains to consider by what means it can be rendered most beneficial to the country; for the presidency towns, with their large English population, and with every European appliance at command, may well be left to take care of themselves in the matter. An obvious adjunct of the universities is a system of schools such as we have hinted at.

If we hope for success, we must condescend to an humble task. Before we relax the discipline of our armies, we must have native soldiers who can comprehend some higher principle of obedience than pure fear; before we grant municipal institutions, we should have some indications of corporate feeling; before universities, we should establish village schools. The able men who carry on the work of government in India may feel inclined to smile at the scheme we have projected as Utopian, if only on the account of the great results it promises: but they would none the less, if the command were issued, set themselves honestly and zealously to carry it into execution.

#### POETRY—MATTHEW ARNOLD AND MAC CARTHY.

POETRY was in other times classified exclusively according to the mould in which it was cast, and the external shape which it assumed—dramatic or lyric, didactic, idyllic, or satirical. The more reflective turn of modern thought, and the progress of mental analysis have introduced a new principle of division. The powers of mind predominant in the composition of various poems have formed the basis of classification. These divisions often savour of a pedantic and affected accuracy; but the dichotomy of the chief poetic faculties into *imagination*

and *fancy* has become especially prominent since Wordsworth's famous preface to the edition of his works, published in 1815.

The two poets whose names, which may now without exaggeration be termed celebrated, are placed at the head of the present article, fit into the pigeon-holes of this theory with sufficient exactness—Mr. Arnold standing for imagination, Mr. MacCarthy for fancy. We may appropriately introduce our remarks on the Grecian muse of the Oxford professor of poetry, and on the musical and ele-

*Merope.* A Tragedy. By Matthew Arnold. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1858.

*Poems.* By Matthew Arnold. A New Edition. 1853.

*Poems.* By Matthew Arnold. Second Series. 1855.

*Under-Glimpses, and other Poems.* By D. Florence MacCarthy, M.R.I.A. London: David Bogue. 1857. Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.

*The Bell-Founder, and other Poems.* By D. Florence MacCarthy, M.R.I.A. A New Edition. London: David Bogue, Fleet Street. 1857.

gant genius of our own gifted countryman, by some account of the history of these words, and of the distinction which now seems to be attached to them by our best critics.

In the history of language, there are some few instances in which refinements of distinction perish. The keen edge of the razor of language may be *stropped* into bluntness. Thus (to cite an example which may be new to some), *country*, in the sense which includes a relation to a body politic, a civil constitution, and peculiar obligations is, by Cowley at least, invariably written *countrey*; while in the less complex meaning, opposed to the town, it appears in its modern spelling. But the tendency of language is to grow more and more subtle, to edge off its words more sharply, to desynonymize.

A remarkable illustration is supplied in the words *imagination* and *fancy*. These terms were at one period employed almost indiscriminately by the most accurate masters of language. We have no disposition to lose ourselves in a cloud of old-world metaphysics; or like him in the Dunciad,

"Dash through thin and thick;  
With the French Cronas, and Dutch Burgersdyk."

But the latter is an exquisitely acute thinker; and we almost suppose that a selection might be made from his writings to be placed in the hands of ingenuous youth, more edifying, and not less philosophical than the positivism and fatalism which Mr. Mill drops, like blackened oil, from the iron engine-wheels of his logic. Burgersdyk, then, may stand for the older school of logical metaphysicians, just about to disappear before the advance of Leibnitz and Locke. According to him, the office of *fancy* is to *imagine*, or, in Aristotelian phrase, to form *phantasiae*, i.e., images and likenesses, *representative* of things which have been perceived by the external senses. These images of fancy represent either single objects which have been previously presented, as gold, mountain, horse, man; or two or more objects compounded, as golden mountain, centaur. He states that the faculty of imagination is, in fact and signification, identical with fancy. It would be easy to show that this is the view of Henry More, the great Platonist. In Hobbes, ima-

gination and fancy begin to part company, and split asunder. The philosopher of Malmesbury repeats the current doctrine of imagination with much affectation of originality; and originality there is, not in the doctrine itself, which is simply that just stated, but in the exquisite illustrations which envelope it. But in his letter to Sir William Davenant, he discriminates fancy as emphatically the faculty which produces the ornaments of a poem, as the poetic element in human nature generally. We shall easily obtain pardon for quoting this admirable passage:—

"Judgment begets the strength and structure, and fancy begets the ornaments of a poem. Memory is the world (though not really, yet so as in a looking-glass) in which the judgment, the severer sister, busieth herself in a grave and rigid examination, whereby the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, finds her materials at hand and prepared for use; so that when she seems to fly from one Indies to the other, and from heaven to earth, and to penetrate into the future, and into herself, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, herself being all the search; and her wonderful celerity consisteth not so much in motion, as in copious imagery discreetly ordered and perfectly registered in the memory. So far forth as the fancy of man has traced the ways of true philosophy, so far it hath produced marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defensible in building, or marvellous in engines and instruments of motion; whatsoever commodity men receive from the observation of the heavens, from the description of the earth, from the account of time, from walking on the sea, and whatsoever distinguisheth the civility of Europe from the barbarity of the American savages, is the workmanship of fancy, but guided by the precepts of true philosophy."

But imagination was in process of time to lose the dominion which had been conceded to her even by the scholastic philosophy. The superior liveliness of perception by sight is painted on the very face of the Greek language. Of verbs signifying sensation, those which denote this sense govern an accusative; those which denote others, a genitive; as if the sight acted upon its objects, while the other senses were rather patients of them. This may explain to us the curtailment of the domain of imagination in

some writers. Thus, Reid says that "imagination, in its proper sense, signifies a lively conception of objects of sight." And Addison remarks—"It is the sense of sight which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of imagination I mean such as arise from visible objects. We cannot have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight."

Meanwhile, imagination had come to be employed as a term of contempt. Bishop Butler, in the *Analogy*, uses it to express the mistake of poetic resemblance for logical analogy. With that grave writer, it is "that forward delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere—of some assistance, indeed, to apprehension, but the author of all error;"—"the delusive custom of substituting imagination in the room of experience." Butler's philosophic editor, Bishop Fitzgerald, seems to inherit his master's contemptuous usage of imagination. In his *Index to the Analogy*, under imagination, we find this notice:—"Men of warm imagination, apt to fancy coincidences." And the place referred to is this: "Such as are *fanciful* in any one certain way, will make out a thousand coincidences which seem to favour their peculiar follies."

Thus imagination had passed through three phases. In the older psychology, it was the faculty representative of the "sensible ideas" which are presented by the objects of the senses. In later philosophical usage, it was the repository of images by the lively channel of sight. And then it was pretty generally used as an expression of grave banter.

We have already seen that Hobbes had begun to discriminate fancy from imagination. If even his fine prose has been unable to throw a charm over this dull disquisition, let us obtain pardon by turning to a passage of somewhat earlier date, in Ben Jonson's "Vision of Delight." Let us see Delight coming afar off, accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Laughter; and followed by Wonder. Rise slowly, O Night, in thy chariot bespangled with stars, take thy crown and sceptre of flame,

"and from thy gown,

A train of light come waving down."

Let the moon rise over the shoulder

of the hill, and then silence, while Night sings her rarest song. Here it is:—

"Break, Phant'ry, from thy cave of cloud,  
And spread thy purple wings;  
Now, all thy figures are allow'd,  
And various shapes of things;  
Create of airy forms a stream;  
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;  
And though it be a waking dream,  
Yet let it like an odour rise  
To all the senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes.  
Or music in their ear."

When Phant'sy, unable to resist this exquisite strain (she must have been a Goth, if she did), breaks forth from her cloud, and speaks, the poet manifestly attributes to her the capricious, the incongruous, the gay colours and sweet flowers, rather than the awful beauty and sublimity of nature.

"If a dream should come in now to make you afraid,  
With a windmill on his head, and bells at his beard—  
The haunches of a churn, with the feet of a pot,  
And the tail of a Kentish man to it: why not?  
Why, this, you will say, was phantastical, now,  
As the Cock and the Bull, the Whale and the Cow.  
But, vanish! away!—I have change to present you;  
And such, as I hope, will more truly content you.  
Behold the gold-haired form descending here,  
That keeps the gate of heaven and turns the year.

The gaudy peacock boasts not, in his train,  
So many lights and shadows, nor the rain—  
Resolving Iris . . . behold!  
How the blue bindweed doth itself infold  
With honey-suckle; and both these entwined  
Themselves with bryony and jessamine."

On the whole, then, imagination and fancy led a vagabond, precarious, and fluctuating existence in language. Sometimes they were used indiscriminately, like gout by the man who could not spell rheumatism. Sometimes imagination was relegated into the thorny realms of Queen Quintessence, of Entelecheia, while fancy was made the Gloriana of the poetic fairy-land from which she was driven. Very often imagination was hypostatized into the airy, feminine element of the human mind, and was pitched by grave philosophers at pleasant essayists, by college dons at mooning

undergraduates, and by stupid men generally at the livelier kind of people whom they could not understand.

It remained for Wordsworth to give precision to the terms. With him, imagination, acting upon individual images, is the faculty which confers additional properties upon an object: when it acts upon objects in conjunction, it draws all things to one. Fancy is definite; she has a quaint, tiny, delicate, yet definite measure—"no bigger than an agate stone." Imagination deals with the vast and indefinite—"his stature reached the sky." Fancy is surprising, playful, ludicrous, pathetic, as the case may be; Imagination is great and sublime. When Swift, after his fashion, flings off for a Scotch proverb, "A hungry louse bites sore," we recognise a wonderful power of fancy: in the wand of Satan we have a creation of imagination. Fancy is rapid and profuse: she trusts that the number and felicity of the images which she scatters may atone for their want of individual value; she prides herself sometimes upon a curious and loving subtlety, copying the minutest tracery. Imagination is awful and earnest. Milton and the Hebrew poets have imagination: Tommy Moore has fancy. Imagination rears the columns that support the temple, which is a type of the unseen: fancy wreathes them with lily-work. It is the work of induction to discover the laws which come to us in the masquerade of particular facts. And it is the work of imagination to make finite objects *images* of the infinite and invisible.

This digression will be excused by those who recollect that terminologies are the smoke which hangs over the busy city of human thought, and that we must pierce the cloud before we can take in the lie of the streets.

It will thus be seen that we place Mr. Arnold's works in a higher *class* of poetry than those of Mr. MacCarthy: whether he occupies a higher relative position is another question. But the author of "Sohrab and Rustum," and "Balder Dead," has something more than attempted the epic austere simplicity, unity of impression, and sustained grandeur. In *Merope* he has striven, with much more questionable success, to carve cold and

beautiful forms out of the white marble in the quarries of Greek poetry. Mr. MacCarthy, with the exception of "The Bell-founder" and the "Voyage of St. Brendan," is rather a singer of songs of bubbling and graceful rhyme: a poet of May, with its flowers and birds. A comparison of passages in different poets, embodying the same topic, often helps to contrast their genius in a very vivid way. When we turn to the "fowls of the air," if Mr. Arnold mentions the eagle, it is not, like Tennyson, merely to give us a picture:—

"As when some hunter in the spring bath found

A breeding eagle sitting on her nest  
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,  
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose.  
Anon her mate comes winging back  
From hunting, and a great way off desires  
His huddling young left sole: at that, he  
checks

His pinion, and with short uneasy sweep  
Circles above his pyrry, with loud screams  
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she  
*Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,  
In some far doney gorge out of his ken,  
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more  
Shall the lake glass her flying over it;  
Never the black and dripping precipices  
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:*  
As that poor bird flies to his home, nor  
knows his loss—

*So Rustum knew not his own loss."*

—*Poems* (First Series), p. 33.

When Mr. MacCarthy gets upon birds he is really too bad; he is like a poulterer, and does not let us off for a single feather. Read this, in the *Paradise of Birds* in the "Voyage of St. Brendan"—it is only one of twelve mortal stanzas:—

"Oft in the sunny mornings, have I seen  
Bright-yellow birds, of a rich lemon hue,  
Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,  
And sweetly singing all the morning  
through;  
And others, with their heads grayish and  
dark,  
Pressing their cinnamon cheeks to the old  
trees,  
And striking on the hard, rough, shrivelled  
bark—  
Like conscience on a bosom ill at ease.

And other larger birds with orange cheeks,  
A many-coloured painted chattering crowd  
Prattling for ever with their curved beaks,  
And through the silent woods screaming  
aloud."

This is as if we should write—

"My grand-aunt had an aviary in Dalkey,  
In a back yard behind her mansion set—  
There the white cockatoo went talkey,  
talkey,  
To the bright green and orange parroquet;



And pert cock robins, with breasts red as bricks,  
And other warblers yellow as a custard,  
Came and sang songs, upon a pile of sticks  
To birds all streaked with feathery lines  
of mustard."

Examine one of Mr. Arnold's flowers; it is not an object standing out distinct and independent; it is but flung before the advance of his song:

"And he saw that youth,  
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,  
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,  
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the  
scythe  
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,  
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,  
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,  
On the mown dying grass;—so Sohrab lay,  
Lovely in death, upon the common sand."  
—P. 37.

Mr. MacCarthy too often gives us botany in rhyme, and turns his muse into a flower-painter.

In no passage has a river been turned into finer account than in that which we extract; its cold and pure serenity is more beautiful for the strife and passion which have preceded:—

"But the majestic river floated on  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved  
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman  
waste,  
Under the solitary moon; he flow'd  
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunje,  
Brimming, and bright, and large—  
till at last  
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and  
wide  
His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new  
bath'd stars  
Emerge, and shine upon the Arai sea."  
—P. 49.

Mr. MacCarthy's rivers are pretty girls, with bright eyes and white shoulders, Naiads dancing, Undines flashing, and we know not what beside:—

"Like a troop of girls  
In their loosen'd curls,  
See, the concourse whirls  
Onward wild with glee;  
List their tuneful tattle,  
Hear their pretty prattle,  
How they'll love to battle,  
With the awaiting sea."  
—*Under-Glimpses*, p. 51.

Or compare a snow scene as painted by the two poets:—

"And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,  
At winter's end, before the spring begins,  
And a warm west wind blows, and thaw  
sets in—

After an hour a dripping sound is heard  
In all the forests, and the soft strewn snow  
Under the trees is dibbled thick with holes,  
And from the boughs the snowloads shuffle  
down;

And in fields sloping to the south dark plots  
Of grass peep out amid surrounding snow,  
And widen, and the peasant's heart is glad:  
So through the world was heard a dripping  
noise

Of all things weeping to bring Balder back."

—*Arnold's Poems* (Second Series), p. 53.

"Now a daring climber, she  
Mounts the tallest forest tree,  
Out along the giddy branches doth she go;  
And her tassels, silver-white,  
Down swinging through the night,  
Make the pillow of the Spirit of the Snow.

Now she climbs the mighty mast,  
When the sailor boy at last  
Dreams of home in his hammock down  
below;  
There she watches in his stead  
Till the morning sun shines red,  
Then evanishes the Spirit of the Snow.

Or crowning with white fire  
The minster's topmost spire  
With a glory such as sainted foreheads  
show;

She teaches peals are given  
Thus to lift the heart to heaven,  
There to melt like the Spirit of the Snow.

Oft with pallid figure bowed,  
Like the Banshee in her shroud,  
Doth the moon her spectral shadow o'er  
some silent gravestone throw;  
Then moans the fitful wail,  
And the wanderer grows pale,  
Till at morning fades the phantom of the  
Spirit of the Snow.

"In her spotless linen hood,  
Like the other sisterhood,  
She leaves the open cloister when the psalm  
sounds sweet and low;  
When some sister's bier doth pass  
From the minster and the mass,  
Soon to sink into the earth, like the Spirit  
of the Snow."

—*Under-Glimpses*, p. 66.

These two passages are strikingly characteristic of their writers. Mr. Arnold's strokes are few, but strong and decided, and each tells, until the landscape stands out upon the canvas. The lines are not less remarkable for what they contain, than for their austere self-control and rejection of every superfluous touch. Then, their chief beauty, after all, is that they do not force us to dwell upon their separate excellence, but melt into the whole contexture of the poem, and assist its development, without chal-

lenging admiration, while we want to know how the weeping fares, that is to bring Balder back, the joy of gods and men. Mr. MacCarthy's strokes are rapid and impetuous, for the pencil is in the hands of a man of genius; some are comparatively false, as any one will see who reads the whole poem; others, are perfectly exquisite. But his description is an end in itself; it is painted for the painting's sake; and the master riots in the strength and luxuriance of his beauty.

From these general remarks we pass on to a somewhat more detailed criticism of these two writers. They are poets of a reputation too well established to need the patronizing dandling, which, however flattering it may sound, is really akin to contempt. Indiscriminate panegyric is of much less service to a writer than the fiercest abuse. To the savage, slogging, ungentlemanly style of criticism which assailed Byron, Keats, and Tennyson, has succeeded another of not much more gentlemanlike praise. When the first paper of the day would write up the monotonous rhymed monologue of Bothwell to a place not only above Smith, but above Wordsworth, who "certainly will not live;" when the first review in the English language would promote a prettyish domestic love-song, in a hop-and-go-one measure, through two mortal volumes, to almost *archangelic* honours, critics are doubly bound to tell the whole truth.

And first, of the Oxford Professor.

Truth compels us to say that the three volumes before us represent two points of declension. Mr. Arnold's first volume contains much that is exceedingly beautiful, a little that is poor, somewhat that is execrably bad. But, on the whole, a volume of such promise has scarcely appeared in the present generation. His second volume contains some fine things, and a good deal of rubbish. His third volume is a piece of clever, systematic madness.

How are we to account for this declension? Mr. Arnold is not one of the artists who mars his fame by carelessness. He has not written himself out. He is hardly in the maturity of his genius. The eye of his intellect is youthful; it is not dim, nor his natural force abated.

The answer to our question is, that he is a "viewy" man, a slave of crotchets and theories. The choice of his subjects is based upon a syllogism. Its structure is laid out upon rules of high art. He evokes images from earth, and heaven, and the abyss, and sends them about their business when they have not Aristotelian fig-leaves to cover their nakedness.

Those who have read Mr. Arnold's preface as well as his poems will, doubtless, have observed that he is most successful when he is most inconsistent with his own professions. To make his verse at all at one with his prose, he should cut out almost every single poem which has excited general interest and admiration. His theory is exclusively ancient, his beauty is almost exclusively modern. His heart is with the poetry of reflection and tenderness, his intellect is imbedded in Schlegel and Aristotle. "*Marguerite*," "*Church of Brou*," "*Tristram and Iseult*," are too well known to all who are likely to read this article to need transcription. But we may be permitted to quote two passages from the second, and less known series of poems to illustrate our remarks.

The first shall be from the "*Youth of Nature*," a poem suggested by the death of Wordsworth. Many readers may thank us for a specimen of a new species of unrhymed verse, of admirable music, and worthy to obtain a place among the standard measures of English poetry.

"For oh, is it you, is it you,  
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,  
And mountains that fill us with joy,  
Or the Poet who sings you so well?  
Is it you, O Beauty, O Grace,  
O Charm, O Romance, that we feel,  
Or the voice which reveals what you are?"

'They are here'—I heard, as men heard,  
In Mysian Ide, the voice  
Of the Mighty Mother, of Crete,  
The Murmur of Nature reply—  
'Loveliness, Magic, and Grace,  
They are here—they are set in the world—  
They abide—and the greatest of Souls  
Has not been thrill'd by them all,  
Nor the dullest been dead to them quite.  
But they are exhaustless and live,  
For they are the life of the world.  
Will ye not learn it, and know  
When ye mourn that a poet is dead,  
That the singer was less than his themes,  
Life, and Emotion, and I?"

More than the singer are these.  
Weak is the tremor of pain  
That thrills in his mournfullest chord  
To that which ran through his soul.  
Cold the elation of joy  
In his gladdest, airiest song,  
To that which once, in his youth,  
Fill'd him, and made him divine.  
*Hardly his voice at its best  
Gives us a sense of the awe,  
The vastness, the grandeur, the gloom  
Of the unlit gulf of himself."*

*Poems (Second Series), p. 194.*

#### ON THE RHINE.

"Vain is the effort to forget  
Some day I shall be cold, I know,  
As is the eternal moonlit snow  
Of the high Alps, to which I go:  
But, ah! not yet, not yet;  
Awhile, let me with thought have done;  
*And as this brim'd unwrinkled Rhine  
And that fur purple mountain line  
Lie sweetly in the look divine  
Of the slow-sinking sun;*  
So let me lie, and calm as they  
Let beam upon my inward view  
Those eyes of deep, soft, lucent hue—  
Eyes too expressive to be blue,  
Too lovely to be grey."—p. 134.

Lovely, to be sure. But how modern in their tone, how *subjective* (to use a cant word), how non-classical, how inconsistent with the writer's theory.

Mr. Arnold's versification is as crotchety as the structure of his subject. We do not allude to manifest vulgarities, utterly inexcusable in a writer of refinement, such as—

"Pressing his white garment to his eyes,  
Not to see Apollo's scorn.  
Ah! poor Fawn, poor Fawn, ah poor  
Fawn!"

"Still gazing on the ever full  
Eternal mundane spectacle." (cul')

Nor to such rusty jingle as "Revolutions," with lines like these in one stanza:—

"Since he has not yet found the word God  
would—  
Haunts him that he has not made what he  
should."

We allude to more systematic aberrations. By no conceivable reading, or counting, can a majority of Mr. Arnold's unrhymed lyrics be made into verse, by any eye, ear, or finger. This, for instance, is music compared with many other choruses in *Merops*:—

"Thou confessest the prize  
In the rushing, thundering, mad,  
Cloud-enveloped, obscure,  
Unapplauded, unsung  
Race of calamity—mine?"—  
*Merops, p. 74.*

This has a kind of private madhouse measurement of howl—a quick rapping jingle, like a small boy's stick drawn along the area railing. But it requires some hardihood in Mr. Arnold to quote Mr. Spurgeon's favourite lines:—

"Fires that glow,  
Shrieks of woe,  
Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortured ghosts:"

and append the expressive comment, "horrible." A good-natured critic, in the not very good-natured "Guardian," speaks of "strophe and antistrophe counting their syllables, and performing their graceful dance without the least loosening of their rhythmic fetters." The epithet "graceful" is about as appropriate as Miss Arabella Sawyer's attribute of "swanlike" to the gyrations in skating which left Mr. Winkle deposited upon his proper centre of gravity on the ice. Waiving these luckless metres, we pass on to Mr. Arnold's blank verse. For blank verse we have a special respect. These, too, are days when an old prophecy, contained in the preface to the second part of Waller's *Poems*, is being fulfilled: "Rhyme continues still—and will do so, till some excellent spirit arises that has leisure enough and resolution to break the chain, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming. But this is a thought for times at some distance." Now, on the construction of blank verse, Mr. Arnold has again a theory which we think curiously perverse. "Milton's drama," he says, "has the true oratorical flow of ancient tragedy, produced mainly, I think, by his making it, as the Greeks made it, the rule, not the exception, to put the pause at the end of the line, not in the middle. Shakespeare has some noble passages, particularly in his *Richard the Third*, constructed with this, the true oratorical rhythm: indeed, that wonderful poet, who has so much besides rhetoric, is also the greatest poetical rhetorician since Euripides. Still, it is to the Elizabethan poets that we owe the bad habit, in dramatic poetry, of perpetually dividing the line in the middle. The constant occurrence of such lines produces, not a sense of variety, but

a sense of perpetual interruption."

—Preface to *Merope*, p. xlv.

Now, we are glad to see that Mr. Arnold has dropped the disparaging tone about Shakespeare which disfigures the preface to his first volume. But we are sorry to find that one who has the capacity for blank verse in so eminent a degree should have adopted a system which must shear his blank verse of a chief beauty. Take the really magnificent description of the burning of Balder's corpse by the gods in the ship :—

" And they set jars of wine, and oil to lean  
Against the bodies, and stuck torches near :  
And brought his arms and gold, and all his  
stuff,

And slew the dogs which at his table fed :  
They fixt the mast, and hoisted up the sails ;  
Then they put fire to the wood,  
And the ship floated on the waves, and rock'd :  
But in the hills a strong east wind arose,  
And, wreath'd in smoke, the ship stood out  
to sea.

Soon, with a roaring, rose the mighty fire,  
And the pile crackled : and between the logs  
Sharp quivering tongues of flame shot out,  
and leapt

Curling and darting, higher, until they lick'd  
The summit of the pile, the dead, the mast,  
And ate the shrivelling sails ; but still the  
ship

Drove on, ablaze, above her hull, with fire.  
Then the wind fell with night, and there was  
calm :

But, through the dark, they watch'd the  
burning ship,

Still carried o'er the distant waters on,  
Farther and farther, like an Eye of Fire.  
And as in the dark night a travelling man  
Who bivouacs in a forest 'mid the hills,  
Sees, suddenly, a spire of flame shoot up  
Out of the black waste forest far below,  
Which woodcutters have lighted near their  
lodge

Against the wolves, and all night long it  
flares—

So flared, in the far darkness, Balder's pyre.  
But fainter, as the stars rose high, it burn'd ;  
The bodies were consumed, ash chok'd the  
pile :

And, as in a decaying winter fire,  
A charr'd log, falling, makes a shower of  
sparks—

So, with a shower of sparks, the pile fell in,  
Reddening the sea around : and all was dark.  
But the Gods went by starlight up the shore  
To Asgard, and sate down in Odins' hall  
At table, and the funeral feast began.

All night they ate the boar Serimuer's flesh,  
And from their horns, with silver-rimm'd,  
drank mead,

Silent, and waited for the sacred morn."

*Poems* (Second Series), p. 50.

Awfully beautiful : a passage such as Tennyson himself has, perhaps, never equalled. But Mr. Arnold's unlucky theorizing on blank verse leads us to

ask, whether the constant recurrence of monosyllabic-worded lines, and the want of pause and variety, do not seriously mar the effect. Blank verse, where the meaning terminates, and the emphasis falls upon the last syllable through a long series of lines, leaves a feeling as if it were emasculated rhyme, a marred and tuneless attempt at measure, like Quasimodo's in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame :—" the poet should pretty often lift us lightly over the fence of the last syllable, and put us sweetly on into the next line. It is this which discriminates the blank verse of our few great masters, Milton, Shakespeare, Cowper, and Wordsworth, from that of Tennyson, Thomson, and others. Between the two managements of the measure there is a difference analogous to that between a straight Dutch canal and a stream meandering in wavy bands of silver : or between the walk of a clumping hobnailed dairymaid and that of a graceful lady, who seems to sway, while she obeys, the modulations of the measure to which she moves. Shakespeare, in many of his happiest and most elevated passages, has a beautiful knack of carrying on the thought from line to line, so that not only does each line satisfy the most rigorous exactions of the ear, but we have a number of interwoven rings of harmony. Each joint of the passage, when it is cut, quivers with melody. The alliteration is carried on from one line to the next, and wonderfully assists the effect. Here are a few specimens out of many which we have marked :

" You fools ! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate."

" May as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd at  
stabs,  
Kill the still-closing waters."

" Ariadne passioning  
For Theseus' perjury."  
" The moon, like to a silver bow,  
New bent in heaven."

In *Merope*, Mr. Matthew Arnold has ridden a hobby to death. He has written a preface in which he asserts Greek Tragedy to be the most perfect satisfaction of the most urgent demands of the human spirit. It gives variety and concentration, and we know not what. In England, Milton and Samson Agonistes are a bright

spot. But, alas! the story of Samson, although respectable enough in its way, has none of the perfect Greek mystery, complication, foreboding, and gloom. Moreover, in the Hebrew tale we cannot have Greek manners, or chorus-dancing, or out-of-door doings. And, finally, Milton has been guilty of a low Euripidean apostasy. He has taken to a relaxed form of the later Greek Tragedy. He has adopted (*nefas dictu!*)—we hardly like to mention it) in the chorus songs the measure called monstrophe or apoleymenon, without regard had to strophe, antistrophe, or epode; and thus has he forfeited the peculiar balance of mass against mass, the distinctness and symmetry, which constitute the vital force of the Greek Tragic forms.

Now, if Mr. Arnold must come to closer quarters with the Greek poetical forms, why should he not carry out his purpose, as he originally intended by a translation of some play of Sophocles or Æschylus? When the dog-days are come—when not an ice is called for at Juppers, and no eggs are poured upon under-graduate looks at Spider's; when reading parties are in the Highlands or the Alps, in Connemara or Kamtschatka; when poetical masters are meditating sacred poems, and poetical freshmen Newdigates; let the successor of Lowth and Milman, and Keble, breathe the classic air which has been so long saturated with an infusion of Greek. Let him take the Agamemnon, or the Antigone. Let him have the theatre prepared. Let him make him an orthodox orchestra, in the centre an altar of Bacchus; and let fifteen "fast men" dance round it. We will be bound to say that a lyric burst, expressive of the feelings of these gentlemen, will express those of the world in reference to such a tragedy as the present, with force and exactness, if not with elegance.

Not content with pointing out the laws of Greek poetry in general, and of Greek tragedy in particular, as a useful counteraction to certain morbid tendencies of the day, Mr. Arnold makes them exclusive. Thus an able and thoughtful man, writing upon the theory of poetry, has little else to give us than an abbreviated analysis of Aristotle's Poetics, of Schlegel, and some papers in Donaldson.

Why should he insist upon thrusting

the silver cup of Grecian form into the sack's mouth of English literature? He forgets all the circumstances which made Greek tragedy to Greeks what it can never be to us. Our associations with the theatre are of a peculiar, and, unhappily, of rather a degrading nature. We think of pits and boxes; of the gaudy wretches in the saloon; of heats, gas-light, and noise; of rumbling carriages, oysters, and kidneys. Even Shakespeare, acted by Macready or the younger Kean, has been tolerated chiefly for the *spectacle*. When Mr. Arnold can confine dramatic performances to a few days in the year; when he can give his spectators a gigantic theatre, and spread over its top the blue sky of Greece, and stud its grassy floor with golden-rayed crocuses, and shadow the sward with many a "platane fair, where flows the glittering water," he may give an Englishman some of the external conditions necessary to appreciate his tragedies. But this goes a little way, indeed, to fulfil all the conditions of the problem. His theatre must be also a national temple—his costumes must not be imitations, but the venerable vestments of a solemn ritual. His actors must be men like the grave preachers and bishops who hold the multitudes in thrall in Westminster Abbey; his themes must be those which have melted into the universal heart of a nation. His tragedy must have been submitted to a board, with whom it is as much a national question as the abolition of church rates. His spectators must be some thirty thousand worshippers. The antiquarian who set before his guest dormouse pie, with poppy syrup, sea-urchins, and the udder of a newly-farrowed sow, is a type of Mr. Arnold. The dishes are classical, learned; correct: we ought to like them, no doubt; but our modern stomachs will turn. And as for the writer, Mr. Arnold has himself shown why he cannot do his best:—"A translation is a work not only inferior to the original by the whole difference of talent between the first composer and his translator; it is even inferior to the best which the translator would do under more inspiring circumstances. No man can do his best with a subject which does not penetrate him; no man can be penetrated by a subject which he does not conceive indepen-

dently." (*Merope*, Preface, page 10.) True; but can Mr. Arnold be "penetrated" by a subject, the story of which has been so often handled? Must he not practically feel the embarrassment of a translator?

Mr. Arnold seems to think it necessary to forbear from the poetry of reflection, and from that species of description which finds subtle points of analogy between the colour of the mind and that of nature. The account of the fatal hunt by Ægyptus (pp. 43-55) is a grand and stirring piece of writing, as *objective* as Homer's list of the ships, or description of the shield. This, of course, is quite right. There are some pretty bits in the choruses here and there.

"But the sweet-smelling myrtle,  
And the pink-flower'd oleander,  
And the green agnus castus,  
To the west-winds murmurs,  
Bustled round his cradle,"

and a few more. But, in *Merope*, Mr. Arnold is as *objective* as his Grecian models: this may be correct enough; but could he not have given us one song, like that lyric burst of nightingales, and wine-dark ivy, and green glades, and unsleeping fountains, and crocuses with golden rays, in the *Cædipus Coloneus* of Sophocles? To the general character there is not an exception, perhaps, in *Balder Dead*, and not more than two or three in the whole second series; yet these two or three most emphatically proclaim their author to be a poet. *Balder Dead* has, indeed, great power, much taste, perfect keeping: it is a Scandinavian picture of gods and heroes, where not a cloud in the sky, or a wave in the sea does not tend to heighten the wild, wintry, unity of effect. Mr. Arnold will suffer us to except one short passage:

"As a spray of honeysuckle flowers  
Brushes across a tired traveller's face,  
Who *stuffles* through the deep dew-moisten'd  
dust,  
On a May evening, in the darken'd lanes,  
And starts him, that he thinks a ghost went  
by—  
So Hoder brushed by Helda's side."

This is thoroughly English and summerlike, and so out of place. But, as a whole, one admires rather than loves the poem.

This defect seems to arise from forgetting two results of Christianity.

First, then, Christianity has opened the sanctuary of the world within—

the domain of human feeling and human thought. The religion of the God Man has recognised the world of the individual soul, human psychology. The standard topics of poetry—scenes and battles, pageants and feasts—are almost outpainted. Viewed merely as pictures, the world has plenty of them. But the effects which these things produce on the mind contemplating them; the analogies which they suggest to those who are susceptible of poetic emotion, are literally inexhaustible as the colours of the sea, or the shadows of the hill. There are deep purple shadows on the mountain-tops of thought which rise, range after range, before the eyes of successive ages; into these the soul of the poet may dive, and feed itself with beauty for ever. If the poet will only draw outlines we soon get tired, for the outlines have been drawn a thousand times already. But the lights and shadows, the colours and the pencilings, are fresh and eternal as the successions of morning and evening, for they flow from inexhaustible fountains of beauty in the moral and intellectual nature of man. The nuptials of the universe and the human mind, prophesied by Bacon and sung by Wordsworth, are, as it were, new every morning. In the recoil from the spasmodic, and what we may venture to call the *botanico-psychological* school of poets, Professor Arnold and another Professor, Mr. Aytoun, have fallen into the other extreme. Here is the war scene, for instance, of the latter gentleman, which the *Times'* critic held up to the admiration of the world as free from the psychologism and insane love of nature which characterise the spasmodic school, and quite above Wordsworth and Tennyson:

"By heaven! it was a glorious sight  
When the sun started from the sea,  
And in the vivid morning light  
The long blue waves were rolling free!  
But little time I had to gaze  
Upon the ocean's kindling face.  
I stood upon the topmost tower:  
From wood and shaw, and brake, and bower,  
I heard the trumpet's blitheesome sound—  
I heard the talk of drum;  
And bearing for the castle mound,  
I saw the squadron come.  
Each Baron, sheathed from head to heel  
In glorious panoply of steel,  
Rode stalwartly before his band,  
The bravest yeomen of the land—"

and so forth. Now, these lines are clever, smooth, and graceful; but why on earth should they have been written at all? They contain neither *nova* nor *novè dicta*. They are humdrum enough for the battle of the cabbage garden. They touch no chord of the heart or soul. These violently anti-spasmodic poets must become mere imitators, whether the cast of imitation be Scottish, as in Aytoun, or Homeric and Sophoclean, as in Arnold.

But Mr. Arnold seems bent on eschewing, in the second place, that sweet yearning contemplation of nature, which is so essentially modern, and as we would add, so essentially Christian. Humboldt, in one of the finest passages of the *Cosmos*, has traced this peculiarity of the modern mind to the Christian fathers. With all respect to those great and good men, we would trace it higher. It is our firm belief that the germ of everything beautiful in modern culture and modern thought may be traced to the character of our Lord. The mould in which the most complete, merely, human character is cast, must be narrow and limited; all that issues from the mould is tinged, as it were, with its individuality. But there is a comprehensive breadth and universality in the character of Christ. It is true that the same character may present different shades as it is drawn by one delineator or another. The Socrates of Plato is a nobler picture than the Socrates of Xenophon. But the subtle and evanescent shades which distinguish one mind from another are comparatively soon exhausted. In our Lord there is, as it were, a concentration of all possible forms of mental and moral beauty, which arose from His being not *a* man, but *the* man. Now this gentle, yearning love of nature is first to be found in Him. His frequenting the garden; his love of the mountain, and the lake; his illustrations from the rising sun, from the "leaping" water, from birds and corn, are cases in point. The minute student of the Scripture will find other illustrations. Is there mere fancy in the beautiful thought of Bengel, that the blind man was led out into the country in order that his eyes might open first on God's lovely creation of trees and

fields, rather than on man's broken handiwork, the town? There is a minute and picturesque accuracy in the answer to the Pharisees and Sadducees, "the sky is *red* and *lowering*"—"the *face* of the sky." In that passage where the Saviour points to the lilies of the field, each word is a picture. What loving regard is there even in the "*one*." If the robed monarch were not so glorious as *one*, how much less so than a whole wreath. There seems to be some reason for thinking with an eminent commentator, that the starry sky was above him, and that he looked up to it when he said, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

On the whole, then, we should say, that the two great peculiarities of modern poetry are, directly or indirectly, a reflex of Christianity. The minute, tender, watchful regard of nature, in especial, came direct from the great head of renewed humanity; it was first exhibited by Him who spake of the majestic heavens and the little flower, with the intimate acquaintance and the loving admiration of one who knew them, because He had made them. And to ignore these peculiarities is to go back to heathenism.

We are happy, however, to say, that while Mr. Arnold's first series almost omits Christianity, while Sophocles, Epictetus, and Emerson, seem to be his "props," the second series contains one of the sweetest and holiest hymns we know. We can quote but a few lines.

"Thou, who dost dwell alone,  
Thou, who dost know thine own,  
Thou, to whom all are known,  
From the cradle to the grave—  
Save, oh! save,

From the world's temptation,  
From tribulation;  
From that fierce anguish,  
Wherein we languish;  
Save, oh! save.

When the soul, growing clearer,  
Sees God no nearer;  
When the soul, mounting higher,  
To God comes no nigher:  
Changing the pure emotion  
Of her high devotion,  
To a skin-deep sense  
Of her own eloquence:  
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave.  
Save, oh! save.

O where thy voice doth come,  
 Let all doubts be dumb :  
 Light bring no blindness,  
 Love no unkindness,  
 Knowledge no ruin,  
 Fear no undoing.  
 From the cradle to the grave,  
 Save, oh ! save."

— p. 163.

The defect of the two elements to which we have alluded is coldness : the redundancy of the first, conceit ; of the second, garish embroidery. Truth compels us to say, that Mr. MacCarthy's rich fancy sometimes degenerates into the last. The first of his Under-glimpses, "The Arraying of May," has something too much of the jeweller, upholsterer, and abigail. Fancy is a very delicate thing : a touch too much disenchanting a fairy to a lady's maid. Hence, Mr. MacCarthy's musical ear, and unrivalled power of rhythm, sometimes betray him into a style in which he plays with words, like a child with feathers : he takes us with surprising turns, with tricks and quirks of rhyme. Hence, such expressions as that about the snow—

"The pearly parachute  
 Of the wond'ring air."

And as for flowers, he smothers his altar under China flower-pots. He tells us of May, roses, daisies, violets, apple-blossoms, pearly clusters of pear-bloom, and so forth, until we wish them pitched—not into flower-pots. We have no objection to the fragrant things in moderation : far from it. We have always loved the flowery couch on which ox-eyed Here lay. How soft and sweet the blossoms lie in the awful hands of the grand old fellow's giant hexameters ! Virgil's Amarecus is dear to us, though we know not what the mischief it is, and hope we never shall. And when Shakespeare makes Perdita strew them upon a corpse, we water them with tears. Ben Jonson gives us all flowers in his "Pan's Anniversary," and then he is done with them—

"The primrose, the spring's own spouse ;  
 Bright day's eyes, and the lips of cows ;  
 The garden star, the queen of May,  
 The rose, to crown the holyday—

Rain roses still :

Bring corn, flax, tulips, and Adonis' flower,  
 Flower-gentle, and the fair-haired hyacinth.  
 Bring gladdest myrtle,

With spikenard weaved, and marjorum  
 between ;  
 And star'd with yellow-golds and meadows'  
 green—  
 The breath thereof Panchaia may envy,  
 The colours China, and the light the sky."

But when they are stuffed into our nose, and rammed into our pockets, and make a heavy, sickly smell on our writing-table—why we are but men, and we get a little savage or so. We commend to Tennyson, with his "pimpernels," and so forth, and to all our botanical and nursery-garden poets, this sentence of Dr. Johnson : "The heat of Milton's mind might be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts." Flowery ladies and gentlemen, apply this to your botany. And finally, to conclude all that we can find it in our heart to say in this tone to Mr. MacCarthy, we would point out to him the very Irish *misprint* (surely,) by which, in the "Search for May," *will* appears seven times in the *refrain*—

"We will find the wand'ring maiden there  
 to-day."

Assuredly, we have no intention of carping at the elegant writer, whose version of Calderon is one of the noblest translations in our language : whose name is honourably connected with our own Magazine, and with Irish literature. We could quote passages of rare fancy and delicate rhyme, which would fill many pages. How glorious is this bit in the "Meeting of the Flowers !"

"Nor was the marigold remis,  
 But told how in her crown of gold,  
 She sat, like Persia's king of old,  
 High o'er the shores of Salamis."

And saw, against the morning sky,  
 The white-sail'd fleets their wings display,  
 And, ere the tranquil close of day,  
 Fade, like the Persian's, from her eye."  
*Underglimpses*, p. 33.

The "Progress of the Rose" is very dainty, and is, to our mind, the most elegant compliment in verse which our Sovereign has ever received. We quote two verses. The first, of the rose's birth :—

"At first she lived and reigned alone,  
 No lily maidens yet had birth :  
 No turban'd tulips round her throne  
 Bow'd with their foreheads to the earth."



Again, of the progress :—

"She sends her heralds on before,  
The bee rings out his bugle bold,  
The daisy spreads her marbled floor,  
The buttercup her cloth of gold."

The exquisitely pretty verses on the snow we have already quoted—"The Year-King" is magnificent: we feel a peculiar pride in it, for it first appeared in this Magazine. These verses are not inferior to Wordsworth's grand ode to "Winter." The Old Year—

"Thinks upon his youthful pride,  
When in his ermined cloak of snow,  
Upon his war-horse stout and stanch,  
The cataract-crested avalanche,  
He thunder'd on the rocks below,  
With his warriors at his side.

"From rock to rock, through cloven scalp,  
By rivers rushing to the sea,  
With thunderous sound his army wound  
The heaven-supporting hills around :  
Like that the man of destiny  
Led down the astonished Alp.

"The bugles of the blast rang out,  
The banners of the lightning swung,  
The icy spear-points of the pine  
Bristled along the advancing line,  
And as the wind's reveille rung,  
Heavens! how the hills did shout."  
*Underglimpses*, p. 74.

The "Awaking" and the "Resurrection" are sweet and holy songs, in which nature is transfigured in the light of Christian hope; but we must wish that "The First of the Angels" may be omitted in the next edition: it is almost ludicrous. The ode on the death of the Earl of Belfast is steeped in the light of an Italian summer, and is at once classical and tender—

"Young Marcellus sleeping lies,  
With his slumber-sealed eyes,  
Waiting God's great sun to rise—

Waiting to re-ope, once more,  
On a sweeter summer shore,  
By the eternal waters' roar.

Scatter round about his bed  
Violets, ere their scent has fled—  
Winter roses, white and red.

Scatter snowdrops—scatter here  
All the promise of the year :

Being born to bloom and die,  
They, perchance, may typify  
Him who here doth sleeping lie :

Since we love those flowers the best  
That are plucked the earliest—  
As it were for God's own breast."

—p. 150.

The Bell-founder is a beautiful, musical, and well-sustained poem. We do not like the Voyage of St. Brendan so well. We are not going to intrude a word of that ugly thing, controversy, into the circle of Mr. MacCarthy's loving poetry. And, therefore, we will only say, that the poetical aspect of the Roman Ritual is touched with especial grace. He must have a fiercer heart than ours who is not pleased with these :

"At noon, as he lay in the sultriness, under  
his broad leafy limes,  
Far sweeter than murmuring water came the  
toll of the Angelus chimas."

*Bell-founder*, p. 13.

"I loved to watch the clouds—now dark and  
dun—  
In long procession, and funeral line,  
Pass with slow pace across the glorious sun,  
Like hooded monks before a dazzling  
shrine.

And now, with gentler beauty as they roll'd  
Along the azure vault, in gladsome May,  
Gleaming pure white, and edged with broi-  
der'd gold,  
Like snowy vestments on the Virgin's day."

*Bell-founder, and other Poems*, p. 177.

—"The round moon rests—like the sacred  
Host—  
Upon the azure altar of the skies."

—p. 187.

We cannot conclude this notice without adding our tribute of admiration to the purity of Mr. MacCarthy's poetry. His strains will not cost a saint a sigh, or a virgin a blush. He has the gracefulness of Moore without a stain of his licentiousness.

We close our long but pleasing task with another word of Mr. Arnold. Of all the poets of the day, he has, perhaps, the largest learning—the finest and most educated taste. He has disfigured his books, and encrusted the works of his lofty imagination with some eccentricities and affectations. Now, that he is a Professor, let him rack off his muddy theories in Latin lectures, and the precious liquor will flow richer and clearer from the dregs. If he must write essays, let him not twist the poem to meet the essay, but make the essay meet the poem. No man can say, "Go to, I will write a Greek tragedy in English." Greek and Latin have put off flesh and blood, and become immortal: we do not

like to be talking in the language of ghosts. There are many flowers in every language too fine to cross the sea; we must let them blow upon their own shore, and be at the trouble of a voyage to enjoy them. When we want a Greek tragedy, let us have the real thing: there are plenty of copies of the "Poetæ

Scenici." Let Mr. Arnold return to the vein of "Rustum and Balder," if "Tristram" and "the Church of Brou" offend his maturer taste—keeping Meropes for his desk, or for translations into Greek Iambics; and we venture to predict for him a name and a place among the poets of England.

#### THE ERICKSONS—A TALE.

##### I.

I NEVER had a home like other children when I was a child. I was early left without father or mother, and almost without kith or kin. I was left poor, too, without enough, baby as I was, even to keep me from being a burden on those who were forced to take the charge of me. I was in the world simply and solely a little, desolate, useless child.

The home, such as it was, that fell to my lot, was in the house of an aunt of my father's, an old lady who took me to live with her from a feeling rather of duty than of love, and into whose formal household my childish advent made, I am afraid, no very welcome inroad. Yet my aunt was kind to me, if she was cold; and I, who had never known a more genial home, was content with the one that had fallen to my share. We led a peaceful, quiet life. There was no poetry in it, but we did without that; there was little beauty in it, too, but we do not feel the want of what we have never known. I was housed, and fed, and clad; and if the world that during those years hedged me in was a very narrow one, I did not feel its narrowness, for I had never seen what lay beyond its limits.

This existence endured for me until I was eighteen; then my grandaunt died. I recollect that parting vividly still, as the first sorrow and the first glimpse of the hidden things outside our daily life that I had ever had.

My aunt had left me all she was possessed of, and after her death, I lived alone for a few months. At the end of that time I was surprised one day by a letter from my godmother, Mrs. Erickson, which asked if I would come and live with her. Mrs. Erickson had been a cousin of my mother's.

Long ago, when I had been a little child, she had shown me some kindnesses that I had not forgotten. Her proposal was pleasant to me, and I accepted it. I set my house in order and obtained a tenant for it; then, one autumn day, when the sun shone bright on harvest fields, I bade farewell to the village where I had lived, and set forth upon my journey to my new home.

That journey's end brought me to a quaint old town, dark with long narrow streets, whose stones time had impressed with his seal of solemn colouring, whose gloomy dimness only here and there stole into sudden light at some unlooked-for opening, where the sun shone upon the grass growing around the pavement of an untrod square, or glinted on a bend of the bright silent river, or lingered lovingly upon the tall, grey, half-decaying towers of some old time-eaten church. I saw it linger so for the first time on that autumn evening, and the light, new to me at that time, quickly grew familiar, for in the opening before one such old church my godmother had her house, and summer and winter, between her windows and the rivulet, there stood an eternal screen of blackening stone—a mouldering pile, all rich with antique devices upon wall and capital and archivault, and delicate tracered windows, through whose narrow lights there came to us all that we ever saw of the gold and crimson of the western sky.

It was a change from the village and the house that I had left! There all had been flat, clear, open as a sea; neither brick nor stone obscured our view—neither tree nor tower darkened us; undulating fields and hedge-rows there shut out no prospect; all was bright and sunny there, from zenith

to horizon. This new confinement, at its first sight, was strange and painful to me. I recollect on the night I came that I stood by one of those west windows and drew my travelling cloak around me with an involuntary shiver. The sun had set, and the sky above was grey, and the black decaying walls, in that cold twilight, looked strangely sorrowful—stern, too, and pitiless—a black cold shadow, whose beauty I could not see, and whose solemn age—grim mouldering memorial of the vanished centuries—only chilled me.

I had not seen my godmother for eleven years. When we last met she was an active, bright-looking woman, of five-and-thirty. When she greeted me at her threshold now, I did not recognise her: she had grown faded, and pale, and old.

"I was stronger and younger when I saw you last, Ruth," she said gently, when I spoke of the change in her: but there was a real and anxious look in her face that I thought must be set there by other causes than advancing years or failing strength.

"And my cousin, Noel?"

He was her only son—a man ten years or so older than I was. I had seen him once—those eleven years ago—and had one day been carried in his strong arms through a hazel copse, when a long wandering amidst fallen autumn leaves had wet my feet—a small kindness that I had remembered faithfully.

She answered, "You will scarcely remember Noel;" and I presently found that she said right. As we sat together a little while after, talking by the fire, a man entered the room, and coming up to me, put out his hand with a single cold phrase of welcome. I looked up into his face as I answered his salute, and with that look, something that had been a kind of hope in me, sank down with a quick short pang. No—I had no recognition for this Noel Erickson. That cold repellent face was all strange to me. It was a small thing to speak of—a slight disappointment—and yet out of my child's prose life, it *was* something to lose the sunshine of one pleasant memory.

We fell calmly, and at once, into a quiet, regular life. I had little education and few tastes. I had been accustomed to spend hours every day,

passively laying stitch to stitch upon some long monotonous work. I set a square yard of canvas now in a frame, and with my pattern and my coloured wools, I quickly set to work. The thing, when finished, I said, should be a cushion for my godmother. At which she thanked me, and took up some humbler work herself. They were not rich, and she had other sewing to do than to make cushions.

We passed our days alone, for Noel Erickson, though he did not often leave the house, had his own work, and his own room to work in. He was an artist, and he laboured in his studio early and late. What came of his labouring I did not often see. Sometimes his mother took me to his work-room, and made me look at some completed drawing—during these first months they were generally slight water-colour sketches—before it left the house; but these were all I saw, and, amongst them, few impressed me much. I used to tell Mrs. Erickson (for it was necessary when I looked at them to say something) that I was no judge of painting; and that was true; but it was also true that in my heart I did not like my cousin Noel's pictures. Even in his slightest drawings there was at all times something feverish and restless. They might have power in them—I did not know—but they had no repose. I say I did not like nor understand them; neither did I like nor understand him. He was a shadow in the house—an unsociable, care-worn, silent man. His presence made gloom in place of sunshine; his aspect chilled me with winter's cold. He was unhappy himself, and he brought discomfort as his companion. I was afraid of him a little; I pitied him much; I liked him not at all.

Yet I did not regret my coming to my godmother's house. If Noel chilled me, his mother did not. I had known so little affection in my life that the quiet love she presently began to bestow on me, stole into my heart like very sunshine. I returned her what she gave to me; and in spite of Noel Erickson, and the gloominess of the ancient town, my new home became very pleasant to me. She said that I made it brighter to her too: perhaps I did: I can still remember the sound of my merry laughter, as through the months of that first winter it used to ring, wakening smiles at least to join

with it, through the low-roofed rooms of the old house.

## II.

It was an afternoon of early spring. The days were long, and the birds had begun to build their nests under the gables of the old church. There were blossoms too upon the trees, and pale spring flowers in the old garden sheltered by the church wall. I sat by the window sewing and singing. It was a pleasant season to me—this bright spring time. I was not thoughtful—perhaps I understood only one fraction of its meaning and its loveliness; but it had spoken to me all my life of youth and hope, and I was young and hopeful. The sun shone warm upon the old church towers; far away there was a sound of joy-bells; I stopped my singing at times to listen to them—it was a right, glad sound for this spring day.

"Ruth, will you come? it is ready," Mrs. Erickson said.

I turned quickly from the outer sunshine with a momentary feeling of compunction: something was happening in the house to-day, and I had forgotten it. My godmother thought it a great thing; it was not great to me, it was only this—that Noel had completed the picture that had been his chief winter's work, and it was to be sent to London to-day.

I had never seen it yet. I rose at Mrs. Erickson's invitation, and followed her up stairs. She was excited and glad, and her pale face was even brightened by a flush of colour. I was not glad, nor almost even curious; an entrance into my cousin's studio had long ceased to be looked upon by me as even a possible pleasure.

He was in the room when we came in, but not at his easel. The space about that was vacant, and upon it stood his framed picture. We went up together and stood before it.

It was a large picture, divided into two compartments, both representing the same scene—a sea-shore, girt to the right by a line of rocks—but in one the water was lying calmly under an azure sky, and the spars of the rocks glittered in sunshine; in the other the sea was lashed into high crests of foam, and one red cleft in the heavy thunder clouds illumined the whole canvas with a lurid light.

I looked at both pictures, but I

turned from the second quickly. The warm, soft sunshine, the calm, blue water—these things I liked; that picture had rest and beauty and quiet light in it; I liked it as I had liked no other creation I had ever seen of Noel's. I was glad to be able to speak what I felt: I exclaimed heartily—

"This is beautiful."

"Which is beautiful, Ruth?" Noel suddenly asked.

I looked at him as he came towards us; there was a slight contemptuous scorn in his face that for a moment irritated me. I knew the answer that he expected, and I gave it to him half defiantly.

"The first?"

"You do not like the other, then?"

"I am no judge of pictures."

"Perhaps not. But you think—what?"

There was an ungentle smile upon his lips; another look would have made me humble, but that angered me.

"I think," I answered quickly, "that pictures were meant to make us happy when we look at them—and that one does not."

"But pictures cannot only be painted when men are happy, Ruth," my godmother said; "and if they are unhappy their pictures will show signs of their sorrow."

"Why need they?" I answered boldly. "If they feel sorrow can they not learn to repress it? Can they not struggle against, instead of giving way to it, and brooding over it, and nursing it as if it was some precious thing—as Noel does?"

It was a sudden impulse that had made me speak. The thoughts had come impatiently into my mind many a time before, but never before had I given utterance to them. I spoke them hotly now, confident in my wisdom and common sense. When I ceased, my cousin met me with this answer:

"Who told you, Ruth," he calmly demanded, "that sorrow was *not* a precious thing? How do you know how much strength lies in it—how weak many a heart and hand might be if it was cast away? My cousin, you are young, and you judge all people by yourself, and would have all the world such as you are. Take my advice, and in future condemn only what you understand, lest you chance

to condemn some things that are immeasurably above you."

He waited for no answer when he had spoken. In a few moments after he was again engaged at the occupation he had left, and I was silently on my way down stairs.

I went back alone to the room, and the seat that I had left. My cheek was hot—but I took up my sewing again, and worked. It was drawing towards evening then: I worked till the sun set. I was still alone, and only when twilight began to come did I lay my work aside.

It was very quiet. The evening brightness was stealing softly through the narrow lights of the accustomed windows, and the church was growing dark against the sky. I began to think how it stood there, night by night, strong, like an eternal shadow. Was it built perhaps in the strength of sorrow?

I had heard tales of persecutions suffered in this city long ago. With a strange interest I sat and pondered upon the men who might have reared those blackened stones—upon the hands that might have cut those old devices. They were all solemn and stern—they were not joyous. There was no luxury in them of waving leaves—there were no birds fluttering amidst twisted branches. There was neither joy nor laughter in the sculptured forms that, from the grisly heads and outstretched griffin claws down to the solemn angels leaning towards the doors, stood in their broken might and their stern silence.

The yellow light was fading back behind the starry trefoils of the windows, and God's stars were coming out in heaven. But these were familiar mysteries; I did not think of them to-night. With an earnestness I scarcely understood, I sat till it was dark, thinking of the mysteries of the dead hearts of them who once, with living hands and living thoughts, cut out the starry traceries upon those windows.

### III.

NOEL'S picture went. When the excitement attendant on its completion and despatch were over, my god-mother's brief look of gladness vanished. After a week or two she began to get more than ever pale and anxious.

"They may reject it, Ruth," she said to me one day. "They reject many pictures."

I had not known that; to me till now that unknown "Academy" whether it was gone had been a boundless repertory; receiving this new idea I drew towards my godmother with a strange sympathy. Of late I had begun dimly to guess what Noel's success or Noel's failure were to her. From that day forward we looked and waited for news together. It was hard for her, I think, but in her anxiety she had no other companionship than mine.

After three weeks the decision came. It came in a letter which had to lie with us a whole afternoon unopened, for when it arrived Noel was from home. It was evening—almost night—when he returned. As he came in, he took it from his mother's hand, and carried it, standing with his back to us, to the window; elsewhere in the room there was no light to read it. There he opened it, and having read it, stood utterly silent.

She had not sat down. After a few moments she went up to him and laid her hand upon his arm. He turned round at the touch and looked at her; they each looked at the other; she never asked to see the letter. He only said—

"We cannot help it, mother."

Then she tried to answer him, and broke down. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. But he said no more to her: he left the room without another word.

She had sunk down into a seat beside the window; after a little I went up close to her. I had nothing to say but I knelt down at her feet, and took her hand and put it to my lips. In the darkness she cried a little; we both cried. I was sorry from the bottom of my heart.

For many days after this night throughout the house there was an undefined anxiety and restlessness. My godmother had been deeply grieved, but Noel was unhappy with a bitter sorrow to which her's bore no parallel. He never spoke of his disappointment; it would have been better if he had; but he brooded over it until he wore his strength away. Slowly, but surely, he became bodily ill; he grew so gaunt and thin, that with his flushed hollow cheek and

burning eyes, he used to make my heart sad to see him. It was in vain that my poor godmother would urge him to take rest; I do not think he could help it—he could not rest. He worked until he could work no more. One night when Mrs. Erickson and I were sitting alone together, in the silence there came a sound above us—the powerless fall of something on the ground. It was Noel who had fainted at his work. They raised him up and conveyed him to his bed; and he did not rise from it.

## IV.

I DID not know it then, but I have learnt since, that there are strange turning points in life. We do not walk for ever upon one straight road forward. Sometimes, when we suspect its coming least, our even course is cut across by a new path, and we turn sharp aside, to the right hand or to the left, into light or darkness. When it was past, I knew that Noel's illness had opened such a path to me.

Swiftly, at once, we entered into the very presence of the Shadow of Death. Even now, as I look back, there is something in the remembrance of those first days when Noel was struck down that I still shrink from and shiver at. It was not ordinary pain—it was not like ordinary fear; it was as if the house had been swiftly struck with darkness. The various incidents and interests of our daily life ceased utterly before it. Suddenly, imperiously, in one single day, all thoughts, and hopes, and fears seemed set for me within the walls of that room I never entered, and upon the aspect of that face that I never saw.

For nine days and nights he was "sick unto death." Only when our hope had sunk to its last ebb, and our fear had grown to be as a great shadow—"a thick darkness that could be felt"—did the light at last come back to us. One night I had been wandering about the house the whole night through, listening, hourly, to catch the first sound of the cry that should tell me that the end had come. Hour followed hour till dawn, and it was not uttered. When it was morning I went to the passage beside his room. The door was open. As I stood, I saw the curtained bed within; I saw my godmother, too, sitting by

its side. I had been waiting, knowing nothing, all the night; I could not go away. I stood in the doorway till she raised her head and saw me, and beckoned to me to come.

He was lying sleeping. Perhaps it was exhaustion, and not repose; but the *struggle*, at least, had ceased. The brow was unknit, the lips were still; if it was nothing more, the thing that had come was, at least, peace. But it *was* more. I crept away again noiselessly as I had entered, and I did not see his face again; but during that restless night that had departed, the crisis had come, and God had spared him. Looking back now, I can still feel the rolling back through the succeeding days of that great fear—the lifting up, one by one, of the folds of that dark curtain.

When I next saw him it was on an early summer afternoon, and he had come, for the first time, into our common sitting-room, and was lying near that west window where I had grown accustomed to sit. I had not spoken one word to him since that April evening when he had fallen ill.

I went up to his couch, and put out my hand to him.

"Cousin Noel, I am glad to see you here."

"I am glad, too," he answered, cheerfully. "I thank you, Ruth!"

As I stood by him he looked so worn and wan, so changed and helpless. I had meant to say something more to him, and on the sudden I found I could not. Something rose in my throat and choked my voice. Strangely affected I went away from him, and sat down alone. I was half glad; I was half crying. I could not have thought once—even a few weeks ago—that any word or look of Noel Erickson's could ever have moved me so.

I sat all through that afternoon busily bending over my work. Noel had to be kept quiet, and neither he nor my godmother spoke much. Once she read to him for a little while; it was from a book whose name I did not know, which spoke of things that I had never thought of, and pierced into places where I could not follow; yet its fervour and its passionate words caught my ear, and sometimes my heart, strangely.

When the sun had set she ceased to read, and we were all idle. I remem-

ber it was a breathless warm-hued evening, and the church windows showed crimson stars of light. I remember, too, that within the church, for a long time, the organ was playing. We were all very quiet. Noel lay looking from us to the open window, and from where I sat I could see his face, and I looked on that.

I looked with a vague, half-pained, half-joyous wonder; it seemed to me as if I was only learning that face for the first time to-night. He had never been beautiful in my eyes before. To-night I sat and traced each sharpened feature and each clear-cut line, till a slow, glad conviction came upon me like the birth of a new sense.

He stayed with us until it was almost dark, when at last he rose to go, leaning on his mother's arm. He called to me to bid me good night. I went to him, and offered him my hand, saying something—I forget what—some hope, perhaps, that he was not tired; to which he made me no reply; but a moment after he gave me something better than an answer.

"Little Ruth," he said, as he held my hand, "I know you have been very kind all through this time; God bless you for your goodness to my mother."

I was left alone a minute afterwards, and I sat down in my place again, and the hands I pressed against my face were wetted by two great tears.

From this time forward I saw Noel Erickson every day; he was far too weak yet to go into his studio, or even to be able to occupy himself for more than a small portion of each day. Whilst this forced idleness lasted, therefore, he remained with us, and sat with us in our common sitting-room. Once such long companionship would have been irksome to me; it was not irksome now. It was not *irksome*, do I say? God help me. Day after day I was learning to know that to be in Noel's presence, to hear the sound of Noel's voice, to do even the slightest things that a child might have done to serve him, were becoming the very breath of my life to me.

There was one service that he needed, which it presently became my right—eagerly taken possession of—jealously guarded—to perform for him. While his sight was weak my godmother used to read to him. One day she went for a few hours from

home, and he was left with me. He was reading to himself when she went away, but after a time the leaves of his book ceased to be turned. I looked to him, and found him leaning back with his hand upon his eyes.

Once, even though I had been afraid of him, I would, at that sight, have asked to be allowed to read to him. I feared him less now; and yet I could not go. But the yearning to go rose in me—my heart beat fast—my hand shook so, that I could not work.

He took the book again, and again his sight failed him. This time, when he ceased to read, he closed the volume, and put it from him. Coward as I was, I rose from my seat then and went to him—the longing that was in me grown stronger at last than the fear of rejection.

"Noel, will you let me read to you?"

I asked, fearing to be denied; I expected, at least, hesitation before he would accept me; instead of hesitation or denial there came only this simple answer:

"Thank you, Ruth," and he gave the book into my hands.

I took it, and I read to him. I read for an hour, sitting near him—low, near his feet—with no living creature between him and me.

Reader, I was happy; and the happiness of that hour made me bold. When I gave him back the book, I said that it made me glad to be allowed to read to him.

He looked at me as I spoke.

"Does it, Ruth?"

"Noel, I have never been able to do any thing for you before."

"I did not know that you cared to do any thing."

"No; but I *do* care."

My voice was very low; had I been less near to him I do not think he would have heard it. As it was, he did hear, for he answered me.

"You may be my reader from this time, if you will, Ruth."

"May I; oh, I shall be glad!"

I felt the colour flush into my face with joy. He said no more; but I went away to my place contented. I took possession of my office from that hour.

No day passed after this on which I did not read to him. I awakened every morning knowing that the

hours had, at least, in store for me this one sure joy. I waited patiently through all the intervening time, assured that this one hour would come.

I read a book to him full of strange and wonderful things. To me, at least, it seemed all wonderful, for I was a very child in the great world of learning. I had grown up like one within four prison walls, thinking that those prison walls were the earth's limits, and till now I never knew that, beyond those straitened boundaries, and free to the whole of God's creation, lay treasure in heaps not to be counted, of glorious and unimagined things. I woke to this new knowledge now as one arises out of sleep. I read, and new thoughts dawned upon me with a strange delight, and pain, and wonder. I read with all the ignorance of a child, and all its faith: I read till a new influence stole upon me like a veil of light, and all the world seemed dyed of a new colour, that changed its grey to crimson, and its darkness to burnished gold.

I read to Noel; but I was his reader, and nothing more. He used to thank me at the close of each day's service, but he never spoke about the book we read. Of what he thought of it; of whether it stirred him as it stirred me; of whether he believed it, I knew nothing. I bore this ignorance at first passively; presently I bore it, growing feverish under it; finally, I rebelled against it. He might be above me high as the sky was above the earth, yet I was not utterly inanimate clay. He might speak one word to me; I was not wood, that I could not understand.

When he would not speak, at last I spoke to him. I chose a moment when, one day, I had been reading till my cheek burned with an excitement that took cowardice away. In that moment I raised my head.

"Noel," I cried, "is it true?"

My question startled him; for an instant he was surprised; then:

"You must judge for yourself, Ruth," he said.

But my lips once unclosed, I could speak now.

"How can I judge for myself when I know nothing! And I do not want to judge," I cried, passionately; "I want to believe."

"You have what you want there," he said; "you do believe."

"Yes, I believe! but I have no one to tell me if I am right. I am believing like a child, not knowing truth from falsehood."

I was speaking like a child too, passionately and petulantly; and he made me no reply. In the silence that followed, my momentarily excited courage passed away. I had spoken, and what had my speaking gained for me? Deeper than before the colour flushed to my cheeks, in humility and pain my eyes filled with hot tears.

I would have returned to the book again, but the words swam before me; I could not go on until my tears went back: I sat looking down upon the page; and as I so sat, Noel's voice came again to me.

"Ruth," he said, gently, "what do you want?"

But my words were gone then; I could only answer—

"Nothing—never mind—nothing now," and I would hurriedly have begun to read, but as I commenced, he interrupted me.

"Ruth," he said, quickly, "I am often blind and selfish, so that I do not see things that I ought to know. But I am not wedded to my faults! I am a taciturn, morose, unlovable, man; but I do not *want* to be feared; I do not *want* to be left for ever to my own thoughts. Ruth, do not *you* be afraid of me. Tell me again, what you were going to say."

I raised my head, I unclosed my lips; quickened by those words I could speak again. With swift impulsive courage I began: I told him of my ignorance. I told him what I wanted. I asked him to give me help.

What followed was an hour whose happiness words cannot utter. I had become his pupil, he was my master. He led me where my footsteps could follow; when he spoke he changed my darkness into daylight, and my twilight into sunshine. We had been together before, and for me his heart and soul had been like a sealed book; the change was now as the ancient flowing of the water when the rod struck the stony rock.

Once, and once only, there came a pang of pain over my joy—but alas, it came as a flood upon its close. The book I had been reading lay on my knee still; the hour that was past had been as if that book had spoken to me with a living voice. When it was



nearly ended, in the gratitude of my heart I told him so.

Alas! that the thought came to me, or that I uttered it. His face changed as I spoke; with a sudden flash it changed to the old likeness it had worn before his illness; the anxious pain, the wearied turmoil, all came back.

"Ruth," he said hurriedly, "I am not like that man. If I could barter my life I would sell the whole of it to be as that man is for one single day. You do not understand me? My cousin, this is the difference between us: he is clothed with power as a giant is with strength, and—God help me!" he suddenly cried, "I have the arm of a child."

My heart rose up in arms.

"Noel, it is not true."

"It is true, Ruth. I can aspire, and I can struggle, but I cannot conquer. I shall strive to my life's end, and, bound as I am, hours will come again, perhaps, as they have come already, when for a moment I shall have strength like him of old, to break the withs, as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire; but for all that the struggle only will be mine, and not the victory. My little cousin, do not look at me so sorrowfully: even though the warfare lasts through life, life itself sometimes is not very long."

Was it true? oh! was it true? I stooped my head, I turned my face from him, and wept one gush of passionate tears. The evening had drawn on, and he could not see me. He sat looking out upon the glowing sky—and he neither knew my sorrow nor my joy.

#### V.

SOMETIMES in our lives the whole breadth of God's light in heaven seems gathered within the single limits of one little star, and as we gaze on that we see no other thing in heaven or on earth beyond it. So had I gazed, and so had I grown blind.

The summer was over. Noel had regained his strength, and was at work again. Once more the seat was vacant in the west window, and we two women were left alone. Then I awoke, in pain and sorrow. My star was taken from my sight, and, in the light of common day, I saw that Mrs. Erickson was dying.

She was dying! Human help could not save her. The day I knew it she

told me all that she herself knew—that it was no new illness that was afflicting her, but the extension of a disease that she had suffered from for years, knowing—my brave godmother!—through the whole of it that it must end by killing her.

It was the close of autumn when the days grew dark, and the chill evenings drew in early, I began a watch that ceased no more till my godmother lay dead.

She told Noel at the beginning of the winter. She lingered all through it. On one of the first days of spring the long, racking, bitter pain was ended, and she died. I was kneeling crying by her bed when she departed, but her last thoughts, her last words, her last look, were none of them for me. Her face was turned where she could look on Noel, and to the final moment before death her eyes clung to his face. They closed at last—and then a cry rang through the room:

"Mother!" But she was dead.

There was spring sunshine in the rooms, and spring life upon the earth; but my heart was like a stone in its cold heaviness. Oh, what should I do; she was dead, and I must go. We had opened the windows, that had been closed until her funeral, and I wandered alone about the solitary house. I could begin no work; I could take refuge in no occupation; I could think no thought but that she was dead, and I must go away.

I could not speak about my going that day when they laid her in the earth. Even though it was done at morning, and the empty house was open all day long, I could not do it. I stole that one day for my respite. In the evening when we two met together for a little, while we talked of other things, he was very kind to me. God bless him! He never bade me leave him.

But I could not sleep all night. I watched till the night was passed away; and when the morning came I knew the day had dawned that was to seal the sentence of my exile.

It was sealed in the evening when the sun had set, and the shadow of the church was lying dark upon the room. I waited until then, that in the gloom he might not see my face.

I had learnt my lesson all day long, that when the time came I might speak

it without trembling. The time *had* come; I laced my fingers close together, and I spoke it.

"Noel, when am I to go?"

He was startled. The twilight was not so deep but I could see that. I saw his sudden glance at me—his quick surprise. I had no answer for a moment; and then he spoke, but not gladly—Oh! God be thanked, not gladly!

"I had forgotten that you had to go, Ruth."

"Had you forgotten?" I spoke sorrowfully, not in bitterness. "Yes, that was natural; you had other things to think of."

He rose from his place and came to where I sat. He stood near to me, and leant his arm upon my chair.

"Ruth, where are you going?"

"Where?" I raised my face to his one moment. "To the place I came from; to the house I left."

"How soon? Not at once?—not this week?"

"It does not matter, this week or next; I will do what you like."

"Then give me one week longer, Ruth."

"Yes."

And I said no more; we were both silent.

But when some moments had gone past, and while I still sat in my dull hopeless resignation, suddenly I was quickened by his touch. It lay on my bent head; for the first time I had ever felt it; I stooped beneath the pressure of his hand.

"Ruth," he said sadly, "I wish I could say to you remain with me. I am not happy now; and when you go you will take the last ray of sunshine with you from the house. It has been a lighter house from the day you entered it. God bless you, little Ruth!"

His hand was gone from me, as he himself would be all gone within one little week. If he had asked me I would have remained with him to be a servant in his house; and I did not stir nor speak. For his kindness I had no thanks; for his blessing no response; but all my heart was fainting in me, shrinking into death before the shadow of its lowliness.

I went away. It was a bright spring day, and the birds were building their nests under the shelter of the old church eaves. I had been very quiet

all the week, going about slowly, strangely, like one in a dream. I was quite still, with even a kind of solemnity in my quietude; for it seemed to me as if all that could be called life in my existence was to end this day.

He was working in his studio. I had not told him the hour I was to go, but when it came I went to him. Once I had thought that I would ask him to let me sit one hour beside him before I went. I had done it once or twice before, but this day I could not. I only went to him when every preparation was completed, and my corded trunks were at the door.

I entered the room then and stood before him.

"I am going, Noel."

He started up at the sight of me, and came to meet me.

"You did not tell me that you were to go so soon," he said. "Why did you not come before?"

"There was no need to disturb you. It did not matter."

"It would not have disturbed me, Ruth."

He took my two hands in his; as he held them he looked at me.

"Ruth, are you really going?"

"Yes."

"You are looking pale and ill. Ruth, you are not glad to go."

"Noel, I am not strong. Bid me good bye."

"Not yet; not here, Ruth."

"Yes, here; I saw you first in this house. When I think of you I want you to belong to this house first and last."

He was standing before me. We both became silent; what more was there to say? Alas! I had nothing more. But I raised my face; I looked into his eyes. I should see him no more—I should never see him more, perhaps, on earth.

Then the end came.

"Let me go now."

He held my hands still; and holding them, he stooped and kissed me. Once he prayed—God bless me! Before he loosed my hands, he repeated twice:

"Little Ruth! little Ruth!"

And that was all. No tears had risen to my eyes; they were all hot and dry: but I went away from him, and closed the door, groping my steps as if the night had fallen.

## VI.

I WAS in my own house, and alone; solitary from day to day, from dawn till night. I was not happy. God had given me my lot, and I struggled hard to be contented with it, but I could not see my way in it. I did not know what to do. If I had had one single creature to have lived for, I could have been resigned to it; but I was so utterly lonely.

I knew that in some way I must work, or I could not bear it. With a courage, therefore, that was a kind of despair, I set to work. Not to quiet in-door work, reading, studying, educating myself. I could not do these things at first: my feeble energy needed first to be sustained by something stronger than my own fainting will. I knew that: and so I bound myself to the only work within my reach that did not leave my own will free. There were helpless people and ignorant children in our village: I gave my time to them. Perhaps they did not thank me for it; but they took it, and presently they looked upon it as their right. I served them, and they counted on my service; and their dependence became my wages.

I worked all through the summer: oh! the summer that had been so bright in its last shining on me, and was so bare and desolate now. I worked all through the days, and in the long, still evenings I used to sit alone. I used to sit then, and dream and yearn. It was my day's one-treasured luxury—my light and warmth—my meat and drink after my weary toil. And yet even that bread was bitterness, that water was tears. Daily my yearnings ended in one hopeless cry: Oh, if I could but hear of him! if I could but hear of him! if I could but have hope given me to see him once again!

The summer passed away. When it was gone, I was pale and thin; I was worn and weary. Perhaps I had worked too hard: I do not know: but a fainting feebleness had fallen on me, and I began to think that God was about to take my life. Then my passionate desire grew to wild feverishness to look once more on Noel Erickson's face. The longing wasted me away: I could not rest nor sleep: morning and night the

thought was with me that I could not die till I had seen his face again.

I think there must be a time in very many lives, when grief or misfortune have seemed to reach their utmost limits, that suddenly, without a note of warning, or one sign to tell the coming change, God stays the rushing of the Marah waters, and for darkness there comes light, and for the faithless weakness of the fainting heart comes hope new-born, and strength fresh out from heaven.

It was an autumn morning; and a restless night had left me worn and ill. I could not leave the house. I was so weary (I had often grown forced of late to change day into night) that at last I laid me down in the broad noon sunshine, and tried to sleep. And I did sleep presently: gently and peacefully, the calmest slumber came to me that I had known for weeks.

I do not know how long it lasted. I dreamt a happy dream that I was talking to Noel, standing with him in the half gloom, half sunshine of the old familiar room. I awakened at the gentle sound of something stirring near me. My dream was over: I lifted up my eyes, and saw—

There was some one at my side, sitting beside me, leaning towards me. I looked upon him; I looked into his face; I uttered his name!

I made no movement, and gave no cry: I did not ask him how he came: I asked him nothing. Quite hushed and calm, I only lay with my eyes upon his face, in the deep stillness of unutterable joy.

"Ruth!" he called.

His voice brought back my dream. I had thought there that he spoke to me in that same tone. A smile came to my lips: it was to me as if all pain, and sickness, and sorrow had passed away.

"I thought I was at home: I was dreaming of being in the old room again." I looked up into his face as he stooped over me. "Noel, it was not quite a dream."

"Ruth," he cried, suddenly, "is this all my welcome?"

We were face to face, his eyes looking into mine, mine into his; till, as still water trembles and is stirred before the wind, all my strange stillness was broken before

that gaze. No, it *was* not all! for he knew my secret: he had read my heart: and before his look, and before the close clasp of his hand, I trembled, and I broke down like a child. I lifted up my empty hands to him:

"I have been so desolate! oh, I have been so desolate!" I cried; and I burst into a passion of tears.

He took me, and he laid me in his arms: my helpless passion he hushed upon his heart: over my low, wild weeping he spoke these words:

"Little Ruth," he cried, "come home to me! I came to seek you. I cannot rest without you. My little Ruth, my little Ruth, come back!"

The year was wasted; we were standing on the verge of winter; but in that winter there dawned for me a new glad spring. He took me home. Once more in my joy I saw the old town's solemn streets, and the shadow of the ancient church: once more I stood within the old familiar house: and I was Noel's wife.

#### THE WORSHIPPERS OF MERCURY; OR, PARACELSUS AND HIS BROTHER ALCHYMISTS.

No author of three hundred volumes, which have survived the changes of several centuries—volumes written at a time when book-making had not yet become a mechanical art—can deserve to be forgotten; nor could we be content to dismiss such a one with even the exulting exclamation of his old commentator—*O fecunditas ingenii!*

But when I find that this same genius has not merely the merit of fecundity, but was one who overthrew many old errors, and was, indeed, a strong-limbed pioneer of modern science, I feel still more willing to lend a hand to drag him from the mud of oblivion. We select him as the arch-professor of certain scientific beliefs which, right or wrong, engaged the human mind centuries after centuries. We select him as the type of medical science at the end of the sixteenth century, and as an example of the bounds of human knowledge at that epoch.

If alchemy has any thing in it; if the Cabala is a book of mysteries and not of gibberish; if the elixir of life means anything, and is not rank folly; if, in a word, the labours, the pains, the throes, the breast-sorrow and the brain-anguish of five centuries of learned men were not wasted, as much as an idiot's labour who builds card houses; all that is valuable in those creeds, theories, sciences (call them what you will), is to be found in the writings of Paracelsus.

His life expresses the age; his ideal was that of all students in his own times. He was the greatest philoso-

pher, chemist, doctor, and surgeon of his own days; the furthest traveller; the most voluminous and widest read writer. His books contain the efforts at the possible and the impossible of the fifteenth century, as much as Bacon's show the foundation of natural philosophy in the sixteenth. The very wildness and absurdity of the weary folios of Paracelsus interest us in the struggles of a mind drifted in an unknown sea without a pilot.

It is as a character, as a mental phenomenon, that I seek to revive the colours of this faded picture. I do it with delight and reverence. I see a great heart broken in a struggle with the Sphinx of science, and I feel my own heart beat quicker. I see the climber's arm relax, and hear him splash into the abyss. I honour him as the aspirer, and I mourn for him as the vanquished. With a reverent hand, and with no vulgar curiosity, as of the ghouls of literature, I would remove the cerements from the dead king's limbs, and probe the old wound for my own instruction and that, perhaps, of others. In Paracelsus I behold one who died in the race; one of vast intellect, but strange weaknesses; almost a god to-day, a pious zany on the morrow; a mixture of gold and clay; an awful lesson to the student of every age; an instance of the folly and punishment of intellectual pride!

It is not because Paracelsus filled ten thousand folio pages, or because he healed twelve lepers publicly at Nuremberg, that I have undertaken

to be his biographer. It is not as the discoverer of potable gold and the mystery of antimony, that I hold him worthy of honour. It is as the introducer of mineral remedies, as a practitioner and recorder of philosophical experiments, and as a great chemical worker, that I regard him with interest. I wish to prove him, beyond all reach of argument, to be the father of modern chemistry and the founder of modern medicine.

It is true that the correspondent and physician of Erasmus, the contemporary of Luther, the Basle professor, the fellow-citizen of Holbein, might even in a historical point of view be worthy of attention, used simply as an illustration of social manners; but it is because he was a great destroyer, and, what is rarer, a great reformer, that I have constituted myself heir to this unclaimed estate, which, as if in Chancery, lies dirty, weedy, and forgotten.

The works of this extraordinary man embrace almost every truth and every error that the world then knew. He wrote on surgery, theology, mineralogy, chirosopy, physiognomy, astrology, the Cabala, chemistry, and medicine. He declares himself the possessor of every alchymic secret, and a master of all known sciences. He embodies all that is valuable, not merely in the books of the Arab physicians, but of his predecessors, Roger Bacon, Valentinus the monk, and Tully. He avowed himself the discoverer of an elixir that would not make a man immortal but long-lived. He filled earth, sea, and air, with new spirits that were at once acknowledged, and are still, as poetical creations of great individuality. Alone he defied the power of the dead Greek writers, and of all living opponents. A schismatic in science, an innovator in medicine, and an incessant controversialist, he yet escaped both prison and the stake; yet, after associating with princes and swaying nations, he died poor and in an hospital. He was a public lecturer, and the founder of a school of medicine. He anticipated Lavater in physiognomy, and wrote a commentary on the Psalms.

It is difficult to extract a fair opinion of Paracelsus, so great is the ignorance of his biographers. He is called by some an ignorant quack; an impudent, fraudulent impostor; a drunkard, pre-

tending to divine illumination to deceive the vulgar; unacquainted with even his own language, and unversed in the medical writers whom he attacks with such unwearied violence.

These strictures it is almost unnecessary to say are all either lies or mis-statements.

Superficial encyclopedists—too hurried to be exact, too indifferent to an unloved task to be accurate—describe Paracelsus as a blatant atheist. I find his works full of a vivid and rapturous religion. They call him ignorant. I find him the most learned man of his age, deeply read in cabalistic, neo-Platonic, and classical learning. They brand him as a grasping quack, and I find him an enthusiast and an almsgiver, who dies poor. They depict him as a scientific Jack-pudding. I find him generally, and in all essentials, beyond his age; one who anticipated and indicated great discoveries; a profound mystic philosopher; an excellent anatomist; in some things childishly credulous; at other times the only sceptic of his day, a doubter of chiromancy, a limiter of astrology, a cautious and laborious inductive chemist. There are some earths which, though not very valuable themselves, make the miner's eyes sparkle, because they are indications of a richer ore below. There are stars which, though small and feebly lit, are precursors of the fuller glory of the moon. The divining rod was already shaken by prophetic trembling, but it was not till Bacon gripped it that it was pointed full to the bright metal that lay below.

Scarcely a single extant slander against the memory of this dead man is true. He was an alchemist, indeed. The age that learns to make gold, and manufacture diamonds will know whether to laugh at this or not. He sought not for gold, but medicines to heal mankind and alleviate the burden of human care and suffering, and slighted the stone of the philosophers. He believed in the elixir of life, and hoped to increase its durability, and not to render it indestructible. He believed, in fine, in a common element which is the basis of all things, and modern analysis seems to incline in the same direction. We can no more complain of the shortcomings of such a man, than we can of a great discovery commencing in a guess.

Believing in the chemist's power of making gold, he held an opinion, which Bacon and Boyle, and even Newton, were not ashamed to hold. If he believed in his power of hatching a basilisk, he laughed at the divining rod, ridiculed palmistry, denounced ghosts, and forbade incantations. He anticipated homeopathy, by asserting the great maxim, "*like by like*," and not Galen's "contraries by contraries."

Above all things, he reformed medicine, and prepared the path for those who were to come. He first introduced mineral remedies. He was the Luther of a new faith, not wholly rejecting, but modifying and re-making. The herbalists were to him what the monks were to the rough-handed miner's son. Galen was the embalmed pope, whom he determined, at all hazards to dis-shrine. He was the most original man of his day—the widest thinker, and the greatest discoverer. His style, it is true, is abominably dull, slovenly, obscure, inverted, and dry, and yet, still, seldom wearisome, because frequently vivacious, and always strong and thoroughly in earnest.

As hard a worker as Aristotle, his works are scarcely less varied or voluminous; a Pliny in research, his style is that of an arrogant, pedantic professor. It is not for us, with our hand-books of science and frivolous lectures, to laugh at such a man. It is true he had the misfortune to be born before us; true that he knew far less than any London chemist, and that he was frightened by his own shadow in a way which our shallow and impudent scepticism may easily despise; but as before Bacon came Aristotle, so necessarily, before Davy came Paracelsus. It is a question whether without the result of his labours, we should be now wise enough to be able to mock and gibber at his follies.

On a bright morning in 1493—that is to say, the latter end of the reign of Henry VII., King of England, the wife of a physician, in the small town of Enisedeln, in the beautiful canton of Schwytz—then, as it is now, remarkable as a resort of pilgrims—was delivered of a child.

Bombast, the Swiss physician, as he kissed the forehead of his first-born, though a student of astrology, was unaware that he held in his arms

one who was to be the leader of the philosophy of the sixteenth century, arch-alchemy of Europe, and the founder of the sciences of chemistry and medicine.

In spite of the accusations of his apostate disciples and malignant enemies, who considered humble extraction as a crime of the first magnitude, there can be no doubt that Philippe Auréole Theophrastus Bombast de Hohenheim, *alias* Paracelsus, was not sprung from "*la lie du peuple*," a phrase which, after all, means nothing; but connected by the paternal line with George Bombast de Hohenheim, Grand Prior of the Order of Malta, whose stalworth white-crossed knights then held that arid island, as a bulwark against the dreaded Mussulman, whose armies were hurled against its defences, as fierce and intermittent as Atlantic storms.

The father of the great enthusiast whose biography we write, we must imagine one of those grave students, with hood and cloak, dagger and square pouch, who appear in the earlier pictures of Holbein; a gold band round his hat, from which depends a streamer of cloth which wraps round the neck or flutters loose, an ornamented girdle. He is not a Swiss by birth, but comes from Villach, in Carinthia, a dependency of Austria, a mountainous and woody country, and famous for its iron mines.

Every one who has left London, with its dreary miles of endless terraces, to clamber through upward leagues of rhododendron flowers, and emerald chasms of the glacier, far above the marmot's burrow, and even the eagle's home, to snows untrod before but by the angels and the spirits of the wind, will remember Zurich, with its green transparent lake and shores, spotted white with houses, while, beyond, joining earth and heaven, rise the Alps of Glarus, Uri, and Schwytz, grey at twilight, silver under the moon, and red at sunset.

Enisedeln, the birth-place of Paracelsus (*Monasterium Gremitarum*), is a small cluster of houses round an abbey, built on a naked, undulating plain, sheltered by hills, and situated far up among the mountains. This rude spot has been sacred ever since the days of the great Charlemagne. In the troubled times of that Gothic Napoleon, an anchorite of noble fa-

mily brought hither a little black image of the Virgin, much such a thing as now dangles before the rag shops in Houndsditch, but which had been given him in perfect sincerity as of incredible value by St. Hildegard, Abbess of Zurich. This same image, however, did not save the good man from the hands of two robbers, who must have been poor or wicked, indeed, to envy a man scarified with sackcloth, his maple dish, beads, and handfuls of water-cress. The image, however, vindicated its miraculous character, though rather late in the day. The anchorite's two pet ravens, whom he had, probably, trained to repeat all the responses, followed the villains over rock and pasture to Zurich, screaming and croaking in a way that soon brought the rogues to the block. Then, we suppose, dipping their wings and beaks in blood, they flew up to heaven, to meet the recording angel.

This, if not a miracle, at least passed for one in days when "happy families" were not yet trained. A Benedictine monastery was founded, and a certain sharp-eared bishop, after a heavy supper, heard, in a dream, angels consecrating the abode of faith. Plenary indulgence was given by the Pope to pilgrims who visited the shrine; and for nine centuries, indulgence (self-indulgence) has been the law of the convent. 150,000 pilgrims annually repeat the story of the raven, as they toil hither from Suabia, the Black Forest, and the Soissons. Rich men send deputies, and fat men send substitutes — the French having stripped the treasury, and lost the virgin, did not cool their devotion a whit.

In the time of Paracelsus, the Abbot of Enisedeln was a prince of the holy Roman empire, had a seat in the diet, and, like a king, had his cupbearer and hereditary nobles, not to mention the right of criminal jurisdiction, and the power of life and death. The lord of the Abbey of the Lady of the Hermits was a great potentate, but the child of the village doctor was destined to leave a lasting name as a memorable instance of boundless credulity and the keenest scepticism uniting in the same mind: a reformer and a dogmatist, a believer in the Cabala, and a contemner of astrology; a trampler on Galen,

and a believer in the elixir of life; a despiser of conservatism, and yet an upholder of the older errors. Never before were such contradictions united under one head.

Before, however, I proceed further with my biography of this strange anomaly—this mixture of Mahomet and Cagliostro, of Luther and Mesmer, of the mountebank and the man of genius—I must confess him to be at once a discoverer, a reformer, a chemist, and a philosopher—the founder of the last new mythology, yet an asserter of the purest truths—a mixture of gigantic vanity, industry and learning, arrogance and wisdom. As many traces of his individuality do not crop out in his writings, we are compelled to make our papers rather a review of his opinions than of his actions. From the beginning of his career, we discern symptoms of that diseased and feverish arrogance which led him, in later life, when in the height of his triumph at Basle, to exclaim:

"You shall follow me, Italians, Dalmatians, Athenians, Greek, Arab, Jew; the monarchy belongs to me. I, Theophrastus Paracelsus, am the true monarch of medicine."

To write the life of this physician would be merely to write a refutation of absurd and contradictory slanders, were it not that slanderers and slandered would be both alike unknown to the majority of my readers. According to some authorities, the early education of Paracelsus was much neglected; others say he could not write Latin or German, had but six books in the world, never visited a university, and had not even received a doctor's degree. How comes it, then, that at thirty-three we find him invited to fill a chair at Basle, and already celebrated for the cure of the most dangerous diseases?

It is unnecessary to meet these charges *seriatim*, for any page of his works shows their absurdity. Not one of them but displays a mind saturated with the most curious and varied learning; his own doctrines being founded on a thorough knowledge of the writers who preceded him. The Abbe Fridheim, and the rich Sigismund Frigger, of Schwytz, are known to have been his instructors in alchemy, astrology, and magic.

"From my youth," he says in one of his books, "I laboured as diligently as possible to discover the true source of the holy science of medicine, and to try and learn if it had a right to be called an art or not. Many reasons led me to this search, namely, the uncertainty and danger of the remedies used by doctors, and the fact that not one could be found who could cure even a toothache. I saw these men though full of ignorance, strutting arrogantly in grand cities, and even in the courts of kings, their fingers covered with gold rings and precious stones, and their bodies with purple, yet doing no good to the rich they thus plundered. These things drove me into deeper thought; and I came at last to the opinion that medicine was a mere trick to empty the purse, and that cures arose from faith and chance, and resolved a dozen times to quit the study; but at last resolved to see more of it, distrusting my own opinion and ignorance."

We see already a strong aggressive mind directed by education to science, and fastening more particularly on medicine. The travels of Paracelsus' youth his enemies attributed to a restless, vagabond spirit; and they accuse him of visiting Bohemia, Sweden, and finally the East, as an ambulatory scholar, predicting the future by help of the stars and the lines on the hand, invoking the dead; overrunning Spain, Prussia, Poland, and Hungary, to converse with gossips, doctors, and magicians. They declare he prided himself on not opening a book for ten years.

From his own lips, we hear the restless uncertainty that drove out this young Jason, torn by doubt, and distressed by his discovery of the backwardness and degradation of a profession which he felt it his destiny to embrace. He says:—

"With these intentions I travelled through France, Germany, and Italy, visiting the Universities to hear the doctors' precepts and arguments. Still discontented, I traversed Spain, Portugal, England, Denmark, Poland, Lithuania, Prussia, Hungary, and Transylvania, carefully seeking and conversing not only with doctors and surgeons, but with women and keepers of baths, magi and alchymists, entering monasteries and houses, poor and rich, to learn the best and most valuable remedies.

He descended mines, to talk, by the light of dim lamps stuck in clay, of gnomes and devils that guarded hid treasures; by waking lights, in fishermen's cabins, he listened to the tales of

sirens, and learnt through the grey haze of the rain to discern the indications of the tempest, which he believed to be signs of the devil's presence. Old gossips in charcoal-burners' huts instructed him with what spells to avert witchcraft; woodmen, resting on their axes, told him how the bear, wishing to be bled, pulls down a bees' nest, that they may pierce him with their little poisoned lancets.

He visited camps, and learned to extract arrow-heads and cure gunshot wounds; he healed barons, priests, a goldsmith of Hamburg, and even "a certain queen." He learned all the laws of amulets; and, from jewelers, the occult properties of precious stones: how some gems guard men from the bite of snakes, and others from the deadliest poison. He began to distil, sublime, and extract subtle juices from leaves and flowers, to draw the arcanum from human blood. From burghers in dim old cities he was taught all means of preserving wine, and cheese, and perishable things; and began to discern that all nature was a great laboratory. The very universe seemed to him now the mere result of certain processes of sublimation, solution, calcination, and tincture.

Surgery and chemistry, with their tangible results, yet mysterious results, he understood and delighted in; but medicine seeming still uncertain theory and pure chance—indeed, as he angrily calls it, "a diabolical illusion"—the young fierce student had resolved to abandon it for ever. A chance circumstance, which to men of less fervid imagination would have attracted no attention, decided him to abandon this project. Christ's words: "the whole have no need of a physician, but the sick," fell one day upon his ear like a voice from heaven. A light shone upon him, and he began to consider that the art was really, if rightly understood, firm, certain, and fixed; and that no cure could happen by the help of mere chance, or by means of superstition and the devil.

He then read all the books he could meet with on the subject, and discovered that the doctors had never yet found the real source of truth, not understanding what they taught in the schools, or what they administered; being eaten up with pride and ambi-



tion, and indeed being, as he flouts in their teeth, mere "whited walls." Hoping not to free the old from their errors, and proud of his discovery—  
anxious to lead the young to truth, the reformer started on his career, his path as full of hissing vipers, croaking frogs, and barking curs, as ever was the road of an allegorical knight.

He asserted that the physician was a servant of God, and was bound to do his work from charity and love, and not for riches. Chemistry and astrology were the columns that supported it. In seven books of defences, he attacked the false doctors, his enemies, with reproach and sarcasm. He says they are mealy-mouthed babblers, only desiring gold and popularity, hiding truth by a subtle jargon, slanderers, and full of intolerable malice.

Affecting plain rude speech adapted to the people, Paracelsus derided the rhetoric of the doctors, and their poetical receipts. The doctor's tongue could not cure, and he did not care for wheedling compliments and mean flatteries.

He introduced simple forms of receipts and used fewer ingredients, much to the annoyance of the apothecaries, whose drawers remained full. He also invented new and better-defined names for diseases and for medicines, and referred proudly to his cures as a proof of his knowledge. His arguments are of eternal efficacy against the Confucian maxims of unenlightened conservatism. Everything, he said, changed—the sky, the sea, the earth; and to-day was not as yesterday. Changes of manners, and increase of population, produced fresh diseases; and on all new discoveries he claimed a right to confer accurate and closely-defined names. For fools, he left it to determine the sizes of galley-pots, and the question of whether the antepenultima in paralysis was long or short.

When they called out that this man was a cheat, who used poisons and corrosives, he asked which was the poison—the medicine that cured or that which killed. He showed that anything used in excess is a poison, and denied that God had created anything entirely evil. He reminded them that God was at once the medicine and the doctor, and that drugs did neither good nor evil without his

permission. When they accused him of prescribing vitriol, he sneered at their mercurial ointments, and defied them to deny that in his medicines the bad was separated from the good by chemical purifications.

To acquire knowledge he travelled again over all parts of Europe, conversing with barbers and old nurses, and craftsmen of all grades, learning secrets of the pulse and symptoms of diseases, local or general. All his life, indeed, he acquired the name of a vagabond from this restless desire of practical and tangible knowledge. For art and natural beauty he cared nothing: scraped the Venus de Medici, perhaps, to see the character of the marble, and observing the Apollo, to see if it contained the right number of muscles. No man, he said, was ever well educated at home; arts, sciences, were local and antagonistic, and Truth was a virgin who must be visited and wooed in her own habitation. Printing was still young, we must remember, and books of travels scarce and inaccurate. For what Paracelsus wanted there was no book much more modern than Pliny's great encyclopædia. As diseases migrated, and medicines were affected by climate, it was necessary to observe and watch them in their own countries. "I knew," he said, "if I left any place unvisited I should be unworthy of the name of Theophrastus." Observation strengthened his belief, evolved his knowledge, and verified his reading. He despised the bad person who would not share his sweat and danger for the common good. They looked upon him as a robust madman, pursuing a vision and abusing all who would not follow him. They did not see that the doctor had any mission but to make money; that he was intended to advance science they did not acknowledge, much less that mere drudging and money-making was shameful and degrading. They hated the restless reformer, who would not let things be.

"Arts," he said, "have no feet, and are not winged: they travel slowly from one country to another. The true philosopher must verify what he reads, and learning must be sought out and not waited for." To illustrate his opinion Paracelsus uses a clever simile: "The food of one must," he says, "come from many

countries: our figs from this place, our wines from another, our salt from a third: so must mental food be sought and carefully collected; manners must be observed in their own countries, and the differences of things observed and compared. The chemist is bound to visit mineral countries, and observe the matrix of ores, and converse with those who spend their lives in mining."

He desires those who are not afraid to relinquish ease, to imitate him, hoping that whatever toil, dangers, miseries, or fatigue he had met with

from his ardour for knowledge in many varied pilgrimages, may be set down to his honour. Then he grows the despiser of dogma, the innovator, and the original thinker, as he continues:—

"For I testify in this to the face of nature, that *he who wishes to be learned must tread books under his feet*. Petty arts may be contained in books, but the book of nature is broad as the sky and wide as the sea, and every country is a leaf, and to be wise we must turn over many leaves of this great code."

### COMMERCE, INDUSTRY, AND SPECULATION IN FRANCE

PARIS is the city of the world's festival. Through the stately avenue of the Champs Elysées, around that beautiful monument of the Arc de Triomphe, and on into the pleasant umbrage and beside the sunny waters of the Bois de Boulogne, daily streams a dazzling flood of costly equipages. And a few months have sufficed to change that once sombre wood, that neighbours the sovereign city, into a paradise of green alleys and silver lakes. Among the monuments of national achievement rise and fall the columns of colossal fountains. And when night descends over Paris, it is as a masquer to a carnival she comes: the silence is sweetened with music; the darkness is constellated with lamps. For the grisette and the "petit boutiquier" there are the "cafés chantants" and the "Château des Fleurs," whilst in the palaces of the Ministers of State (for nothing less than palaces are the French official residences), the politics of Europe are whispered over carpets the most costly, among flowers the most exotic, and in an atmosphere magical with the enchantments of taste and the miracles of wealth. Yet, the stranger who pauses under that sombre column in the Place Vendôme, will not need that the shadow should run very far back on the dial of time to recall an epoch when those holiday streets resounded with the roar of cannon, and reddened with the blood of enthusiastic youth. Then, at those windows where they are now hanging lamps to celebrate the birthday of an Emperor,

the apparition of a human face was followed by a volley of musketry and the cry of "Live the Republic." Then, where the gay cuirassier now caracoles about the carriage of an autocrat, heavily passed the tumbril with dying men, who stretched their arms to receive the blessing of an Archbishop of Paris.

But of Paris it is yet possible to remember, that in the year 1848 a very audible and desperate demand was made by the French people for a National Soul. In their capital the failure of that demand has been obliterated in a sensuous reaction to the pursuit and enjoyment of material things. That which to-day appears exclusively to occupy the mind of the most intelligent people in Europe is, the making and spending of money. In France, the dead must bury their dead, and the future take heed for itself. Whether the sibyl of the soul be altogether, indeed, a myth, or whether she may yet one day return upon the scene with increased menace and augmented claims, is a question which fortunately neither our readers nor ourselves are called upon to answer.

Meanwhile, we propose to examine the actual development of this material life in France.

London is the vast capital of the greatest commercial empire in the world; but whoever is prompted by business or curiosity to visit the spot on which all the great transactions of England are effected, will, perhaps, be surprised to find himself in a building so little commensurate in appearance

with the wealth represented beneath its roof. In Paris, on the contrary, if you visit the Bourse, you will find yourself within one of the most splendid temples ever erected to Fortune. There dwells, hundred-headed, and hundred-handed, the mighty genius of Speculation. Here, he performs his miracles, devours his victims, and summons his worshippers from every class.

It cannot be doubted, that France is an agricultural rather than a commercial country; and the disadvantages to which Industry in France has for long been subjected have existed, less in the scarcity of coal and iron, than in deficiency of capital and inactivity of enterprise. Every one knows that the immense actual bustle of investment in France is of recent origin. A few years ago, many of the Departments were almost wholly ignorant of the producing and consuming power of those whom they now regard as their neighbours. Cultivation was stagnant, and manufactures totally unbenefited by the knowledge, not alone of what was taking place elsewhere in Europe, but even in France itself. The financial and mercantile returns published by successive governments, remained buried in the Provincial Libraries, and the public funds, were left undisputed to the capitalists of Paris. Popular investments consisted in burying coin in an earthen pot, or lending money on mortgage; the notary everywhere in the Departments usurped the place of broker and banker; and the legal expenses of small investments reduced the agricultural proprietor to the inability of improving either his land or his capital.

It was not till after the year 1848 that even the Bank of France began really to correspond to the title which it bears. Before that period, its discount operations were almost exclusively confined to the capital. The Banque d'Escompte was born under the Provisional Government; and although the Republic perished of hemorrhage, its posthumous offspring has since contrived to maintain existence under somewhat difficult circumstances. The Crédit Foncier, the Crédit Mobilier, and all the great joint stock companies of France are of yet later birth.

The present ruler of France was

the first to charm the inanimate capital of the country forth from the holes and corners in which it had lurked. The wand of the wizard was the celebrated Imperial National Loan.

In the year 1854, the war in the Crimea rendered necessary a loan of 250 million francs, which was thrown open to national subscription; the three per cents. at 65.25; the four and a-half per cents. at 92.50. In January 1855, a further loan of 500 millions was subscribed for the same cause, and in the same manner; the three per cents. at 65.25; the four and a-half at 92. In July, 1855, 750 millions were again realized by a similar mode of subscription at the like rates. It was in this form that the Imperial Government appealed to the nation for hostages to its own security, and the call was responded to with an animation almost electrical. The Bureaux de Souscriptions at Paris were daily thronged before they opened, and in the Departments, the doors of the government official were besieged by crowds of agricultural subscribers, who brought their money in bags and stockings, and were ignorant of the mode of subscription.

On the first of these three loans, 467 millions were offered by 98,000 subscribers. On the second loan of 500 millions, no less a sum than two milliards, 175 millions was represented by 177,000 subscribers; of which sum about 300 millions was subscribed from abroad. The third loan of 750 millions evoked an offer of 3,652,591,985 frcs. from 316,864 subscribers; 600 millions from abroad; 1,119 millions from the Departments. But it is important to know that the Crédit Mobilier Company alone subscribed to this loan on its account 250 millions; and a few days later 375, partly in its own name, and partly from England and the German States. These facts must be taken in modification of the apparent marvel; but what is really suggestive is the marked and increasing preference given to the three per cents. over the four and a-half per cents. It is notorious that the fluctuating nature of the former funds renders them the favourite market for *speculation*, notwithstanding the fact that the four and a-half per cents. are, *per se*, more remunerative. What, then, must be thought of the circumstance, that on the first of these loans, the demand

for three per cents. did not entirely double that of the four and a-half per cents. ; that on the second loan, the former actually quintupled the latter, whilst on the third, the three per cent. scrip exceeded that of the four per cents. sevenfold? Assuredly, it must be concluded, that in the space of sixteen months, the spirit of speculation had increased almost incredibly. The fact is, that the small capitalist, who had only a thousand francs to dispose of, did not hesitate to hold scrip representing seven times that amount, in the conviction that before the second period for payment arrived, he would be able to sell it at premium, and pocket the difference. Hence the favour shown to the three per cents. The French, a remarkably intelligent people, are not slow to learn any lesson in which the pocket is concerned. Under the circumstances just noticed, the prospects of sale were too advantageous to leave many buyers in the market, and it is not surprising, therefore, that each term of payment was followed by executions.

It would be superfluous to point out that in a country such as England, where capital is already invested, a Government loan based on a system similar to that which we have described would prove a pernicious failure. For either its effect would be to displace capital already in employment, by attracting the same to itself, and thus shake existing investments, or else capital would be too strongly lodged to answer the government summons with alacrity; and in that case, as the success of such a loan must depend on the rapidity with which its scrip can be disposed of, the project would come to the ground.

To France, however, the conversion of dead savings into national capital, could not be attended with such danger; and when we are startled by the recent high pressure locomotion of capital in that country, it is only fair to bear in mind, that this is taking place in a field of unusual extent and fertility, hitherto almost uncultivated, and under conditions far more favourable, and less perilous on the whole, than could possibly exist where the producing power had been previously worked by the operations of commerce, and the activity of capital, had arrived at its almost reasonable limits. That

which is to be reprehended in the present state of things in France is, the dangerous rapidity with which new companies, of a comparatively irresponsible character, are being formed, and the system of share gambling which is daily on the increase.

Most of the great trunk-lines of railway in France were set on foot by English capital, but their remunerative capabilities soon made them popular French investments. It is, however, as reversionary national property that they are most worthy of attention.

The French railway system arose under conditions, in many respects more favourable than those which presided over the birth and growth of our own; and it has recently been improved by the fusion of the several companies into groups, an arrangement which increases the efficiency, and diminishes the working expense of the various lines.

Up to the end of 1847, the whole length of the concessions made in France to railway undertakings was 2,940 miles; of which 1,142 were open. In 1852, a great development took place, aided by loans and subventions from Government. The loans amounted in value to £2,350,000; the subventions to £36,176,350; besides local subventions reaching £1,116,000. The State, moreover, gave its guarantee on a capital of £62,189,800; the interest secured being £2,452,112.

At present, twenty-four railway companies only exist in France, of which eight hold nineteen-twentieths of the entire system. Their capital is equivalent to about £47,200,000; and their expenditure to £120,000,000; the balance being raised by obligations redeemable by annual drawings within a given period. In return for its assistance, the State has a share in the profits of 3,529 miles of line. At the expiration of the concessions granted, the lines revert to the State; and although the period of that reversion is yet remote, it nevertheless represents a property which assumes, with every year, an increasing value; not alone from the abbreviation of time, but also from the increase of traffic and consequent progress of the revenue ultimately to be derived therefrom.

In considering the national debt of

France, therefore, the French railways may be esteemed as a sort of sinking-fund for a very large proportion of the debt; and one, indeed, of which the action would appear more extensive and more certain than that of the *Caisse d'Amortissement*, especially charged with its redemption. This will be perceived more clearly, when we state, that the funded debt of France, exclusive of terminable annuities, is now equivalent to £271,125,000; and that the total cost of the existing system of railways, according to recent estimation, equals £146,000,000; of which about £120,000,000 has already been expended. At the end of 1855, one half of the total mileage was not yet in operation, yet the gross receipts exceeded the total charge of the funded debt; and in the ultimate development of traffic, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that these receipts will yet more closely correspond to the sum chargeable to the nation on the interest of its debt.

Let us now look to those commercial institutions which stand in relation to industry and capital, and from the action of which we may reasonably deduce much of this extraordinary development.

To Monsieur Eugene Forcade we are indebted for a lucid and clearly connected picture of the existing state of commercial institutions in France. In a series of remarkable essays which first appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, about two years ago, he has with great candour and discrimination reviewed the mechanism and operation of these societies. Monsieur Prudhon's book is written from a point of view peculiar to himself; but although unassuming enough in form and title (it is nominally indeed a mere Commercial Grade), it is, nevertheless, sufficiently characterized by that caustic and incisive penetration, and that vigorous grasp of subject in which, however dogmatic and erroneous the opinions of its author, his style is never deficient.

Before proceeding, however, to the consideration of the French joint-stock companies, a few words upon the Bank of France will not be beside the subject.

In 1808, the Bank of France opened counting-houses at Lyons and Rouen, and two years later at Lille. But these establishments were soon closed

for want of business. Under the monarchy of 1830, similar attempts were made with better success; and at the outbreak of the revolution of 1848, the Bank of France had branches in fifteen towns of secondary importance. Besides these establishments there existed independent local banks in the nine principal towns. But the confusion which was occasioned by the different origin of the notes, of which the forced currency was decreed by the republican government, soon rendered necessary the incorporation of all the local banks with the Bank of France; and as since that period the Bank has established fourteen new branch offices, the whole commercial credit of the country may be fairly said to be conducted by a single establishment, viz.: the Bank of France, supported by thirty-eight branches.

A single fact will illustrate the commercial advantages derived from the establishment of the Branch Counting-houses of the Central National Bank.

The exportation of specie is only a momentary displacement of the precious metals, which in time are sure to return by the natural channels to their original places. Time, therefore, is of the utmost importance for the preservation of credit in commercial intercourse. In France, for example, certain large purchases, after the wool shearing and silk spinning seasons, annually occasion the transfer and accumulation, within certain localities, of large sums of specie. These sums, once disposed of by the purchasers, are returned by the producers (who become purchasers in their turn), and thus arrive at last at their starting place.

In Lyons, in the months of May and June, large sums of money are sent into Italy for the purchase of raw silks. Previous to the present system, the Bank of Lyons did not indeed raise the rate of interest, which it had invariably fixed at three per cent.; but it established a daily maximum of sums to be discounted; in the course of which it went so far as only to admit a 100,000 francs upon bordsaux of four and five millions: and as these admissions were made on the pro-rata of the sums presented, it happened that many of the greater houses absorbed to themselves, by the large figure of their presentations,

the whole of the maximum established by the Bank. This restrictive system would have been fatal to the industry of Lyons, had it not found in the Bank of France, represented by its branch counting-house at St. Etienne, a liberal and intelligent succour. This establishment discounted at a rate of four per cent. upon Lyonesse securities to an unlimited amount; and thus enabled the Lyonesse manufacturer to purchase his raw silks in Italy. A few months afterwards, Lyons exported these silks in a woven form, and restored to France, with usury, the amount of specie of which the country had been momentarily deprived.

We now come to the consideration of commercial institutions existing in more independent relations to the State, and representing the combinations of private capital. Institutions of this nature are generally included under the French term, *Sociétés Anonymes*, which we may translate as joint-stock companies. Of these, the first which attracts notice, since it was the first in period of creation, is the—

*Banque d'Escompte*, or Bank of Exchange. The Bank of France very properly only discounts bills to which three signatures are attached. The bearer of a bill representing commercial securities, can in the first instance only present two signatures, viz.:—that of the person who has drawn the bill, if it be a draft to order, or of the person who has accepted it, if it be a bill of exchange, and that of the person to whose credit the bill has been drawn or accepted. To become convertible the bill must therefore undergo a third process: it must be transferred by the merchant who has received it in payment of goods sold, or by the first bearer of the bill, to a third and intermediate party for further signature. The natural intermediaries in this case are the Bankers, who by attaching to the bill their own signature, can easily obtain its realization in the Bank of France. But as innumerable reasons may at any time induce the Bankers (who have perhaps other employment for the credit at their disposal), either to decline discounting the bills thus presented to them, or to do so at very high prices, the merchant is exposed to vast inconvenience, and it is evident that some readier mechanism

was necessary to supply the deficiency created by the chasm thus existing between the Bank on the one side, and Production and Exchange on the other.

It was under the reign of Louis Philippe that establishments intended to act in this direction were first formed in France. Shortly after their creation, however, they began to extend the sphere of their operations beyond this object; and in pursuing that course, a great portion of their resources become necessarily distributed in shares for various industrial enterprises; so that their capital was no longer readily disposable. The consequence of this was, that when the sudden outbreak of the Revolution of 1848 occasioned on all sides immediate applications for repayment by those who had temporarily deposited money, those banks whose resources had been converted into values, which the same political crisis rendered no longer capable of realization, or at least, subjected to an enormous depreciation, were universally compelled to suspend payment. The Provisional Government found it necessary to attempt the remedy of this disaster, by a decree, enacting the creation of Banks of Exchange in all the principal commercial towns of France. But it was not unnatural that at a moment when the whole operation of credit was paralysed throughout France, and capital had suddenly slunk as it were out of circulation, private individuals should shrink from encountering the serious responsibility involved in commercial associations, such as those which had just ruined many of the most prominent capitalists of the country. It was impossible, therefore, to count on private individuals taking the initiative to supply the necessary resources for the formation of the new banks. The assistance of the State was imperative. It was necessary, at the same time, in order to render these undertakings feasible, that they should be of the nature of joint-stock companies; since in France the chief responsibility of a *société anonyme* rests with the managing committee, that of the shareholder being confined to the capital represented by his shares. The Provisional Government finally settled, therefore, that the capital should be provided

for these banks in the following manner:—

1. One-third in money to be subscribed by the shareholders.

2. One-third in local securities by the towns in which the banks were to be established.

3. One-third to be furnished by the State in Treasury Bonds.

It was on this basis, that by a decree of the 8th of March, 1848, which exceptionally exempted it from the authority of the Council of State (Conseil d'Etat) "the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris," or Paris Bank of Exchange (whose operations have since that period become so extensive and important), first rose into a very modest, and for a long time, precarious existence. It would exceed the purpose we have in view, were we to follow, in detail, the struggles of that existence; the subsequent establishment of its local secondary banks, or "Sous-comptoirs;" and of its commercial magazines, "*magasins generaux*," for the transfer and evaluation of merchandise, under a system equivalent to that of the English dock-warrants; nor shall we enter into a narration of the various expedients by which its duration was prolonged till the year 1852, when, with a capital exceeding twenty millions—which has since risen to forty millions—it succeeded in extending its influence wherever the increasing commercial activity of France appeared to demand it. We must not, however, omit to mention, that by the law of the 10th of June, 1853, the abnormal constitution of this establishment, whereby it was exempted from all control by the State, while at the same time the State was security for one-third of its capital, was justly modified by the Imperial Government, and the State and city obligations withdrawn from the fundamental capital of the bank, which was thus reduced to twenty millions, the amount originally fixed.

Notwithstanding its present prosperity, any sudden crisis, similar to that of 1848, would be inevitably fatal to this institution. The reason why may be explained in a few words. At such a crisis this bank would find itself exposed, like its predecessors, to a sudden call for repayment on all the current accounts. This repayment could only be effected by pre-

senting at the Bank of France the securities held in its archives by the Comptoir d'Escompte. These securities, however, exist for the most part in loans upon merchandise and similar vouchers; and at such a moment values of such a bond would be thrown out of the course of exchange. These securities, therefore, could neither be realized nor disposed of, except at such a loss as seriously to affect the capital of the Bank.

The *Société du Credit Foncier* was founded on the 30th July, 1852, for a term of ninety-nine years, with a capital of sixty millions of francs, divided into 120,000 shares of 500 francs each. This company has been especially founded with a view to promote the interests of agriculture; but before we examine the mode of its operation, it will be well to regard the elements out of which it has arisen, and the necessities which it is intended to meet.

All commercial operations, having for their object the transfer of produce or the distribution of capital, are of a character essentially *productive*. But in order to effect the rapid subdivision and diffusion of capital, it is necessary that capital should be endowed with a certain faculty of displacement, and a certain activity of movement; to use a French term, that capital should be capable of *mobilisation*. To infuse into capital this faculty is the prime object of *speculation*.

The most ancient and elementary form which we find assumed by the migration of capital is that of the loan on mortgage or pledge; the lease on rent or chattel. In the course of subsequent development we have the contract on the gross, the Bill of Exchange, and the discount operations of Banks. The joint-stock system is the last and most powerful mechanism for effecting the contact and diffusion of commercial values.

In former days, and in accordance with the limitations of early commercial intercourse, the loan of money was a personal transaction between individuals, in which the chief guarantee to the lender for the security of his capital, existed in the good faith and substance of the borrower. The delay, the caution, the personal investigations, we may add the personal morality, necessary for such

transactions could not but be intolerable to the restless spirit of speculation. Moreover, the perils which thus necessarily attended the displacement of capital, and the consequent reluctance to investment, occasioned and maintained a usurious rate of interest. The trade of the usurer was covered with the contempt of those by whose suffering it was rendered remunerative. Contempt annihilated competition with all its beneficent humanities. The lending of money was thus relinquished, as an unenviable monopoly, to the hands of aliens; and the feudal Prince and Baron were constrained to pay for their scorn of the Jew and the Lombard, at a percentage sufficient certainly to have rendered charity the best policy.

As commerce and intelligence expand, the person vanishes; the thing alone, remains. It has been found, that capital placed in certain situations is capable of attracting capital from other regions; and that the augmentation of the capital thus attracted, is guaranteed by the laws which produce the attraction.

The old mortgage, or "*prêt-hypothécaire*," recoverable at long periods of time, which, until within a very recent period, was the only resource open in France to the agriculturist in want of capital, is now an investment only sought by the small landowner who abandons all idea of increasing his capital; or who, speculating in some remote province on the ignorance and misery of the peasant, makes his investment at an interest, the invaluation of which is in proportion to the immovable nature of the debt.

The "*Société du Crédit Foncier*," by substituting for the old form of individual and personal credit that of a general association whose obligations are capable of being negotiated at any moment, has superseded, in principle at least, the old system of usury, and converted the immovable pledge of the old mortgage into an instrument for the nimble movement of capital.

We have already stated, that the capital of this company, which is sixty millions of francs, is divided into 120,000 shares of 500 francs each; of these, however, no more than 60,000 had been issued up to the middle of the present year, of which 250 francs only had been paid up. Until the com-

plete payment of the shares provisional certificates are issued, which are acquirable by transfer. The original subscriber and his cessionaries are bound for the full payment of the share. The definitive value is payable to the bearer. The shareholders are only liable to the amount of their subscription.

The general assembly is composed of 200 of the largest shareholders, of which the list is closed twenty days before the convocation of the assembly. Forty shares entitle the holder to a voice. On the net benefit five per cent. is assigned to the shareholder, twenty per cent. to the reserve fund, until such time as it shall amount to half the capital subscribed. This fund is destined to provide against unforeseen circumstances, and for the payment of a dividend of five per cent., so as to make up the difference, in case of the failure of the profits of any given year. There is, further, a "*fonds de prévoyance*," destined to compensate in a certain number of years the original expenses of establishment. The surplus is distributed in dividends. In 1852, a subvention of ten millions of francs was accorded to the company by the State.

With its capital of sixty millions the company is empowered to make loans to the extent of 1,200 millions. Of necessity, therefore, the company must itself be a borrower.

The Credit Foncier is, in fact, no more than an intermediary between the borrower on mortgage and the capitalist, as the Credit Mobilier is an intermediary between the capitalist and the operative. Those who hold the obligations of the company have as guarantee the sums subscribed by the owners of immovable property, and the capital realized upon the shares. As the loans on mortgage never exceed in value the half of the property on which they are raised, repayment is sufficiently secured. The object of this company is humane and civilizing, since it is directed towards affording to the cultivation of the land (that prime source of all wealth) the supplementary capital which is necessary for its improvement. Yet the Credit Foncier has hitherto effected but little substantial benefit for agriculture, and the company itself does not flourish.

Why is this? Because it offers to



capitalists the safest and steadiest investment that could be expected from any similar association. This reason may appear paradoxical; but we firmly believe it to be correct. *Credimus quia impossibile.* "The Beotians of the Bourse," says M. Prudhon, "ever prefer to lose 100 francs on a share in the *Palais de l'Industrie*, bought at 170, and fallen to 70 francs, for this simple reason—that others have had the good luck of a premium of from 50 to 60 francs on the same scrip!"

In 1854, a decree of the 6th July ordained the incorporation of the *Credit Foncier* with the state—doubtless in the hope that the young speculation, when removed from that keen atmosphere of competition in which it had hitherto drooped, might flourish in the hotbed of government protection. By the terms of this arrangement the company is empowered by the state to make loans in whatever disposable cash it may possess, or be able to procure, and at such dates and on such terms as it can obtain; and the notion has been thrown out that these loans may by-and-bye come to be effected in simple promissory notes. Upon this suggestion Mr. Prudhon descends with beak and talon, observing that if carried out it would only need one step further—a forced currency—to identify the system with that of the assignats of former days.

The company, according to its statutes, effects loans under two distinct categories—the first, payable at long dates by cumulative annuities, such as to redeem the debt within ten years at soonest, and sixty years at latest; the second, payable at short dates, without mortmain. These loans may be effected either in cash or in obligations representing fixed capital, or else in promissory notes.

The general principle of terminable annuities is one at present so popular, not alone in France, but also in our own country, that those who are opposed to it must be content to find themselves in a minority. Nevertheless, it is worth while to inquire what becomes of capital already disposed of the moment it ceases to be represented by interest; and if it must be admitted that such capital has no longer any existence, nominal or real, may we not reasonably doubt whether, on the one

hand, it be sound policy to reduce the burthens on a state by annihilating any portion of national capital; or whether, on the other hand, it be sound morality to induce individuals, for the sake of unusually high interest during a lifetime, or for a limited period, to dissipate any portion of that wealth which is destined by all natural laws to survive the hands in which it may be immediately lodged, and which is, therefore, as much a trust as a possession?

In reviewing the operation of the *Credit Foncier* in France, the question may be fairly entertained (and it is one which M. Prudhon has urged with great distinctness) whether property in that country be not in greater need of commercial credit than of that lengthened credit accorded by this institution; and whether, in that case, instead of accumulating interest on mortmain, it would not be more efficacious to organize a system whereby the repayment of the debt should represent merely the debt itself, augmented only by a premium, the magnitude of which should be reducible by the very magnitude of the company making the loan, and the extent and variety of the affairs conducted by it. What, in fact, would be the effect of a general circulating and discount bank appropriated to agriculture?

The reader of the preceding observations has now before him a sketch of the general construction of two of the principal commercial institutions in France. There remains to be noticed a third, and a yet more important—the *Credit Mobilier*.

When this institution was founded all the world was asking—what did it mean?—what were its objects?—what would be the nature and result of its operation?

These questions received the most conflicting answers.

What does it mean? The most beneficent assistance to commerce, said some. The most gigantic gambling-house ever established, said others.

Its objects? To favour industry, promote the necessary circulation of capital, and develop the healthful activity of commercial enterprise, exclaimed Messieurs Péreire and Fould. Its object is to pillage the public fool, and fill the pockets of those who have founded it on that speculation; the

profits will be for the directors; the losses for the shareholders, responded M. Prudhon and others.

Its operation? To facilitate investment, and promote industrial undertakings, asserted the founders and their friends. *Hausse* and *baisse*, *agistage*, share-gambling, and national immorality, reiterated their opponents.\*

And all the world knows that immediately the shares of the company were demanded at a premium; and that at one moment they rose from 500 francs, of which 200 only had been paid, to a figure no less than 1,800 francs!

All the world is equally aware that the reason of this miraculous movement is to be found in the distinguished financial names that compose the list of founders:—MM. E. Péreire, J. Péreire, Bernoit Fould, Adolphe Ecclétal, Ernest André, Baron Seillière, Henri de Noailles, Duc de Mouchy, Duc Raphaël de Galliera, Josi Louis de Abarra, Charles Mallet, Gideon Marc des Arts, and others.

Of the two commercial institutions already reviewed, it may be said that their existence is justified by the very operations which they are called upon to conduct, those being an integral part of the existing state of commerce, and which, even were the companies dissolved, would equally find or create an executive. The novel institution, however, which now rises into our notice does not spring into being at the call of a commerce actually existing, but assumes to be itself a creator of commerce. It is, therefore, in its nature essentially a *speculation*.

The hypothesis which formed the origin of the Imperial Loan is essentially the same as that which constitutes the whole basis of the Credit Mobilier, namely, that there exists in France a vast amount of unemployed, and, consequently, unremunerative capital. In short, that industry, not having sufficient influence to attract capital, and capital not possessing suf-

ficient activity to promote industry, the former is forced to languish for want of resources, and the latter to remain sterile for want of investment. The problem which, therefore, arises is, to find means of increasing the facilities for industrial enterprise, by throwing more animation into the circulation of capital, and diminishing the difficulties of ultimately fixing and incorporating it with the operations of industry.

Such being the objects of the Credit Mobilier, it follows that this institution acts simultaneously within two distinct spheres—that is to say, it undertakes, on the one hand, to find the capital; on the other, the investment. Hence, unlike that of either the Credit Foncier, or the Banque d'Escompte, its character is not only intermediary, but also *initiative*.

In order to equalize the value of different and distinct investments, and to unite and agglomerate those separate portions of capital with which it seeks to deal, this company does *not* offer as security for the capital which it invests the shares of the various investments in which that capital may be placed, but the obligations of the company itself. The tendency of its operation is, therefore, to absorb the capital, on the one side, and monopolize the investments, on the other.

The consideration before us, to which we wish to draw the attention of our readers, is—firstly, is the inactivity of capital in France really such as is presumed by the founders of the Credit Mobilier—that is to say, does it exist to an extent sufficiently great to justify the cogent intervention of their company, with a view to the true interests of commerce? And secondly, are the resources at the disposal of the company, and the influence it is capable of commanding, sufficiently large to secure the effectual success of its object without detriment to the natural and necessary order of commercial intercourse? But these questions we must leave for a future paper.

\*1. *Le Speculateur à la Bourse*, par P. J. Prudhon.

2. *Critique sur les Institutions de Credit en France*, par M. E. Forcade.

3. Reports of the Tribunal de Commerce.

4. Official Decrees under the Provisional Government and the Empire, from 1848 to 1857.

5. Statutes of the Society of the Credit Mobilier, &c.

## OUR FOREIGN COURIER.

## NO. IV.

SINCE the publication of our last *Foreign Courier*, we have made it our business to look up divers and sundry works which might give our readers some idea of the condition of popular theology in the modern literature of France. Our expectations when we commenced the task did not, assuredly, run very high; but we confess the attempt has been attended with a failure of which we scarcely anticipated the magnitude. We knew indeed—for it is a truism to which no one can shut his eyes—that it is of the essence of Roman Catholicism to be, as it were, unduly *esoteric* in her teaching, and that her clergy are not over zealous to furnish aids to piety which would in any way supersede or supplant what they believe to be their own legitimate and wholesome influence over the minds of their flocks. It was only reasonable to suppose that the same principle of inculcating deference to the *ipse dixit* of the Church which makes them ordinarily refrain from encouraging among the laity the perusal of the Bible, would not cease to operate in the case of works in the production of which inspiration had had no share. We repeat, however, that we were not prepared to find that this particular field of religious literature was as barren as it confessedly is. We have by our side some twenty volumes of a more or less devotional character which have gone through numerous editions, and enjoy, as we are assured, a very wide circulation; but there is not one of the number to which it would not be an insult to invite the attention of the readers of the *Magazine*, or which has the faintest claim to occupy a place, however obscure, in the national literature of such a country as France. Ill-conceived, and worse written; by turns dry as “Bradshaw’s Railway Guide,” and slip-slop like tracts of the calibre of “Buttons for Believers’ Breeches,” they present the most objectionable

forms of that kind of epileptic religiosity which inflames the passions of women, and enervates the understanding of men. It really pains us to say so; but truth will not allow us to withhold the fact, that the unctuous and passionate rhapsodies of love addressed to the different persons of the Trinity, and to the mother of our Lord, not unfrequently reach a climax which reminds us of nothing so much as some of the worst pages in the most cynical productions of French fiction. Our surprise somewhat vanishes when we find that two of the most popular of these works—there exists a much larger number by the same hand which we have not seen—are from the pen of an *ex-com-mis-voyageur* (!), a class of society not ordinarily remarkable for great elevation of thought, or literary aptitude of expression.

“Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,  
Tempus eget.”

Being thus compelled to relinquish the design we had in hand, by the very dearth of any noteworthy materials wherewith to carry it into execution, we have nothing left us but to invite, a second time, the attention of our readers to the admirable series called the “*Bibliothèque Spirituelle*,” which M. de Sacy is now editing, with a view to supply the desideratum insisted on in the above remarks: a collection, as the editor himself informs us, “où l’on se propose de réunir le *petit* nombre des ouvrages de dévotion qui ne plaisent pas moins aux gens de goût qu’aux personnes pieuses.” When last we noticed this praiseworthy undertaking, the volumes issued were Marillac’s translation of the *De Institutione*, Fénelon’s *Lettres Spirituelles*, and a selection of *Nicole’s Essays*. To these have now been added two volumes of Bossuet’s *Lettres de Piété et de Direction*,\* to which is subjoined

\* *Lettres de Piété et de Direction*, écrites à la sœur Cornuau par Bossuet, suivies du *Traité de la Concupiscence* par le même, et précédées d’une préface par M. Silvestre de Sacy, Membre de l’Académie Française. Paris: Techener, 2 vols. 16mo. 1857.

a small "*Traité de la Concupiscence*." It is worth remarking, as corroborative of what we have said above on the esoteric character of Romish ministrations, that these letters of Fénelon and Bossuet were not intended for publication. They were the fruit of that confidential intercourse which existed between the director or confessor and his spiritual patient. The same remark applies, it should be remembered, to the more famous *Méditations* and *Elévations* of the great Bishop of Meaux, both of which were penned, not for the public, but for the special behoof of conventual establishments; and were only printed after his death. Confining our attention, however, to the volumes last out, we may observe that these letters present an aspect of Bossuet's career and character which is not without some novelty and great interest. With the historian, the orator, and the controversialist—with the profound theologian, and courageous defender of the laws and liberties of the Gallican Church—all who have any degree of acquaintance with the great era he adorned must be more or less familiar; but the idea of Bossuet as a shrewd but tender pastor, ministering sound advice and spiritual consolations to an obscure and rather tiresome old woman, of whom nothing whatever is known beyond the fact that she was Bossuet's correspondent—this, we are persuaded, many persons will find it difficult to reconcile with the notions they have brought away with them from the *Histoire Universelle*, the *Variations*, and the *Oraisons Funébres*. Here the letters are, however, to speak for themselves. On the spirit in which they should be read, we cannot do better than quote M. de Sacy's words in the charming preface prefixed to the letters: "Il faut lire les lettres de Bossuet à la sœur Cornuau comme on lit les Confessions de Saint Augustin. Chacun y trouvera ce qui convient à la tournure de son esprit et à la disposition de son cœur. D'ailleurs qu'on apporte à ces lectures plus ou moins

de foi, toujours est-il certain qu'on se sent meilleur après les avoir lues, pourvu qu'on ait soin d'imposer silence à l'esprit de dénigrement et de raillerie." For our own part, we think there is small room for raillery: for, as the editor remarks, "C'est le bon sens qui éclate à chaque ligne dans ses *Lettres à la sœur Cornuau*." Witness the following piece of plain speaking: "Ne vous occupez pas tant du pur amour. Le marque qu'on l'a, c'est qu'on ne le sait pas. Dès qu'on le sait, on ne l'a plus." a passage overflowing, terse though it be, with keen appreciation of the danger of a purely emotional religion, ever on the alert about feelings, and loath to be up and doing. We cannot, however, afford to dwell any longer on these volumes. On every ground we recommend them most warmly to our readers. They are gems in every sense of the word. On their excellence in a literary and religious point of view, it would be superfluous to insist. They have Bossuet for their author. We may, however, add, that they are got up in a style, as regards paper and print, which is without a parallel in this cheap-and-nasty age of literature. Let us hope that M. de Sacy may give us the *Elévations* and *Méditations* in the same series, notwithstanding what he says to the contrary in his preface.

The next work we have to notice is, like Bossuet's, a collection of letters, and like his, was never intended by the writer for publication. We allude to the letters of Agnès Arnauld, Abbess of Port Royal,\* upwards of seven hundred in number, and ranging from the year 1626 to 1671, though now first given to the world. A year or two ago, Father Ventura, in a work called *La Femme Catholique*, thought it decent to speak of the illustrious Jansenist ladies who adorned the convent of Port Royal as "*des femellettes vaines, légères, impudiques*." The foul slander of this Italian priest who thus makes a stiletto of his pen, never appeared to us so heinous and base as when we arose from the perusal of these volumes. The whole life of

\* *Lettres de la Mère Agnès Arnauld, Abbess of Port-Royal*, publiées sur les Textes Authentiques, avec une Introduction par M. P. Faugère. Paris: Benjamin Duprat, Libraire de l'Institut. London: Williams and Norgate, 1866, 2 vols. 8vo.

Agnès Arnauld—and may we not add, of all the other members of that illustrious family—was one long unremitting effort on behalf of religion and every Christian virtue. Such, at least, is the impression which these letters leave upon our mind. Interesting from the persons to whom they are addressed,—a Pascal, a Saint-Cyran, a Madame de Longueville, and a Madame de Sablé—they are doubly interesting from the grace and quaintness, and tenderness which animate every line. The convent walls within which she had lived from her earliest childhood had not succeeded in shutting out knowledge of the world. The constant manipulation, if we may so speak, of religious difficulties and casuistical dilemmas, seems to have given her a marvellous insight into the deepest recesses of the human heart. Madame de Sablé, it would appear, was a very querulous inmate of Port Royal, and gave the Lady Abbess a great deal of trouble. It is amusing to see the art with which the latter smoothes down the ruffled equanimity of the illustrious penitent. These letters come before us under the best of auspices. The editor is no less a person than M. Faugère, of Pascal notoriety. He seems to have done his work admirably well. The notes are just sufficient to elucidate without incumbering the text. An elegant and sensible preface brings to the fore the peculiar merits and beauties of the letters, which are arranged in chronological order, all but the last 114, which bear no date. A facsimile of Agnès Arnauld's handwriting enhances the interest, and an alphabetical list of her correspondents adds to the usefulness of the publication.

*Apropos* of Port Royal—a corruption, we may remark in passing, of its old name Porrois, from the Latin Porra or Borra, a swampy valley covered with furze—we must not forget to mention that M. Hachette has recently published a complete and compact edition of Pascal's *entire* works of every sort, theological, polemical, and mathematical.\* Pascal's

greatness as a writer is so transcendent, that we are apt to take little or no account of the pre-eminence he reached as a geometer. This edition, *the first complete one published since Bossuet's, in 1779*, may serve to put us in mind of his bifrontal aspect, if we may so speak. The text and many of the notes of the *Pensées* are based on M. Havet's edition. These volumes, however, do not profess to supersede the labours of Havet and Faugère. Their main object is to render accessible to all purses (we wish we could add, all eyes) an exact and complete reproduction of every thing Pascal wrote or was accused of writing—under, the last head we include the "*Factums pour les Curés de Paris.*" The physical and mathematical treatises seem to have been carefully edited by M. Drion, a Professor of Versailles. We are trespassing, however, on the limits of our third section.

As we pass from the seventeenth century of French thought and literature to the eighteenth, we feel as if we were quitting a calm lake, mirroring in its still depths a cloudless sky, and launching our bark upon a troubled storm-tost main. We must not, however, be fainthearted. We could not have a better, trustier pilot than M. Damiron. Many years of close and laborious study have made him a thorough master of the chart—under such auspices, we need not be afraid of running on a treacherous shoal. To drop metaphor, M. Damiron has done excellent service to the history of philosophy, and we might add to the cause of morality, by collecting together a series of very remarkable *études* on the champions of that sensational philosophy which visited France with a kind of moral plague during the eighteenth century.† The particular writers thus passed under review, are as follow:—De La Mettrie, D'Holbach, Diderot, Helvetius, D'Alembert, Saint-Lambert, D'Argens, Naigeon, Maréchal, Delalande, and Robinet. We cannot but consider this publication as singularly opportune. It may open the eyes of the

\* *Œuvres Complètes de Blaise Pascal.* Paris: Hachette, 2 vols. 18mo. 1858. London: Jeffs.

† *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Philosophie au Dix-huitième Siècle*, par Ph. Damiron, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur Honoraire à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris: Ladrangé, 1858, 2 vols. 8vo.

public to the danger and rottenness of certain doctrines now in circulation, and which are utterly subversive of the healthy spiritualism that has characterised French philosophy during the last thirty or forty years. In the eighteenth century Materialist theories begot sensual lives and habits. In the present day, the order is inverted. The degraded moral tone of society incidental to despotism, is now being turned into theory by such writers as Lanfrey and Jourdan. One of M. Damiron's critics has remarked that the lives of these infamous apostles of Atheism and Animalism, were in contradiction with, and far superior to the principles they professed. Yet, are they not thereby justified. Men are too apt to forget that before God they are as responsible for their opinions as for their acts—nay, that opinions are acts, acts more fruitful of results on society at large than the mere conduct of the individual. To each of these *études* M. Damiron prefixes a biographical notice. He then states at length the theories set forth by each of the writers above named, and to this statement appends an elaborate "*appréciation*" by way of antidote. So that alongside of the false gods, we have what the author believes to be the image of the true. It is needless to remark how greatly this enhances the value of the work. *Appropos* of D'Alembert for example, we have an admirable *exposé* of the true condition of human life, in reply to that philosopher's cynical tirades on the abandonment in which man is left by Nature, by his fellow-men, and by God. We have never read an abler theory on the true nature of temptation (as at p. 131—a noble passage) and on the sweet uses of all the trials and sufferings to which flesh is heir. But, alas! such theories command more readily the homage of our lips than of our lives. Then, again, in the "*appréciation*" of the Marquis d'Argens, M. Damiron gives us some excellent pages on Scepticism, Eclecticism—which he neatly designates "*une manière de ne pas philosopher seul*"—and that opposition between the subjective and the objective, the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego*, which forms the pivot round which German Philosophy turns. In

almost every one of these memoirs we meet with substantive essays of a constructive character, which might conveniently be detached from the polemical or narrative portions of the work. What, for example, can be more complete than the Theory of the Beautiful in the memoir on Diderot, and the exquisite discussion on the nature of Love in reply to Helvetius. The latter was a delicate subject to handle; but M. Damiron, with the aid of Bossuet and Fénelon, St. François de Sales, and Sainte Thérèse, has acquitted himself with the highest credit. He could not have brought greater subtlety of feeling, or purity of love, to the consideration of a subject which Helvetius had done his best to bespatter with all the filth of a sense-ridden imagination. We trust we have said sufficient to show the solid value, as well as the interest, which attach to these volumes. It has too often happened that writers on the eighteenth century have confounded under one common ban the pernicious doctrines of the sensational philosophers and the immortal principles of liberty, humanity, and justice, on behalf of which the same century challenged the sympathy of Europe. Into this pitfall, M. Damiron has been careful not to tumble. He separates the gold from the dross, putting the one in vessels, to be kept, and casting the other away; so that while, on the one hand, he is unremitting in stigmatizing the vile and revolting theories of a D'Holbach or a Helvetius, on the other hand, he swerves not from his attachment to those social and political reformers which are identified with the Revolution of 1789. This separation of the political and philosophical aspects of the eighteenth century, is one of M. Damiron's strongest claims on the attention of the public. We only wish that France had many more such professors of philosophy.

The length to which the above work has betrayed us, compels us to deter till a future occasion several publications which figure on our list under the head of theology and philosophy. We have barely room enough left us to say a few words on a little book by M. de la Codre, on Moral Grandeur and Happiness.\*

\* *De la Grandeur Morale et du Bonheur*, par M. de la Codre. Paris: Cherbuliez et Hachette, 1857, 12mo.

The sensationalist abominations which have been laid before us in M. Damiron's book, leave, as it were, such an unpleasant stench behind them, that we recommend the reader to take up M. de la Codre, by way of a pastille or other perfume, to relieve his olfactory nerves. Happiness and moral dignity are the two great ends of life—M. de la Codre endeavours to point out the means by which they may be attained, and the obstacles which have to be overcome on the road. There is nothing very new in all this. But the spirit in which M. de la Codre writes is so excellent, that it imparts a kind of moral beauty to the book which has made us loath to leave it unnoticed. After all, it must be owned that the true art of being happy is the *Art d'être Malheureux*. With regard to the first of the three classes of proofs of the existence of God—metaphysical, cosmological, psychological, we are surprised that M. de la Codre does not appear to be aware that in spite of the outworks which Descartes and Leibnitz threw up to defend the position, Anselm's famous argument is little more than a transparent sophism. The statement—"*L'idée d'être Infinit implique celle d'existence nécessaire*"—begs the whole question at issue. A reality is inferred from an abstraction. The true argument for the existence of God rests on a combination of what M. de la Codre styles the metaphysical and cosmological. *Sed hæc hæc*.

II. What work so fit to head our section of "Politics and Education" as Cicero's treatise *De Republica*?\* M. Villemain has recently given us a new and improved edition of the translation of this work which he first published in 1823, immediately on Cardinal Mai's famous discovery of the palimpsest, which was found to contain about a fourth of the entire treatise: the first and second of the six books into which it was ultimately divided, are all that have come down to us with any thing like completeness. The copious matter he has annexed to his translation, in the shape of a preliminary treatise on the his-

tory, aim, and principles of the *De Republica*, and of supplementary chapters connecting together the fragments of the later books, renders this volume very delightful reading to the general public. We should add, that for the behoof of the scholar, the Latin is given at the foot of the page. M. Villemain is the very man to enter into the spirit of Cicero's masterly exposition of the principles of government, principles of which in the present state of France it is painfully necessary the memory should be revived and the sanctity vindicated. How different must be the feelings with which he now gives his labours to the world, from those by which the young translator was animated in 1823. The battle of constitutional liberty was then being fought in open day, while now its advocates may any moment be the victim of a hireling informer, and sent to ruminate on political theories in foreign lands. If measures of repression are allowed to take their course, the following words of Cicero may find a yet stronger exemplification than heretofore in the state of France: he is speaking, we should observe, of the manner in which despotism is begotten of anarchy—"Ex hoc enim populo indomito, vel potius immani, deligitur, aliquis plerumque dux contra illos, principes, afflictos jam et depulso loco, audax, impurus, consecrans protervè benè sæpè de republicâ meritos, populo gratificans et aliena, etsua." As M. Villemain remarks, in the *Discours Préliminaire*, one of the most curious passages in Cicero's *De Republica* is that in which the Roman orator declares his predilection for a mixed form of government—"æquatum et temperatum ex tribus optimis rerum publicarum modis," in preference to a pure monarchy. M. Villemain's extensive reading enables him to quote sentiments of a precisely similar nature from fragments in Stobæus, and a passage in Polybius, all of which conspire to show that the government under which it is now our inestimable privilege to live in Great Britain was foreshadowed some two thousand years ago, not as Mon-

\* *La République de Cicéron*, traduite d'après le texte découvert par M. Mai, avec un discours préliminaire et des suppléments historiques par M. Villemain, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didier, 8vo., 1858. London: Jeffs.

tesquieu averred, in the woods of Germany, but in the brains of Greek Pythagoreans and historians, and in the burning words of the greatest of Roman orators. We cannot say much of M. Villemain's scholarship. Weighed by a French standard it might be considered much above the average; but France is about half a century behind Great Britain and Germany in classical philology and archæology. Accordingly we find even M. Villemain maintaining his adhesion to views of early Roman history, (p. 147) which have long since been discarded by every scholar out of France. With regard more especially to the Pontifical Annals, it is somewhat amusing to find the opinion as to their antiquity gravely advocated by the editor of that very treatise, which furnished Niebuhr—a name ignored by M. Villemain!!!—with the crowning proof of the justice of his more critical estimate of their work. See *De Rep.* i. 16; a passage of which the editor takes no note. Compare Niebuhr, vol. i. 251 (Hare and Thirlwall's translation). We could point out numerous other flaws of a similar nature, but we must hasten on to other works.

M. Caillet has given us a most elaborate and interesting account of the system of administration in vogue in France under the reign—for reign it might be called—of Cardinal Richelieu.\* Even as a mere work of reference the book would be of great value, as a means of elucidating many an obscure point in the history of France. The author informs us that M. Poirson was the first to do justice to Richelieu's talents as one of the founders of the French administrative system. Voltaire, Griffet, and even Bazin, had all of them treated the great Cardinal, in this respect, with unmerited disdain. The book is divided into sixteen chapters, which embrace, in the fullest detail, every conceivable branch of administration: the central power and its provincial depositories, the three orders of the State, the assemblies of notables, the administration of justice, the feud between Richelieu

and the Parliaments, the organization and ordinances of the police, finance, trade, agriculture, the naval and military power, the University of Paris, and the patronage awarded by Richelieu to science, literature, and art. Such are the principal subjects on which M. Caillet has ferreted out an amount of accurate detail which deserves at our hands a gratitude great in proportion to the enormous research which it must have cost him to collect it together from books, and above all from manuscript sources.

If we may judge from the number of publications which issue from the press—and which figure for the most part in M. Guillaumin's Catalogue—the study of Political Economy has, in theory at least, made considerable way in France during the last few years. Let us observe, in passing, that all who are interested in such subjects will find the Catalogue just named a very useful repository of what the Germans call the "*Litteratur*" of any particular branch of social science. One of the most recent works is a *Traité d'Economie Politique*,† by M. Villiaumé, in two volumes, divided into four books under the following heads:—I. *Principes généraux*, comprising definitions of "capital," "value," and the like; the sophisms of Communism, and the rank occupied by political economy as a science. II. *De la production de la richesse et du crédit*: five chapters in this book on banking will be read with interest and profit in connexion with the recent crisis; though the events of the past year have not borne out the author's eulogiums, in Chapter V., of Scotch banks. III. *De la répartition de la richesse; et de la misère*: this book, of course, treats of wages and profits, of rent, of population and pauperism, of the right to social relief, and of the means, moral and physical combined, of putting down pauperism. IV. *De la consommation de la richesse; et des finances publiques*: in which M. Villiaumé discusses divers and sundry theories of taxation, proposes one of his own, and passes on to the question of public credit, loans, and sinking

\* *De l'Administration en France sous le Ministère du Cardinal de Richelieu*, par J. Caillet. Paris: Didot et Durand, 1857.

† *Nouveau Traité d'Economie Politique*, par M. Villiaumé. Paris: Guillaumin, 2 vols., 1858. London: Nutt.



funds. Strange to say, M. Villiaumé seems quite unconscious of the nature, and, indeed, of the existence of the fallacy in Dr. Price's famous pamphlet, by which Mr. Pitt himself was seduced into adopting the sophism of the Sinking Fund. Among some of the results arrived at by the author we may mention that he advocates the reduction in France of the legal rate of interest; he also insists on the necessity of "la liberté des banques, et la progressive disparition du numéraire dans les échanges, tout en repoussant le papier-monnaie non convertibles." Some clue to his merits as a social physician may be gathered from the fact that he advocates association among the working classes. He calls upon the Government to enact more repressive measures to put down gambling at the Bourse, in order that the tide of capital may not be turned aside from the more legitimate object of agricultural improvements, which he considers to be greatly desiderated in France. He also upholds the principle of Government monopoly in railways. Such are some of the notions advanced in these volumes. The general style of his writing is of the stilted order. He would have done well to remember in numerous passages of his work that calmness is the surest sign of real strength. When a man begins to bluster, we have misgivings as to the sincerity of his confidence in the goodness of his cause.

Vastly superior to M. Villiaumé's work is Roscher's "Principles of Political Economy."\* It is to consist of four volumes, each of which will form a substantive work. The second edition of the first volume is now before us. We should mention, for the benefit of those to whom German is caviar, that a French translation of this volume is to be had at Guillaumin's. Every inquiry into the nature, and every examination of the aspects of national life, resolve themselves into two classes. We may set out from principles to arrive at facts, or start from the study of facts to arrive at principles. Political economists have ordinarily combined these two

inquiries in different proportions. The one may be called the ideal method; the other the historical or physiological method. It is this last that Roscher adopts: a course in keeping with that bias for historical studies for which he enjoys a high reputation in Germany, and by which he has rendered good service to all readers of Thucydides. His language is that of Dunoyer—"Je n'impose rien, je ne propose même rien: j'expose." This first volume of a work, which is destined, if completed, to create an epoch in the study of political economy, is divided into five books.—I. The production of riches, understanding by riches (Güter) "everything which, by common consent, is considered instrumental to the satisfaction of human wants." II. The circulation of riches. III. The distribution of riches. IV. The consumption of riches. V. Population. This enumeration of mere headings gives, of necessity, a very meagre idea of the merits of a work, which we believe to be of the very highest order. It is all, however, that our limits allow. We can only add that the way in which Roscher traces up historically the different phases and modifications of the component elements of social organization at various periods of the world, gives to the work an interest which renders it unique among all the treatises of Political Economy we have met with. It ought to be translated into English.

*Apropos* of the great agricultural exhibition at Paris, in 1855, M. de Lavergne—known to fame as one of the ablest French writers on rural economy—published a series of articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on Cattle, Agricultural Implements and Products, on Woods and Timber generally, on the Working Classes, and on Free Trade. Many of our readers may be glad to learn that these articles are now collected together in a volume, along with one on the Peace with Russia, and on the Census.† They give very instructive details on the condition of agriculture, &c., in France as compared with

\* *Die Grundlagen der Nationalökonomie*, von W. Roscher. Stuttgart: Cotta, 8vo.; 2te, Auflage. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *L'Agriculture ou la Population*, par M. L. de Lavergne, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Guillaumin, 1857, 18mo. London: Nutt.

other countries. We should recommend our readers to get it, were it only for the sake of having in their library a succinct and intelligent *resumé* of the results of the great Paris Exhibition, with reference to the particular department here treated on. One of the most interesting articles is that on the French Census of 1856. It will be remembered how this subject was discussed in the *Times* last year. M. de Lavergne brings out some very curious facts in his statistical analysis of the Census; among others, the enormous influx of the poorer populations to the large towns; an influx begotten by that feverish appetite for gain, and all those coarse material tastes which are of the essence of despotism. While the general diminution of the population throughout the country was proved by the quinquennial Census of 1856, to have assumed proportions which astounded even those who were least disposed to hold the language of Optimists respecting France, the increase in the population of Paris reached a height wholly without a parallel in the fitful history of that capital. This increase amounted, during the five years, to 305,000 souls, nearly all of which were concentrated about the *banlieue* (of which the population was doubled), and the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Jacques. From 1831 to 1847, that is, more than treble the time, the increase in the population of Paris did not reach so high a figure; and even then it was considered to be in a state of unhealthy plethora. This article of M. Lavergne's seems to have drawn down upon him some very acrimonious attacks on the score of factiousness. His critics, however, get as good as they give.

We conclude this section of our *Foreign Courier* by calling the attention of our readers to a work which cannot, indeed, be called absolutely a recent publication, for the fourth edition now before us bears the date 1856; but still from the insignificant notice it has met with in this country, may, relatively, be called a new work. We allude to Professor Riehl's "*Familie*,"\* which forms the coping-stone, as it were, of the elaborate

edifice which the author had built up on the field of social philosophy in his two previous publications, entitled, "*Land und Leute*" and "*Bürgerliche Gesellschaft*." Of these three works, the last now before us on the "*Family*" is infinitely the best. It is a subject of which the interest is as wide as it is deep. If the sagacity of the author be sometimes tainted by that over-refinement and subtlety which damage the best cause, we feel prepared to concede a large measure of indulgence to these spots upon the sun, when we think of the genial spirit and high moral tone which, from the beginning to the end of the volume, never abandon him. M. Riehl's great object is to trace the various modifications which the "*Family*" has undergone in successive ages, not only as regards its outward composition, but also with reference to its hold, as an institution of God's appointing, upon the hearts and sentiments of nations and individuals. That hold, he believes, and believes with regret, is now unduly relaxed. He considers himself amply rewarded for his labours, if he has succeeded ever so little in restoring it to its rightful place in the affections of his countrymen. He divides his subject into two books—I. "*Man and Wife*;" II. "*House and Family*." The distinction which exists between the sexes gives the lie, he conceives, to all the clamouring for social equality. "He who cannot reduce the man and the woman to oneness of sex should not set himself to reduce the human race to social and political unity and equality." Highly interesting and ingenious are the remarks in the second book on the evidence furnished to the history of the family, by the modifications successively introduced in the prevalence of one class of family and baptismal names over others, and in the composition and distribution of domestic architecture. As is too often the case with some of the best-conceived German books, the "*Familie*" is very slovenly written. It is to be regretted that Germans will not borrow from the French some of that scrupulous attention to elegance of form which is so marked a feature of the best writers in France. A man

\* *Die Familie*, von W. H. Riehl. Stuttgart: Cotta.

has really no right to offend the public and damage his own chances of reaching posterity, by carting out his thoughts on paper like so much rubbish.

III. As we have only one or two scientific publications before us, it is scarcely worth while making them the subject of a separate section; we shall reserve them for a future occasion, and pass on at once to history, and her cognate departments. And here we have the pleasure of announcing to our readers a work which, for the first time, promises to give us what did not cease with Sismondi to be a desideratum, namely, a history of Italy, conceived in a philosophical spirit, as became the disciple and editor of Vico, and executed with all the appliances which an ample erudition and fifteen years' laborious study could command, M. Ferrari's *Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie*\* is deserving the attention of all who take an interest in that unhappy country, which God indeed had made a paradise, but which man has turned into a hell. It is in the dualism of the Guelf and Ghibeline principles—in the antagonism of Pope and Emperor—that the author finds the key to all those fitful events in the history of the Italian Republics, which, without that key, had baffled his research, and bewildered his judgment.

"L'histoire Italienne," he exclaims, "est donc organique, constitutionnelle autant et plus que celle de la diète germanique, ou de la monarchie française ou du parlement anglais, et si elle permet à des milliers de consuls, de podesstats, de sectaires, de tyrans, et de condottieri de multiplier les rebellions et les péripéties, c'est que, dans sa grandeur, elle permet aussi de résumer leur travail dans les deux chefs de la Chrétienté, comme on ramène la fronde à Louis XIV., la ligne aux Bourbons, le prévôt des marchands aux Vallois, les troubles de la reine Blanche à St. Louis, et en général toutes les oppositions au pouvoir supérieur qui les accepte en sacrifiant les opposants à l'imitation de l'humanité tout entière, qui donne la mort à César et la pourpre à Tibère, la croix au

Christ et la tiare aux pontifes."—*Preface*, p. xiv.

The book is written throughout with great spirit. We can forgive some occasional extravagance of thought and language in return for the privilege of being kept awake, which few historians of Italy, before M. Ferrari, have secured to us.

It will not be necessary for us to waste many words upon M. Barante's two volumes of *Études Historiques et Biographiques*.† Any work which bears the name of the illustrious author of the History of the Dukes of Burgundy is sure to meet with a hearty welcome at all hands. After a series of upwards of a dozen biographical sketches of the heroes of La Vendée, we come to a somewhat fuller life of Desaix, one of the most illustrious of the generals who won their laurels, and, we may add, their cypress, in the revolutionary wars of France. The longest notice, however, in the first volume is that on the Comte de St. Priest (pp. 163–301); and well it might be, seeing that his unusually protracted career comprised the last fifty years of the monarchy, the Revolution of 1789, the emigration, and the commencement of the Restoration. No one was better qualified than M. Barante to write the life of this famous minister of Louis XVI.; for not only had he enjoyed the personal acquaintance of M. de St. Priest, he was also furnished by the family with the first rough draught of some memoirs, which death prevented the Comte from completing. General Foy, Gouvion Saint Cyr, and Count Moillien, Napoleon's financier (to take only a few of the remaining *études* of the first volume) are well calculated to sustain the interest raised by previous portions. The chief value, however, of these volumes resides in the *étude* on the Comte de St. Aulaire (ii. p. 19–154). It may be called a history of France during a period of which it is exceedingly difficult, by reason of its too great proximity to our times, to get hold

\* *Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie, ou, Guelfes et Gibelins*, par J. Ferrari. Paris: Didier, tomes i. et ii. (the work will be completed in four volumes—these two bring down the history to the year 1280).

† *Études Historiques et Biographiques*, par M. de Barante. Paris: Didier, 2 vols. 8vo. London: Jeffs.

of any well-written and well-authenticated history. As we read M. Barante's account of the events which gather themselves round the person of the Comte de St. Aulaire we feel as if we heard him conversing with us, and calmly narrating that which his own eyes had seen, and his own ears heard.

Another historian of the Restoration is M. Villemain, whose noble work on Chateaubriand's life, times, and writings has recently been given to the world.\* It will be followed—under the cover of the same general title—by a series of *études* on Burke, Fox, Canning, Lord Grey; and in France, of Lainé, De Serres, General Foy, and Royer Collards. This is the first biography of Chateaubriand which has appeared on a scale at all commensurate with his literary and political importance. It is not easy, however, to say where biography ends and history begins, so neatly are the two interwoven. Unless the reader bear in mind how much it is M. Villemain's habit to dress up the severest strictures in forms of the most polished amenity, he will rise from the perusal of this volume with a far higher opinion of the author of the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* than his biographer is in reality desirous of conveying. He should be equally on the *qui vive* to take in those allusions to the existing state of things in France which give so much zest to almost every page in the volume. The third chapter contains a most exquisite digression—(*apropos* of Chateaubriand's voyage to America, and the impressions he brought back with him of the scenery of that country—broad rivers, interminable forests, and sounding cataracts)—on the reflection, as it were, of the natural world at different periods in the literary productions of different countries. Sympathy for the beauties of nature was largely fostered, as M. Villemain remarks, and as Humboldt has proved more in detail, by the rise of Christianity. In his own country Rousseau was one of the first to impregnate French literature with

a genuine love of the picturesque. Before his time this had rather been simulated than felt—put on instead of being put forth. Another very charming episode is an account of a *causerie de salon* at the house of Madame Duras, in 1824, on the literary merits of Chateaubriand, with more especial reference to the *Martyrs*. It would be an endless task, however, to attempt to enumerate all the beauties and excellencies of a work which will constitute one of M. Villemain's most lasting claims to the admiration of posterity. The remark which he applies to the intimidation which M. Villèle, the minister of Charles X., endeavoured to exercise on the constitutional members of the Chamber, may illustrate the position of M. Villemain and his friends towards the present ruler of France, who finds it no easy task to make their honesty flinch, or their intelligence succumb. "Certes, ce n'était pas le nombre des opposants qui le gênait; c'était seulement la force de leurs principes et l'écho que leur parole avait en France." We shall look anxiously for the remaining volumes of *La Tribune Moderne*.

We now come to a small volume which has a peculiar interest for Irish readers. This will be readily understood when we state that its title is "*Robert Emmet*,"† a name which makes the heart burn within him like a hot potato. The book is published anonymously, but rumour whispers that it is from the pen of a member of a family of an ex-minister of Louis Philippe, which said family is well known to fame in the literary world. This mysterious intimation is a kind of literary rebus which we commend to the sagacity of our readers. The first portion of the problem to be solved is the sex of this anonymous author. On this point we are tossed to and fro on a sea of doubt. Our chief reason for inclining to the notion that the author is a lady rests on the fact, that feminine timidity is the only conceivable reason we can assign for the name not having been affixed to the title—

\* *La Tribune Moderne*; Première Partie. M. de Chateaubriand, sa vie, ses écrits, son influence littéraire et politique sur son temps, par M. Villemain. Paris: Michel Levy, 1858.

† *Robert Emmet*. Paris: Michel Levy; Bibliothèque Contemporaine. London: Jeffs.

page. On the other hand, the political reflections with which the pages of this interesting volume are interspersed savour strongly of the masculine gender. To be brief, we have come to the decision by which we promise to abide till—sunset, that the author of the work is no less, and no greater, a personage than M. Guillaume Guizot, M. Guizot's only surviving son. Those who are not satisfied with this result may try how the Prince de Broglie (son of the Duc de Broglie, and author of the admirable work, "L'Eglise et l'Empire,") fits in with the circumstances of the case. We proceed from the author to the book. If any one has reason to be dissatisfied with the treatment which Robert Emmet meets with at the hands of his biographer, assuredly it is not Ireland. At the present day, indeed, there are, probably, few Englishmen who would hesitate to admit the justice of a great part of the animadversions in which the writer indulges on the conduct of England to the sister isle. We should regret extremely having called attention to this book, if we thought there was any ground for apprehension that its perusal would in any way revive the dead embers of that burning rancour, and acrimony, and passion of every kind, which at the close of the last century inscribed in letters of blood such a melancholy chapter in the annals of the two countries. Of this, however, we hope and believe there is now no serious danger; and, accordingly, we see no reason why full recognition should not be generously made of all the gallantry and noble purposes which animated during his short life, and sustained at the hour of death, the chivalrous heart of Robert Emmet. We cannot refrain from extracting the following passage, which contains an appreciation of Emmet's character:—

"Il a été de son vivant, très-diversement jugé, comme il arrive naturellement à tout homme de parti; peu à peu le temps s'éloignant, et les passions se calmant, on a de plus en plus rendu justice à sa mémoire. Nous avons évoqué et instruit sa cause; c'est au public à décider si l'on doit se ranger contre lui du parti de la destinée. Quel que soit le jugement qu'on porte sur son entreprise, le lecteur pensera, je crois, qu'il y avait chez lui un rare mélange d'heureuses qualités. L'éclat de ses talents, son âme

ingénue et généreuse, l'héroïque délicatesse de son cœur aux prises avec l'épreuve suprême de l'adversité, le rendent digne d'un tendre et respectueux intérêt. Mais l'originalité de cette nature à la fois fine et vigoureuse, consiste surtout dans l'union de la race irlandaise et de la race anglaise; l'ardeur d'imagination et de passion s'alliait en lui à fermenté d'esprit et à la tranquillité d'âme. Intrépide vis-à-vis des puissants de ce monde, compatissant aux faibles et aux opprimés, il appartenait à la race des héros populaires, peut-être l'élite de l'humanité; sorti comme les Grecques, dans l'antiquité, du rang des classes supérieures, ils se prennent de passion pour la cause du peuple et se dévouent à son service . . . . Chef d'une insurrection, Robert Emmet n'avait cependant aucun des vices qu'on reproche quelquefois aux partis révolutionnaires, l'impatience de la règle, la haine des supériorités sociales, l'indifférence quant au choix des moyens . . . . La moralité de cette courte histoire serait peut-être que les jeunes gens feraient mieux, même pour de justes causes de ne se mêler jamais de conspiration. Malheureusement la sagesse des nations dit; si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait: et quand vient l'âge où l'on apprend à se défier des chances du sort, l'ardeur est passée: cette ardeur nécessaire pour risquer ce qu'il faut risquer afin de réussir. Se soumettre aux circonstances est une vertu assurément, si aisée toutefois à pratiquer qu'on n'est guère tenté de l'admirer; mais le mouvement de l'âme qui fait jeter au vent les biens de la vie, et braver la tyrannie au mépris de tous les périls, est aussi une vertu: et de ces deux vertus, laquelle est la plus rare? Une génération tout entière disparaît de la scène du monde, ensevelie dans la poussière du tombeau; quel sort se demande-t-on alors, fut le plus digne d'envie, du jeune homme qui périt à la fleur de l'âge,

'Et meurt même en vaincu, même en butte à l'insulte;

Mais n'ayant pas d'objet des objets de son culte.'

ou de ceux qui, survivant à toutes leurs illusions ont fini par ne plus demander au gouvernement de leur pays qu'une tente pour abriter leur sommeil."—Page 203.

We are sure that our readers will pardon this long extract in consideration of the reflections, at once generous and just, with which it abounds. To the French narrative is appended in English, Washington Irving's Memoir of Miss Curran, entitled, as all our readers are aware, "The Broken Heart." This romantic

aspect of Emmet's career is not indeed neglected by our author; but, we think, that if the writer had been a woman, it would have been brought more prominently to the fore.

M. E. de Suckan has given us a very interesting biographical and literary *étude* on Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the Imperial Philosopher.\* It is divided into three parts:—I. The infancy and youth of Marcus Aurelius, his education and the manners of his time. II. His moral and metaphysical tenets. III. His public and private life. We think M. Suckan would have done well to have inverted the order of the two last sections. The analysis and exposition of the famous *Meditations*, in Section II., is by far the best part of the book. Marcus Aurelius lived in an age when what had been the background of previous systems of philosophy now became the foreground; ethical musings—and the *Meditations* are nothing more—became the makeweight for the absence of that mature vigour which marked the manhood of metaphysical speculation in the hands of a Plato and an Aristotle. Throughout the *Meditations*, it is obvious—and M. Suckan would have done well to call attention to the fact—that their author sets a very low value on inquiries of a purely speculative and strictly philosophical character. With regard to the life and public character of Marcus Aurelius, M. Suckan's hero-worship betrays him into sophistries and extravagances from which we most emphatically dissent. His persecution of the Christians, nothing can excuse; his indulgence towards the profligate and flagitious Faustina, nothing can explain. M. Suckan tells us (p. 236), "*La vie comme le règne de Marc-Aurèle se résume en deux mots: gloire et douleur d'être une exception au milieu d'une époque de décadence.*" We suppose that the conduct of the Imperial Philosopher on the occasions to which we refer must have been prompted by the dire necessity of conforming in some degree to the manners of the time. It is one of the evils of monographs like

the one before us, that their authors look at facts through coloured spectacles. As soon as some ugly blotch shows itself in the moral physiognomy of their hero, they straightway set themselves to prove that it serves to enhance the beauty of the features. Having thus put the reader on his guard against the particular bias of M. Suckan, we have no hesitation in recommending the work to him who wishes to have a full and substantial account of the life and times of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Of still greater interest is the kind of twofold biography† which the same publisher has brought out on the alleged relations between Saint Paul and Seneca. The author is M. Charles Aubertin, and the work is a most able and elaborate refutation of the attempt made a few years ago, by M. Fleury, to win the assent of the public to a modified form of the mediæval tradition of Seneca having known, consorted, and corresponded with the great Apostle of the Gentiles. This modified form may be stated pretty much as follows:—Seneca knew St. Paul in Rome; he spoke and corresponded with him; had read his Epistles, and the Old and New Testament; did not dislike, but did not believe in Christianity; pitied its votaries, but had not the courage to say a word in their favour, or lift a finger in their defence; hesitating between the Gospel and Philosophy, more apprehensive of the anger of the Emperor than solicitous about the good of his soul, Seneca died as he had lived, an unbeliever; and contented himself with copying into his writings the precepts of Christianity without making them the guide of his life. It is easy to conceive how plausibly this theory might be dressed up, so as to invite the homage of readers too lazy to examine facts, and weigh evidence for themselves. This task M. Fleury has executed in the two octavo volumes already referred to. But now comes M. Aubertin, and brings the theory to the searching test of close criticism and vigorous reasoning. No one can lay his

\* *Etude sur Marc-Aurèle; sa vie et sa doctrine*, par E. de Suckan. Paris: Durand, 1857, 8vo.

† *Etude Critique sur les Rapports supposés entre Sénèque et Saint Paul*, par Charles Aubertin. Paris: Durand, 1857, 8vo.

volumedown without being convinced that M. Fleury has infinitely the worst of the argument. The conclusions at which he arrives may be stated as follows:—No father, no writer of the early centuries, mentions either the friendship or the correspondence of Seneca and St. Paul. Up to the middle ages some ambiguous expressions of St. Augustine and St. Jerome are all that we meet with on the subject. With characteristic credulity the middle ages gave implicit faith to a groundless legend, which almost every critic after the sixteenth century has controverted. The history of St. Paul's ministrations in the East, in Greece, and at Rome, precludes the possibility of any such intercourse. An attentive study of Seneca's writings proves that his only masters were anterior or contemporary philosophers, and that he had no acquaintance with the Christian Scriptures, most of which appeared after his death. The collection of letters, evidently apocryphal, which we now possess, is the same as that to which St. Jerome and St. Augustine refer; its composition dates from the fourth century, and from this apocryphal source flow all the traditions we meet with in the middle ages. So that, on the whole, the belief in the Christianity of Seneca, and his intercourse with St. Paul, is destitute of all foundation. M. Aubertin, we repeat, has irrefragably made good his point; but it is needless to state that the few remarks we have here made upon his book give but a very feeble idea of the interesting lines of inquiry which the course of his argument has led him to follow out. We would note especially the able analysis of Seneca's writings. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than the sagacity with which he shows how in those writings casual resemblances with the precepts and doctrines of Apostles and Evangelists have led to unwarrantable inferences on Seneca's acquaintance with the books of the New Testament. The

*Académie Française* awarded a medal to M. Fleury. We trust they will not leave unnoticed the labours of his more successful antagonist.

If every antiquarian were as amusing as M. Carro, the number of votaries to the study of archaeology would be considerably increased. We have seldom read a more entertaining book than the *Voyage chez les Celtes*, to which is subjoined a *Notice sur les monuments Celtiques des environs de Paris*.\* The interest of the volume is much enhanced by numerous illustrations of the Celtic and other remains visited by the author. Some of these give rise to very curious problems, of which not even a plausible solution has yet been offered. Can any of our readers, for example, suggest the meaning of the bas-relief given at page 129, and which is to be seen over a doorway of a church at Pontorson. The subject is a man standing up, with arms a-kimbo, and by his side is a bird as big as himself, and apparently meditating a bite at the man's throat. Of the Celtic remains in the neighbourhood of Paris, which are more numerous than we supposed, several seem to have escaped the observation even of antiquarians as zealous and as well-informed as M. Merinée. The concluding pages of M. Carro's work are filled with some very beautiful, and not less shrewd reflections on the state of civilization, of which these Celtic remains are the outward signs. To Irish scholars, the book, we conceive, will be peculiarly valuable.

IV. We had long been waiting anxiously for the new edition of his work on French synonyms, which M. Guizot is understood to be preparing for the press. Our impatience, however, is considerably pacified by a work which, meanwhile, M. Lafaye† has given us on the same subject, and which is one of the finest repositories of information on synonyms which we have met with. A portion of the work was submitted to the Academy and the public in 1841, and

\* *Voyage chez les Celtes ou de Paris au Mont Saint-Michel*, par Carnac; suivi d'une Notice sur les Monuments Celtiques des environs de Paris, par A. Carro. Paris: Durand, 1858.

† *Dictionnaire des Synonymes de la Langue Française*, par M. Lafaye. Paris; Hachette, 1858.

met with the favourable suffrages of both. M. Lafaye was encouraged to complete the undertaking, to which he had devoted more than twenty years of his life. The result of these completed labours is now before us in a goodly large octavo volume of 1,100 pages. Students of the French language, and lovers of French literature, will find it a most invaluable aid. It is divided into two parts:—I. Synonyms which have the same root; and, II. Synonyms which have different roots. The first of these is preceded by a masterly introduction on the nature and philosophy of synonyms generally, and on the method to be employed in their investigation. The diagrams at p. xxxix. in illustration of these methods, are highly ingenious, and, as far as we know, new. This same Part I. is then divided into three heads, viz.:—1. Synonymes qui ont le même radical et dont les différences dépendent de certaines circonstances grammaticales. 2. Synonymes qui, &c., et dont les différences dépendent de la valeur des prefixes. 3. Synonymes qui, &c., et dont les diff. dépendent de la valeur des terminaisons. We know not how the case may stand with others, but we can only say for our own part, that this most excellent work has been by our side ever since it appeared, that we are constantly induced to consult it, and that we never lay it down without being much the wiser. The reader may suggest that this result is owing rather to our ignorance than to the merits of the Dictionary. It may be so. But still has he tested those merits himself? We can only beg that he will give the Dictionary (and ourselves) the benefit of the doubt.

Let us now unbend our bow, and see what we have got on our table in the way of purely light literature. First, we must mention a new play by Alexander Dumas, Junior, Esq. It is entitled *Le Fils Naturel*,\* and mischievous wags assert that the said *Fils* is the only natural thing about it. With this verdict we are strongly dis-

posed to agree. The rough outline of the story is easily enough drawn. But the details which fill it in are some of them beyond conception absurd, not to say revolting. The five acts into which the play is divided is preceded by a prologue, which brings us down to the time when Clara Vignot becomes awake to the fact that her lover is about to contract a more legitimate union than that which has made her the mother of *Le Fils Naturel*, and to leave her and her child, if not to their fate—for he offers her his gold—yet to their shame—for he refuses her his hand. Years have rolled by when the first act opens; the *enfant naturel*, whom in the prologue we left in a cradle, has grown to man's estate, and as the curtain draws we find Monsieur Jacques conversing with a young lady, whose character throughout the play exhibits such curious features that we presume it was intended to carry out some law of contrast, and to show that if one of the *dramatis personæ* was as natural as his father's vices and mother's frailty could make him, another of those *personæ* was as unnatural as the vagaries of M. Dumas' imagination could devise. The girl in question proves to be the niece of M. Sternay, the father of the *fil naturel*. Her great uncle the Marquis d'Orgebac is very desirous that his great-niece Hermine should marry Jacques, who in the first act goes by the name of M. de Boiscény, and to whom he is greatly attached. To this marriage the old Marquise (M. de Sternay's mother and Hermine's grandmother) shows a stout resistance, partly from an innate habit of opposing things in general, for no reason particular, and still more from the discovery she makes that de Boiscény is a fictitious name, beneath which lurks the son of her old housemaid Clara Vignot. We cannot dwell on the sequel of this absurd plot: suffice it to say, that M. de Sternay, who at first is sore loath to acknowledge his son, changes his mind when he finds that son rising to the position of one of the foremost men of his time. His proffers of reconciliation are re-

\* *Le Fils Naturel*; Comédie en cinq actes, dont un Prologue par Alexandre Dumas fils. Paris; Charlien, 1858.



ceived with coldness by the son—and this brings us to the most vicious flaw of the whole piece. All its claims to comic effect reside on conditions of thought and feeling which we believe to be improbable, and know to be unnatural. There is not a trace of true passion from the beginning to the end of the play. That Jacques should hate intensely the man who had worked his mother's shame was natural enough; but he does no such thing—his moral thermometer on this point never even rises to temperate. Drawing-room flippancy and courteous nonchalance, such is the tone which a son thinks fit to adopt on the discovery of his father, and throughout his subsequent intercourse. There are a few, a very few, smart and clever things in the play, which ends, we need not add, with the marriage of Jacques and Hermine; but, on the whole, M. Dumas may rest assured that by the *Fils Naturel*, still less than by the *Question d'Argent*, he has done little or nothing to sustain the reputation of the author of the *Demi-Monde*.

While M. Dumas is drawing crowds—for is not his name Dumas?—M. Angier is doing the like at the Odéon. M. Angier, we may remark in passing, made his *Discours de réception* the other day at the *Académie Française*. He seems on that occasion to have thought it necessary, for the sake of keeping dignity, to drop the dramatist and be decorously dull. M. Scribe's example might have taught him better things. But to return: as it is only last week that his new play\* was brought out, we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing it. But meanwhile we are in a position to give our readers a piece of criticism on it vastly superior to any thing we could write. We can only state, that it is from the pen of a man known to fame, and whom we consider second to none in the capacity to form a right judgment in all things pertaining to those literary beauties with which he has himself so thickly strewn the works which have issued from his own pen. He writes what we trans-

late as follows: "I have been to the Odéon to see a play which is making a good deal of noise, *La Jeunesse*, by M. E. Angier. The literary execution is exceedingly clever (*spirituelle*); but the conception appears to me thoroughly wrong. During four acts, we have before us a young man, an *avocat*, with five or six thousand francs a-year, who grumbles and growls because he does not "get on;" abandons the girl to whom he is attached, in order to make a rapid fortune; gets soured with the world and with society, and ends by losing all he has at a gambling table in an insane attempt to make himself a fortune by the cast of a die. What is there in all this to enlist your sympathies? Surely this is not youth—youth with its hope and ardour, its aspirations and contentment. M. Angier has given us the portrait of a precocious old man. Then, again, in the fifth act, we have another violation of truth. Every thing changed in a twinkling. The influences of rural life bring back the young man to high and noble purposes. And now we find him, after he has lost his all, trilling out eclogues under trees in full blossom, along with the girl whom he so basely abandoned in his pursuit of mammon. And then this rake—this broken down *avocat*—becomes a *labourer*; and I have no doubt will be as bad a hand at the plough as he was at the bar, for he has neither patience nor perseverance, that key to success. The moral which the writer endeavours to draw from this play is puerile and inapplicable. I can take no interest in his factitious sorrows, no pleasure in his impossible conversion." We think our readers will allow that this is as neat a piece of dramatic criticism as could well be penned. It has the advantage of coming hot from the theatre with all the strength of first impressions.

We have before us a new volume by M. About, entitled *Maître Pierre*,† a tale which originally appeared in the columns of the *Moniteur*. We read on, hoping against hope that before we had finished the volume

\* *La Jeunesse*, par Emile Angier. Paris; 1858.

† *Maître Pierre*, par Edmond About. 1858. Paris; Hachette; Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer.

we should meet with something worth reading; for whatever may be M. About's merits in other respects—a question we propose to discuss before long—few would think of taxing him with dulness. But, alas! we were doomed to be disappointed. A more stupid, more uninteresting performance we have not come across for years. The scene is laid in the *Landes*; and if M. About had given us a small volume containing a simple description of that land of stilts, without any admixture of fiction, we dare say we should have read it with pleasure and profit in one; but this salad of fact and fiction is the most nauseous of literary diets. We are put into somewhat better humour with M. About by another of his works, consisting of his feuilletons in the *Moniteur* on the *Salon*,\* or Exhibition of Paintings for 1857. Our readers may remember a somewhat similar work which he published on the occasion of the Great Exhibition at the Palais d'Industrie. M. About is very well qualified for this sort of work. Though we dissent widely from many of the principles he lays down on the theory of art and on æsthetics generally, we cannot deny that his powers of observation are exceedingly acute, and his power of expressing what he sees, whether of beauty or of defect, proportionately great. Any one who wishes to form for himself an idea of the present state of French art cannot do better than get this book.

We do not wish to say any thing offensive; but it would relieve our mind if, consistently with the courtesy due to a lady, we could give Madame Reybraud to understand, that she is waxing excessively tiresome. Here we have another story of hers,† amusing enough, we must own—though grossly improbable—when taken by itself, but constantly suggesting the idea that she is serving us up hash after hash from one and the same never-ending joint. Cannot Madame Reybraud endeavour to strike some new key? Through ever so many volumes she has kept harping on that collision between the ancestral pride of the old regime and the *parvenus* of the bourgeoisie of 1789, which is the pivot round which all her plots revolve.

We turn in despair to the literature of the olden time, the great classics of established fame. We allude more especially to Cervantes. M. Viardot's translation of *Don Quixote*‡—the best French translation in existence just as Floricur's is the worst—has just been published in a cheap form by M. Hachette. Though English translations of *Don Quixote* are not so rare that we should go through France to get at Spain, we fancy many of our readers may be induced to get M. Viardot's book, on account of the admirable life of Cervantes, and critique of his immortal work by which the translation is preceded.

\* *Nos Artistes au Salon de 1857*, par Edmond About. Paris; 1858.

† *Hélène*, par Madame Charles Reybraud.

‡ *Cervantès, Don Quichotte*, traduction par M. Viardot.

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VOL. LI.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

## CHAPTER X.

GABRIEL DE —.

"I WISH I knew how I could ever repay you, Pippo, for all your kindness to me," said Gerald, as he sat, one fine evening, with the old man at the door; "but when I tell you that I am as poor and as friendless in the world as on that same night when Signor Gabriel found me beside the Lake——"

"Not a whit poorer, or more alone in the world than the rest of us," said Pippo, good-naturedly. "We have all a rough journey before us in life, and the least we can do is to help one another."

The youth grasped the old man's hand and pressed it to his heart.

"Besides," continued Pippo, "all your gratitude is owing to Signor Gabriel himself. Any little comforts you have had here have been of his procuring. He it was fetched that doctor from Bolseno, and his own hands carried the little jar of honey from St. Stephano."

"What a kind heart he has," cried Gerald, eagerly.

"Well," said Pippo, with a dry, odd smile, "that's not exactly what people say of him; not but he can do a kind thing too, just as he can do anything."

"Is he so clever then?" asked Gerald, curiously.

"Is he not!" exclaimed Pippo—"where has he not travelled—what has he not seen! And then the books he has written—scores of them, they tell me:

he's always writing still—whole nights through; after which, instead of going to his bed, like any one else, he is off for a plunge in the lake there, tho' I've told him over and over, that the water that kills fish can never be healthy for a human!"

"What a strange nature it must be. And what brings him here?"

"That's *his* secret, and it would be *mine* too, if I knew it; for, I promise you, he's not one its over safe to talk about."

"Where does he come from?"

"He's French, and that's all I can tell you."

"It can't be for the 'chasse' he comes here," said Gerald, musingly. There's no game in these mountains. It can scarcely be for seclusion, for he's always rambling away to some village or town near. It's now more than a week since we have seen him. I wish I could make out who or what he is!"

"Would you so," cried a deep voice, as a large, heavy hand fell upon his shoulder; "and what would the knowledge benefit you, boy?" Gerald looked up, and there stood Gabriel. He was dressed in a loose peasant's frock, and seemed by his mien as if come off a long day's march.

"Go in, Pippo, and make me a good salad. Grill me that old hen yonder, and I'll give you share of a flask of

Orvieto that was in the bishop's cellar last night."

He threw off his knapsack as he spoke, and removing his hat, wiped his heated forehead, and then turning to the youth at his side, he said—"So, boy, I am a sort of mystery to you, it seems—mayhap, others share in that same sentiment—at least I have heard as much. But whence this curiosity on your part? You were a stranger to me, and you are so still. What can it signify to either of us what has gone before—ere we met and knew each other. Life is not a river running in one bed, but a series of streams that follow fifty channels—some pure and limpid—some, perchance, turbid and foul enough. What you have been gives no guarantee to what you may be—remember that!"

He spoke with a tone of sternness that made his words sound like reproof, and the youth held down his head abashed and ashamed.

"Don't suppose I am angry with you," continued the other, but in the self same tone as before; "nor that I regard this curious desire of yours as ingratitude. You owe me nothing, or next to nothing, and you're a rare instance of such in life, if within the next ten years the wish will not occur to you at least twenty times, that I had left you to die beside the dark shores of Bolseno!"

"I can well believe it may be so," said Gerald, with a sigh.

"Not that this is my own philosophy," said the other, in a voice of powerful meaning. I soon made the discovery that life was not a garden, but a hunting ground, and that the wolves had the best of it! "Ay, boy," cried he, with a kind of savage exultation—"there's the experience of one, whose boast it is to know something of his fellows!"

Gerald was silent, and for some time Gabriel, also, did not speak. At last, looking steadfastly at the youth, he said:—"I have been up to Rome these last three days. My errand there was to learn something about you."

"About me," said Gerald, blushing deeply.

"Yes. It was a whim—I am the slave of such caprices—seized me to learn how you came amongst the Jesuit brothers, and why you left them."

"I thought I had told you why, myself," said the youth, proudly.

"So you had; but I am one of those who can only build on the foundation their own hands have laid, and so I went myself to learn your history."

"And has the journey rewarded your exertions?" said the boy, half mockingly.

A sudden start, and a look of almost savage ferocity on Gabriel's features made Gerald tremble for his own rashness; and then, with a measured voice, he repeated the boy's words—

"The journey has rewarded my exertions."

"May I venture to ask what you have discovered?" said Gerald, timidly.

"I went to satisfy my own curiosity, not yours, boy. What I have learned may suffice for the one, and not for the other. Here comes Pippo with pleasanter tidings than all this gossip," said he, rising, and entering the house.

"Won't you come in and have a bit of supper with us, Gerald?" asked Pippo, kindly.

"No, I cannot eat," said the boy, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Come and taste a glass of the generous Orvieto, however."

"No, Pippo; I could not swallow it," said he, in a half-choking voice.

"Ah!" muttered the old man, with a sigh, "Signor Gabriel's talk rarely makes one relish the meal they wait for," and with bent down head he re-entered the hut.

The feeling Gerald had long experienced towards Gabriel was one of fear, almost verging upon terror. There was about the man's look, his voice, his manner, something that portended danger. Do what he would, the boy never could make his sense of gratitude rise superior to his fear. He tried, over and over again, to think of him only as one who had saved his life, and to whom he owed all the present comforts he enjoyed; but above these thoughts there triumphed a terrible dread of the man, and a strange mysterious belief that he possessed a sort of control over his destiny.

"If it were indeed so," muttered he to himself, "and that his shadow were to be over me through life, I'd curse the day he carried me from the shore of the Lago-Oscuro!" Night was rapidly closing in, and the dreary landscape was every moment growing sadder and drearier. As the sun sank beneath the hills the heavy exhalations

began to well up from the damp earth, till a bluish haze of vapour rested over the plains and even partly up the mountain side. An odour, oppressive and sickening, accompanied this mist, which embarrassed the respiration, and made the senses dull and weary; and yet there sat Gerald, drinking in these noxious influences, careless of his fate and half triumphing in his own indifference as to life. A drowsy stupor was rapidly gaining on him, when he felt his arm violently shaken, and looking up saw Gabriel at his side. In a gruff, rude voice he chided him for his imprudence, and told him to go in.

"Isn't my life, at least, my own?" said Gerald, boldly.

"That is it not," said the other. "Your priestly teachers might have told you that you hold it in trust for him who gave it. I, and men like me, would say that each of us here has his allotted task to do in life; and that he is but a coward, or as bad as a coward, who skulks his share of it. Go in, I say, boy."

Gerald obeyed without a word; and now a slavish sense of fear came over him, and he felt that this man swayed and controlled him as he pleased.

"There, Gerald, drink that," said Gabriel, filling him out a goblet of red wine. "That's the liquor inspires the pious sentiments of the Bishop of Orvieto. From that generous grape-juice spring his Christian charities and his heavenly precepts. Let us see what miracles it can work upon two such sinful mortals as you and me. Well done, boy; drain off another," and he refilled his glass as he spoke.

Old Pippo had retired and left them alone together. The moon was slowly rising beyond the lake, and threw a long yellow stream upon the floor, the only light in the chamber where they sat, thus giving a sort of solemnity to a moment when each felt too deeply sunk in his own thoughts for much conversation.

"Do you remark how that streak of moonlight seems to separate us, Gerald," said Gabriel. "A superstitious mind would find food for speculation there, and trace some mysterious meaning—perhaps a warning—from it. Are you superstitious?"

"I can scarcely say I am not," said the boy, diffidently.

"None of us are," said the other, boldly. "If we affect to despise spirits

we are just as eager slaves of our own presentiments. What we dignify by the name of reason is just as often a mere prompting of instinct. It amuses us to believe that we steer the bark of our destiny; but the truth comes upon us at last, that the tiller was lashed when the voyage began." After a long silence on both sides, Gabriel said, "I have told you, Gerald, that I made a journey to Rome on your account. I have been to the Jesuit College; conversed with the superior; saw your cell, your torn school-books, your little table carved over with your pen-knife; and, by a date scratched on a window-pane, was led to discover where you had passed the evening of the fifth of January."

"And did you go *there* also?" asked Gerald, eagerly.

"Ay, boy. I gave an afternoon to the Altieri and the café in front of it."

"You saw the Count, then?"

"No, I have not seen him," said Gabriel, drily. "He was away from Rome, at a villa, I believe; but I have learned that, indignant at your flight from the Cardinal's villa, he absolves himself of all further interest in you."

"Have you seen Fra Luke?" asked the boy, who now talked as if the other had known every incident of his life.

"No; he too was away. In fact, Gerald, there was little to learn, and I came back very nearly as I went. I only know that you are about as much alone in the world as myself. We are meet companions. You said, a while ago, you were curious to know who and what I was. You shall hear. I am of a good Provençal family, originally derived from Italy. We are counts, from a date before the Medici; so much for blood. As to fortune, my grandfather was rich, and my own father enjoyed a reasonable fortune. I was, however, brought up to believe all men my brothers; all interested alike in serving and aiding each other: helping in the cause of that excellent thing we are pleased to call HUMANITY; and as a creed firmly believing that—bating a chance yielding to temptation, a little backsliding now and then on the score of an evil passion—men and women were wonderfully good, and were on the road to be better. We were most ingenious in our devices

to build up this belief. My father wrote books and delivered lectures to prove it. He did more. He squandered all his patrimony in support of his theory, and he trained me up to be—what I am." And the last words were uttered in a voice of intense solemnity.

"I am not going to give you a story of my life," said he, after some time; "I mean only to let you hear its moral. Till I was eighteen I was taught to believe that men were honest, truthful, brave and affectionate; and that women were pure-hearted, gentle, forgiving, and trustful. Before I was nineteen I knew men to be scoundrels; it took me about a year more to think worse of the others. Then began my real life. I ceased to be a dupe and felt a man. I am a quick learner, and I acquired their vices rapidly, all but one, that is still my stumbling-block—hypocrisy. All that I have done," said he, in half soliloquy, "might have passed harmlessly had I known but how to shroud it. Slander, theft, and seduction must not walk naked in this well-dressed world; but, with fine clothes on, they make very good company. I was curious to see if other lands were the same slaves of conventionalities, and I travelled. I went to Holland and to England; I found both as bad, nay worse, than France. If I obtained a momentary success in life I was certain to be robbed of it by some allegation foreign to the question. My book was clever; but I had deserted my wife. My treatise was admirable; but I had seduced the daughter of my protector. My views were just, right-minded, and true; but I had robbed my father. Thus, with a subtlety the stupidest possess, they were able to detract from my genius by charging it with the defects of my character, as if it behoved one to pay the debts of the other. I went on insisting that it was my opinions alone were before the world; they as steadily persisted in dragging myself there. At last they have had their will, and I wish them joy of the victory." There was a savage triumph in his eyes as he spoke this that made Gerald tremble while he looked at him.

"If you care for my story, boy," resumed he, "old Pippo there will give it to you for a flask of Monte Pulciano. He'll tell you of all my cruelties in my first campaign in Corsica; how I

won my wife by first blasting her reputation; how I left her; how I was imprisoned and fined; and how escaped from both by a seduction. If he forget the name, you may remind him of Sophie De Mounier. They beheaded me in effigy for this at Dole. But why go on with vulgar incidents which have happened to so many. It is the moral of it all I would impress, boy, which is this—take nothing from the world but solid gifts. Laugh at its praises, and drink deep of its indulgences! Those born great are able to do this by prerogative; you and I may succeed to it by skill. Remember, too, that my theory is a wide, a most Catholic one; and to follow it you need assume no special discipline, but be priest, soldier, statesman, scholar, just as you will. I have been all these in turn, and may be so again; but whether I wear a cassock or a cuirass my knowledge of men will guide me to but one mode of dealing with them."

"There is nothing in what you have told me of your life to make me revere your principles," said Gerald, with a courageous boldness.

"Because I have told you how I fell, and not how I was tempted; because I have stooped to say of myself that which none dare say to my face; because whatever I have been to the world it was that same world fashioned me to. What would it avail me that I made out a case of undeserving hardships and injustice, proved myself an injured, martyred saint; would your wondering sympathy heal any, the least of those wounds that fester here, boy? Every man's course in life is but one sling of the pendulum. I have vowed that with mine I shall cleave the dense mob and scatter the vile multitude. As to you," said he, suddenly turning his glaring eyes upon the youth, "you are free to leave this to-morrow. I'll take care that you are safely restored to those you came from, if you like it. If you prefer you may remain here for a month or two; by that time I shall return."

"Are you going, then, from this?" asked Gerald.

"Yes. I am on my trial at Aix, for cruelty and desertion of my wife. They have spread a report that I have no intention to appear; that having fled France, I mean never to return to it. Ere the week's over they shall

learn their mistake. I shall be there before them; and, if instances from the uses of court and courtiers are admissible, show, that when they prove me guilty, they must be ready to include Versailles in the next prosecution. Watch this case, boy; I'll send you the newspapers daily. Watch it closely, and you'll see that the file is at work noiselessly now, but still at work on those old fetters that have bound mankind so long. But first say if you desire to stay here."

Gerald held down his head and muttered a half audible "Yes."

"To-night, then, I will jot down the names of certain books you ought to read. I shall leave you many others too, and take your choice amongst them. Read and think, and, if you are able, write too: I care not on what theme so the thoughts be your own." Gerald wished to thank him; but even gratitude could not surmount the dread he felt for him. Gabriel saw the struggle that was engaged in the boy's heart, and smiling half sadly said—"To our next meeting, lad."

## CHAPTER XI.

### EAST DAYS AT THE 'TANA'.

IF Gerald breathed more freely the next morning, on hearing that Signor Gabriel had departed, it is, perhaps, no great wonder. The Tana was not a very agreeable "sejour." Dreariness within doors and without—a poverty unredeemed by that graceful content which so often sheds its influence over humble fortune—a wearisome round of life—these were the characteristics of a spot, which in a manner was associated in his mind with all the sufferings of a sick bed. Yet, no sooner had he learned that Gabriel was gone, than he felt as if a load were removed from his heart, and that even by the shores of that gloomy lake, or on the sides of those barren hills, he might now indulge his own teeming fancies and live in a world of his own thoughts.

It was no common terror that possessed him—his studies as a child had stored his memory with many a dreadful story of satanic temptation. One, in particular, he remembered well, of St. Francis, who, accompanied by a chance traveller, had made a journey of several days; but whenever the saint, passing some holy shrine or sacred spot, would kneel to pray, the most terrible blasphemies would issue from his lips, instead of prayer; for his fellow-traveller, was the evil one himself. What if Gabriel had some horrible mission of this kind. There was enough in his look, his manner, and his converse to warrant the belief. He half laughed when the thought first crossed his mind, but it came up again and again—gaining strength and consis-

tency at each recurrence; nor was the melancholy desolation of the scene itself ill suited to aid the dreary conjecture. Though Gabriel had confided to him the key of his chamber, where all his books were kept, Gerald passed days before he could summon resolution to enter it. A vague terror—a dread to which he could not give shape or form—arrested his steps, and he would turn away from the door, and creep noiselessly down the stairs, as though afraid of confessing, even to himself, what his errand had been.

At last, ashamed of yielding to this childish fear, he took a moment when old Pippo and his niece were at work in the garden, to explore the long dreaded chamber. The room was very different from what he had anticipated, and presented a degree of comfort singularly in contrast to the rest of the Tana. Maps and book-shelves, covered the walls, with here and there prints, mostly portraits of celebrated actresses. A large table was littered with letters and papers, left just as he had quitted the spot. Great piles of manuscript, too, showed what laborious hours had been spent there, while books of reference were strewn about, the pages marked by pencil notes and interlineations. All indicated a life of study and labour. One trait alone gave another and different impression, it was a long rapier that hung over the fire-place, around whose blade, at about a foot from the point was tied a small bow of sky-blue ribbon. As, curious to divine the meaning of this, Gerald examined the wea-

pon closely, he perceived that the steel was stained with blood up to the place where the ribbon was attached. What strange, wild fancies did not the boy weave as he gazed on this curious relic. Some fatal encounter there had been. Doubtless the unwiped blood upon that blade had once swelled in a human heart. Some murderous hand had grasped that strong hilt, and some silk tresses had once been fastened with that blue band which now marked where the blade had ceased to penetrate! "A sad tale, surely, would it be to hear," said he, as he sat down in deep thought.

Tired of these musings, he turned to the objects on the table. The writings that were scattered about, showed that almost every species of composition had engaged his pen. Essays on education—a history of the Illuminati, love songs, a sketch of Cagliostro, paper on the commerce of the Scheldt, a life of Frederic, with portions of an unfinished novel—all indicated the habits of a daily labourer of literature. While passages selected from classic authorities, with great care and research, evinced that much labour had been expended in cultivating that rich intelligence.

The last work which had occupied his hand—it still lay open, with an unfinished sentence in the pen—was a memoir of the Pretender's expedition in '45. The name of Charles Edward was like a spell to Gerald's heart. From the earliest day he could remember, he was taught to call him his own Prince, and amongst the prayers his infant lips had syllabled, none were uttered with more intense devotion than for the return of that true and rightful sovereign to the land of his fathers. And, now, how his eyes filled up, and his heart swelled, as a long forgotten verse arose to his mind. He had learned it when its meaning was all mystery, but the clink of the rhythm had left it stored in his memory:—

"Though for a time we see Whitehall  
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,  
Instead of gold and silver bright,  
That glanced with splendour day and night.  
    With rich perfume  
    In every room,  
That did delight that princely train.  
    These again shall be,  
    When the time we see,  
That the king shall enjoy his own again."

Heavy and hot were the tears that

rolled down the youth's cheeks, for he was thinking of home and long ago! Of that far away home, where loving hearts had clustered round him. He could recall too, the little room—the little bed he slept in, and he pondered over his strange, forlorn destiny! And, yet, thought he, suddenly, "What is there in my fate equal to that poor prince? I am a Geraldine, they say, but I have none to own or acknowledge me! Who knows in what of shame I came into the world, since none will call me theirs. This noble name is little better than a scoff upon me!" The boy's heart felt bursting at this sad retrospect of his lot. "Would that I had never left the college," cried he, in his misery. "Another year or two had, doubtless, calmed down the rebellious longings of my heart for a life of action, and then I should have followed my calling humbly, calmly—perhaps contentedly."

Partly to divert his thoughts from this theme, he turned to the memoir of the Prince's expedition, and soon became so deeply interested in its details as to forget himself and his own sorrows. Brief and sketchy as the narrative was, it displayed in all the warm colouring of a romance that glorious outburst of national chivalry which gathered the chieftains around their sovereign—all the graces, too, of his own captivating manner, his handsome person, his courtly address, were dwelt upon, exerting as they did an almost magical influence upon every one who came before him. The short and bloody struggle which began at Preston and ended at Culloden, was before his eyes, with all its errors exposed—all its mistakes displayed. Every fault of strategy dwelt upon, and every miscalculation criticized. All the train of events which might have occurred had this or that policy been adopted was set forth in most persuasive form; till, when the youth arose from the perusal, such a conviction was forced upon him that rashness alone had defeated the enterprise, that he sprung to his feet, and paced the room in passionate indignation. As he thought over the noble devotion of Charles Edward's followers, he felt as if such a cause could not die. "The right is there," muttered he, "and there must yet be brave men who think so! It cannot, surely, be possible that for one defeat, so great a



claim could be abandoned for ever. "Where is the Prince now? How is he occupied? Who are his adherents and counsellors?" were the questions which quickly succeeded each other in his mind. "Would, I were a soldier, that I could lay my services at his feet, or that I had skill or ability to aid his cause in any way."

He turned eagerly again to the memoir, whose concluding words were, "He landed once more in France, on the 20th of September." "And that is now many a year ago," said he, and with a dreary sigh, "mayhap, of his wrecked fortune, not a plank now remains. Who could guide me in this matter—who advise me?" He knew of but one, and yet he shuddered at the idea of seeking counsel from Gabriel. The more Gerald reflected on it, the more was he assured that if he could obtain access to the Prince, his Royal Highness would remember his name. "It is impossible," thought he "but that some of my family must have been engaged in his cause, or why should I, as a mere child, have been taught to pray each night for his success, and ask for a blessing on his head." Yearning as his heart was for some high purpose in life, it sent a thrill of intense delight through him to think of such a destiny.

It was a part of the training in the Jesuit college, to induce the youth to select some saintly model for imitation in life, and while some chose St. Francis Xavier, or St. Vincent de Paul, others took St. Anthony of Padua, St. Francis d'Assis, or any other illustrious martyr of the faith; each votary being from the hour of his selection, a most strenuous upholder of the patron he assumed. Indeed, of the enthusiasm in this respect, some strange and almost incredible stories ran, showing how, in their zeal, many had actually submitted to most painful self-tortures, to resemble the idols of their ambition. How easy was it now for Gerald to replace any of these grim saints and martyrs by an image that actually filled his whole heart—one who possessed every graceful attribute, and every attractive quality. The seed of hero-worship thus sown in his nature ripened to a harvest very different from that it was intended to bear, and Charles Edward occupied the shrine some pious martyr should have held. He little knew, indeed,

how easily affections, nurtured for one class of objects, are transferred to others totally unlike them, and how often are the temples we rear and mean to dedicate to our highest and holiest aspirations made homes for most worldly passions! And what a strange chaos did that poor boy's mind soon become! for now he read whole days, and almost whole nights long, hurrying from his meals back to that lonely chamber, where he loved to be. With the insatiable thirst for new acquirement he tasted of all about him: dramatists, historians, essay-writers, theologians; the wildest theories of the rights of man, the most uncompromising asserters of divine authority for royalty, the sufferings and sorrows of noble-hearted missionaries, the licentious lives of courtly debauchees—all poured in like a strong flood over the soil of his mind, enriching, corrupting, ennobling, and debasing it by turns. Like some great edifice reared without plan, his mind displayed the strangest and most opposite combinations, and thus the noble eloquence of Massillon, the wit of Moliere, the epigrammatic pungency of Pascal, blended themselves with the caustic severity of Voltaire, the touching pathos of Rousseau, and the knowledge of life so eminently the gift of Le Sage. To see that world of which these great men presented such a picture, became now his all-absorbing passion. To mingle with his fellow-men, as actor, and not spectator. To be one of that immense dramatic personæ who moved about the stage of life, seemed enough for all ambition. The strong spirit of adventure lay deeply in his heart, and he felt a kind of pride to think that if any future success was to greet him, he could recall the days at the Tana, and say, there never was one who started in life poorer or more friendless.

There was no exaggeration in this. His clothes were rags; his shoes barely held together, and the only covering he had for his head, was the little skullcap he used to wear in school hours. Even old Pippo, began to scoff at his miserable appearance, and hinted a hope, that before the season of the contraband begun, Gerald would have taken his departure, or been able to make a more respectable figure. As Gabriel had now been gone some weeks, and no tidings whatever come of him, the old man's reserve and deference

daily decreased. He grumbled at Gerald's habits of study, profitless and idle as they seemed to him, while there was many a thing to be done about the the house and the garden. He was not weak or sick now: he could help to chop the wood for winter firing—he could raise those heavy water buckets that swung over the deep well in the garden—he could draw the net in the little stream behind the house, or trench about the few stunted olives that struggled for life on the hill side. Gerald would willingly have done any or all of these, if the idea had occurred to himself. He was not indolent by nature, and liked the very fact of active occupation. As a task, however, he rejected the notion at once. It savoured of servitude to his mind, and who was this same Pippo who aspired to be his master?

The more the boy's mind became stored with knowledge, the fuller his intelligence grew of great examples and noble instances—the more indignantly did he repulse the advances of Pippo's companionship. "What!" he would mutter to himself, "Leave Bossuet and his divine teachings for his coarse converse! Quit the sarcastic intensity of Voltaire's ridicule for the vulgar jests of this illiterate boor! Exchange the glorious company of wits and sages, and poets and moralists, for a life of daily drudgery, with a mean peasant to talk to. Besides, I am not his guest, nor a burthen upon his charity. It is to Gabriel I owe my shelter here."

When driven by many a sarcasm to assume this position, Pippo gravely remarked—"True enough, boy, so long as he was here; but he is gone now, and who'll tell us will he ever come back. He may have been sentenced by the tribunal. At the hour we are talking here, he may be in prison—at the galleys, for aught we know; and I promise you one thing, there's many a better man there."

"And I, too, promise one thing," replied Gerald, angrily, "if he ever do come, he shall hear how you have dared to speak of him."

Old Pippo started at the words, and his face became lividly pale, and muttering a few words beneath his breath, he left the spot. Nothing was farther from Gerald's mind than any defence of Gabriel, for whom, do what he might, he could feel neither affection

nor gratitude. In what he had said he merely yielded to a momentary impatience to sting the old man by an angry reply. For the remainder of that day not a word was exchanged between them. They met and parted without saluting; they sat silently opposite each other at their meals. The following day opened with the same cold distance between them, the old man barely eyeing Gerald, when the youth was not observing him, and casting towards him glances of doubtful meaning. Too deeply engaged in his books to pay much attention to these signs of displeasure, Gerald passed his hours as usual in Gabriel's room.

He was seated, thus reading, when the door opened gently, and the old man's niece entered; her step was so noiseless, that she was nearly beside Gerald's chair, before he noticed her.

"What is it, Tina," said he, starting; "what makes you look so frightened?"

She placed her finger on her lip, a sign of caution, and looked anxiously around her.

"He has not been cruel or angry with you, poor girl," asked the boy; "tell me this?"

"No, Gerald," said she, in a low and broken voice, "but there is danger over you—ay, and near too, if you can't escape it. He sent me last night over to St. Stephano, twelve weary miles across the mountain, after night-fall, to fetch the Gobbino—"

"The Gobbino—who is he?"

"The hunch-back, that was at the galleys, in Messina," said the girl, trembling all over; and then went on, "and to tell him to come over to the Tana, for he wanted him."

"Well, and then—"

"And, then," muttered the girl, "and then," and she made a pantomimic gesture of drawing a knife suddenly across the throat. "It is so with him, they say; he'd think no more of it than do I of killing a hen!"

"No, no, Tina," said the boy, smiling at her fears. "You wrong old Pippo and the Gobbo too. Take my word for it, there is something else he wants him for; besides, why should he dislike *me*? What have I done to provoke such a vengeance?"

"Haven't you threatened him?" said the girl eagerly. "Have you not said that when Signor Gabriel comes

back you will tell him something Pippo said of him? Is that not enough? Is the Signor Gabriel one who ever forgives an injury?"

"I'll not believe, I can't believe it," said Gerald, musingly.

"But I tell you it is true; I tell you I know it," cried the girl, passionately.

"But what am I to do, then. How can I defend myself?"

"Fly—leave this—get over to Bolzano, or cross the frontier; neither of them can follow you into Tuscany."

"Remember, Tina, I have no money; I am almost naked; I know no one."

"What matters all that if you have life?" said she, boldly.

"Well said, girl!" cried he, warmed by the same daring spirit that prompted her words. A slight noise in the garden underneath the window startled Tina, and she stepped quietly from the room and closed the door.

It was some time before Gerald could thoroughly take in the full force of the emergency that threatened him. He knew well that in the Italian nature the sentiment of vengeance occupies no low nor ignominious place, but is classed amongst high and generous qualities; and that he who submits tamely to an injury is infinitely meaner than the man who, at any cost of treachery, exacts his revenge for it.

That a terrible vengeance was often exacted for some casual slight, even a random word, the youth well knew. These were the points of honour in that strange national character, of which, even to this hour, we know less than of any people's in Europe; and, certainly, no crime could promise an easier accomplishment or less chance of discovery. "Who is ever to *know* if I sunk under the marmessa fever," said he, "and who to *care*?" He gazed out upon the lonesome waste of mountain, and the black and stagnant lake at its foot, and thought the spot, at least, was well chosen for such an incident. If there were moments to which the dread of a terrible fate chilled his blood and made his heart cold with fear, there were others in which the sense of peril rallied and excited him. The stirring incidents of his readings were full of such like adventures, and he felt a sort of heroism in seeing himself thus summoned to meet an emergency. "With this good rapier," said

he, taking down Gabriel's sword from its place, "methinks I might offer a stout resistance. That blade, if I mistake not, already knows the way to a man's heart;" and he flourished the weapon as to throw himself into an attitude of defence.

Too much excited to read, except by snatches, he imagined to his own mind every possible species of attack that might be made upon him. He knew that a fair fight would never enter into *their* thoughts; that, even before the fate reserved for him would come the plan for their own security; and so he pictured the various ways in which he might be taken unawares and disposed of without even a chance of reprisal. As night drew near his anxieties increased. The book in which from time to time he had been reading was the 'Life of Benvenuto Cellini,' an autobiography filled with the wildest incidents of personal encounter, and well suited to call up ideas of conflict and peril. Not less, however, was it calculated to suggest notions of daring and defiance; for in every perilous strait and hair-breadth emergency the great Florentine displayed the noblest traits of calm and reasoning courage. "They shall not do it without cost," said Gerald, as he stole up noiselessly to his room, never appearing at the supper-table, but retiring to concert his future steps. Gerald's first care on entering his room was to search it thoroughly, though there was not a corner nor a cupboard capable of concealing a child. He went through the process of investigation with all the diligence his readings prompted. He sounded the walls for secret panels, and the floor for trap-doors; but all was so far safe. He next proceeded to barricade his door with chairs; not, indeed, to prevent an entrance, but arrayed so skillfully that they must topple down at the least touch, and thus apprise him of his peril, if sleeping. He then trimmed and replenished his lamp, and with his trusty rapier at his side, lay down, all dressed as he was, to wait what might happen.

He who has experienced in life what it is to lie watching for the dawn of a day full of Heaven knows what fatalities, patiently expecting the sun to rise upon what may prove his saddest, his last hour of existence; even he, however, will fall short of imagining

the intense anxiety of one who with aching ears watches for the slightest sound, the lightest footfall, or the lowest word that may betoken the approach of danger. With the intensity of the emotion the senses become preternaturally acute, and the brain overcharged with thought suggests the wildest and strangest combinations. Through Gerald's mind, too, Cellini's daring adventures were passing. The dark and narrow streets of old Florence; the muffled "sbirri" crowding in the dim doorways; the stealthy footsteps heard and lost again; the sudden clash of swords and the cries of combat; the shouts for succour, and the heavy plash into the dark waters of the Arno, all filled his waking, ay, and his dreamy thoughts, for he fell asleep at last and slept soundly. The day was just breaking; a grey, half-pinkish light faintly struggling through his window, when Gerald started up from his sleep. He had surely heard a sound. It was his name was called. Was it a human voice that uttered it, or was the warning from a more solemn world? He bent down his head to listen again; and now he distinctly heard a low creaking sound, and as distinctly saw that the door was slightly moved, and then the word "Gerald, Gerald" whispered. He arose at once, and quickly recognizing Tina's voice, drew nigh the door.

"You have notime to lose, Gerald," said she, rapidly. "Pippo has taken the boat and is rowing across the lake; and even by this half light I can see a figure standing on the rock at the foot of the mountain waiting for him, just where the pathway from St. Stephano comes down to the water."

"The Gobbo, I suppose," said Gerald, half mockingly, as he showed the rapier he still held in his hand. "And if it be he, boy, there is no need to laugh," said Tina, shuddering. "The dark waters of that lake there that cover some of his handy-work, if they could speak would tell you so!"

"Then what am I to do, Tina?" said he, throwing open the door. "You'd not have me meet them on the shore there, and begin the attack; would you?"

If Gerald threw out this suggestion as impracticable, it was yet precisely the course he was longing himself to

follow, and most eager that she should assent to.

"The Blessed Virgin forbid it," cried she, crossing herself. "There is but one road to take, and that is yonder," and she pointed to a little rugged foot-path, that wound its way over the mountain, which joined the frontier with Tuscany.

"And am I in meet condition to travel, Tina," said he, jestingly, as he showed his ragged dress, and pulled out the lining of his empty pockets.

"There is Signor Gabriel's cape," said she; "it is almost as good as a cloak; he left it with me, but I have no need of it, and there is the crown piece you gave me yourself, when you were ill of the fever; and I want it just as little."

The boy struggled hard to refuse both, but the sorrow Tina felt for the rejection, at last overcame him, and, half in shame and half in pleasure—for the sense of exacting sacrifice is pleasure, deny it how we may—he yielded, and accepted her gift.

"Oh, Tina, will there ever come a day when I can repay this kindness?" said he. "I almost think there will."

"To be sure, Gerald, and you'll not forget me, even if there should not. You who were taught by the pious Frati how to pray, will surely say a good word in your devotions for a poor girl like Tina."

The boy's heart overflowed with emotion at the trait of simple piety, and he kissed her twice with all the affection of a fond brother. "Good bye, Tina," said he, sobbing. I feel stronger and stouter in heart, now that I know your kind wishes are going along with me; they are better to me, love, than a purse full of money."

"Do not take that sword, Gerald," said she, trying to take the weapon from him. "If you enter a village with a rapier at your side, they'll call you a brigand, and give you up to the carabinieri."

"I'll not quit the good blade, so long as I can wear it," said he, resolutely; and then added to himself, "I am nobly born, and have a right to a sword." "Cinctus gladio," says the old statute of knighthood; "and if I be a Geraldine, I am noble!"

And with these words, the boy bade his last farewell, and issued from the house.

## THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN PRAYERS.

"A legend, I believe of Italian origin, of a lady of rank, who vexed herself with the thought that her domestic interfered with her devotional duties. On one occasion, when she had been called away from church, she found on returning that the pages that she had missed in her breviary had been re-written in letters of gold, and that an angel had taken her place and prayed in her stead during her absence."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art*, vol. i., cciv.

## I.

## THE CASTLE.

In an ancient Lombard castle,  
Knightly castle bravely held,  
Was a book with golden letters  
Treasured in the days of eld.

Hoary missal silver claspen,  
Yellow with the touch of age;  
Dimly traced, the matin service  
Moulder'd on the parchment page.

None and compline, dark and faded,  
Golden all the vesper prayer;  
Hearken to the dainty legend,  
How those lines transfigured were.

There's a censer full of odours  
On the sea of glass in heaven,  
Prayers and cries that God's good angel  
Carries upward, morn and even.

Ah! perchance some sighs he beareth  
Voiceless on the eternal stairs,  
Some good work in love's hot furnace  
Molten into golden prayers.

From his castle by the forest  
Rides the princely Count to Rome,  
And his bride, the fair Beata,  
Keeps her quiet state at home.

Noble, with a gentle presence,  
Moves the lady 'mid her train—  
Knight, and dame, and old retainer,  
Fret not at her silken rein.

On the wall the warder paces,  
In the court the pages play,  
And the small bell in the chapel  
Duly calls them forth to pray.

From her turret chamber's lattice  
Looks the fair Beata forth:  
Sees the sun-tinged white snow mountains  
Rosy in the distant north;

Sees below the peasant's cottage,  
In its smoke-wreath blue and grey,  
And the sea of the great forest  
Creeping many a mile away.

All the rich Italian summer,  
Darkly green it swell'd and roll'd ;  
Then the autumn came and mark'd it  
With his brand of red and gold.

Full of song, and love, and gladness,  
Leaps her heart at every breeze,  
Dances with the chequer'd sunlight,  
Laughs along the moving trees.

Yet it hath a downward yearning,  
And a woman's feeling true,  
For the cares that never touch'd her,  
For the pains she never knew.

Thro' those homes of painful serfdom  
Like a charm she comes to move,  
Tells them of a nobler freedom,  
Soothes them with a sweeter love.

In the stately castle chapel  
Morn and eve the prayers are said,  
Where the rounded grey stone arches  
Stand about the mould'ring dead.

Rays of amethyst and purple  
Touch their tombstones on the floor,  
And a sunset splendour floods them  
Through the open western door.

Morn and eve the Lady Countess  
Kneels below the altar stair,  
On her fringed crimson cushion,  
With a face as grave and fair

As that lady in the chancel  
Kneeling ever, night and day,  
With her parted lips of marble  
Frozen into prayer for aye ;

Till perchance a stream of music  
Sweepeth from the choir on high,  
And her face grows bright a minute,  
And the light behind her eye

Kindles every carven feature  
With a flush of love and glory,  
Like the sun in a stain'd window  
Touching out some grand old story.

But the bells are ringing vespers,  
And Beata is not there—  
Streams the sunlight down the arches  
Missing much that presence fair.

And the angels on the columns  
Seem to listen for her tread,  
With their white and eager faces,  
And their marble wings outspread.

"Lay aside thy hood, O Countess,  
And thy mantle's russet fold ;  
It were late now in the forest,"  
Saith the waiting lady old.

"Take thy coif of pearls and velvet,  
Take thy veil of Flanders lace :  
All the bells are ringing vespers,  
And 'tis time we were in place."

"Go to church good Lady Bertha,  
Say thy prayers," Beata said ;  
"But to-night I must say vespers  
By a dying sister's bed.

"From the blind old woodman's cottage  
Came a token that I know ;  
Sick to death his maiden lieth  
On the forest verge below.

"We shall pray when she forgotten  
In her grave grass-cover'd lies,  
But she must not pass unpitied—  
Love is more than sacrifice.

"We shall pray when she is singing  
At the foot of the great throne.  
Should she tell our Lord in heaven  
That we let her die alone !"

So the lady took her gospel,  
And she pinn'd the grey cloth hood,  
And pass'd down the winding staircase,  
Through the postern to the wood,

With a half-regretful feeling,  
For her heart was lingering there—  
On the fringed crimson cushion  
Just below the altar stair.

Now the priest is robed for service,  
And the choristers draw near,  
And the bells are ringing—ringing  
In the Lady Bertha's ear.

## II.

### THE DEPARTURE.

But the Lady treads the forest dark  
Where the twisted path is rough and red,  
The huge tree trunks with their knotted bark  
In, and out, stand up on either side,  
Down below their boughs are sparse and wide  
But they mingle darkly overhead.  
Only sometimes where the jealous screen  
Broken, shows a glimpse of heaven between,  
And the light falls in a silver flood  
Grows a little patch of purest green,  
Where, when in the spring, the flowers unfold  
Lieth a long gleam of blue and gold,  
Hidden in the heart of the old wood.  
And a wider space shows on the verge

Of the forest, by a bright stream bound  
That keeps fresh a plot of open ground,  
Whence the blind old woodman hears the surge  
Of that sea of leaves that toss their foam  
Of white blossoms, round his lowly home,  
Whose poor thatch amid that living mass  
Of rich verdure lieth dark, and brown,  
Like a lark's nest russet in the grass  
Of a bare field on a breezy down.

In an inner chamber lay the girl  
Dying as the autumn day died out,  
The low wind that bore the leaves about  
Every now and then, with sudden whirl  
Thro' her casement, made the curtain flap  
With a weary sound upon the wall ;  
Moved the linen lying on her lap ;  
But she lay, and heeded not at all,  
With the brown hands folded close together  
And the cheek all stain'd with toil, and weather,  
Fading underneath the squalid cap.  
Turn, poor sufferer, give one dying look  
To the forest over the clear brook,  
For the sunset dim in thy low chamber  
Touches it with emerald, and amber  
Clasps its jewels in a golden setting—  
Ah, she doth not heed, she will not turn,  
She but asks the rapture of forgetting,  
Life has left her few delights to mourn.  
Painful childhood ! without sport or laughter,  
Cheerless growing up in toil and care,  
Wanting sympathy to make life fair,  
Outward dulness and an inward blight—  
Doom of many that we read aright  
Only in the light of the hereafter.

Now her life ebbs to a new beginning,  
Not alone the end of toil and sinning,  
Not alone the perfect loss of pain,  
But the bursting of a life-long chain,  
And a dark film passing from the eyes,  
The soul breaking into that full blaze,  
That in gleams, and thoughts, and fantasies  
Broke but rarely on her earthly days ;  
For the shadow of the forest lay  
On the crush'd heart of the forest maid ;  
Glorious sunshine, and the light of day,  
And the blue air of long summers play'd  
Ever in the green tops of the trees—  
Down below were depths and mysteries,  
Dim perspectives, and a humid smell  
Of decaying leaves and rotted cones,  
While far up the wild bee rung her bell,  
And the blossoms nodded on their thrones,  
She, poor foundling, at another's hearth,  
She, the blind man's helper and his slave,  
To whose thought the quiet of the grave  
Hardly paid the drudgery of earth.

Till the lady found the forlorn creature,  
And she told her all the marvellous story—  
Divine love, and suffering, and glory.



That to her abused neglected nature  
Slowly did a gleam of hope impart—  
Gleam that never rose to light her feature,  
But it burn'd into her blighted heart,  
Gave a meaning to each sound that haunted  
Arch on arch the forest's depth of aisle,  
Set to music every wind that chanted,  
Made it all a consecrated pile,  
For the lady to the chapel stately,  
Though the pages whisper'd in her train,  
Though the Lady Bertha marvell'd greatly,  
Led her once, and once she came again.  
'Neath the crimson window's blazonry,  
There she saw the priest and people kneeling,  
Trembled at the loud laudates pealing,  
Wept along the solemn litany,  
Mark'd the psalter's long majestic flow  
With brief pause of sudden glorias riven,  
Heard it warbling at the gates of heaven,  
Heard it wailing from the depths below ;  
But most won the gospel strain her soul,  
When its one clear solitary tone  
After music on the hush'd church stole,  
Like a sweet bird that sings on alone  
When the storm of harmony is done,  
Or that voice the Prophet heard of old  
When the tempest died upon the wold.  
And a form Divine, great, gentle, wise,  
Slowly out of that grand picture grew,  
Look'd into her soul with human eyes ;  
To His heart the desolate creature drew—  
Tender heart that beat so kind and true  
To her wants, and cares, and sympathies.  
Never more His presence fair forsakes her ;  
To her weary solitude He follows,  
Meets her in the forest depths and hollows,  
By her rough and toil-worn hand He takes her,  
Smiles upon her with His heavenly face  
Till the wood is an enchanted place.

When a beam in summer stray'd perchance  
Through the boughs that darkly intertwine  
Comes to break a slender silver lance  
On the brown trunk of some aged pine,  
Falls in shivers on the dappled moss  
That doth all its hoary roots emboss :  
She, uplooking to that glorious ray,  
Saith, " It cometh from the throne of Christ,  
Some good saint hath won the holy tryste,  
And heaven's gate is open wide to-day."  
Or when o'er the April sky there passed  
Clouds that made the forest darkness denser,  
And the shadows by the bare trunks cast  
Weirder, and the distant gloom intenser,  
When, as she sat listening, overhead  
Came short silence, and a sound of drops,  
And a tossing in the great tree tops,  
And she saw across the broken arch  
Fall the green tufts of the tassell'd larch,  
And the white chestnut flow'rs row on row,  
And the pine plumes dashing to and fro.

As the thunder-cloud pass'd o'er, she said,  
 "Sure the saints are round about the King,  
 And I see the waving palms they bring."

Fair Beata kneeleth at her side,  
 To her shrunken lip the cordial gives,  
 Tells her gently that her Saviour lives,  
 Gently tells her that her Saviour died.  
 "Read! O lady, those great words of sorrow,  
 Part of rapture, and of anguish part,  
 That in presence of that awful morrow  
 Jesus spake—the dying to the dying,  
 When the dear one on His bosom lying  
 Caught them breathing from his breaking heart."  
 And the lady from her gospel olden  
 Read while ebb'd the worn-out life away,  
 Paused awhile the parting spirit holden  
 By the exquisite beauty of the lay.  
 Ah! did ever poem tell so sweetly  
 To the saint the rapture of his rest;  
 Ah! did requiem ever lull so meetly  
 Weary sinner on a Saviour's breast!

But there comes a strange short quiver now,  
 Creeping darkly up from chin to brow—  
 Sweet Beata never look'd on death,  
 And she reads on with unabated breath;  
 But the blind man sitting at the door  
 Crieth, "Silence! for I hear a shout  
 In heaven, and a rustling on the floor,  
 And the sound of something passing out,  
 And my hair is lifted with a rush  
 Of angels' wings—they have passed by me—Hush!"

### III.

#### THE ANGEL.

Now the bells have ceas'd to ring,  
 And the priest begins to pray,  
 And the loaded censers swing,  
 And the answers die away,  
 Wandering through those arches grey,  
 As the choir responsive sing.

Lady Bertha sweepeth in  
 With a sadly troubled brow,  
 Velvet robed from foot to chin,  
 And the points of delicate lace  
 Laid about her withered face.  
 Serf and soldier—all make room,  
 And the pages kneel in order  
 In the stately lady's train;  
 Dim the window's pictured pane,  
 Dim its deep-stain'd flowery border—  
 All the chancel lies in gloom;  
 Lower down along the floor  
 Gleams of glorious radiance pour,  
 Not in rays of green or blue  
 From some old Apostle's vest,  
 Not with light of warmer hue  
 Won from martyr's crimson breast,

But the sunset's own soft gleaming  
Through the western entrance streaming,  
Like a line of silver spears,  
Levell'd when the leader cheers.

Not a bell is ringing now,  
But the priest is praying loud,  
And the choir is answering,  
And the people murmur low,  
And the incense, like a cloud,  
Curls along the chapel proud  
As the loaded censers swing.  
Who is this that comes to pray?  
Is it priest with stole of white,  
In a silver amice dight,  
Or some chorister gone astray,  
With a bended golden head  
Kneeling on the cushion red  
Where the lady knelt away?  
Stay, O priest, thy solemn tone—  
A strange voice is joined to thine;  
O sweet lady cut in stone,  
Lift for once those marble eyes  
From the gilded carven shrine,  
Where thy silent warrior lies  
In the dim-lit chancel air;  
Never mid the kneeling throng  
Come to share thy vigil long  
Was worshipper so rare.  
Ah! fair saint! she looks not back,  
And the priest unto a Higher  
Than the whole angelic choir  
Calleth; so he doth not slack.  
But the people pause and stare,  
Even the pages dare not wink,  
And the rustling ladies shrink,  
And the women low are saying  
Each into a hooded face—  
"Tis a blessed angel praying  
In our sainted lady's place."

But not one of all the host  
That beheld and wondered most,  
After could the semblance trace  
Of that bright angelic creature;  
Though they met him face to face,  
Though they look'd into his feature,  
They but saw a bright face glowing,  
Golden tresses like a crown,  
And the white wings folded down,  
And a silver vesture flowing,  
Like a dream of poet's weaving,  
Or some painter's fond conceiving  
Never to his canvas known,  
Or the sculptor's warm ideal  
Never wrought into the real,  
Cold unbreathing stone.

But a little maiden saith—  
"I have seen it on the day  
When my tender mother lay  
Struggling with the pangs of death ;

Such a creature came to stand  
At the bedside, palm in hand,  
And a crown upon his wand.  
Beckoning as he heavenward flew,  
Then she slept and left me too."

"I have seen it," whispering loud  
Saith a mother in the crowd,  
"When my christen'd babe did lie  
Drest for death, and I sat by,  
In a trance of grief and pain;  
Cold the forehead without stain,  
Dark the dimple, and the eye  
That was light and love to mine,  
Faded every rosy line  
Round the sweet mouth stiff and dumb.  
He was there. I saw him come;  
Laid aside the coffin lid  
Where my broken flower lay hid;  
And he took it to his breast,  
In his two arms closely prest—  
Upward—upward, through the blue,  
With a carol sweet and wild,  
Bore my darling; and I knew  
Christ had sent him for my child."

Still the angel saith his prayer,  
Reading from Beata's book—  
Every time the pages shook  
A most wondrous fragrance took  
All the creeping chapel air,  
Like the scent in woods below  
When the limes are all a-blow.

He is gone—the prayers are over;  
By the altar on the stair,  
Folded in its vellum cover,  
He hath laid the missal rare.  
Every prayer the angel told  
On its page had turned to gold.  
Sweet Beata found it there,  
As the early morning gleam'd,  
When she came to thank the Lord  
For that weary soul redeem'd,  
Trembling at the story quaint  
Of her angel visitant;  
And she saw each changed word—  
Then she knew that through Heaven's door  
Many a gift the angel bears,  
And casts it on the crystal floor  
Where love deeds are golden prayers.

C. F. A.

## RECENT OXFORD LITERATURE.

THERE was a period, and that of no very remote antiquity, when the literature which issued from any one of our British Universities, in any given decade or so of years, would have afforded but a scanty text for an article. It is a fact that Oxford, after two abortive attempts at a Magazine like our own, gave up the rivalry; that Cambridge (so far as we know) never even entered the field; and that the united Oxford and Cambridge Review had even a shorter existence than that which the *Times* prophetically assigns to the Derby administration of 1858. If we turn from periodical literature to writing of a more permanent character and distinctive texture, the produce is equally scanty. Dublin seemed to have exhausted her fecundity in the giant birth of *MAGA*. Beyond a Horace, a Juvenal, or a Lucian with English notes; a majestic and polysyllabic Kennedy's Homer, and a few abstracts of logical and ethical writers, with awful examination papers appended, bristling with "quid dicit Brownius, quid Smithius," and such like interrogatories, it must be confessed that our own Alma Mater gave but little to the world. We can afford to make the confession now, when we can point to the eminent contributions to philosophy, theology, and sound learning of Bishop Fitzgerald, Dr. Lee, Professors Webb and Moeran, and a host of others. But, even in the comparatively silent years of which we speak, Oxford and Cambridge had but little superiority. Cambridge was sunk in an exclusively mathematical barbarism. Of Gray's fierce sarcasm in the previous century, that "mathematics was the only business of the place, and drinking the only amusement," the former portion, at least, was true. Hopkins, Peacock, and Hinds alone broke the silence of the classic groves. Mr. Macmillan produced none of those beautiful volumes of cerulean hue. The genius of the ablest men of the place did not warble into poetry like the Lushingtons with their "Points of War," and "Nation Boutiquiere;" or rise into the difficult air of philoso-

phy with Whewell, Amos, and Grote; or reconcile orthodox theology with the advance of thought and of Biblical exegesis, like Mill, Harold Browne, Hardwicke, Goodwin, and Wescott. Oxford literature was in about the same position. Translations into English prose of Aristophanes, Pindar, or Euripides "by a graduate of this university" represented her classics; Welchman on the Thirty-nine Articles, manuals of sects and heresies, persuasions addressed to dissenters on the subject of conformity; a few of dear good old Burton's sermons, urging Oxford to be "good rather than great," appealing to these "hallowed walls," and altogether in what Dr. Newman calls the "King George the Third and Protestant religion" style, pretty nearly exhausted her theology. And as for poetry and polite literature, a volume of verses by Mr. John Graham, author of a pretty Newdigate on Granada; "Oxford Night-caps, being a collection of receipts for making various beverages used in the University," to which add "Oxford Sausages;" redolent of an atmosphere of bad cigars, and worse port; are the chief representatives of the *belles lettres*. We speak roughly and generally of the years 1831 to 1841.

With the great church movement at Oxford literature began to revive, and the lethargic press quickened into unwonted activity. Mr. Parker no longer enjoyed a monopoly of publishing, humbly subdivided into a very small slice for Talboys, Wheeler, or Vincent. MacPherson, Graham, and Shrimpton became respectable *bibliopoles*. The issue at first was chiefly of works of standard divinity. Bull was edited by Burton; Waterland, by Van Mildert; and many other theological leaders of the English Church were exhumed to show an age of degenerate students that there were "giants on the earth in those days." Indeed, a memorable article in the *Quarterly Review*, which bears all the impress of Mr. Sewell's peculiar genius, seemed to assert that this was the work of a university in the nineteenth century. Google

The best service to which a learned and devout academic could consecrate himself was to select his standard divine, to incubate over his pages with a loving reverence, to follow out all his quotations; and then, for recompense, he might hope to puzzle out typographical errors which for ages had stood like minute pimples on the venerable face of the work: or even to leave among his papers a preface or introduction which the curators of the university press might possibly insert in a future edition of the *Opus Magnum*. Mr. Sewell, however, was fortunately inconsistent, or perhaps too humble to aspire to so glorious a destiny. He published a beautiful and thoughtful Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato, a pretty volume of poems, and several other works. But the exquisite sermons, the character pictures, of Mr. Newman were now thrown off, edition after edition. Apart from their really extraordinary merit, in a literary point of view, they had two local recommendations: they afforded admirable illustrations of the Nicomachean ethics—(thus the commencement of one of the university sermons on human responsibility, as independent of circumstances, is the most suggestive exposition we have ever met of Aristotle's doctrine of the voluntary and non-voluntary, in the Third Book of the Ethics)—and, besides this, they partly produced, and were partly themselves covered by, a strange sort of debateable light, between light and darkness, which was rising up from the middle ages, and creeping over the grand old place. Contemporaneously with these, Oxford was producing other sermons of very unusual excellence. Mr. Manning's Discourses were indeed quite destitute of that unity of aim and leading of all lines to one point which is necessary to hearing a preacher with interest or remembering him with distinctness. He who heard one, had heard all. It is utterly impossible, in most cases, to say, such a sentence belongs to one of Manning's Sermons and not to another. There is no context. There are a vast number of beautiful sayings, lovely little isles of thought swimming in a dim sea of words. The sermons have no logical gristle, and, as Mr. Tapley expressively says

of Pecksniff, would "squeeze soft." They have few of those short, sharp, pithy, heavy-packed sentences which the Puritan jerks at the conscience of his audience, which are often laughed at, but sometimes stick, barbed into the conscience. They contain little direct exposition of Scripture, but their language has the softness and loveliness of poetry. They are sweet and affectionate beyond expression. They tell the experience of a lacerated heart in the accents of the most finished of gentlemen. They rather weep than speak. They are pervaded by a tone of deep-felt conviction. The sleep of the faithful departed, and the sermon on Mary Magdalene for a penitentiary, if not the best sermons, are among the most beautiful pieces of religious writing in the English tongue. Put beside these sermons, in theology, Dr. Pusey's discourses and letters, crushed under a weight of patristic learning, which they are unable to carry: in political philosophy, Mr. Gladstone's celebrated essay: in elegant literature, Mr. Adams' exquisite Allegories: in poetry, Mr. Williams' tortuous mediæval works—the Baptistery, and the rest—sometimes fine, often uncouth and perplexed; and Mr. Fabers' Chervell Water-Lily, and other poems, smelling already of the incense, and coloured with the rich glitter of the Roman Ritual—we have the leading representatives of the literature of Oxford from 1840 to 1847.

The last eight or ten years have witnessed a wonderful revulsion, and produced a great expansion of intellectual life. With the Oxford literature of these years we are concerned at present. We shall first give a rapid summary and review of Oxford books of various kinds, and then draw our remarks to a point by some generalizations.

In such a review, *science* should occupy a foremost place. Science, however, is the weak point of Oxford men, although we believe that a considerable improvement has taken place. We shall only mention the celebrated names of Baden Powell and Phillips, and the respectable names of Price and Donkin. As a guarantee for the pains which we have taken, we append an accurate and complete list of all the writings

of Professor Powell. We believe we may add that the curiosity of the scientific world has not before been satisfied as to the authorship of some of the admirable articles and essays in our list.\*

If science be a weak point in Oxford, *scholarship* is, of course, proportionably strong. We can only touch on its very surface.

As to scholarship, we must draw a distinction. It has two branches. The first is *technical*, dwelling upon parts of speech, structure of sentences, opinions of commentators, and various readings. In Oxford it might be termed "mere scholarship;" a Greek would term its professors *grammatistæ* rather than *grammatici*; a Roman, *litteratores* rather than *litterati*. The second is more properly *critical*. Those who possess it can, to use Joseph Scaliger's fine expression, "call a senate of ancient books." They have drunk into the spirit of their author, and have an intimate acquaintance with his mind. In *technical* scholarship Oxford is scarcely equal to Cambridge—in *critical*, she might claim the superiority.

Fortunately for us, Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, the great work of Oxford technical scholarship, falls under an earlier period than that which we have undertaken. We have not seen the new edition of Thucydides, by the Rev. John G. Sheppard, of Kidderminster, just published, but are

assured that in all technical points it is vastly superior to Arnold.

Mr. Gladstone's contribution to the Oxford Essays for 1857, "On the place of Homer in Classical Education and in Historical Inquiry," is a good specimen of true critical power, sobered and made accurate by sound technical training. The essay, indeed, is rather tedious or so. It is too plainly a sort of advertisement to "my forthcoming work on Homer." We had rather hear Mr. Gladstone's fellow-student of Christ Church, Sir Cornwall Lewis, on Roman history than on English finance. But how dull a subject is Homer in the hands of one who can make a budget beautiful by his oratory. A hundred men in England could write upon the old Greek poet as well as, or better than, Mr. Gladstone: how few could have handled the colonies, missions, India, or political philosophy, in the same style! so that the very choice of the subject irritates. But how fine and full is this passage, for instance:—

"It was the Greek mind transferred, without doubt, in some part through Italy, in which was shaped and tempered the original mould of the modern European civilization. From hence were to be derived the forms and materials of thought, of the whole education of the intellectual soul, which, when pervaded with an higher life from the Divine fountain, was thus to be secured from cor-

\* *Revelation and Science*: a Sermon before the University. 1833.

*The Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth*. 1838.

*Tradition Unveiled*. 1839-40.

*State Education*. 1840.

Articles:—*Creation, Deluge, Lord's Day*—in *Kütto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*. (N.B.—The last of these has been suppressed in the later edition, and a different article substituted by the Editor.)

*The History of Natural Philosophy*. *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

*On the History of the Newtonian Discoveries*. *Edinburgh Review*. 1843.

*Brewster's Life of Newton*. *Edinburgh Review*. 1854.

*Life and Writings of Arago*. *Edinburgh Review*. 1856.

*Life of Young*. *National Review*. 1855.

*The State Church*. A Sermon. Oxford. 1850.

*Papers in the Memoirs of Ashmolean Society*.

*Unity of Worlds and of Nature*. First Series of Essays. London. 1855.

*Christianity without Judaism*. 1857.

Second Series of Essays, including some articles from *Kütto's Journal of Sacred Literature*, and others.

*Study of Natural Theology*. Burnett Prizes. Oxford Essays. 1857.

On Science—

*Treatise on Optics*. Oxford, 1833.

*Undulatory Theory of Light*. London, 1841.

*Report on Meteors*. *British Association Reports*.

Various Papers in *Philosophical Transactions*, *Memoirs of Ashmolean Society*, and *Philosophical Magazine*.

ruption. This Greek mind, which thus became one of the main factors of the civilized life of Christendom, cannot be fully comprehended without the study of Homer. He has a world of his own, into which, upon his strong wing, he carries us. There we find ourselves amidst a system of ideas, feelings and actions, different from what are to be found anywhere else. Many among them seem as if they were then shortly about to be buried under a mass of ruins, and were subsequently to reappear bright and fresh, for application among later generations of men. Others of them almost carry us back to the early morning of our race, the hours of its greater simplicity, and more free intercourse with God. In much that this Homeric world exhibits we see the taint of sin at work, but far, as yet, from its perfect work and ripeness; it stands between Paradise and the vices of later heathenism—far from both; and if, among all earthly knowledge, the knowledge of man be that which we should chiefly court, how is it possible to over-value the representation of the human race in a complete and separate form, with its own religion, ethics, policy, history, arts, manners, fresh and true to the standard of its nature, like the form of an infant from the hand of the Creator, yet mature and finished, in its own sense, after its own laws, like some masterpiece of the sculptor's art.\*

We are aware of objections which might be made to this on the score of the view of a comparatively golden age which it embodies; whereas we are told that the earth had no such morning, that the earliest idolatries were the darkest and bloodiest, and that no golden splinters of the sunlight of Revelation struck the lands outside the haunted forest of Judaism. But in spite of this, and of the oratorical amplification of style, ever rolling out three or four synonyms, as if to waken the country gentlemen on the opposition benches, it is a noble and thoughtful passage.

But we pass, for the present, from anything so slight as an essay with the exclamation of Lord Shaftesbury, "Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous author who, for the common benefit of his fellow-authors, introduced the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing!" If Burke characterized a large, blue book as "a chopping bastard," what attribute

shall we find for the four gigantic volumes of Herodotus, which Mr. Rawlinson, of Exeter College, is to give to the world, with Mr. Murray for his publisher. We have no doubt that this will be the greatest work which British scholarship has, perhaps, ever produced. And as we have had access to authentic sources of information, we are able to anticipate the appearance of the work.

This splendid Oxford contribution to ancient history and ethnography may be expected almost immediately. Mr. Rawlinson's "Herodotus" consists of an entirely new translation of the text, accompanied by copious foot-notes, occasionally critical, but, for the most part, geographical and historical, and further illustrated by a series of essays, in which the chief results of cuneiform and hieroglyphical discovery will be embodied. These essays will constitute, in all probability, the leading feature and special value of the work in question. A new and readable translation will, undoubtedly, be a great gain to the general public, which has "forgotten its Greek," or—if the truth must be told—has never advanced so far as to read Greek comfortably. The weak and flimsy translation of Beloe—a model of the namby-pamby style—has hitherto misrepresented and travestied one of the manliest and most vigorous of writers to the great majority of the British public. Students have resorted to the crabbed, because literal, version of Laurent, or to the still more crabbed, because still more literal, version presented to the world by Mr. Bohn; while comparatively few, we suspect, have been aware of the existence of a translation far better than any of these—the production of Mr. Isaac Taylor. Even those, however, who have enjoyed the privilege, will feel that something more might be desiderated—better printing, for instance, better scholarship, and something in the way of illustration. Now, all this Mr. Rawlinson's work will, undoubtedly, give. With Mr. Murray for publisher, we are secure of good type and correct printing; with so well-known and established a scholar for translator, we may feel confident of scholar-like rendering as



well as of a good style—of a faithful as well as of a free and flowing version. Again, in the matter of running comment on the text, which the English translators have almost entirely neglected, while something was done in old times by Laurent, and something has since been added by Blakesly and Kenrick, a wide field still remains untrodden, which Mr. Rawlinson may be expected to occupy. Neither the works of later nor even of earlier travellers have been, as yet, laid under due contribution, in respect of the light which they are capable of throwing both upon the fictions and the facts of Herodotus. To exhaust this mine of illustration is beyond the power of an individual, and might be found to exhaust the patience of most readers; but a judicious selection from such sources is greatly wanted, and we more than anticipate a supply of this deficiency. But, undoubtedly, the main interest of the new Herodotus will centre in those portions of it which (according to the announcement so long before the public) “embody the chief results, historical and ethnographical, which have been obtained in the progress of cuneiform and hieroglyphical discovery.” It is of consequence, in connexion with this point, that the learned translator and editor is assisted in this portion of his labours by the two first of living authorities in these difficult and recondite subjects—his brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and his friend, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson. These great discoverers have not merely exercised a general superintendence over such parts of the work as treat of their respective subjects, but have themselves contributed no small amount of original matter to the notes and essays, which will thus communicate, in a popular shape, the opinions of those best qualified to judge as to the conclusions which are finally to be drawn from the vast amount of hieroglyphical and cuneiform material accumulated, during the last ten or twenty years, in the museums of Europe. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the value of this new mine of historical ore, rich, beyond the brightest dream which fancy could have framed, in matter bearing upon almost all those branches of learning which, to the historical student, are of the

greatest interest. History proper, ethnography, geography, comparative philology, but, above all, biblical exegesis, receive a flood of light from materials so long hid in the bowels of the earth, the mouldering papyrus of the Egyptian tombs, and the calcined ruins of the Assyrian palaces. All this is at present known in a scattered and fragmentary way to the high scientific and learned world, the frequenters of “society” meetings, and the diligent readers of “society” journals and athenæums. The essays attached to the new Herodotus will make this knowledge accessible to the world at large. They will place before the general reader, in a convenient form, a systematic and methodical *resumé* of the results finally obtained, after years of discussion, on the various subjects above enumerated. Nor is this the whole. It will be found that on many of the most important of these subjects—as, for instance, the religious systems of Assyria and Babylonia—matter entirely new, even to the learned, will be presented—matter drawn directly from the monuments themselves, nineteen-twentieths of which, perhaps, are still inedited. Such, in its general outline and special characteristics, we venture to say, the work in question will be. It is the result of *seven years* of unremitting labour on the part of its original projector, who has spared no effort to give it finish and completeness. We trust that he may reap the substantial reward of such a task, which in Germany would follow as a matter of course. It is not creditable to Oxford that she does not find or make professorships for those of her sons who do her most real honour. The new university government will disappoint legitimate expectation, if it does not contrive to introduce into the academical system a little of that elasticity which in Germany enables such bodies fully to “utilize” (by means of professors extraordinary) the entire talent available at any moment within their precincts. We must not forget to add to this notice of the literary characteristics of the forthcoming Herodotus, that it will be also a contribution to ancient art. The text of the Father of History will be copiously illustrated from the monumental remains of antiquity, especially from those which are least

accessible to the general student—the sculptures and reliefs of Persia, Egypt, Assyria, Asia Minor, and Scythia. A number of new maps and charts may also be expected, exhibiting the existing state of our geographical knowledge as to the countries of which Herodotus treats, and placing before the student, in the most striking manner, the comparative geography, physical and political, of the various districts.

From scholarship we must pass on to *theology*—not without a palpable link of connexion in the present instance. A few years ago, and Oxford theology wore the air of controversial excitement, and was picturesque in a quaint, mediæval drapery. The initiated, upon hearing the term, pictured to themselves the Vicar of St. Mary's preaching that strange sermon, which was the first exposition of the Theory of Development. Perhaps they had even been present when that sweet peculiar voice chanted out, in the same fascinating intonation, the wonderful panegyric on musical science, and the queer thought, which Bishop O'Brien has termed, "doing business as a man goes"—"Stranger, surely, that St. John should be a theologian, than that St. Peter should become a prince." Or on hearing of Oxford theology, the old pulpit stood up in the perspective of memory, and the thin form, wrapped in gown of Pusey, glided up the aisle, and his hurt-looking face was bent upon the ground, and a sermon on "the Keys" from those quiet lips set half England in an uproar.

The Oxford theology of our period has been of a very different stamp. Its most marked productions have been rather Baconian than patristic in their method. They have bowed but little to authority, or rather we should say, to such authority as Oxford was wont to recognise. They have been attempts to reproduce the exact and literal meaning of ancient or sacred authors, apart from orthodox prepossessions, simply by an inductive examination of their contents, and by a philosophical or historical reconstruction of the modes of thought and circumstances under which those au-

thors wrote. They have endeavoured to dispel the adventitious hues which our eyes are so apt to cast upon theology from looking at it through the painted medium of confessions and creeds; and to see it as it lies, not under the coloured glass dome of the church, but in the white radiance of its native light. We fear that in many instances the tinge of romance or superstition has been exchanged for the dreary shadows of semi-infidelity, and that the *idols* of the Roman have only been exchanged for the *idols* of the German den.

We mention first Mr. Mozley's "Treatise on the Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination."\* This work has been said by the *Times* (of course without any *private* reasons, suggested by the author's name), to characterize a new epoch in theology. The gist of Mr. Mozley's work would seem to consist in its being a learned and philosophical demonstration of the necessity of doctrinal comprehensiveness in the church. Scripture and philosophy alike recognise *antinomies* of reason, and therefore, alike recognise predestination and free will. A rigorous and complete survey of Augustine's writings demonstrates that a father of the first rank was a predestinarian. But, more or less, anti-sacramental views are the logical consequence of predestinarianism, though Augustine had not thought the matter down to its roots. Now, to tolerate a principle is to tolerate its logical conclusion; and it is evident that somewhat anti-predestinarian views were also permitted in the church. Hence, opposite sacramental views are to be tolerated.

This is a work of considerable acuteness and research. The note about Mr. Mill's argument on the doctrine of necessity is especially admirable. We might, possibly, point to some loose statements, if space permitted. To the rigid predestinarian interpretation of some passages of Scripture he concedes too much. He has not succeeded, we think, in his elaborate attack upon Dr. Jackson's and Archbishop Whately's expositions of the Ninth of Romans. He carries his doctrine of indistinct conceptions

\* *A Treatise on the Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination.* By J. B. Mozley, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street, 1855.

and of human ignorance to an exaggerated degree. After all, there is a wholesome horror of nebulousness in the human intellect; and we should always remember, that if there are depths which the mind cannot plumb, the sounding line is yet true as far as it goes.

The next work of recent Oxford theology to which we turn is Mr. Jowett's notorious Commentary.\*

It will be impossible for us to do more than ruffle the very surface of this dark and deep pool.

Viewed merely as a commentary, no one, we should suppose, would rate this strange performance very high. The text is a servile transcript of Lachmann's. Let the reader study one chapter in the Epistle to the Romans, with Bengel and Jowett by his side, and he can hardly fail to be struck by the subtle perception of the finest lineaments of thought in the former, contrasted with the meagre and stumbling note-making of the latter. We take the first case at hand—Romans viii. 6, "That we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." Bengel points out a beautiful refinement here. The preposition in the original appears but once, so that the second dative is governed by the verb. "That we should serve God with a new spirit, and not be slaves of the old letter." Jowett has a pompous note, but utterly overlooks the nicety of construction. The *Quarterly Review* attributes the deficiency of Mr. Jowett's notes to slipshod scholarship. We should rather refer it to a contemptuous estimate of St. Paul's intellectual character: that "weak and palsied creature;" "the victim of nervous excitement;" "who was not at one with nature, nor nature with him," whom it would be "a rude shock to our nerves" to meet; as much so, possibly, as "poor people, with their constant appeals to divine interposition;" whose "mixed modes" of thought would have incapacitated him from answering one categorically what he meant or did not mean;—

why should we trouble ourselves with his Greek? When, indeed, we read any of the "masters of those who know," Aristotle or Plato, Bacon or Shakespeare, we credit them with every accession to our own knowledge. We take pleasure in proving that the finest and subtlest thoughts which we possess have played, like lights and shadows, over the surface of the sea of their meaning. We should assume, as a general rule, that *they* meant as much—St. Paul as little as possible!

We have neither space, nor inclination, for controversy. The deepest disapproval of this book which we can convey is to say that it feels with numb and icy fingers round the cross which it never grasps.

Still it would be unjust to deny that the discussions, in spite of their general mistiness, are in some ways of remarkable ability. Their great philosophical deficiency is a want of definition and of definiteness in the use of terms. But they sometimes generalize with astonishing sweep and power. The essay on the influence of Philo upon St. Paul, is, we take it, in great measure from Gfrörer. That on Natural Religion is an acute and *destructive* criticism of the ordinary theistic argument from final causes. It contains some powerful writing. We cite one example, the growth of the early religions:—

"How long such a state may have lasted; what different forms it assumed in China, India, Persia, Egypt; by what process it passed into that secondary stage which it attains in Greek mythology; are questions which we have, as yet, hardly the means of answering. Slowly the veil is drawn up. The world within prevails over the world without. The mystery of human nature reveals itself in the law of progress. The age of Mythology succeeds the era of the formation of languages; the age of Poetry to that of Mythology; to that of Poetry, Philosophy, or History. The individual is no more identified with nature, or thought imaged by sense. A thousand links of fancy still connect them; the twilight of the human understanding does not at once

\* *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans; with critical notes and dissertations.* By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. In two volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street, 1855.

pass away; it is the early morning still, not the clearness of the sun at noonday. The world itself seems to be pervaded by one universal life or mind, or to pour forth from its surface myriads of individual forms dancing in the light of heaven, or to be ever labouring in travail of some mystery which no sphinx may guess; or to be divided between good and evil into an upper and under world; or to be filled with giants or grotesque beings, tortured into deformity, or radiant with unearthly beauty. Gradually this superhuman life subsides: the gods come down to us in the likeness of men, no longer springing up everywhere, but at last set within the rigid limits of their own marble forms. The earth is at rest, and order is the law of all things, in which the mind too finds rest. The reality of the last age has become the dream of the present, and this is but the allegory in which philosophy clothes its meaning. At length the original meaning of all beliefs is lost; they become customs rather than beliefs."—Vol. ii. p. 398.

Of the remaining essays we would specify those on the connexions of immorality and idolatry, on the state of the heathen world, and on conversions and changes of character, as especially interesting. But the paper on "Casuistry" is a perfect gem in its way. It reflects much light on the fourteenth chapter of Romans. It exhibits the character of the Apostle in all its wise, considerate, and far-seeing tenderness. It seizes upon the inmost principle of "spiritual direction," and analyzes it with a shrewd and remorseless logic very unlike Professor Jowett's usual Hegelian mysticism.

Mr. Stanley's Commentary on the Corinthians deserves mention here.\* It is of very different texture from Mr. Jowett's, being almost entirely critical and historical, and, eschewing philosophical discussion. Mr. Stanley is never so happy as on classic ground. He is quite at home in Corinth, among the Grecian pines, clothing with their light green foliage the plains of the isthmus. The style

of the Apostle suggests curious historical analogies:—

"In some respects its outward aspect closely resembles that of two men, very different from each other and from him—Thucydides and Oliver Cromwell. In all three there is a disproportion between thought and language, the thought straining the language till it cracks in the process—a shipwreck of grammar and logic, as the sentences are whirled through the author's mind—a growth of words and thoughts out of and into each other, often to the utter entanglement of the argument which is framed out of them."—Preface, p. iv.

Mr. Stanley's object is solely to reproduce the argument, the whole argument, and nothing but the argument of the Apostle—not to enumerate conflicting opinions, to frame or to attach a doctrinal system of any kind. As he piously and beautifully remarks—"Words and ideas, which have often been confined to the use of particular sections or parties of the Church, when seen in their original meaning and connexion, recover their independence, and seem to have once more a long race to run through the mouths of many generations." The execution of his plan is almost as admirable as its conception.

To the "Life of Arnold," to "Sinai and Palestine," and to "Memorials of Canterbury," it were needless to refer our readers. In addition to the works at the foot of the page, Mr. Stanley has also written an article on Grote's Greece, and some other excellent papers in the *Quarterly*. He is the chemical *intermede* who combines apparently discordant theological elements—the successor and panegyrist of Hussey; the pupil of Arnold; the examining chaplain of Tait. The heavy brow and large head of Lord Macaulay might seem to augur a different genius from that of the Oxford Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. But, in truth, if ever Lord Macaulay were to be metamorphosed into a divine and uni-

\* *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age*, by the Rev. A. P. Stanley, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. John Henry Parker, 1847.

*The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians, with Critical Notes and Dissertations*, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. In two volumes. London, John Murray, 1855.

*Three Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History*, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Oxford and London, John, Henry, and James Parker, 1857.

versity professor, we suppose that his sermons and prelections would most resemble Mr. Stanley's. The merits and the faults would, perhaps, not be dissimilar.

Before parting with Mr. Stanley, we would respectfully submit to his notice one short sentence in one of the finest and most instructive chapters of his "Sinai and Palestine"—that on the Gospel history and teaching, viewed in connexion with the localities of Palestine. "It is an argument such as *in the days of subtle theological speculation* might have been justly and forcibly used for *what is termed the Perfect Humanity of Christ*." This sentence jars upon our ear and heart, and conveys a painful meaning which we are sure the author would be the first to disclaim.

One of the essays in the last Oxford volume demands some notice under this head. We allude to "Schemes of Christian Comprehension," by the Rev. H. B. Wilson, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College.\* To this essay we strongly object, and on a variety of grounds. In the first place, it omits all mention of some of the most interesting works and projects. Thus, Franciscus à Sancta Clara appears to be utterly unknown to Mr. Wilson, the precursor as he is of Tract Ninety, in the attempt to make the Articles speak Romish sentiments. Neither is there any allusion to the overtures which have been made by zealous Churchmen to the Danish and Greek Churches; nor to the gently-offered and sourly-received advances of Convocation to the Methodists; nor to the Evangelical Alliance. In so accessible a treatise as "Waterland's Discourse of Fundamentals," and its notes, the reader will find much clearer and ampler information, although Waterland wrote in 1735. We would also just remind Mr. Wilson that there are such people as Grotius, Casaubon, and Leibnitz. Then, Mr. Wilson's practical improvement of his subject is the richest piece of philosophical bombast which we have often met. What is to be the reconciler of Christendom? Why, "the principle of probabilities, the modalization of dogmatic statements by greater or less probability;" that is

the mark. Apply this plaster to Scripture and ecclesiastical affairs, and all the broken heads of all the churches will be healed in a style which no biblical or confessional standard can ever equal. And what, O wonder and phenomenon among "dons," may these big words mean? They fall grandly and vaguely upon our ears like *κόγι δυνάει*, or some echo from Cloude-cuckooland. They loom before our eyes like a flock of birds in a snow shower. But what do they mean? Why, just this: that creeds cannot be extricated from probable matter; that modality clings to them; that as a man cannot be metaphysically certain that his own dogma is true, neither can he be certain that its contradictory is false. We recommend Mr. Wilson to try his hand upon the first Roman priest, or supra-lapearian old lady, whom he may chance to meet. "Excuse me, sir; but you will be good enough to probabilize your charming remark about the true church." "A thousand pardons, madam,—a little more sugar,—but pray modalize your sweet dogmatic statement about the non-elect." Does not Mr. Wilson know that to induce controversialists to modalize and probabilize is, indeed, the way to Christian comprehension, just on the same principle that to catch a hare is the way towards making hare-soup, or to convert the Pope towards overthrowing Popery? The only little difficulty is to catch the hare, or throw salt on the tail of your Pontiff. Will Mr. Wilson teach us *how* the arrogant and half-seeing intellect, and narrow heart of man, is to be induced to modalize and the t'other thing with the long name? But we have a more serious objection to this essay. The following sentence is a specimen of the way in which a certain class of persons rush in where "angels fear to tread." "They,"—and this Oxford "don" is evidently speaking of himself,—"they would think it as hypercritical to take exceptions to the long discourse *put by St. John into the mouth of our Saviour*, chap. xiv. xvii., as to the speeches which Livy, and even Thucydides, assign to great generals, when their troops are shouting for the battle; or to the discussion with which Plato's Socrates entertains his

friends on the eve of his death." Precious passage! That sublime discourse, down whose great deep of wisdom eighteen hundred years have looked and never seen the bottom, is the invention of the Galilean fisherman. It is a piece of human *dramatism*, on a par with the ingenuity of Landor, or the speeches written by Johnson for the "Gentleman's Magazine," or the last words of Otho in Plutarch and Tacitus, or the dying discourse of Julian in Ammianus. We submit that the promise of One "who should bring all things to their remembrance, whatsoever their Master had said unto them," is a more rational explanation of the chapters in question than the hypothesis which would at once exalt the intellect of the Evangelist beyond Plato and Shakespeare, and degrade his character for earnestness and veracity. We have spoken plainly; and we will only add, that the admission of such an article is a distinct violation of the pledge which was given, that these essays should not be devoted to the furtherance of peculiar theological views. An article by Dr. Pusey, on church government, or by Canon Miller, on Maynooth or Tractarianism, would not have been so inconsistent with the *programme*.

We must just mention, with unfeigned admiration, Dr. Thomson's Bampton Lectures on the Atonement, before we leave this portion of our review.\* These lectures take up a later stage of the controversy than Archbishop Magee's memorable volume. The reader will admire the skill with which innumerable arguments and theories are woven, smoothly and logically, into one web. The rhetorical is no less excellent than the practical portion; and the concluding pages of the volume are among the most eloquent in English theology.

We pass on to *logic*, and *mental and moral philosophy*—always strong points at Oxford.

The name of Dr. Thomson reminds us of his elegant and important contribution to logical science.† A few

words will give some conception of his plan and aim.

It may be said, variously, from two different points of view, that the laws precede the processes, or the processes the laws, of thought. Speculatively absolutely, as Aristotle would say, in the nature of things, the laws precede, guiding where they are not felt or analyzed. Practically, *to us*, the processes precede. Metaphysical reasons have, in point of fact, had little to say to the formation of morals. Rules of grammar did not consciously guide the original structure of language. The poet made his story beautiful with numerous feet—the orator persuaded by his pictured and impassioned language—before there was an Aristotle to analyze the laws which underlaid poetry or oratory. Just so, the logician is not the man who can reason powerfully and accurately, but the man who can declare the laws of mind to which his processes of reasoning conform. Logic, then, as treated by Dr. Thomson, is pure, not applied; *docens*, not *utens*; the bare anatomy of thought, not its physiology, padded with flesh and blood. At the same time he confesses that the distinction cannot be quite rigorously observed in practice. Logic, with our author, is a science not an art; for art is concerned with production, science with the existent. So Aristotle says—"Of theoretical science the end is truth; of practical, work;" or, as one of his great commentators writes—"In speculative science we know that we may know; in practical, we know that we may do." Pure logic, then, is a science of the necessary laws of thought. It does not deal with the contents of a conception, but with the conception itself—not with the variously coloured matter, but with the rigid and colourless mould. Were we to point to any particular passage in this book, however, to exhibit the practical value of logical study, we should point to the author's treatment of the immediate syllogism of the understanding (p. 213). He there proves that persons undisciplined in these

\* *The Atoning work of Christ, viewed in relation to some current theories.* By William Thomson, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. 1853.

† *An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought.* By William Thomson, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. Third Edition, much enlarged. London: Longman, Paternoster-row, 1854.

exercises cannot draw out fully all their own meaning when they utter the simplest proposition—that the simplest judgment can be put in *fifteen* different ways—and that every man of common sense must confess that his proposition really implied all.

Unquestionably, however, the first philosophical writer of Oxford is Mr. Mansel,\* like Dr. Thomson, a disciple of the Hamiltonian school, and now engaged in editing the unpublished remains of his illustrious master. In Dr. Thomson we have a man of vigorous mind and versatile accomplishments, accidentally directed to logic, and making the dry branches burst forth and bud with the warm touch of his genius. But Mr. Mansel is a born logician. He is the veritable son, after the mind, of Duns Scotus, and Keckerman, and Burgersdyk. His edition of Aldrich is a perfect prodigy of logical learning and acuteness. It is remarkable, too, how the calm eye of the thinker sometimes twinkles with merriment; how again, when the sacred region of revealed religion heaves up its serene peaks before his thought, his voice swells into a sublime and hallowed eloquence. The author of *Phronitesterion*, one of the richest satires we have ever read, speaks in these sentences:—

“Thought, whether proceeding on a right or wrong path, cannot create its own object. The threat of the witch in ‘Macbeth’ to appear in the likeness of ‘a rat without a tail,’ embodies an old superstition, in which an allegorical interpreter might detect a germ of philosophical truth. The witch can *transform*, but cannot *create*. The several members of the human body admit of a possible metamorphosis into the corresponding limbs of the quadruped; but the caudal appendage is wanting, for lack of an analogous development in the human organization.”—(“Psychology, the Test of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy,” p. 21).

The following splendid passage occurs in the course of a tribute to Sir William Hamilton’s memory:

“If ever the time shall come when the philosophy of the Conditioned shall occupy its fitting place as the handmaid and auxiliary of Christian truth, voyaging through the seas of thought, with the laws of the human mind for its chart, and the Word of God for its polestar, among the fathers and teachers of that philosophy, most consulted and most valued, will stand the name of Sir William Hamilton. Philosophy has striven in vain to assimilate the Absolute to herself: she has striven in vain to assimilate herself to the Absolute: a third course remains yet open to her—to acknowledge that the Absolute is above philosophy. In the beginning of time, says the Hindoo fable, when Brahma and Vishnu strove together for the sovereignty, Siva offered to acknowledge as supreme the one who could discover the crown of his head or the soles of his feet. For ten myriads of years, Brahma soared upwards, and found no summit in the infinite height; Vishnu dived downwards, and found no base in the infinite depth. Then, at last, the rival gods owned the fruitlessness of their search, acknowledged their superior, and were reconciled. From the birthday of human thought, men have striven, by two opposite paths, to gauge the depth and the height of the infinite mind. Let us trust that the day will come when the rival seekers, learning the lesson of humility from the study of their natures’ laws and limits, shall confess, with the patriarch of old, ‘Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him.’”

But, perhaps, the most admirable section of Mr. Mansel’s writings is that in which he contrasts the Aristotelian with the Baconian logic, and applies the result of his contrast to a mistake of Mr. Mill, which has been pregnant with the most fatal consequences to many minds. Mr. Mill

\* *Artis Logica Rudimenta*, from the text of Aldrich, with notes and marginal references, by the Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D., Tutor, and late Fellow of St. John’s College, and Reader in Moral Philosophy, Magdalen College. Third edition, corrected and enlarged. Oxford, William Graham; Whittaker and Co., London. 1856.

*A Lecture on the Philosophy of Kant*. Oxford, and 377, Strand, London, John Henry and James Parker. 1856.

*Psychology the Test of Moral Philosophy*. An inaugural lecture delivered in Magdalen College, October 23, 1855. Oxford, William Graham.

*Prolegomena Logica*. An inquiry into the psychological character of logical processes. 1857.

confuses the Organon of Aristotle with the Organon of Bacon. He welds them into one system. Hence, in logical consistency, the laws of thought are laws of external nature, with their invariable sequences, and without the play of moral freedom—the elasticity of a self-determining will—the lights and shadows of mingling motives. Hence, the law of physical causation binding up the Prometheus of the moral and intellectual world with chains of adamant. Hence, for ethics based upon liberty, ethology, or the science of habits formed by necessary agents, according to an invariable causation. Hence the wild vision of universal history constructed *a priori*, instead of the majestic drama unfolding itself under the guidance of the divine Creator.

Sir Alexander Grant published, at the close of last year, the first instalment of his promised edition of the *Ethics*,\* containing essays. We have no doubt that he is an able thinker, as well as an industrious student of the best German authorities. But, in our opinion, his pretentious “depth” is as inferior to Mr. Mansel’s solidity, as his insolent sneers at “tutors who try to find the doctrine of human corruption in Aristotle,” and at Bishop Butler, are less pleasing than his rival’s reverent humility. As to his style, its snappish brevity, savouring of undergraduate analyses—its slipshod carelessness, and its paragraphs, bristling with numbers, are a striking contrast to his rival’s clear and elegant English. We would “let” Sir Alexander “to know” that these points are deserving of attention. For assuredly, if he is “to be regarded similarly to one of the flowers of the field,” it must be to his native Scottish thistle, all abristle with burs and spikes. It is from his “much-honoured” friend, Mr. Jowett, we presume, that he has caught his way of sneering at the author of the *Analogy*. It is a little presumptuous, or so, in a clever young

man to tell us that Butler is “not a profound philosopher,” and it is a little ignorant, or so, to say that “*he is a most excellent writer.*” And, again, as to the religious tutors, whom our baronet scorns, the doctrine of human corruption is either true or a figment. If a Christian figment, of course it is absurd to look for it in a heathen writer. If not simply a Christian doctrine, but a fact, it is no more absurd to look for some, at least, undeveloped consciousness of it in a philosopher like Aristotle, than to look for some psychological law, like that of association, which we can faintly trace, though it is not definitely stated by Aristotle. Still, the work is infinitely superior to any other in English on the same subject. The first and second essays, and the short appendix on the political ideas in the *Ethics*, are full, philosophical, and profound.

And here we should be guilty of injustice if we neglected to allude to the translation of that most difficult work, “*The Metaphysics of Aristotle*,” lately executed by the Rev. John H. M’Mahon, of this University.† The translation of book iv., and of the refutation of Platonism in book xii., strikes us as especially good. The analysis and notes are full of valuable matter. *Pace* Sir Alexander Grant—Mr. M’Mahon is not ashamed or afraid to say, in his analysis of book xi. :—

“There is one element which can be disengaged from this analysis of God’s nature which must, emphatically, command the approbation of even Christian philosophers. This element is the recognition, by Aristotle, of God as the independent source of His own operations, within and by Himself—a truth faintly, though intelligibly mirrored to us in the freedom of the will and the creative energies of the human mind; and a truth, moreover, so glorious that the Holy Scriptures of God teem with frequent avowals of it.”

Indeed, the vexed question of the Theism or Atheism, of the Stagyrite

\* *The Ethics of Aristotle*, illustrated with essays and notes. By Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Volume the First, containing Essays on the *Ethics*. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

† *The Metaphysics of Aristotle*, literally translated from the Greek, with notes, analysis, questions, and index. By the Rev. John H. M’Mahon, M.A., Senior Moderator in the University of Dublin, and Gold Medallist in Logic and *Ethics*. London: Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent Garden. 1857.



is discussed more freely and clearly than we have elsewhere seen. Are we presumptuous in saying, with especial eye to the interests of the candidates for writerships, that a judicious selection from the Greek text of the "*Metaphysics*" would be an admirable addition to the admirable logical course, even if "jibe" should add a new petition to the Litany—"a dialecticā Aristotelicā libera nos Domine?" And where could so competent an editor be found as the author of this translation?

We can hardly leave Oxford literature without alluding to the *historical* works which Oxford men have lately produced. Dean Milman's "*Latin Christianity*," and Mr. Froude's "*History of England*" are the most splendid specimens of Oxonian literature in this line. We have space but for a few words on the latter work.

Mr. Froude's has been a strange career, indeed. In the extreme Protestant historian we can still see cropping out the intense sympathy with mediævalism which was once felt by the young author of one of the "*Lives of the Saints*" with the Little-more *imprimatur*. The panegyrist of Henry VIII.—the keen exposé of the delinquencies of the clergy, can still walk up the cathedral aisle, and gaze, enraptured, upon the marble crusader, and hear the church bells, "that peculiar creation of mediæval age, falling upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world." It was a singular scene when the "*Nemesis of Faith*" was brought into the hall of Exeter College, and, under the tall form and fine face of Walter de Stapleton, committed to the flames by the hands of a tutor. The stern old founder seemed to smile approval. But the young fellow of Exeter has paid off the insult to his book and the act which drove him from the society to which he belonged. The "*Hesitation at Oxford*," "*The Submission of Oxford*," "*The Burning of Duns Scotus in Peckwater*," and other portions of the history are keen satires upon the spirit of the university. But the mother who was obliged to drive the erring son from her home, must still gaze upon his work with a sigh of admiring regret. Certainly, Mr. Froude's style is superior even to Lord Macaulay's. There is not the same perpetual liquid lapse—the same

monotonous brilliancy. We travel over patches of short, jerking, broken sentences; but then we are rewarded by noble prospects. The hissing sarcasm, the fierce hatred of Mr. Froude are something different from the Whig prejudices and gentleman-like antipathy of Lord Macaulay—darker, intenser, more terrible. The peer is a great master of pageants; but his gorgeousness is a general mistiness of splendour, enveloping a few first-rate figures: the fellow of Exeter restores the colours of the past, and groupes in all accessories and particulars. Lord Macaulay's rhetoric is like a pyrotechnist, shedding such a coloured light as he wishes over the scenes; but Mr. Froude's is like a wave which exhibits the most graceful swells and curves, the most dazzling brilliancy of spray, the most delicate variety of tints—simply in virtue of the laws which are rolling it onward to the shore. The conviction of Anne Boleyn, the scene upon the Thames, the pageant in the city, the appearance of the Queen, are as much above any kindred scene in Lord Macaulay, as a Greek tragedy is above George Barnwell.

"There she sate, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds. Most beautiful, loveliest, most favoured, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters, alas! 'within the hollow round' of that coronet—

'Kept death his court, and there the antic  
sate,  
. . . and farewell, queen.'

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever; so more than dangerous in those tremendous times, when ancient order, and law, and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion, and at length there be nothing left of all which men or women ought to value save hope of God's forgiveness. Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London, not radiant then with beauty, on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad, tragic errand from which she will never more return; passing away out of an earth where she may stay no

longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us, and, therefore, for her.”—*Froude's History*, vol. i. p. 435.

This is a passage eminently characteristic of the author in his higher moods. It embodies his strong view of Anne Boleyn's guilt, and it inweaves one of his strange religious speculations—“Well for all of us, and, therefore, for her!” Who told you so, Mr. Froude? We need hardly inform our readers that Mr. Froude is a perfect worshipper of Henry VIII., who, he thinks, would have been as good as he was great had he only been cast in a world where there were no women. But is he not laughing in his sleeve at the simplicity of his readers when he remarks on the odious precipitancy of the nuptials with Jane Seymour, immediately after the execution of Anne—“The precipitancy with which he acted is to me a proof that he looked on matrimony as an indifferent official act, which his duty required at the moment; and if this be thought a novel interpretation of his motives, I have merely to say that I find it in the statute-book.” (Vol. II. p. 502). We can only strongly recommend the chapter on the Irish Rebellion, with its quaint opening story of the vision of Brigitta, and of Pander's opinion, that the land in the west, where “most souls was damned,” was this Ireland of ours.

We must now endeavour to bring the divergent lines of these hurried reviews to one point.

First, then, as a general rule the strong point of Oxford men would seem to be thorough getting up and appreciation of particular authors. If Herodotus is to be elucidated and illustrated, Mr. Rawlinson comes forward and knows all that can be known of him; Augustine has melted into Pusey's mind; Mr. Mozley has untwisted every fibre of the predestinarian argument in his writings; Dr. Thomson puts before us a tissue, which looks as smooth and complete as possible; no tags, no ruffled ends; but it is made up of threads which he has collected from his favourite authors; Sir Alexander Grant strives to nestle behind Aristotle's brain, and to think through it; the purely human element of St. Paul's mind has been dissected with wonderful minuteness by Professors Stanley and Jowett.

The weak point of Oxford men seems to be also very marked. It is a kind of logical madness. Put them on a premiss, and they push down the inclined plane to a conclusion, however perilous or extravagant. So Newman began with the authority of the church and ended in ultramontane Romanism; so his brother started with the inward light, and ended in “phases of my faith;” so Mr. Congreve pushed out from Mill, and finished by sitting in prostrate reverence at the feet of Comte, and by writing, only two months ago, a pamphlet, in which he speaks of Christianity as “a phase of religion through which it is unnecessary for India to pass;” so Mr. Jowett sets out from Hegel, but he has not yet arrived at his journey's end; so, in poetry, Mr. Arnold lays down the premisses of Greek tragedy, and pushes them to the conclusion of writing a Greek tragedy in English; so, in history, Mr. Froude writes upon the principle of believing state papers and acts of parliament, and he is so consistent that he does believe them even when they contradict the strongest dictates of common sense and natural feeling. It is manifest that all these *phenomena* have a cause. The sterner discipline of the place is too logical. Logic is a guide from premiss to conclusion; but if the premiss be false, how desperate is the downward path: yet what cares the logician, so his conclusion be formally valid. And thus it is that ordinary minds are better off than these subtle academicians. They have, indeed, like those accomplished men, false premisses in abundance; but common sense comes in, and the very want of intellectual consistency is their best protection.

On the whole, then, Oxford has reason to be proud of her position in relation to literature. Perhaps our great Irish university might look to her with a little envy in this respect. Our questionable success in the one department of the India Civil Service examination, compared with our superiority in all other competitive trials, must arise from some weakness in the literary or philosophical training of our youth; for, in the mathematical and scientific departments, we are too pre-eminent for any suspicion of failure.

At the same time, we are content with our position. There is something morbid, perhaps, in the way in which Oxford intellect blossoms off into literature. If we hardly produce so many books; if we have few Froudes or Milmans, Arnolds or Thomsons, we have, at least, no Newmans, no Jowetts, no Congreves. Our sound and temperate theology and philosophy train the teachers of our youth too thoroughly to suffer them to go after some *ignis fatuus*, and

drag their pupils after them. The conceit and "donnishness" of the younger Oxford tutor-authors is unknown. And when our men go into the great university of life—with the Fitzgeralds and O'Briens to the pulpit; with the Napiers, Whitesides, Lawsons, Martins, and Cairnes to the bar; there are few, indeed, who have practical reason to regret that so many years were spent in the severe but salutary discipline imposed by the University of Dublin.

THE WORSHIPPERS OF MERCURY; OR, PARACELSUS AND HIS BROTHER  
ALCHYMISTS.

PART II.

HIS THEOGONY.

It is a strange combination of Talmudic legends and old Cabalistic philosophy, whether that be of Egyptian or Chaldaic origin. Add to this a dash of Neo-Platonism, a tinge of Greek materialism, blended together in a mind purely scientific and practical, and you obtain a fair impression of the Swiss philosopher of the sixteenth century.

Creation was a chemical mystery, a separation. Space at first was chaos, or a common principle from which all perishable things came. The first separation was the universe or macrocosm, and the four elements—fire, which is the hot part of every thing; air, the moist; water, the cold; and earth, the dry. These elements enter into man, and, according as they predominate, form his temperament. Man is the little world of which the larger world is a type. To use the alchemist's ponderous words, chaos, or the great mystery, is the back of every thing, beyond which the mind of man cannot penetrate. All things will perish, not again to become chaos, but what was before chaos. The great mystery is "the mother of all the elements, and the grandmother of the stars." It gave powers of reproduction to all secondary creatures. All was created without an effort, and passed at once into being like a flower opening to bloom. All things lay hid in chaos as the statue does in the marble. All passed into form and essence by a *separation*. Created things

were not built out of chaos, nor gathered, but formed by combination, as two tinctures mixed form a third of new virtues. Some superfluities of creation became spirits, herbs, and stones. Just as grass devoured by an ox turns into flesh; so did the great mystery become changed, and its changes also changed.

Whatever became compact became as wood; the rest remained thin, as air and water. This separation is the greatest miracle in philosophy, and is not divine but a natural magic, never to be repeated. All things enjoy free will, and, in consequence, hate or love each other, and will till the last day, the harvest of creation.

At the creation fire became heaven and the wall of the firmament; the air became a void space; the sea, a place for nymphs and monsters; earth, a chest to hold all things that grow. Each is independent of the other, and earth is propped up by these invisible pillars.

Then came a second separation, and the stars arose from the fire, which is heaven, as flowers from a meadow, rising as a colour does in a tincture. Before this all the sky was fire. Soon the air mixed with all elements. Then salt, weeds, and fish arose from the sea; all made manifest in a moment of time. Next, the mortal and the eternal separated in the earth; and all plants, and metals, and gems appeared.

Man alone is a mixture of the eternal and the mortal; and it baffles

sages to see the mortal domineer over the eternal. Hence arises a perpetual struggle, for man desires a perfect and final separation. Man's inclination is always to evil. All the elements have a soul, which is their life, and is invisible like that of men. The fire that we see is not that soul or life, but merely a result; for it may be in a green stick as much as in a flame.

There are four elementary worlds, each with its plants and spirits, and one God eternal obeyed in all. Man knows most of the element of earth, because from that he came. All that we have is found in the other elements; even air has its stones and plants. What we account phenomena are natural sequences unknown to us.

There are more worlds than one; and we are not the noblest or the happiest of creatures. There are even more beings than merely the eternal and mortal, could we know them. Some mortal things are meant to feed the eternal; some of the eternal are for power, and others for ornament. Flowers are eternal, and will appear at the judgment as well as all things created out of chaos. When the four elements perish others will arise, or a new chaos be created as a starting point of new worlds. At present they nourish each other, and yet are self-supporting, as plants. The elementary is but an inn where the eternal resides for a time. The last day will be a conjunction, a meeting, a reunion.

Paracelsus also believed in attending spirits, prophetic genii, and ghosts which remain on the earth after a man is dead. The ghosts lead men in their sleep, and enable men to prophesy.

Life desires life, the mortal desires immortality, because it proceeded from it; hence God ordained that the invisible should become body, and then again become invisible. All things are created fumes: they end in a steam, are constantly evaporating, and when the boiling ceases the smoke ceases also. Man is a coagulated fume. What we eat melts and passes into this smoke. Life consumes all things, and digestion is but a separation. All colours and elements lie hid in every thing. The invisible becomes visible through the body, and is seen in it as fire is

in wood which it sets alight. The visible is, then, nothing but a manifestation of one side of the invisible.

In summary of these mysteries, we may say that Paracelsus believed in the simultaneous emerging of the elements from chaos, at divine command. From the four elements came again all created things, each element being a self-supporting world, and yet nourishing its fellows. All will eventually return to the great mystery of chaos.

#### HIS MYTHOLOGY.

From the superfluities of creation there arose sea-monsters, rock, air, and earth spirits; the melosines who dwell in man's blood, and the neufferans who inhabit the pores of the earth: each has its own habitation, and may not change. There are also giants, wood-monsters, and spirits of the night. By conjunction with men, they may converse with him, and bear him children; but each spirit turns again to whence it came, fire or water, as man does to earth.

The sylpha, the salamanders, and the undines, are all of this philosopher's manufacture; for with Christianity he blended a poetical pantheism, which the occult sciences had handed down from Pagan times, and of which the superstitions of witches and goblins preserved remembrance. In every thing he saw spirits: they moved in the dew-drop and in the spray of the torrent, murmured in the fire, and spoke to him in the wind and in the echo.

The gnomes, or mountain spirits, he says, have flesh and blood as men, and are not mere essence, like the beings of the air and fire. They delight in guarding riches, either in mountains or mines, where they count it over with all the pride of successful capitalists. The devil himself, though said to abound in riches and to reward his followers, is, according to Paracelsus, the poorest of creatures, but infinitely skilful in all arts, which he can teach to his favourites; he does not require a bond sealed with your blood, as some have written.

These pigmies live long, but have not the gift of immortality. They appear in sudden flames to miners, whom they vex with blows and scorchings; warning them of danger

by knocking, or disclosing a treasure. They can appear small or large, foul or fair; but have latterly become extinct or invisible, though once common among men. Some thought them good spirits sent from God; others, the souls of suicides, wandering till the judgment, having given themselves to the devil; others have thought them mere phantasies, disclosing treasure; a few, the creations of enchantment. We should be inclined to think them explosions of fire-damp, or will-o'-the-wisps floating round the damp mouths of mines, seen by errant woodmen, and hunters tracking the boar.

They could not but by God's will bring either fortune or misfortune. A few thought them the souls of men who had buried treasure, and kept guard till it was discovered, founding the opinion on the perverted text—"Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also." These, said the alchemists, were the gods of the early nations mentioned in the first commandment.

The mountain of Uvus, in Italy, was once full of these spirits; and this was the kingdom and paradise of the nymph Venus—so the cabalists interpreted old mythology.

These pigmies loved those who loved them, and hated those who hated them. Woe to the man who signed their bonds and yielded himself to their power. Knowing men's thoughts and wishes, they were easily ruled by those who had faith: but if the wretched necromancer who backed their bills, angered or disobeyed them, they either maimed or killed him. Sometimes he was found dead, with blue face, staring eyes, and twisted neck, just as those whom the devil, who had not this power, drove to suicide and despair.

These elementary spirits were God's messengers and executioners: they warned and admonished man, watched and defended him, and could even deliver him from prison. They answer, in fact, to the guardian angels admitted by many modern Christians as real beings. They were the same as night-mares, haunting the sick man, and increasing the melancholy of the hypochondriac.

Paracelsus, though a needy man, wrote much about hid treasure. He relates the signs which indicate its

locality. Strange noises were heard round the spot; and those that went by, particularly on Sabbath nights, were cast into cold sweats, and felt their hair stand on end. Meteors fell round the house, and bellowsings of wind shook the roof at midnight. These noises were oftentimes indications that somebody's mortgage was nearly up, and the devil was about to call in the money. Sometimes it was the soul of a wicked man forced to wander round the house of clay it had just quitted. Sometimes it was a stray devil driven from a possessed body, and now looking out for a vacancy. If the treasure was human, it could be recovered, but not so easily if it was the coin of nymphs or sylpha.

The seekers used divining rods, which deceived them by pointing indiscriminately to lost money, or magical mirrors and crystals. These were to be dug for when the moon transits Taurus, without ceremonies or incantations, with faith, courage, and cheerfulness. The pigmies, unwilling to lose their treasure, had many ways of baffling mortals: now they would flame in visions; and now, just as the spade reached the casket, turn it into clay or wood. This, however, when forced by fire, turned to its former essence.

The searcher, however, had always some escape for self-delusion, for he either thought what he saw was only the metal in a changed form; or if he could not re-change it, would attribute it to the failure of some one ingredient in the spell.

The spirits, if suddenly surprised, had no power to change the treasure, and fled, foiled and baffled. But if they had time, they sank the gold deeper, and out of reach. The greater the noise they made, the greater the treasure. Hid treasure was often searched for, not from covetousness, but to render ancient houses and castles habitable, and to free them from the sound of clanking chains and hollow groans.

Paracelsus not only believed in those mine spirits, whom the light of Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp for ever scared, but in the possession of devils, apart from pure epilepsy.

He recommends that they should be driven out by prayer, and not by dangerous incantations, which did

not send the devils into hell, but into some other being, whom they destroyed. The worst of it was, that the Red Sea could no longer hold any more, and if they were despatched to brooks or rivers, they turned into Kelpies, and attracted travellers, mocking at them, as they were drowning, by waving their hands and laughing behind the torrent or below the ford ; in fact, they preferred such places of entertainment to the dull confinement of a single body. They desired, also, earnestly to get into a castle, where they would soon drive out the inhabitants, as they frequently did according to Paracelsus' own knowledge.

The Doctor, therefore, advises you in such cases (and the receipt may be useful to any readers who are troubled by a man in possession), not to talk much with the sufferer, but to fast, repeating these words:—"Oh, thou unclean spirit, by the word, power, and virtue whereby thou wert cast out by Christ and his Apostles, go out of this man."

About tempests, Paracelsus is very unsound. He says they all flow from four fountains, N. S. E. and W. Hurricanes, he says, are decidedly devilish, and proclaim the presence of spirits ; for, as a stranger will not enter a house without speaking, so these spirits must knock at the world's door with thunderbolts, to show they are arrived, and to put in an appearance. In such cases bells and trumpets are of great efficacy, as spirits dislike all jarring and piercing sounds ; but in thunder and hail the monk's bell-ringing is of no use, as many a burnt belfry testifies. As for incense burning, and smoking balm, and scented candles, they only attract spirits as flowers do bees. Not knowing much about lightning-conductors, our Doctor recommends bushes of mug-wort and celandine being tied to the four corners of a house, which preserve it from the blue arrows of the lightning and the artillery of the bruising hail. We prefer a conductor, but the Doctor considered coral and azoth as perfect amulets, which, as he was never struck, proved quite sufficient for his purpose.

Of dreams Paracelsus knew about as much as we do. He classes them as natural and supernatural, being

sometimes ambassadors from God, as the dreams of the Patriarchs and Balaam ; sometimes the mere result of care and diseased blood ; sometimes mere delusions of the devil and the spirit of the night, as when the pirate dreams of spoil, and the son of Bacchus of cups. Generally speaking, dreams are false ; they come by contraries, and are not to be credited. By prayer and faith he thought we could obtain comforting visions, or could be even lifted to God, so as to see the glory of the elect and the punishment of the damned. Sometimes the dead appear to man, and would, if cross-examined, though no man had the courage, reveal the future. But such spirits, unless sent of God, did nothing but lie and deceive.

Magic our philosopher considers only sinful when abused by superstition. What he calls superstition, though, is not very certain. He despises all crosses, circles, fires, fumigations, seals of Solomon, pentacles, crowns, girdles, and all the properties of the real sorcerer, and demands only faith and prayer, which are sufficient to preserve any Dr. Faustus, though his anti-chamber were full of creditor devils, crying out, "Time's up."

Nigro—Necro—Pyro—Geo—all the mancies, do not, he says, prevent the devil carrying off a necromancer in a high wind. God having once blessed the world, all further consecrations are useless and sinful. He prudently, however, excepts the sacraments of the Church.

These conjurations, invented in Babylon and Egypt, and handed down by the Jews, deserved, he thought, the severity of the magistrate. They forced spirits to appear in terrible pomp, he allows ; but he declares that only faith could bind the fallen angels. The necromancer invoked spirits, and afflicted them with toil and punishment, till the hour of God's vengeance came: then the wretch mis-spelt his amulet, or forgot his belt, or drew the circle a little awry ; and the spirit leaped up, and miserably destroyed him, listening no more to his cries than the hangman to one sent to be whipped.

These spirits are God's hangmen, sent to punish all sinners against his words and the light of nature.

## AMULETS.

In his remarks on imagination, this great theorizer manifests more than usual common sense. To show its power he mentions cases of men who died of fear in battle, and of those who caught the pestilence merely from alarm. From the great effect of amulets on the mind, he recommends their use; and it is a question if modern medicine does not too much neglect the curative effects of such appeals as stimulants to the vital power. Diseases of the imagination are still occult and unwritten upon.

"Without faith," says this shrewd enthusiast, "all such (amulets) are vague and void of strength, for faith it is that exalts and confirms."

No doubt he believed in the Bible containing occult meanings, and in astronomical influences. But still, here is the germ of the system of amulets lying hid in a single sentence.

Of spells he says again, with mingled wisdom and credulity, "many thousands of them are not worth a nutshell," especially those unknown words that fill the magician's parchments. But he would not throw up the whole scheme, and pleads hard for Adonai and Tetragrammaton, names of God, with certain triangles and crosses, as of acknowledged power and virtue.

These words, written on pancakes, and swallowed, cured enchanted men and suborned all spirits, if you only could discover the right hour and place to use them. Ingenious subterfuge and avenue of escape!

These magical remedies Paracelsus only resorted to when no medicine—not even his potable gold or antimony, could any more help. If the secrets of herbs would not do, he says, he tried the secrets of minerals; if they would not do, he tried the secret of words; and if all three failed, he resorted to astronomical influences. He was very angry on being called a necromancer, and told that he took God's name in vain, and was, perhaps, rather afraid of the damp cell and the hot stake, for he compares himself to David accused of eating the shewbread, and uses many texts of Scripture to cover over the mysteries of his magic.

He keeps repeating his prayers, just as a disguised Englishman would

in a mosque, to show he is of the true religion.

## WITCHCRAFT.

Magic, he says, is the most occult and supernatural of all sciences. It certainly is the most unintelligible, yet hints at great secrets, of which we still know nothing. He professes to know more than Cornelius Agrippa, Peter de Aburne, and certainly than Tritemius. The foundation of his art is the doctrine and faith of Christ, the chief corner-stones of philosophy. In this, as in all his tenets, he shows us how far removed he was from the stupid atheism he was accused of by his enemies, whose belief was habit, and their immutability indifference. He wished that all divines should know magic, to be able to cast out devils, heal the sick, and to distinguish a philosopher from a witch. It is great misfortune to the professors of medicine that they can no longer attribute all diseases that baffle them to supernatural malice.

At witches Paracelsus shudders. No bolts or armour can save a man from them, he declares. They send spirits to torment men, and can wound and slay them without producing any external sore. A good remedy is a linen shirt worn the wrong end upward; but how that is to be put on the philosopher does not relate. These witches, when they wished to injure an enemy, made an image of clay resembling him, and pricked or bruised it in certain spots, producing corresponding suffering in the living creature. All sudden pimples, rashes, and unaccountable pains, were attributed to this cause. The remedy was to make a rival image, and burn it to ashes, when the disease generally disappeared, if the patient's eyes and imagination had been first properly directed to it. If the sufferer had had a recent quarrel, he proclaimed his enemy a witch, and accused him of his disease. The charge so easily made was difficult, as most slander is, of disproof: the only consolation is that public opinion generally fixed the charge on some reprobate whose death was a blessing to the world.

Sometimes men believed they discovered ashes, hairs, and bristles, buried in their feet by witches, and

causing intense pain till they were removed. They were supposed to be extracted by plaisters of oak leaves and celandine, and had then to be wedged into an alder that faced the east, which effected a cure. Paracelsus refutes an opinion that no witch could inflict an injury on a man who did not fear her. Though we believe a basis of truth lies at the root of all superstitions, however absurd, we cannot make much of witchcraft. It is possible that cankered, persecuted old women sometimes poisoned their enemies, or drove them mad from fear. Their confessions were the result of torture, and of minds weakened by age and suffering. It is a question, however, whether our disbelief in the actual visitations of the devil is the result of more wisdom or less religion. The belief in the devil's own presence and bodily form showed, at least, a recognition and dread of evil in the abstract.

#### MAGNETIC CURES.

On magnetic and sympathetic cures, Paracelsus is very eloquent, or rather he speaks profusely. He wonders that any can doubt God's power of giving virtue to metals, which have life, and yield oils and essences. The influence of amulets on the body he compares to the quickening influence of the spring air on the earth.

We wish diseases could still be cured by hanging medicines round the neck, the plan is so cheap and simple. To confirm his fables, he quotes corroborative fables, a favourite system in some men's argument. Grecian snakes, as soon as they hear any one repeat the Greek words, *Osic, Onuc, Onit*, stop their ears with their tails, lie still, refuse to bite, or run into their holes. The same words, written on parchment, and laid on a new-caught snake, instantly tame him. Such arguments are, we need scarcely say, irrefragable, as is the fact of a dead kingfisher's skin moulting and renewing its feathers.

Lamens or amulets were, he says very prudently, used only in connexion with medicines. They were of various shapes, round or triangular, made of gold in thin flakes, and stamped with astrological signs at certain fixed moments of planetary conjunction. They were worn round the neck, or tied to the limb affected.

They are, no doubt, the origin of the modern lockets and charms, still the playthings of ladies. These were celestial medicines; not unfrequently the patient had to drink wine in which the amulet was steeped, like the Scotch lee penny, which is of almost undoubted Oriental origin. Occasionally the charm was written on slips of parchment, and bound round the neck or arm: every nine days, the old bandages being burnt to ashes, were mixed with wine, and used as a draught.

There was not a business or profession in which amulets were not useful: the groom made his bridles of lion's skin, and stamped every thong with mystic signs, to ensure his horses length of life and speed; the bridegroom had his consecrated ring with its astrological emblems, which made the devils who hate wedding shiver; the duellist had his ointment, not to apply to his wound, but to rub the weapon that produced it; the seal of Scorpio drove away scorpions, and an amulet of steel bewitched flies.

The doctors used them for everything, particularly for diseases with names now disused, as the falling sickness (epilepsy), the trembling of the heart, dryness of the brain, leprosy. There were peculiar sigils for soldiers and travellers. Leaden mice, magically prepared, drove away vermin from a house; and sheep moulded in clay, and set in sheepfolds, kept off the rot. There were circles that drawn on walls no fly could escape that had once entered.

However it happens, there can be no doubt that these rules are of eastern origin. The Tartars still write prayers on slates, then wash them off, and drink the dirty water. The Turks have amulets, and believe in spells, which are probably relics of early magic, and the devil worship, practised by the sons of Cain even before the deluge.

Paracelsus constantly excusing himself from the charge of witchcraft is occasionally more than usually abstruse. For some ailments, he says, a small star must be made from an old horse-shoe found in a road. This must be fashioned at certain planetary hours, stamped with astrological signs, and buried in a running stream. This remedy proved effectual in nine days,



and drove back the curse upon the witch who had pronounced it.

Now, that these things were all done by certain rules, we know. The only wonder is that any mind could have granted the postulates on which, once granted, the arguments incontestably started.

While these were the joints at the magical banquet, the side-dishes were equally remarkable. The rarest, most loathsome, and eccentric ingredients were eagerly sought by the alchemists for their medicines. Human bones, moss that grew upon a skull, man's fat, and human blood were blended with bruised carrion, flies, and oil of roses. All nature was ransacked, from the iceberg to the grave-yard, for objects of supposed virtue and power. Nor were these of any efficacy unless mixed when "the sun is in Taurus," or when "the moon is in the house of Jupiter, that is, in Pisces." Of one particular seal Paracelsus says:—"This is the second seal that I knew after long search and inquiry, and which, according to the art that I profess, I have often used to the shame and scorn of my adversaries, so that they have stood amazed like asses, and durst not open their mouths."

Yes, those little pieces of gold, perhaps now mistaken by the antiquarian for coins of extinct nations, lying in the dusty drawers of goldsmiths and pawnbrokers, once hung round the necks of emperors and queens, gave the assassin courage to face his victim's sword, and supplied treacherous hope to dying men in gaols and prison vaults. Lovers have bound them on with sighs; generals tied them under their armour with awe. They have cured and gladdened, and were yet but mere dull metal figures crossed and scratched. So potent is *imagination*.

#### CHEMICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Now the old genii are bottled up safely in red bottles in druggists' shops we can hardly imagine the mystery with which the alchemists invested the simplest drug. They explained every thing by chemistry, even life and death. Life was a spirit of salt, an astral balsam, a celestial invisible fire. Death was a separation and sublimation; man was a curdled

fume, a coagulation; the last judgment, the great day of purification.

Paracelsus was the first to assert that all the universe was formed of three substances—salt, sulphur, and mercury, and not sulphur and mercury alone. The creation, in fact, he seemed to consider a great chemical experiment. This body was earth, the spirit water, and the soul fire; and heat and cold, which are fire and water, are every thing: by earth alone a creature assumes form.

Earth brings forth nothing but is a receptacle for all projections and distillations of antagonistic water, air, and fire. It putrefies, multiplies, and separates, and is, in fact, the crucible in which all nature's chemicals are thrown. The heavy sink; the light come to its surface. It is the nurse, the womb, the grave, the mother, the passive principle. It is the *caput mortuum* or residuum of creation, hereafter to be calcined into a new and crystalline world.

Earth, the grossest and most lumpish of the four provinces of the elements, is dull and heavy, cold, dry, and tempered with water; without fixed, but within volatile, and everywhere porous as a sponge. It is a casket, a treasure-room. In its centre is the eternal fire, or central sun, corresponding to the celestial one. It has a pure and an impure part. Its centre is hollow, and is the seed ground of the elements. Mixed with water it gives life to created things: mixed with the air it draws them up, in its centre it is mixed with fire. It is the centre of the world and of the elements.

Water is the other tangible element worthier than the earth and heavier. It conveys to the earth the seed the fire distils from the air. It has three degrees of purity. The purer part becomes heavier and air; the centre is in the heart of the sea. It preserves the earth from burning, and spreads the vital principle through the earth. The central fire distils the water, and the pressure of the air rolls the waters round the earth; the ebbing and flowing of the sea arise from the magnetic attraction and repulsion of the two poles.

All these elements are allies and enemies. The fire preserves the earth from being drowned or melted; the air the fire that it be not extinguished;

the water the earth that it be not burnt.

The element of air was of higher rank than earth or water, its grosser part mingled with water. It was the life of man and all creatures ; it is the dwelling-place of the soul. Without air, fire, plants, and men die ; and it is full of divine virtue. In this element the Holy Spirit moved over chaos. By a magnetic power it draws to itself its nourishment of water.

Fire is the purest element, hot, dry, and unctuous. It was the first created. Out of its grosser part was made the angels ; then the sun, moon, and stars ; the lowest of all is hell, and the purer the heavens, all of which have a sympathy to each other. The soul is an essence of pure elementary fire : it is the veil of God which destroys all created things that approach it. It is the most tractable of all the elements. As water purifies all fluid things, so does fire all that are fixed. The animal soul is pure fire ; and the vegetable, elementary and grosser fire. Fire is stirred up by air, and air by a motion caused through a central nature, a will, a motive power and principle.

Man, these great refiners said, contained a world within his body—salt, sulphur, and mercury, earth, air, fire, and water, which, in fact, contain the three first ; for all which is fat and flowing is fire or sulphur ; all which is cold and earthy is salt or water ; all which is dry and fixed is mercury. Man contains the quintessence of the elements. His heart is the earth with its central fire ; blood is heat ruled over by a vital spirit, the soul ; the mouth is the Arctic, and the belly the Antarctic pole.

Pure life is a balance of the elements. If any one predominate, that is life since the fall ; if any tyrannize, that is death. Say water prevails, then earth, air, and fire unite and overcome water—digest, boil, and congeal. Then the hidden central fire, which is the life of all things, overcomes them all and separates.

Ever since the fall men have grown nearer to corruption, said these men, and lives grow shorter. In some places, they allowed, where the air was more favourable and stars more propitious—as, say, at Zurich—nature grew less deeply tainted.

To obtain the uncorrupt element and restore the balance of nature, sages first sought to discover the *Philosopher's stone*, which contained the four elements, uncorrupted and perfectly balanced.

Their axioms were, that God, to preserve a balance of power (a dogma as foolish in old philosophy as it is in modern politics), ordained that all things should have antagonistic principles—the life of one to be the death of the other—that which produced one consuming another, and generating a third more noble. Dead creatures feed living creatures, and the change which is death is the necessary means by which substances interchange natures, and mutually feed each other. The farmer eats herbs and meat, then dies and turns to gases, which are air, and fire, and water, and earth, which eventually condense into plants, and pass as food into the flesh of beasts.

It is strange our two chief writers on physiognomy should have been Swiss, and both inhabitants of nearly the same locality.

Paracelsus, who all his life burrowed about among earth-stained miners, had studied their habits and learned their traditions. He had hoped to find some clue to his philosophical searches among those rude wielders of the pick and spade. He is fond of relating his experiences, describing the cheiromancy of mines, and of the great trees of gold and silver that grew, and shot forth their branches through clay, and loam, and sand. The deeper and broader the veins, he says, the older the mines and the richer the metal. Different coloured earths foretold different metals ; but the best of all signs were the coruscations or luminous appearances seen in mines by night. The direction they took, their colour, &c., all announced metal abundant, but not yet ripe. These signs, the miners thought, were instituted by God, to enable man to discover hid treasure.

Sciomancy, or the divination by shadows, was another class of harmless, but useless magic. The Chaldeans, says Paracelsus, when they were banished from a place, and wanted to bury their treasure, observed at what hour, minute, and

day a shadow fell upon a certain statue or fountain, and then hid their gold beneath it, thus preserving a certain clue for its discovery.

There is something very vivid in the common sense of this means of concealment at a troublous time when such burings of gold and jewels were not unfrequent.

All means of discovering the future by beryla, looking-glasses, flight of birds, &c., Paracelsus utterly condemned, as contrary to God and nature's command. Visions he held to be doubtful, and often of devilish origin. All ceremonies and conjurations he considered forbidden by the Old Testament, and advised only prayer, faith, and watchfulness as the Christian's foundation of magic.

The signs of metals were the stars or coruscations which they gave out in the course of preparation.

Of some natural signatures now acknowledged, as, for instance, the circles in wood, which indicates its age, Paracelsus says nothing; but he mentions the horns of cattle, the teeth of horses, and the claws of birds, as corroborative of his doctrine; he mentions, also, the colours of clouds and the circles round the moon.

Not satisfied with all these sources of omens, Paracelsus believed in Pyromancy, or divination by fire; Hydromancy, or that by water; and Chaomancy, or divination by wind and air.

The first science was the observation of all sounds in the fire, of all visions of salamanders, and sight of falling stars, comets, and lightnings. It included all observations of will-o'-the-wisps, and corpse candles moving over new-made graves; all double suns and supernatural glimmerings.

The signs of hydromancy were inundations, floods, rains, storms, appearance of sea-monsters, tempests, agitation of water, and perturbation of waves.

Chaomancy showed its signs, to use the mystic language, by the stars of the air and wind. The Choamantist drew his prophecies from shaken houses and trees upturn; from broken boughs and scattered flowers. During whirlwinds it was supposed that spirits fell from the upper air and

voices were heard; hobgoblins, household gods, and wood-spirits appeared; and the honey-dew, or manna, that fell on leaves, was even thought supernatural.

The necromantist not only invoked the dead, but foretold death. It was held a sign of dissolution if spirits were heard knocking, when purple spots came on the dead man's skin, or his hands turned to a clay-colour, and his body bled. The necromantist professed to hear voices from graves, and to bring back tidings from the bosom of hell.

Alchymy was the old Chaldaic superstition that Diocletian in vain tried to put down by a persecution which acted upon it as shaving does upon hair, stimulating and not destroying it.

Perpetuated by the Arabs, it revived in the middle ages, becoming the passion of the sage, the wonder of the citizen, and the imposture of the needy. Our own Edward IV. encouraged it, and in Charles I.'s time it revived in a wonderful degree. While money is power, and there is a dark corner left in science, it will continue to be studied. My readers will scarcely believe that, not thirty years ago, an alchemist's lamp burnt day and night in the back room of a London editor. Alchymy and astrology have still their thousands of votaries, who yet believe with hope and enthusiasm what Boyle and Newton both believed in, and what Bacon did not doubt.

In old books, from Chaucer downwards, we find tales of itinerant cheats, in threadbare gowns, with bleared eyes and smoky hands, who pretended to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and were afraid to disclose their riches to the vulgar. If they wormed into a convent, all the church plate went in experiments; if into a country house, they melted down every thing, to the knight's spurs and the wife's thimble, and skulked off some night, leaving nothing behind but some warped fire irons and a heap of broken glasses. These men smelt of brimstone, had stained fingers, grimy faces, and affected great sanctity. All failures they accounted for by the absence of some one ingredient, the carelessness of the furnace watcher, or the brittleness of a crucible.

Sometimes a man on the brink of discovery, in a rage at some oversight,

would leap up and smash his pots and glasses with any billet he could seize. The jargon was all mystical. They called one ingredient "the red man," and another "the white wife." "The chase of the green lion" was the name of one experiment ; and alchymy they describe as a palace with twelve gates, which were calcination, dissolution, separation, conjunction, putrefaction, congelation, sublimation, &c. Their ingredients were star-slime, and soot, and blood, and eggs. They were always being pursued by bailiffs and disappointed dupes, who found their pockets stuffed with medals and bad money, for they were often coiners and poisoners. To obtain their release they made extravagant promises of producing regal medicines that would turn every thing it touched to gold.

The real philosopher was, it was supposed, obliged before he died to confess his secret to some favourite disciple ; and many writers are said to have derived their learning from such sources. So fascinating was the passion of this pursuit that the golden fleece itself could not have been more eagerly sought.

The alchemist professed only to help nature, believing that all created things had a tendency to become gold but were checked by mixture with impurities. To remove these impurities was to restore a metal to gold. Many of the philosophers, including Paracelsus, disavowed the pursuit for the stone, preferring, as they declared or pretended, the elixir of life, which would be a blessing to mankind. A religious life they all deemed a necessary preparation for the long search. They declared it right to conceal from the world discoveries, which would only be abused by the rabble, and used a mystic language of blended Arabic and Hebrew.

Their theory is tolerably well defined by Ben Jonson, a deep reader on abstruse subjects, thus :—All things, they thought, arose from the humid exhalation of earth, which is water, and unctuous, and a viscous residuum, which is earth alone, the refuse of creation. The more dryness and less moisture became stone ; the more fatness, sulphur, and quicksilver, the mother of metals. From the fatness, sulphur, the present watery property of all things that melt with fire ; and

the airy and oily part, quicksilver. These two made metals, ductile, malleable, and extendable, and combining in the earth, were heavy, producing gold, which they believed grew like a tree, and shot out its branches through the earth.

Men who thought insects could be produced by art, and that they were spontaneously generated from carrion, had no difficulty in believing the generation of gold. They turned all scripture and mythology into alchymic allegories. The Hesperian garden, Jason and his fleece, Pandora and her box, Argus' eyes, the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, were all interpreted into the various changes of distillation.

On Paracelsus' arrival in Basle he instantly placarded door and wall with the following arrogant challenge, which produced him a host of enemies : men afraid of losing fortune and fame, and men conscientiously opposed to the new movement in medicine. Paracelsus, they heard, was a Swiss empiric, who used poisonous and unsafe drugs and laughed at the works of Galen which were to them sacred. What was this stranger that he should dare to enter Basle to lecture men older and wiser than himself. Let him beware of his cup and dish, and of the bully's dagger. Horse grin, hiss, or mock, out came the proclamation, and here it is, say on the cathedral door or on the market cross, surrounded by burghers in velvet gowns and gold chains, soldiers with two-handed swords, and slashed mail, and sallow envenomed doctors twisting their eyes in cholics of scorn and wrath :—

"Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, a hermit, doctor, and professor of both medicines :

"Whereas, of all disciplines, medicine only, as being a certain divine gift, is praised with the honourable title and name of necessity, by the testimony both of sacred writ and also of profane, we intend to purge and cleanse it from the dregs of barbarous and grievous errors, seeing that the number of doctors now successfully exercising it is so small. We do not bind ourselves to any precepts of the ancients but such as are evidently true, or such as we by our own labour and our long use and experience have made proof of. For who knows not but that most of the doctors of this age have grossly erred, to the exceeding hazard of the sick, in obstinately

adhering to the sayings of Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicen, just as if they had been so many tripods or oracles from which it was unlawful to depart a finger's breadth. These authors make us brave doctors but not physicians. For it is not title, nor eloquence, nor knowledge of tongues, nor reading of many books (though these things are ornaments), that make the physician, but an excellent and deep knowledge of things and mysteries, which is worth all the rest.

"The rhetorician learns to speak eloquently and persuade the judge, but the physician has to know the kinds, causes, and symptoms of affairs, and by piercing sight and industry to administer medicines rightly and to heal who can be healed. Know, then, that I, being invited by the large stipend of the lords of Basle, do, for two hours space daily, publicly interpret with accurate diligence, my books both of activo and inspective medicine, physic, and surgery, to the great profit and advantage of hearers. This knowledge I have not begged of Galen or Hippocrates, but have obtained by those best instructors, labour and experience, for experiment and reason are my spokesmen.

"Wherefore, honest readers, if the mysteries of this Appolinean art are delightful to any of you, so that a love and desire for them possess you, and you covet thoroughly to learn in a short space of time whatever pertains to this discipline, come at once to us at Basle, and you shall find other and greater things than I can describe in these few lines. But, that my intention may appear more clearly to the studious. I am not ashamed to remind you that we do not at the least agree with the ancients in attributing all diseases to the complexions and humours, for that is an error which has prevented doctors from reaching the truth as to diseases and their judicial days.

Let these things, shown as through a lattice, suffice for to-day, but do not decide rashly till ye have heard Theophrastus. Fare ye well, and take in good part this our effort towards the reformation of medicine.

"Dated at Basle in the nones of June, MDXXVII."

In this regal proclamation, the wandering doctor at once openly set the ancients at defiance, and claimed a respect for experiment and experience beyond tradition. He was Luther in science, and his Revolution went further than medicine. The men who despised Galen learned soon

to despise Aristotle, and Pliny's fables began to be taken less for granted. Long before the Royal Society, Hervey had learnt, by rejection of dogma and inductive evidence, to discover one of the great wonders of the microcosm.

The doctor, cried Paracelsus from his pile of skeletons and his ring of furnaces, must *see*, and not merely read, what others have seen. Walking round a room does not lead to discovery of a new world. The ass-doctors, the egregious fellows, the liars, the evil men, he cried, may stay at home, and waste years. I delight to journey to and fro, to see what lies hid in the limbo of earth, and to produce medicines for my neighbours' benefit.

They had their purple gowns and gold chains, he his common doublet and homely fare; but he rejoiced in knowing that the "good alchymist must be such a one as the coals do not hurt, one who is not tired with the daily smoke." They were babblers, smooth talkers, insolent in their dogmatic knowledge, and disdaining chemistry, which is the pillar of medicine. If coals were not more used by miners and smiths than by these chemists, the colliers, said Paracelsus, would soon starve.

The false doctors he compares with the real "cooks of Geber," the Sparagirists. The first were idle and slothful, going in proud dresses of plush and velvet, displaying rings upon their fingers, wearing silver-hilted swords by their sides, and gay gloves on their hands. The last diligently followed their labours, sweating whole days and nights in their furnaces, spending no time out of the laboratory they loved. They wore leather garments with pouches for tools, and aprons wherewith to wipe their hands; their fingers were covered, not with gold rings, but with coal dust, and clay, and dung; they were sooty as Vulcan's smiths, and did not pride themselves on clean, smooth faces, nor were their dry lips washed often red with wine; they did not distress the rich with babbling, nor extolled their medicines, knowing that fine words did not cure, and that the work should praise the doctor, not the doctor his work.

Such, at least, is Paracelsus' opinion of his fellow-workers. Their enemies would have called them dupes or cheats, miserable enthusiasts, forging lies, and generating ashes. Yet many of these enemies were themselves alchymists; and while they ridiculed the mineral me-

dicines, did not condemn the search for the undiscoverable treasure.

Nor was it very safe, perhaps they thought, to touch a man endued with almost supernatural power, supposing he could not turn any metal into gold, or extend life to the patriarchal age.

#### THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

It is probable that the Hudson's Bay Company will become a subject of legislation during the present session of Parliament. In 1838, a licence of exclusive trade was granted to that Company over all those districts of British America known as the Indian Territory. This licence was conceded for twenty-one years, and will expire in 1859. It may be assumed that the recurrence of parliamentary attention to this particular subject will open the whole question of the trade and administration of the Company. The public have already received the usual herald of legislation on such questions, in the shape of an immense blue book, of which it is modestly announced on the title page that it weighs less than four pounds avoirdupois, and which consists of many hundred folio pages of contradictory evidence, elicited from conflicting interests.

We believe that, although the Hudson's Bay Company is one of our oldest and most important trading corporations, few of our readers have an accurate notion of its rights and duties. Both are of a complex nature. We shall endeavour, therefore, to set before the public, in the first instance, a clear view of what the Hudson's Bay Company actually is.

This Company, then, exercises two distinct classes of rights—the exclusive right of commerce, and the exclusive right of government. Subject to this cardinal distinction, it holds authority over three distinct classes of territory. These are—first, Rupert's Land; secondly, the Indian Territory; thirdly, Vancouver's

Island. Each of these classes of territory is held by its distinct tenure, the right of trade and administration over each arose at distinct periods, and this right is in each case determinable either at different periods or on distinct principles.

The Hudson's Bay Company was originally incorporated by charter under Charles II., in 1669. It is under this tenure that they hold Rupert's Land, their most ancient territory. Their most direct, and possibly their only right over the vast tract called the Indian Territory immediately arises, as we have intimated, from the licence of exclusive trade granted to them in 1838. Their third, and most recent possession, Vancouver's Island, is held under an order in council of 1849, whereby Lord Grey (then Minister for the Colonies) made over to them the chief rights of government in that colony, upon conditions which we have reason to believe have never been fulfilled.

We confess that we contemplate, in theory, with a certain degree of veneration, the peculiar functions and character of this Company, as the only remaining proprietary government, we believe, in the world. Other such governments once existed, contemporaneously with this company, in Massachusetts, and some other states of the present American Union. But they have naturally given way to a spirit of civilization, which very gradually develops itself in regions so little favoured by nature as the legitimate domain of the Hudson's Bay Company. We use the term "legitimate domain" by way of indicating

Rupert's Land and the Indian Territory in contrast with the modern and anomalous acquisition of Vancouver's Island, and a district on the shore of the western mainland. The complex rights, however, which we have here described, have given birth to a nearly endless litigation. We believe that, with regard to the charter alone—which is the basis of the administrative right of the Company—nearly every advocate of distinction, from the time of Lord Mansfield to our own, has been consulted on one or other of its disputed provisions. There is scarcely less doubt with reference to the terms of the order by which this Company now hold Vancouver's Island.

This anomalous constitution derives an increased interest at the present moment from the analogy which it presents to the constitution of the East India Company. It is singular that while the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company extend over a far larger tract of country than those of the East India Company; and while, if the former possess less rights of government, it possesses fuller rights of trade, the parallel between these two constitutions should not have been drawn in a period in which every argument, direct or analagous, is greedily seized by the tottering fraternity in Leadenhall-street, for the maintenance of their commercial and administrative pretensions. It appears that the political rights secured to the Hudson's Bay Company by charter present few other exceptions to plenary authority than that the crown has reserved to itself the power (which, however, it has never yet exercised) of introducing civil magistrates; and that the Company are bound to transmit certain prisoners charged with offences committed within their own chartered rights for trial in England; and prisoners offending extra-territorially, for trial in Upper Canada. It is needless to say that the facilities of traffic even at this day have not reached a point at which it becomes practicable to give effect to provisions introduced by the sapient advisers of Charles II.

The report of the select committee has every claim to adoption by both Houses. Its recommendations on the most important questions represent usually the nearly unanimous conviction

of sixteen gentlemen peculiarly fitted to deal with a mercantile question of this sort. Among the number are Mr. Labouchere, the Colonial Minister; Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Lowe, and others of nearly equal reputation in this sphere of politics. The committee sat and heard evidence during nearly the whole of the earlier session of 1857. The cardinal provisions of their Report are of two kinds. They recommend the complete and unqualified abrogation of the rights exercised by the Company during the last nine years over Vancouver's Island; and the continuance, subject to incidental modifications, of the exclusive rights of trade held by the Company in their other territories.

Those who are best acquainted with British interests in these territories will be glad to witness the accomplishment of such recommendations. We shall see that its tendency will be to increase the utility of the Company; nor is it likely that such a change would affect their trading wealth, which has long been slowly on the increase. In 1821, the *capital stock* of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies, which are now amalgamated, was jointly £400,000; it is now half a million. The total capital of this compound Company in all sources was estimated by the committee at £1,265,000. The alienation of Vancouver's Island, where their rule has been the worst incubus on the colony, can have no influence on the staple of their traffic, which is with Hudson's Bay itself.

It may be surprising to some of our readers, perhaps, to be told that the Hudson's Bay Company are, in the main, lords of a *terra incognita*. The greater portions of this imagined, though, no doubt, presumptively real district, have never been explored. The British territory to the northward of our civilized Canadian provinces is, probably, equal to at least one-half the extent of Siberia. It may be even proportionably populous; but these are chiefly inhospitable realms of eternal morasses, wastes, and rocks, which the Greek (had his geography been wide enough) would have chosen for the chaining of Prometheus rather than the Scythian boundary. Here winter is, with few exceptions, perpetual. Here,

therefore, there can be scarcely any cultivation; and we must view the retention of the Company's dominion without any reference to a prospect of colonization.

These districts are, chiefly, neither inhabited nor probably inhabitable by any other than the Indian tribes, so far as our investigations have penetrated. With the exception of the tracts which the Company either have reduced or hope to reduce into a state of partial civilization, the soil is generally frozen throughout the year. It is said that in one or two of the most sheltered and least northerly quarters, potatoes and corn have been raised. It is clear, therefore, that throughout these inhospitable regions (if we take our present knowledge as a fair test of the state of the whole territory) European settlements can only be established where there exists an absolute certainty of supplies from some civilized settlement.

The trade of the Company in these regions is chiefly derived from the furs of the wild animals which form the food of the Indian tribes. It is stated also by Mr. MacCulloch, with characteristic exactitude that, in the year 1837 (shortly before the publication of his well-known Geographical Dictionary) the number of goose and swan-quills imported into this country by the Hudson's Bay Company was not less than 1,290,000. In what manner he discovered this highly interesting fact with the precision with which he states it is not apparent; but the practical deduction from this reciprocal dependence of the Company and of the Indians on the animal products of the soil rests in the importance, both to the Indians and to ourselves, of preserving the dominion of the Company. Once admit free or competitive traffic into these districts, and the wild animals will soon become extinct. We shall lose our furs, and the Indians their food.

It is not long since an exploring expedition was despatched by our government, under Mr. Palliser, to visit and report on such districts as bade fair to be of utility. This expedition was charged to investigate the condition of the territory around the Rocky Mountains, with the view of devising a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific shores upon British territory. It was charged, also, to

follow the course of the Missouri and Saskatchewan, near the sources of these rivers, and to inquire into the physical character and natural productiveness of the soil. The explorers made their start from the existing colony at Red River: they followed the course of the river to a considerable distance; and thence diverged to the southward. They had hardly travelled eighty miles from the river, through a territory of which they believed themselves to be the first occupants, when they suddenly came upon a flourishing "Yankee colony!" This colony had just posted itself against the very boundary of the British and United States dominions.

We mention this as one of many significant intimations, that if we do not colonize our own territories others will do so in our place. Indeed, if we persist in not reclaiming habitable and cultivable districts, other nations bordering on those districts more nearly than our own existing colonies, may, with some plausibility set up a legal pretext for their occupation. That pretext would be "presumptive abandonment." The nation of the invading colony might then lay a claim to the territory as "first occupant." *Res nullius cedit occupanti*, is as well an axiom of modern international law, as of ancient Roman law. The preponderance of reason might still be on our side, but a nation bent upon aggression is usually content with any pretext not glaringly indefensible.

These observations have their bearing scarcely less as against the Russians than as against the men of the United States. It is singular to observe upon the map that the territories of the three governments so singularly opposed to one another as the British, the American, and the Russian—border so largely on each other. The Russians, there can be no doubt, have been extending their rule and their institutions on the western shore of North America in a far greater degree than ourselves. The omnipresent court of St. Petersburg, we suspect, is much better acquainted with the capacities of the British territories on the further coast of North America than we are ourselves. In fact, both the Russian and United States governments have, in a certain sense, greater facilities for making unperceived advances to dominion in those



tracts than this country. The Russians have the advantage of being able to do everything by stealth. The Yankees have the benefit of proximity.

It is much to be regretted that, while carelessness with regard to our *ultra* North American territory has been succeeded by a certain mental activity, that activity (instead of assuming a practical shape) should show signs of running into enthusiasm. Thus, designs of a railway to traverse a district which no Englishman—and as far as we know, no European—has so much as penetrated on foot, are being already mooted. Wild, hare-brained speculators of this sort do much more harm than good to the cause of colonization. It may even be questioned whether a railway across that immense district of extreme North America would be of use, if it were practicable. There is no doubt that steam communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is at this day a great desideratum; and it would be peculiarly desirable to ourselves that that communication should traverse our own territories. But the first of these conditions would be attained by a railway crossing the Isthmus of Panama, only sixty miles in breadth: and it is possible (as Mr. Disraeli in "Coningsby" makes Baron Humboldt declare) that a canal may be cut to bisect that isthmus at any moment that European ingenuity addresses itself to the subject. But it needs no demonstration that a railway through uninhabited districts would be practically useless—that the labour, the capital, and (after all) the traffic, would never be forthcoming.

We have seen it suggested—and the suggestion has some force—that the practicability of opening a route between the far west and Great Britain turns on the anterior question of the possibility of opening a route from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg. This can be effected only by means of a road or a canal. The numerous streams traversing the interval between the two lakes render canalization less difficult than in many quarters where canals already exist. The natural streams are at present navigated by canoes, and these vessels are the chief means of transit toward the west at this day. On the other hand, a canal would be more liable to freeze in winter than the existing running

streams; and it would, undoubtedly, be more expensive in point of immediate construction than the roads: which, again, would probably be impassable during a certain, though shorter period of winter.

These considerations are of the more importance; because, in proportion as we advance towards the western coast of North America, the climate becomes more genial in a given latitude. The extraordinary difference of temperature between equal latitudes on the two coasts of North America has never yet been satisfactorily explained. The intense cold of the Canadas, which Sir Francis Head has described as frosting the hands and noses of troops on a march, and causing them to fall off at a touch, is experienced on the genial latitude of the Pyrenees. On the other hand, the latitude of Canada is fragrant with the warmth and verdure of those very Pyrenees on the further coast of North America. Be the cause of this distinction found in the difference of the soil, as Kirwan maintained, or in a combination of influences, according to the views of other writers, the practical result is, that the latitude of Hudson's Bay, while all is dreary desolation on that bay, presents a field for colonization on the shore of the Pacific. To approximate this territory to ourselves, in point of time of transit, is an aim of great importance; and it is no slight circumnavigation to approach a settlement nearly in our own latitude by way of Cape Horn. If the Isthmus of Panama be cut through, British emigration may take place not less rapidly and more easily by sea, than by a laborious journey across British America. But, at the same time, it will be impossible to render these districts readily available to our own colonists in Canada, without the aid of a land transit. Our Canadian territories, indeed, have now become so prosperous that, in any case, the land communication will be of reciprocal benefit. Canada will be of scarcely less advantage to the new colony than the scope for colonization to Canada in turn.

It is generally wished that this western and cultivable territory may be discovered from the rule of the Company, as well as Vancouver's Island; although the proposals of the select committee do not, unfortunately, express a conviction on this

latter question with equal force. In dealing with the island in question, we shall have occasion to point out the unjust and monopolizing spirit which the Company have displayed. It is on the ground of that policy that the universal desire to witness the emancipation of this western territory also from their rule, is now felt. We have shown why this monopoly is beneficial in the regions inhabited by the Indians. The contrast in the nature of the country in the two regions renders the monopoly which is of benefit in the one, directly injurious in the other.

We now turn to Vancouver's Island. We have already adverted to the royal charter of 1849, which transferred this island to the Hudson's Bay Company. The grant included the possession of the soil; but it was qualified by certain conditions, framed in the interest, or supposed interest, of colonization. Since so able a committee of the House of Commons have condemned the policy of vesting the government and proprietary rights of this island in the Hudson's Bay Company, we shall presume the justice of their condemnation. It may be interesting, therefore, to ascertain in what manner the present connexion of this Company with the island may be terminated without the necessity of a direct appeal to Parliament.

We do not profess to come forward as the champions of Lord Grey; but we think that statesman has been hardly dealt with on account of the policy he pursued upon this question in 1849. The internal evidence of the charter in our view clearly implies that its whole object was experimental. It is hardly apposite, therefore, to set forth the clauses by which, perhaps, the present connexion of the Company with the island may be terminated, as instances by which the deficiencies of the charter happen to enable the present Colonial Minister to sever that connexion. Yet, this is the language which has been held. The select committee state two distinct modes in which the island may be reclaimed in virtue of the terms of the charter. It can hardly be doubted that it was Lord Grey's design to introduce such means of terminating the present system after the experiments had been fairly tried.

The first of these stipulations of

the charter provides that on the cessation, during next year, of the licence of exclusive trade, granted to the Company in 1838, it shall be competent to the crown to repurchase the island, by indemnifying the Company at the same time for all their expenses in colonization, and their other establishments. This, in fact, is so clear a stipulation that hardly any doubt of the experimental character of the legislation of Lord Grey, in 1849, can be entertained.

The second of these means of resumption by the crown is gained from a provision that unless the Company should, at the expiration of five years from the date of the charter, have fulfilled the purposes which the charter had in view—that is to say, that unless the Company should have freely disposed of land at a reasonable rate; and unless they should then have founded the establishments for commerce and colonization designed by it—the crown should have the right to re-enter and take possession of the island, as though its powers had never been delegated to the Company. This provision appears to us eminently calculated to rouse the zeal of a corporate body holding their rights simply on the basis of their colonizing activity. It also provides for the termination of the experiment within too brief a period materially to check the growth of colonization. Of course, if the government should propose that the tenure of the Company be forfeited on this latter ground, litigation would immediately arise. The legal question, however, would go, we apprehend, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and by that tribunal it would be decided with a promptitude, a finality, and an economy unknown to other judicatures in questions of equal importance, and of such inherent litigation. We certainly think this course a preferable one to saddling the nation with the bill of £87,000 which the Company have presented to the treasury as an indemnity under the former of these two provisions.

It may be asked, why—(if maladministration in Vancouver's Island is to be proved against the Company)—did not the Colonial Minister of the day seek to terminate this connexion on the conclusion of the five years in question, in 1854, or in 1855? In those years, however, we had more

important matters to deal with. In those two years it happens also that we had not less than *six Colonial Ministers*. These were the Duke of Newcastle, Sir George Grey, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord John Russell, Sir William Molesworth, and Mr. Labouchere. Although, therefore, the proper time for the consideration of this question had arrived before Mr. Labouchere took office, the unsettled condition of his department rendered him the first Minister competent to deal with it.

No dispassionate reader of the evidence adduced before the select committee can entertain much doubt that the Hudson's Bay Company have signally failed to fulfil the conditions on which their tenure of Vancouver's Island is theoretically held; that they even contravened the obligations under which they held the island from the first; and that both that failure and this contravention were as glaring at the expiration of five years as they are now at the expiration of nine years. We have seen that it was one of the conditions of this tenure that the Company should freely sell their land at certain prices to all settlers, purchasers being again under an obligation to bring five labourers for every hundred acres sold to them. Now, one of the principal witnesses summoned before the committee was the ex-governor of the island. According to this witness it was one of the first acts of the Company to "purchase" for themselves *ten square miles* of the best land in the island. By this act they included themselves within the ordinary category of purchasers. Did they comply with the corresponding requisition with regard to the emigrants to be brought out by them in their quality of purchasers? Not they. It appears from the evidence that they did not send out a single individual of the kind; it even appeared that the Company had never paid a farthing for the land. It is not less clear also from the terms of the charter that it was not contemplated that they should hold land at all in this sense, but that they should merely be the dispensers of land at certain prices to veritable colonists. Here, therefore, they stood directly in the way of the colonization designed by the charter, and held the very soil

which the earliest colonists would have chosen.

But more. They not only appear to have acted contrary to the spirit of the charter; they inverted its very letter. They were bound to sell the land to colonists and not to themselves; they sold the land to themselves and did not sell it to the colonists. It seems clear that no land has been sold throughout this period, or next to none; we cannot imagine, therefore, that any tribunal could hold otherwise than that the rights of the Company over this island had, *ipso facto*, expired. A decision of this sort would prove a very happy expedient for shelving a little bill of eighty or ninety thousand pounds.

Vancouver's Island, if we may credit what we are told of it, is an Elysium in the Pacific. In a region which we fancy impenetrable to civilization, midway between Yankeeland and Otaheite, is an island, off the coast of the mainland, flowing with milk and honey. Its coast is indented with bays; the bays supply excellent anchorage, and still better fish. The timber is fit for the land of Brobdignag. The soil rewards the cultivator with Egyptian fertility; and the coal is warranted to surpass Newcastle.

This land of milk and honey is, deplorably enough, in the hands of a stiff-necked race, to wit, the Hudson's Bay Company. None of its capabilities are developed under the appalling incubus of a commercial oligarchy, between whom and itself there is no passing but by more than half circumnavigating the globe. It should be added, that the island is three hundred miles long, and, on an average, sixty in breadth. The area of square miles is, therefore, about one-half that of Ireland. In these days, when quiet agricultural settlements, divided by seas from gold-diggings, are in request among those who begin to associate labour and disappointment with that enterprise; when Canterbury settlement has become a failure, and when the hopes of protection are gradually waxing dim, it is very pleasant to hear of a little settlement of this sort, which appears to be something between the traditions of Arcadia and Tom Moore's

"Isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone."

Vancouver's Island has one port, San Francisco; a *San* founded by a *Van*, a combination implying that a Dutchman originally discovered it in the name of the Spaniards; or that the Spaniards succeeded to the possession first relinquished by the Dutch.

Soon after the accession of Lord Grey a considerable number of adventurous youths, mostly gentlemen's sons, proposed to embark their worldly goods in the colonization of Vancouver's Island. It appears that these worldly goods were not very extensive; and young gentlemen who can drive mail-phactons in this country are not exactly the men who would propose to cultivate an island in the Pacific. While this proposal was under the consideration of the Colonial Office, the Hudson's Bay Company, thinking "little fishes sweet," put in their claim also. Lord Grey, as a territorial magnate, naturally concluded that a society of young gentlemen with just enough *£ s. d.* for an adventure were likely to be worse landlords than a rich, broad-backed Company. Nothing is so bad as being a poor landlord, when you have tenants wanting fences, and making all kinds of unreasonable demands on your exchequer: so seems to have reasoned Lord Grey.

We acknowledge that if the Company had been as heartily disposed to be good landlords as the adventurous youths who supplicated the Colonial Office in vain, Lord Grey's decision in favour of the former would have been fully justified by the result. But the Company took the island as a commercial transaction, much as a tradesman would take a bale of goods; and having viewed their possession in this view, it is hardly surprising, perhaps, that they chose to make their speculation pay.

The course by which the select committee recommend that the present connexion of this island with the Hudson's Bay Company should cease is, that of adopting the provision empowering the crown to repurchase the colony, and to indemnify the Company in 1859, on the expiration of the Company's present licence of exclusive trade in the Indian territory. They,

therefore, ignore the harsher alternative of declaring the forfeiture of the charter. Nevertheless, it is not clear that we are to construe this recommendation as implying any positive opinion on the part of the select committee of the manner in which the Company have observed their charter. The committee had but slight pretensions to legal ability; and, indeed, whatever had been their pretensions on that score, it is hardly likely that they would have committed the Colonial Office to a struggle with the Company in the courts of law by any such recommendation. If, however, the government shall determine to carry out the recommendation of the select committee in its entirety, we trust that the treasury, before they pay the £87,000 demanded by the Company, will submit it to a rigorous analysis.

Legislation on this subject is now imminent. The public must determine the course they will adopt without delay upon the several questions into which it divides itself. We desire to see those districts which are beyond the reach of civilization retained under the dominion of the Company, for the sake of the reciprocal interests which we have already specified. But we desire not less earnestly to see all those territories, both insular and on the mainland, which are susceptible of the civilizing hand of the European, left free to the energies of individual colonization. The experience of the last ten years has evinced that large capital is a far less necessary condition of prosperity in first colonization than among higher civilized grades. All that we believe (with the present stimulus to the most distant colonization) is now required is a union of moderate capital with British intelligence and British energy, unfettered by the power of corporations, of whom it is said by an old legal writer that they may aptly be—

"Regarded as individuals on a grand scale; for they have each a head in their mayor or chairman; they have legs, for they stretch themselves all ways; they have hands, for they grasp at every thing; although it is a striking anomaly in this general resemblance, that no corporation was ever yet known to possess either heart or interior."

[Since the foregoing was in type, a change of Ministry has driven Mr. Labouchere from the Colonial Office, and replaced him by Lord Stanley.

We do not apprehend, however, that this incident will affect the policy of the Government with regard to a renewal of the Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company. The resolution formally expressed, in February last, by Mr. Labouchere in the House of Commons, was chiefly founded on the Report of a Select Committee. It can hardly be doubted that Lord Stanley will pay equal deference to the views of that tribunal. This, in truth, is one of the few definite points in which we may hope to gain by a ministerial change. A new Government—and especially a Government existing by the sufferance of Parliament—invariably endeavours to establish itself on the basis of a reforming activity. There is, therefore, more prospect of the suppression of an unjust monopoly under the reign of Lord Derby than under that of Lord Palmerston. Indeed the appointment of a Colonial Secretary practically acquainted with the British colonies, forms an era in colonial government. Lord Stanley, though he may have visited neither Vancouver's Island nor the dismal region of Hudson's Bay, has visited our Canadian, as well as our Indian, empire. In industry at least equal to Mr. Labouchere, and in actual knowledge his superior, he offers a guarantee for the successful conduct of, at least, one department of the state. To him, it must be remembered, the Colonial Office was offered by Lord Palmerston, on the death of Sir William Molesworth in 1855, in preference to Mr. Labouchere. We pre-eminently commend the Hudson's Bay Company to his notice, as one of the first objects of his reforming activity.]

PIERRE JEAN BÉRANGER.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is always more or less unsatisfying: in nine cases out of ten it is worse—it is deceptious. The great masters of the pencil may succeed in the true depiction of their own outward features, though they, too, in the effort, often fail in catching the spirituality of eye and air when they are the objects of their own study. But they deal only with the external; and they have the faithful mirror, that never flatters or distorts, to place them before their own eyes, and forbid all error that is not intentional. But he who undertakes to give a true picture of himself with the pen—a picture not only of his outward acts, and the surrounding circumstances in the world about him by which these acts were influenced, and of which they are a part, but even of his inward self, moral and intellectual, disclosing the springs of action, and the play of mental machinery—what unerring mirror has he to guard him against the treachery of his own self-love, the deception of his own prejudices and passions? The picture is sure to be either dim or distorted, either

incomplete or unreal, exactly in proportion as he shrinks from errors in his self-revelations.

The memoirs which we have just been considering are no exception to this necessity of Autobiography. They are unsatisfying, not, indeed, so much by presenting us with an incorrect picture as with an incomplete one. Though not exempt from the self-love which besets our frail humanity, Béranger had too large a share of manly candour, of a noble humility, to distort or exaggerate largely his self-estimate; and so his revelations are stamped with an impress of truth, so far as they go, but they are meagre. It may be, that the self-imposed isolation which, while in the world, and courted by the world, he succeeded in maintaining, may account for much of this; nevertheless, we can imagine few minds, which, in their growth and expansion would be more deeply interesting than his. The Autobiography is incomplete in this too, that though nominally carried down to 1840, it may really be considered as closed in 1830. Happily one who seems to have known Bér-

anger intimately, and loved him with a thorough devotion, has taken up the sketch and completed it; and so we have him before us in two aspects—we see him, as it were, in each case, presented at a different angle. This, too, has its value: for the mind's eye, like that of the body, viewing them together through this moral stereoscope, may see the man standing out, round, real, and life-like.

But the picture, to pursue the illustration a moment longer, will vary in its vividness, according to the light that falls upon it; and so we believe Béranger will, as revealed by this volume, and still more so in his lyrics, appear different to the English and to the French people. However highly we here may estimate the poet of the people and of the republic, it is only where the whole popular heart understands and moves to his song, and the republican spirit, or, at all events, the democratic spirit, is so deeply seated and widely diffused, that all the power and the patriotism, and the fervour of the man himself, and what he has written, can be justly appreciated. We say nothing of the fact, which we admit, that none but a Frenchman can fully feel the exquisite beauty in turn of expression, melody of versification, and felicity of language, upon which his countrymen have so enthusiastically dilated whenever we have spoken of their great national lyrist. There is also, to English taste, one great stain on the brightness of many of Béranger's earlier lyrics; we allude to their occasional licentiousness, and even grossness—a stain from which his muse is free when she rises to the higher themes of patriotism.

Pierre Jean Béranger or *de Béranger*, as he wrote his name—for he was not free from the weakness of affecting "the aristocratic particle"—came into the world at a time when it was heaving with the throes that revolutionized so many dynasties, and hurled from their time-honoured thrones so many ancient races of sovereigns. The 19th of August, 1780, was the day in which he first saw the light, in the humble abode of a poor tailor in Paris. The literary pilgrim will in vain seek for the house of Champy, his maternal grandfather, in the Rue Montorgueil, for the hand of civic improvement has

swept it away. The boy was spoiled, sickly, and backward—that is as the world counts backwardness—slow to receive the routine education which could be afforded him, but absorbing, quickly and silently, into his mind an education which perceptions and instincts, not pedagogues and formularies, teach all original natures. No doubt, the great events taking place around him were solemn instructors. In his ninth year, he witnessed, from the roof of his school-house, the talking and demolition of the Bastille—a lesson that must have sunk deep into his heart. He saw, too, more than one scene in the bloody tragedies that were enacted; but fortunately, as he ever regarded it, he was withdrawn from the capital during the Reign of Terror. His father, an inconsiderate person, upon whom the duties of the parent and husband sat very lightly, puts him one day unceremoniously into a diligence, when he is little more than nine years old, and sends him, without notice, to a widowed sister, a poor innkeeper of Peronne. Béranger has left us a lively and touching account of his first meeting with this relative.

"I see myself arriving, under the direction of an old female cousin, at the little inn of the *Epée Royale*, which was kept by my aunt in one of the faubourgs of Peronne, and which constituted her whole possessions. I do not know her; she receives me with hesitation, reads my father's letter commending me to her care, and then addressing the cousin, says—'It is impossible for me to take charge of him.' This moment it still dwells vividly in my recollection. My grandfather, having been seized with paralysis, had retired with an insufficient income, and could not provide for me. My father rejected the burden of my support; and my mother was totally regardless of me. I was no more than nine years and a-half old; but I felt that I was repelled by all. What was to become of me? Such scenes quickly develop reason, and bring it to maturity, even in those who are born with but the smallest germ of it.

In the course of years, as I increased in growth, I became very plain in appearance; but I had been a beautiful child, and I have often said to myself, that I ought to bless Providence for it. This beauty, which is particular to the first age of our life, might exercise a great influence on its whole duration, by the smiles of love and happiness with which it surrounds us, at a period when

we stand so much in need of support and sympathy. I do not at all wish to diminish the meritorious nature of my aunt's conduct; but as I see her in memory, she first throws a sidelong, hesitating glance upon me. Her hesitation lasts but for a moment; her heart is touched; and then, moved and melted by my solitary and abandoned fate, she presses me in her arms, and, while the tears glisten in her eyes, says, 'Poor deserted child! I will be your mother!' Never was a promise more faithfully and tenderly kept!"

This was no ordinary woman. She had a superior intellect, which she had cultivated as far as her opportunities allowed, and an ardent temperament, which made her a zealous republican. From her he received a moral training, under which his intellect rapidly developed itself, while he picked up some knowledge of reading and writing from an old schoolmaster. An intense love of country and of republicanism became now the master passions of his life, and they never after failed to exercise the largest influence upon him. In his twelfth year he was struck by a thunderbolt, and nearly killed; nor did he ever entirely recover from the effects of it, which permanently impaired his sight; this frustrated his aunt's project of binding him to a clockmaker; and so, after a little more schooling in letters, and a great deal in republicanism from a M. Ballue de Bellenglise, a zealous disciple of Rousseau, and an enthusiastic revolutionist, he is bound to a printer. Meantime, Béranger's father, who was a devoted royalist, and had been thrown into prison, visits Peronne on his liberation in 1795, to find, to his horror, his son a stanch republican, who was ready to argue politics with him; prepared to yield to better argument, but not to parental threats or caresses. A strange change now awaited the youth. His father, being again united to his mother, set up as a financier at Paris. The son showed an uncommon aptitude for the business, which he carried on with great success during a short time in which his father was again imprisoned for taking part in a royalist conspiracy. We have some strange revelations during this period. The state of the French Treasury, and the depreciation of the paper currency made

specie the only safe circulation, and the demand for it aggravated the national distress. As money-lenders, the Bérangers saw much of this misery, especially among the poor, with whom their relations were numerous. The history of one of these, *La Mère Jary*, is related by the poet himself, in an episode as touching for its pathos as its simplicity. It is pleasant to know that father and son were ready to alleviate wretchedness when in their power.

"Even if I had not been born of a benevolent disposition, the sight of so much misery, which we only increased by the present assistance we afforded, must have rendered me feeling and compassionate. I am happy that it is in my power to render this justice to my father, in stating, that he left me entirely free in my desire to alleviate distress, and, indeed, often set me the example. How many unfortunates have carried back with them from our house the garments of which they had stripped themselves, in order to provide the necessary security for their small loans!"

Their house went to ruin in 1798, and father and son were thrown almost penniless on their own resources once more. No doubt this was a "providence," one of those which, at the moment, seemed to bring unmitigated evil, but which, in the evening of his days, Béranger could look back to as the turning point of his life. The existence of every man has many of these passages written in the book of his life, but we cannot read the legend on the page through the mists of the present: the light of the future, as it falls upon it, alone reveals the meaning of the mystery. One cannot help indulging in fancying what the career of the poet might have been, had the speculations been thoroughly successful, and Béranger become a millionaire. Wealth would probably first engross more and more of his mind, then draw him into the higher circles of society—then would come a conformity to the tastes and opinions of others, a weakening of the great principle of self-reliance and self-respect; a horror of popular movement, and of a disturbance of the settled order of things. He would have been a senator, a member of the administration, and, (it may be, a

member of the Academy, and an elegant trifier in verse; in fact, he might probably have been all that Béranger was not, and nothing that he was. But it was fated to be far otherwise. In the midst of his misery and destitution came the Muse as a divine consoler. She finds him prostrate and impotent; but at her touch he arises and follows her, never more from that hour to leave her. Before this, Béranger had, like many a lad of his age, written bad verses without plan or purpose. The light now, as it were, broke in suddenly upon him; an irrepressible and craving passion of poetry seized his soul. He felt a loathing for the Bourse, and refused the offers of many friends who wished to reinstate him in business, and sets to work at his new mission with indomitable earnestness.

"Although still a very imperfect grammarian, I applied myself to the study of the various styles, and to attempt something in almost all of them; and, in a few years, I succeeded in forming for myself a poetic system, almost complete, which I have doubtless since perfected, but which has scarcely varied at all in any of its principal rules. At this period, also, I meditated much on the nature and genius of language—thus venturing to master, at a high point, a science, the rudimentary steps of which have often inspired me with a sort of repugnance."

And now Béranger, inhabiting a garret in the fifth story of a house in the Boulevard St. Martin, and superintending a *cabinet de lecture*, meditates upon the political scenes of that great drama which was being enacted around him. "Endowed by nature," as in a later period he says of himself, "with an exalted spirit of patriotism," and cradled in the lap of the Republic, his sagacious mind

even then felt that "the people" were to be his Muse—from them he was to draw his inspiration, and to them should he be indebted for his success. "To live alone and compose verses at leisure," as from his garret his eyes wandered over the beautiful prospect, appeared to him the very summit of felicity, and many of his festive and amatory compositions date from this period.\* He had also begun to deal with political subjects, to compose odes and idyls, and even to attempt the comedy and the epic. Three years of his life pass thus in poverty, and yet in intellectual discipline, both of which were imperceptibly but effectually forming the character of the future poet, when the conscription of 1801 adds a new anxiety to the many that surround his life. Here his infirmities came to his assistance; his feeble health and premature baldness gave him the appearance of being forty-five years old, and to take off his hat before the police officers at once insured his immunity from further trouble. At length in 1804, Béranger wrote to Lucien Bonaparte, enclosing a poem. The patron of learning was struck by the genius of the young poet, and wished to see him; and at that first interview was laid the foundation of a friendship and mutual esteem that was never dissolved during their lives, and in its immediate results secured to the poet the protection and patronage of the prince, as also the intimacy which Béranger formed with the poet Arnault, and which opened to him for the first time the doors of the world of literature. Béranger made more than one attempt to give public expression to his gratitude to Prince Lucien, but the rigid censorship of the press, the jealousy of Napoleon, and the fears of the Bourbons prevented him doing

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\* In a letter to a female friend, written in the decline of life, but not, we may observe, quoted in the work before us, Béranger himself thus touchingly alludes to this period at once of trial and yet of exaltation:—

"I was poor! The smallest indulgence forced me to live for a week on thin bread soup that I cooked myself, heaping up, all the while, rhyme on rhyme, and full of hopes of coming fame. My eyes moisten with involuntary tears at the mere mention to you of that joyous epoch of my life, when, without countenance, without the certainty of daily bread, and without directions, I dreamed of a future and did not neglect the pleasures of the moment. Oh! how beautiful a thing is youth, since it can throw its charm even over old age, that period so destitute and barren. Turn to good account, dear friend, what you have left of it; love, and let others love you. Truly have I experienced this happiness; it is the greatest in life."



so till the dedication of his works in 1833, gave him a fitting opportunity.

Béranger now got some occasional employment. M. Landon, the Editor of the *Annals du Musée* committed to him some of the biographical notices of artists to be found in that work. These are said to be written with great taste, and in a clear and correct style, though neither Béranger himself, nor the present editor, speaks of them. As they are numerous, it is likely that they may be yet collected and given in a separate form. All this time the poetic education was in progress. He sought to fathom the genius, of his native tongue, and the mysteries of style. Molière and Voltaire are read and re-read; he laboured steadily as an artist, not fitfully and carelessly as a man of mere genius; to render his style perfect and his vocabulary complete and judicious. A passage from his autobiography will reveal the process by which the poet laid the sure foundations of his excellence:—

“When one has only himself for master, the course of study is generally long. I acquired a habit of brooding long over my thoughts, in order to seize them in the most favourable aspect, as they came to light. I said to myself, that every subject must necessarily have its own grammar, dictionary, and even its peculiar manner of being expressed in rhyme,—that, for example, which is of an elegiac nature, not requiring the same precision of rhyme. I dwell on these details only for the benefit of those who suppose that, in order to write well, it is merely necessary to let words fall by chance upon the paper, and who take into consideration neither the necessary reflection nor preparatory reading. If things go on in that way, you will soon see some who will be able to write before they are acquainted with the art of reading. There are assuredly some privileged men of genius, who succeed without trouble in every thing. But who is entitled to believe himself a genius?

“The corrections which I made in my pastoral poem—a sketch remaining unfinished—revealed to me a greater number of the secrets of our language than any other labour which I undertook. I had composed odes and dithyrambs; but I soon perceived that these styles of poetry, exotic plants transplanted from antiquity into our soil—had no profound root in it, notwithstanding all the merit of our great lyric writers. I do not venture to say that I reason correctly,

but it appears to me that the ode, as we employ it, borders on the emphatic—that is to say, almost on the false; and nothing is more opposed to the French mind, to which the simple is one of the necessary elements of the sublime—as the eloquence of Bossuet, and the finest passages of Corneille, fully attest. Pindar, who, perhaps, is perfectly comprehended by very few, is often cited; but how great is the difference between the modern poets and the Greek lyric bard! who, fulfilling in truth the office of a true priesthood, celebrated in the presence of the twenty sister populations assembled at Olympia, his native country, its heroes and its gods; and surrounded by a chorus of dance and song, declaimed his verses in a voice sustained by the aid of music. With us, the poet almost invariably occupies a position external to his work, as regarded by critical readers; a fact which ought to make him feel the necessity of having, as it were, a framework for all his subjects. It is by the invention of such a framework that his genius should be most strikingly displayed, and not by a deluge of verses—doubtless, always beautiful, but which make us think of that princess of the fairy tale, whose mouth never opened without pouring forth torrents of pearls, of rubies, and of emeralds: poor princess!”

This criticism is, perhaps, not thoroughly orthodox, but we hold it correct in this, at all events, that it states truly what is the element of popularity in French poetry. It discovers to us, also, that Béranger felt that the lyrical was his true vocation. To this he applied himself both as a genius and an artist. By the inspiration of the former, he instinctively saw that he was cast in a new age filled with a new feeling, and he felt that age demanded a new mode and style of poetry; and the artist wrought out what the genius discovered—a union of the force, sublimity, and exalted passion of the epic and the ode, with the grace, and fancy, and wit of the lyric. These results, however, were not to appear till a later period of his life. In 1809 his friend, Arnault, obtained a place for him in one of the bureaux of the Imperial University, which yielded him an annual income of 2,000 francs, and this left him free to follow his tastes, both social and poetical. By degrees some of his songs were circulated privately in manuscript, and then crept into print. They spread his fame far and

wide; the merely jovial ones were received with unqualified admiration—the political ones were not so fortunate. The “Roy d’Yvetot” had the honour of attracting the Emperor’s notice, and the police were busy in finding out the author, who was supposed to be one of a much higher position than Béranger. The poet avowed himself, but the confession produced no bad results to him.

Of the eventful period that followed upon the restoration of the Bourbons, Béranger speaks at some length in his autobiography. Considering his strong political bias, one is surprised at the moderation of his tone and the absence of invective. We shall not follow him through this part of his memoirs, but we may give an amusing anecdote of Bernadotte, which he, at all events, believed to be true:—

“In the few days that he passed almost *incognito* at Paris, before he had opened his mind to the Emperor Alexander, in whom much hesitation with regard to the Bourbons had always been remarked, Bernadotte, wishing to play with prudence his role of a pretender to the crown of France, thought it necessary to sound one of the ministers of the autocrat. A dinner was arranged with the Count Pozzo di Borgo, another exile, a Coriolanus of the antichamber, whom a shameless writer has not blushed to put on a level with Bonaparte. Charles John, eager to open the question, demanded of the Russian minister, if the sovereigns had determined on any definite course with regard to France. ‘*Ma foi!* Prince,’ answered the cunning Corsican, ‘they are very embarrassed about it, and I am of opinion that the counsels of your Highness, being well-acquainted with this country, would be very advantageous. What do you think the powers ought to do? What chief ought they to give to a nation so difficult to govern?’ The Gascon was anxious for an answer, and not for questions; he asks, however, if the choice still remains to be made. ‘You ought to know.’

“‘Yes, it is still almost free, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of the House of Bourbon.’

“‘It appears to me, M. le Comte, that this family is quite strange here, and that what France especially requires is a Frenchman, who has no reproach to bring against the Revolution.’

“‘There can be no doubt of that.’

“‘That it requires a man who possesses sufficient military knowledge.’

“‘I think exactly as your Highness.’

“‘A man who understands the administration of affairs on a great scale—who is familiar with the interests of Europe.’

“‘Just so, Prince—just so; continue, I entreat you.’

“‘A man, in fine, whom the sovereigns have already been able to appreciate, and whose character is a guarantee of moderation and good faith.’

“‘Very well, Prince, I have taken the liberty of saying and of writing all that you have done me the honour to communicate. I have done more; I have ventured to designate the man to whom, in my opinion, it would be advantageous to commit the destinies of our common country.’

“Whilst thus speaking, Pozzo appeared to turn a look of respectful regard upon Bernadotte, who, repressing his exultation, said, in a smiling manner, ‘Would there be any indiscretion in demanding of you, who is the person whom your experience has designated?’

“‘Your Highness has already divined, I wager.’

“‘I might deceive myself, M. le Comte. Name, I beg you, the man who has your suffrage.’

“‘You demand it, Prince. Very well. It is myself—I, myself—who am a Frenchman, a soldier, an administrator, to whom the interests of Europe are known, and who am the friend of almost all the sovereigns. Are these not the conditions that your Highness requires?’

“Bernadotte, excited to fury by such a mystification, rose from table, and, certain that the Russian courtier would never have dared to express himself in such a manner without having come to a perfect understanding with the Czar, he took his departure from Paris on the very day on which the Comte d’Artois made his entry.”

Béranger was a thorough Republican, and as such one cannot expect a fair estimate of the Bourbons from him. Thus, of Louis XVIII. he gives a character which no unprejudiced man will endorse, alleging that he had a false and wicked heart, and was utterly destitute of affection for his family. Let us leave the politician and return to the poet. Overtures were made to him to join the legitimatists, but he was proof alike to the inducements of favour or the prospect of poverty—and so the want of money forced him upon venturing the first publication of his songs. Its success was immense. The popular sympathies were all against the

dynasty that was forced upon France, and yearned for the return of Napoleon. No wonder, then, that the songs of Béranger found an echo in every heart and a place in every home. He was now the established song-writer of the Opposition; and, during the brief period of the deposition of the Bourbons, was offered a lucrative place, which he declined. But, with the return of Louis XVIII. came, of course, the persecution of the poet; and it was intimated to him that if he desired to retain his place, he should curb the satirical exuberance of his pen; but he did not, on that account, refrain from publishing his songs, from day to day, in the *Minerva*, a journal of considerable reputation, attacking the abuses of the court, the ministers, and the priesthood. In 1831 he published a new and enlarged edition of all his songs, in two volumes, of which 10,500 copies were sold, and nearly all of them subscribed for before the printing. Of course, the loss of his situation followed, and a prosecution was instituted. Nothing could exceed the popular excitement: the crowd was so compact that the judges were obliged to obtain entrance into the court by the window, and the accused was, with difficulty, able to reach his place at the foot of the tribunal, although, like a certain rogue, when being led to the gibbet, he repeated, as he tried to make his way, "Gentlemen, they cannot begin without me." To an English reader who knows the orderly arrangements of our courts, even under the most exciting circumstances, such a scene seems almost incredible. Béranger was defended by Dupin with great ability; nevertheless, the course which he took of diminishing the importance and effect of his songs offended the poet, whose pride would have preferred any alternative to immunity by reason of the want of influence of his writings. He seems, however, to have had no small amount of favour even amongst his judges. The president, in summing up, delivered himself in language which certainly sounds rather queer to English ears. After much personal praise of the obnoxious poet, he said that it was a pity the gravity of the tribunal did not allow them to *sing* the works against which the prosecution was directed, as singing might con-

stitute a good excuse for them. However, as the advocate did not sing them, the writer was found guilty—a three months' imprisonment, with a fine of 500 francs, and an enormous increase to the publicity of the songs and the popularity of the writer were the results. In nine cases out of ten political prosecutions make political martyrs. To one who was content to live in a garret, the comforts of St. Pelagie were no inconvenience. Indeed he was so comfortable, that the government made the attempt to extend their hospitality to him, for, during his imprisonment, a new prosecution was instituted against him on the ground that the publication, under his name, of the trial, containing copies of all the songs alluded to, was a repetition of the original offence. One can scarcely believe that any public prosecutor would have the hardihood to attempt such a novelty, yet the attempt was made; and, notwithstanding the able defence of Dupin, was very near being successful, for the jury acquitted the poet and the printer by a majority of only a single voice. The lesson was a good one for those who sought to fetter the liberty of the press, for it had the effect of circulating seven millions of the verses which the prosecution was intended to suppress. Béranger wrote all the more—he was, in fact, incorrigible—so, in 1825, another volume appeared; but government had got enough of the fractious poet for the present, and so they let him have his way for a while. He now mixed constantly in political society, where the influence of his writings and his opinions was considerable. Of the friends—and they were many—whom he records as his fellow-labourers, none held a higher place in his affection and respect than Manuel, of whom he constantly speaks in his memoir in terms of the highest praise. This friend died in 1827, leaving him a legacy of 1,000 francs a-year; and the year after Béranger aggravated his offences against the Bourbons by the publication of a fourth volume. A prosecution instantly followed. The government proposed to him that if he suffered judgment to go by default, the smallest possible punishment would be inflicted. Béranger was not the man to bate an inch. He rejected the proposition indignantly,

preferring the prospect of a long imprisonment to the suppression of writings that he felt would, as before, become all the more public by the prosecution, and thus serve the cause to which he was so devotedly attached. The trial proceeded, and the poet was condemned to a fine of ten thousand francs and an imprisonment of nine months. Prison life does not seem to have been borne with as much complacency as on the former occasion. La Force was not as agreeable a place as St. Pelagie, and the martyr was now seven years older—a serious addition when one is drawing nigh fifty. But he had consolations here too, and especially in making the acquaintance of Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, and others. The friendship of these men—the fellow-labourers in that literary revolution in which he had himself led the way—must have cheered and supported Béranger. Of this school he thus speaks:—

“The retrograde tendency of some of the ideas of this school, which was long kept at bay by our old and young liberals, had not prevented me from applauding the eminently lyric genius of Hugo, and from admiring the meditations of Lamartine, with whom I had no intimacy till a later period. I had experienced infinite pleasure in the works of M. de Vigny, who treated his subjects with as much art as taste, a talent not at all common among us. I comprehended all the extent and all the delicacy of M. Sainte-Beuve's intellect, and, with everybody else, I prophesied great dramatic success for Dumas.

It was in vain to urge the objection, that this school had often proved false to the democratic principle, which had first launched it on its career; that insults to our glory had often proceeded from its bosom; that they had outraged Napoleon dying at Saint Helena; that the services rendered by philosophy were not acknowledged by it; all of these circumstances that ought to have wounded me more than any other person. ‘But,’ I replied, ‘among us who begin to speak and write so soon, a start is invariably made with the ideas of others, without allowing ourselves time to satisfy ourselves of their relation to our own sentiments, a circumstance, which I may parenthetically remark, accounts for the change of opinions of so many superior intellects. Now, our writers of the romantic school are all very young. Let us pardon them, then, for those errors, an explanation of which

we ought to require only from those by whom they have been nurtured. They do not the less compel our literature to give a more frank expression to things modern, of the present day, and completely French, which, as in our political assemblies, we have too long rendered with the assistance of expressions borrowed from antiquity, or in a language altogether hostile to the proper word, such as that of which Delille may be regarded as a model. Wait! They vainly attach themselves to the past—they will come to us—the language which they speak is conducting them on to our idea.’ They would not believe me; but the predictions were not the less fully accomplished. Language! language! It is the soul of nations; in it their destinies are read. When, then, in our colleges, will they seriously teach French to the pupils? When will they introduce a *cours raisonne* of the history of the language from the time of Francis I. until the present day; not for the purpose of explaining our authors, but for the purpose of explaining by means of these authors the echoes of their age, the progress of the language, its first uncertain steps, its deviations, its rest, and its progress?”

In these reflections, we have exhibited one of the main causes of the great popularity and success of Béranger—his thorough appreciation of the value of language, and the necessity of speaking to the age in the language of the time itself—a total rejection of all that is false, stilted, and affected. He lived to see his views carried out in France by the disciples of that school which he may be said to have founded.

When the term of his imprisonment expired, Béranger came forth with increased reputation and new friends. Chateaubriand was now returned from Rome, and sought the poet. From his boyhood Béranger had looked up to Chateaubriand with the respect and affection of a disciple for his master, for, as such, the lyrist of the people regarded the creator of the romantic school of literature in France. True, their paths in life lay widely apart. The royalist, the aristocrat, and the courtier had little in common with the republican, the plebeian, and the dweller in the garret—little, and yet something, and that was as a band of steel to bind them together—the sympathy of genius and of poesy. Chateaubriand gracefully made the advance, Béranger

gratefully accepted it. A firm friendship was established between them, which the death of Chateaubriand alone dissolved. From Béranger we learn what Chateaubriand never disclosed, that in after years he offered to share his purse with the song writer at the very time that he was himself obliged, from want of means, to sell his house in the Rue d'Enfer. "I was tempted," says Béranger, "to accept his offer, not for the purpose of making any use of it, but in order that we might be under a mutual obligation." This sentiment is thoroughly sincere. Béranger, while he constantly refused any aid that might compromise his independence or his principles, had all the true generosity of mind that made him as ready to accept the aid of real friends as he was to aid them, though he rarely recognised the necessity that obliged him to be the recipient. He was a thoroughly independent-minded man in every respect, and in none more than in refusing to establish too close intimacies with men of rank and wealth, wisely feeling that his freedom of thought and action should be either compromised or unpalatable. One of these men, M. de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt, having reproached him for not accepting his invitations, Béranger replied, "Monsieur le duc, believe me, it is not a ridiculous democratic humour which prevents me accepting your invitations. I am sensible of the honour you do me; but my dictionary is different from the one used in your saloons. Until I had studied you page by page, I should be only a fool or a mute in your society." The truth was, Béranger could not be quite at his ease amongst strangers of a class in life above him. He had a habit of setting himself upon considering the characters of all with whom he was brought in contact; and this engrossment necessarily pre-occupied him, and gave him a constrained and absent manner. It was only amongst those whom he knew that his intellect had free flow, and his genius shone forth in all its brightness. This unwillingness was known to Tallyrand, who having expressed his wish to meet Béranger, a mutual friend said,—

"Why do you not invite him to dinner?"

The reply of the diplomatist was characteristic:—

"Because I am too great a lord to expose myself to a refusal."

The opportunity was afforded Béranger afterwards of meeting and studying Tallyrand. The poet was all eyes and ears on the occasion, and gives us his estimate of the great politician. There was, of course, no sympathy between them, and it is not to be wondered that Béranger's prejudices led him to under-estimate a man who he considered had betrayed France and Napoleon, and had so great a share in the treaty of Paris in 1814:—

"After having met with him several times, I obtained the conviction, that if he had borrowed several witty expressions from others, he could in return make a loan of many more to them. Wit with him was only the ornament of great good sense, summing itself up in a brief and piquant form. One would have ignored his age and the different parts that he has played, in order that they might have been able to divine all the experience of which his words were the expression, set off by that finished tone peculiar to those belonging to good society, who have made their way through revolutions, and who are never alarmed by the *mauvais ton* of others. It must be acknowledged, that his position gave him an immense advantage in the salons. He took time to reply to every question. He had become an oracle; he was consulted as such; and a thought was even attributed to his silence, which was frequently only *ennui* and idleness, his besetting vice. In fine, there was nothing elevated, nothing profound, nothing generous in his character. A complete egotist, his private interest has always been the only motive even of his political acts, a fact which is quite sufficient to deprive him of that reputation of being a great statesman, which those who were dazzled by his old titles and his princely luxury have been anxious to confer on him."

Béranger thus continued at once standing aloof in a spirit of proud independence, yet in political relation with all the great leaders of the Republican party, contributing as largely as any of them, by his writings from time to time, to influence the popular mind, and lead to the Revolution of July, 1830. In that Drama, Béranger took his part, but it was marked alike by modesty, good sense, and self-abnegation. He felt that the great work of his life, as a political

writer, was now achieved, and he withdrew himself into the seclusion of his humble dwelling. But, as might be expected, he was soon sought out. Many of his friends pressed him to aspire to power, but he had the magnanimity to resist their entreaties, and the wisdom to understand his own capabilities and position. Doubtless, he knew the feeble points in his own nature as well as the strong ones. Great as was his genius and skill as a poet, still his education was in many respects defective; and however largely endowed with political sagacity, he was necessarily without training. Power is an instrument difficult to manage, the use of which we must learn by a long course of application before we can employ it well. All this Béranger felt; and so he steadily refused to accept the offers of the new government, and even declined to appear before Louis Philippe. He justifies this course of conduct, in the first case, on the grounds of his unwillingness, at his time of life, to undergo the labours of office, and his determination not to accept a sinecure; in the latter case, because he did not wish to be exposed to embarrassing requests, or to "make an exhibition of himself." We think it likely, there was lurking in the mind of the Republican, unknown to himself, a secret dissatisfaction with the form in which the Revolution had eventuated; and though, as a sincere patriot, he had accommodated himself to monarchy even such as this was, there is no doubt that he looked upon it but as a transition in the progress state towards Republicanism. Indeed, he gave expression to this opinion shortly afterwards, in a letter to Chateaubriand—"Constitutional thrones appear to me to be but bridges thrown over a stream, across which we cannot swim, and certainly cannot jump." More explicit still is his language to Lucien Buonaparte, in 1833:—

"Before the Revolution of July, I perceived the impossibility of establishing, in a country of equality, the English monarchical, representative system, which cannot exist without the support of a privileged class; and when this Revolution had actually occurred, I, an old Republican, convinced that France was not yet prepared to accept the Republican form, desired that, putting the old mo-

narchical machine to a final use, we should make it serve as a plank, by means of which we might cross the stream; and what I here say to you, my actions as well as words, at that period, have proved to all my friends. I thought, if possible, to assign to this state of transition a duration equal to that of the Restoration. The faults of the new government have but very slightly altered my expectations, and have much strengthened my hopes. Therefore, Prince, the prediction of ten years of existence with respect to a throne which has the appearance of being so weak, if the Republic had not itself committed faults which its position, doubtless, rendered inevitable, we should have been nearer, perhaps, to the *denouement*. This party had not yet learned how to appreciate rightly the character of new France, and thus dreamed of the impossible. It is on the interests created by the Revolution that it must rely at the present day; and these very interests the Republican party has too often appeared to threaten. Fortunately for us other Frenchmen, we know how to discipline ourselves by the blows given us by our enemies, and these blows have never been wanting. The Republican elements are much more abundant than is supposed by those who dread, or even by those who desire the Republic; but it will be long, in my opinion, before they will be concentrated. In France, we both think and act quickly; but we only act when the movement of ideas jumps with that of the popular feelings, and thus these days occur but seldom in an age. These are the reasons which make me expect, in a time still remote, the fall of the government of to-day, acounted as I am to see things in their least favourable aspect."

One cannot fail to be struck with the political sagacity of these observations, which were so fully verified by future events.

The same modesty, good sense, and independent feeling which characterized the politician, marked the poet also. For many years his friends were anxious that he should be a member of the Academy; and Chateaubriand, in particular, was pressing in his entreaties that Béranger would suffer himself to be put up as a candidate. These entreaties were renewed after the Revolution of July, but still in vain. Béranger was now too strongly attached to his habits of independence to wish to peril or trammel them. He began to find it difficult to live, except with his

own thoughts. Now that so many of the old friends of his younger days had passed away, the new ones he feared might not understand his humour. Yet he did not undervalue the advantages of the position which he would neither seek or accept.

"Notwithstanding the inconceivable popularity which has adhered to my name—notwithstanding the suffrages of so many superior men—and the praises which have been lavished upon me even in the theatre, let it not be imagined that I conceal from myself the inconvenience I must submit to in consequence of not being a member of the Academy. I am destitute to-day of that special consideration which it confers on those who belong to it, no matter what may be their title to it. My death will not be celebrated by those solemn honours which it decrees to its deceased members—honours at which some who envy them pretend to laugh, and which the public by no means regards with an indifferent eye. Who knows but that my conduct, wrongly interpreted, may inspire the Academy with feelings unfavourable to my memory, however short may be the time my memory will survive myself. I am too sincerely attached to letters not to regard this with fear; and I hesitate so much the less in giving expression to this fear here because it affords an answer to those who have accused me of not aspiring to a chair for the sake of singularity. Now-a-days, when only that singularity which is profitable is held in estimation, I should have made a bad calculation. I moreover declare, that if I have not always acknowledged the utility of the French academy, no one will henceforth be more disposed than I to render justice to this foundation of Richelieu. There is evidence of this in the reproach which I have constantly addressed to its members—in the number of whom I have counted, and still count, so many friends—of not advantageously using the power which it might confer on them in a period of literary anarchy, during which the language requires a pervading and intelligent guardianship to enable it to resist the barbarisms of the Bar, of the Press, and of the Tribune. Have some not even gone so far as to wish to reinstate the *patois* in honour? The academicians ought not to forget this. The language as well as the kingdom required unity; and for that reason a great minister, eminently national, founded the French Academy.

For my part, the language having at all times engaged a great share of my attention, in spite of, or rather in consequence of my ignorance, I confess I

should prefer, far beyond the annexation of Belgium and of the Rhenish provinces to France, to see the Academy, assisted by all the classes of the Institute, at length produce a great and beautiful dictionary, revised every ten years, and distributed gratuitously in all the offices of the Administration, great and small, and taking its place at the side of our great codes, the utility of which it would then, in my opinion, equal.

This dictionary continued during his life to be a favourite project of Béranger. His notion was, that the work should be brought out by a commission, at the expense of the nation; that the Academy should superintend its construction; that copies of each sheet should be exhibited in places of public instruction, so that suggestions and observations might be made on them, and forwarded to the commission. Undoubtedly there is much that is excellent in these suggestions, and could they be efficiently carried out one might look for a work that would be invaluable both to the French themselves and to foreigners. The crowning labour of Béranger's life was the production of his fourth and last volume, in 1833. To this he has appended a preface, which is a remarkably able and lucid exposition both of his literary and political creed. In it, too, was a promise that he would not again come before the public, and he refrained from taking any part in politics from thenceforth. In his retirement he indulged in meditation upon the future of France, and he certainly appears to have foreseen that future with a clearness of vision that was almost prophetic. Perhaps no phase of his life exhibits Béranger to more advantage than this epoch of his retirement. He visited unostentatiously the poor, he consoled the afflicted, he opened his purse to supply the wants of the wretched, he raised up the weak and the erring. And so the last Revolution found him. The people looked to their old patriot poet, and called upon him to become a member of the Constituent Assembly of the new republic; but he was still true to his resolve, and refused to be nominated. His letter to the people on that occasion is a masterpiece of wisdom, pathos, and modesty, and shows that Béranger was really a great man—great, not in ambition, but in abnegation. It was,

however, in vain to protest : over twenty thousand votes proclaimed how the people loved and esteemed him. Béranger obeyed ; entered the Assembly, embarrassed and against his will, and, after a few days, feeling how impossible it was for him to discharge the duties imposed on him, he tendered his resignation to the president. The Assembly refused to accept it ; but Béranger persisted in his desire, and even stooped to supplicate as a favour to be released from what was an object of ambition to so many. The concluding words of his appeal were irresistible :—

“For the first time I now ask something of my country ; entreating those who so worthily represent her, to accept the resignation I now again submit to them, and to pardon the weakness of an old man who cannot conceal from himself how great an honour he loses by ceasing to form one of their number.”

It was impossible to press him further ; and the old man was suffered again to shrink back into the sanctity of his retirement. The rest of his life was passed in privacy, rendered happy by the constant visits of his numerous friends. His household consisted of two old women—his aunt and Mademoiselle Judith Frère ; and, on the death of the former, the latter still adhered to the friend of her young days, and was not separated from him but by death. There is much interest attaching to the history of this woman, who was extremely lovely in youth, and celebrated by the poet in more than one charming song. Their intercourse seems always to have been irreproachable. In their old age the world invented a silly scandal that the poet had married her. At length the old man's health gave way ; he had long passed his three score years and ten, and life was becoming a labour and sorrow. His aged companion dies in April, 1857, and then he feels that he, too, must soon follow, and on the 16th of July he breathed his last in the arms of his friends. The government, in accordance with his own wish, took measures that he should be interred without any popular display, beyond official deputations and persons specially invited. The truth was, they feared a tumult, and, accordingly, a

large body of troops was in attendance. The whole city turned out to honour in death the man whom they loved in life, but all passed off quietly.

Béranger, from whatever point we view him, was a remarkable man, whether merely as a poet, whose popularity was extraordinary, or as one of those labourers in advancing the cause of Republicanism in France, whose exertions were scarcely less effective than those of the men who stood behind the barricades. Taken all in all, he filled a large space in the history of France, from whose annals he can never be disassociated. It is impossible to exaggerate his popularity in France : in its universality we believe it has never been equalled by that of any other poet, ancient or modern. Its influence is like that of air and light, finding its way everywhere ; its sound is heard in the highest as well as in the lowest grade of society. The scholar and the critic peruse his songs with admiration ; the *ouvrier* and the peasant, who cannot, it may be, read, learn them by heart, and sing them to their old national airs. A French writer thus tersely described him many years since : “Un homme qui s'est ouverte une route nouvelle, un écrivain indépendant de tout autre joug que celui de la raison ; original sans étrangeté, éminemment Français sans être l'imitateur d'aucun écrivain de son pays, rempli d'inspirations heureuses qu'il féconde par la méditation, et faisant difficilement des vers faciles.” He has been likened to Anacreon and Aristophanes—to Ovid, and Horace, and Propertius—to Panard, and Desangiers, and Basselin ;—but while there are more or less points of resemblance in him to each, there is enough of dissimilarity to show that the likeness springs from no imitation of any, but from the faculty that is common to all. To our own thinking, the resemblance between Béranger and his contemporary, our own poet, Moore, is the strongest that can be adduced. Both sprang from humble parents. The muse of both first tried her wing in singing the joys of love and the pleasures of Bacchus, till a higher inspiration demanded the songs that spoke to the national feeling, and both chose the music of their country as the vehicle of their poetry. This last was to a great extent the secret



of their success. But the difference between the Frenchman and the Irishman is no less observable. Moore was a classical scholar, and owed more to the ancients; his verses abound with allusions to the mythology of Greece and Rome. Béranger was in this sense uneducated, and cared not to walk in the footways of antiquity, when his genius could strike out a new path for himself. The one was vain, the other was proud; and the vain man maintained not his independence while the proud man never forfeited it. The Frenchman felt himself to be one of the people, and never wished to leave their ranks; he sang to them, and of the things that lay nearest to their hearts. The Irishman ever sought to rise higher and higher in the social scale, and sang for the saloons. The songs of either shall never pass from the lands to which they belong; but while every tongue shall rehearse those of the one, the verses of the other, with a few exceptions, are passing from the people, to find their immortality with the grades above them. A singular happiness awaited the French poet which was denied to his Irish brother. When he passed away there were friends, judicious and loving, who took reverent and pious care of his memory, and so his fame looks fairer after death. What Irishman is there who will not deplore the rashness of Moore's biographer, whose carelessness has exposed every foible and frailty, and irretrievably damaged the memory of his friend. Béranger was emphatically the poet of the people. His sagacious mind soon discovered that with them lay the surest immortality, and that song was the avenue that led to the temple of fame. "I am," he says, "perhaps the only author who in modern times, in order to obtain a reputation, could have dispensed with the printing-press. To what have I owed this advantage? To the old airs on which, if I may venture to say it, I mounted my ideas, as it were, on horseback, and to the good sense which kept me from despising the cultivation of an inferior style which led to no literary honours." Upon this principle he worked, taking up that which others of less sagacity rejected. To this he sacrificed every thing, and the sacrifice was abundantly

rewarded. In his preface to the edition of 1833, he remarks:

"I have sometimes thought, that, if contemporary poets had reflected that henceforth it is for the people that letters must be cultivated, they would have envied me the small palm branch which, failing themselves, I have succeeded in plucking, and which, without doubt, would have been perennial, if interwoven with others more gloriously distinguished. When I say the people, I mean the masses—the lowest class, if so you will have it. They are not alive, indeed, to your refinements of intellect, to your delicacies of taste; so be it—but for that very reason they compel authors to conceive more boldly and more broadly, in order to engage their attention. Suit, therefore, to their strong calibre both your subjects, and your mode of working them out. It is neither abstract ideas, nor types, that they demand. Show them the human heart, naked! Shakspeare, it seems to me, was laid under this fortunate compulsion. But what will become of the perfection of style? Does any one believe that the inimitable verses of Racine, applied to one of our best melodramas, would have prevented its success, even at a minor theatre of the Boulevards? Invent, imagine, for those who do not all know how to read! write for those who, themselves, know how to write!"

But while he wrote for the people, he did not write on that account carelessly: quite the reverse. No one ever studied his subjects with more pains than Béranger did. If his inspirations were quick, he never gave them crudely to the world: he turned them over and over in his mind, analysing, arranging, correcting, before he cast them in the mould of song from which they were to take their form: and even then his work was not finished; with scrupulous care he polished his verse, till even the burnisher left no trace; and he finished a song as Benvenuto Cellini would finish a gem or a goblet. In his songs, as in those of Moore—even in such as seem the lightest and most unconstrained—one can rarely find a useless epithet, a forced expression, a word introduced merely for the sake of rhyme or metre; and the severest criticism can find little to censure in a style as limpid and fluent as a summer stream.

We have purposely abstained from citing any of the songs of Béranger;

or entering into any critical discussion of them. It is a large subject, and one well worthy of a separate paper. Our object here is to present a picture of the man : that man is the poet ; and no picture would be complete that did not show him holding the lyre, though we do not hear its strains. It is to be lamented his songs are not always such as we should wish to present to an English reader ; nor, indeed, is it easy to render them worthily into a foreign tongue, especially into one so dissimilar, rhythmically and æsthetically, as ours is. No complete translation of his songs, or one which can take a place amongst our standard works of that description, has yet appeared, though that by Mr. William Young, published in New York, in 1850, possesses merit. It would be an undertaking worthy of our own Mac-Carthy : we do not know any one more fit for the task.

Béranger appears to have been a man of philosophic temper, lenient of the faults of others, notwithstanding the pungency of his satires, and thoroughly loveable.

To the sketch which we have given of Béranger, moral and intellectual, his friend has enabled us to add that of his *personel*.

"His stature, which was perfectly proportioned, was about five feet one inch in height, but his head increased it by a cubit ; and it was on this head alone that all looks were fastened. It was strongly framed, and altogether of an extraordinary structure ; the bony

boss of the brain being of singular size, and bulging forward as though it contained with difficulty a too active thought. In his twenty-third year Béranger had become bald, and had acquired by that circumstance the air—which makes youth appear so calm, and old age so venerable—of a man whom life has wearied, of a patriarch who is reposing after his struggles. At the same time, the few locks which still remained, and which were of a blonde colour, scarcely blanched, being suffered to grow and fall upon his shoulders, framed his gentle countenance in a manner which could not fail to please.

"Firmness of character was evident in every trait of his countenance ; but it also gave equal evidence of sweetness of disposition. His great blue eyes, projecting somewhat from their orbits, had an expression which none who had ever seen it could forget. Towards the close of his life they were veiled and obscured ; but even when their powers of sight were diminished, their glance retained its serenity ; and when his lips were mute, they still spoke the language of goodness. As a lofty thought shot across his soul a brilliant gleam illumined them, and the fire of indignation could inflame them. The outline of his mouth was especially remarkable ; and its arched lips as readily opened with the smile of benevolence as with the smile of irony. Ever flowed from them, thrilling and harmonious, gentle words. Yet his voice, which was almost always agreeable and sweet, could give utterance, if need were, to the tones of severity. During his latter days every one who heard him speak remarked his prophetic accent. It still echoes in our ears."

## BRIALMONT'S "DUKE OF WELLINGTON."

### PART III.

GRADUALLY Wellington became almost as remarkable and important as a civil servant of the crown, as he had previously been in a military capacity.

In January, 1827, the Duke of York died, and the Duke of Wellington succeeded him as Commander-in-Chief. And in April, Lord Liverpool, who had been Prime Minister ever since the assassination of Mr. Percival, was seized with paralysis in a way that rendered his future application

to business impossible. Superiority in statesmanlike talent evidently pointed out Mr. Canning as his successor, but the Duke, with several of his colleagues, resigned their offices, on the alleged ground that the liberal tendencies of the new minister would lead to the gradual abandonment of Lord Liverpool's principles of government. Somewhat of a personal feeling of distrust of Canning himself, however, must have mingled with their motives ; as, when his

ministry was terminated by his most untimely death, and when Lord Goderich was named his successor, the Duke consented to resume his place at the Horse Guards, though the new Premier's avowed principles were the same as Canning's, the only difference being that he was possessed of far inferior ability to carry them out.

The weakness of Lord Ripon's government was such, that, even before the meeting of Parliament in the year 1828, it fell to pieces of itself; and the King, after some deliberation, applied to the Duke to form a ministry. In the debates that had taken place at the time of his resignation in the previous year, the Duke had expressed the most decided opinion of his own utter unfitness for being placed at the head of the government, going so far as to say that he should have been "mad, and worse than mad," to have entertained such an idea for a moment. It is probable that his opinion was not altered now, but only overruled by what he believed to be his duty to his Sovereign, whom he saw placed in a position of great difficulty. He accepted the post of Prime Minister, resigning for it the command of the army, though he truly described this latter situation as consonant, above all others, with his feelings and habits, and applied himself with characteristic energy to comprehend and discharge his new duties. They soon proved of a nature to call for all his tact and firmness. His ministry was beaten in the House of Commons on almost the first measure of importance that came before it—the repeal of the laws commonly known as the Test and Corporation Acts, a measure which placed Protestant Dissenters on a footing of complete political equality with members of the Church of England. Having been thus placed in a minority in the Commons, the Duke did not oppose the repeal in the Lords, and it was speedily carried.

Daniel O'Connell's eloquence, though of the kind calculated to make an impression on a mob rather than on an educated assembly, obtained for him a majority of votes on a vacancy occurring in the representation of Clare. He could not, as a Roman

Catholic, take his seat; but it was clear that the example set by that county would be followed by other constituencies where Roman Catholics formed majorities, as they did in almost every county in Munster and Connaught. The Duke had hitherto voted against the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities; but the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Anglesey, had expressed an opinion that they could no longer be maintained. Mr. Peel, the Home Secretary, though more than almost any man in the kingdom he had based his previous opposition to such a measure on fundamental principles, was now foremost of all in urging concession; and having, though not without great difficulty, overcome the reluctance of the King, the Duke caused the intention to grant emancipation to be announced in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Parliament of 1829, and carried a bill having that effect through both Houses of Parliament. From a memorandum addressed to the Duke by Peel,\* it would appear that the Duke originally contemplated including in his bill, or connecting with it, a measure for the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy.

The King himself was as averse to Catholic Emancipation as his father had been, and, if it had been possible to form an anti-Catholic ministry, would have embraced that or any other alternative in preference to sanctioning it. After he had given his consent to the introduction of the bill, he wished to recall it; and even after the bill had passed its second reading in the House of Lords, he consulted Lord Eldon, as if he entertained thoughts of withholding the royal assent from it, protesting vehemently, that he would rather go to Hanover, quit England for ever, and resign his crown to the Duke of Clarence, than do such violence to his conscience as would make him miserable for life.

The ministry was clearly weak; yet, at the beginning of 1830, few could have anticipated the immediate cause of its downfall. In 1829, the Marquis of Blandford had proposed in the House of Commons, a string of

\* *Peel's Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 197.

resolutions in favour of Parliamentary Reform, but they had been rejected by a large majority; and in the spring of 1830, a motion made by Lord John Russell to give members to Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester, was defeated by a majority of nearly 200 votes. Thus, it certainly appeared that the feeling in favour of even the slightest attempt to remodel the House of Commons, had been far from gaining ground with the nation. But in the course of the summer an unexpected impulse was given to the movement, partly by the events which took place in France, where a sudden revolution expelled the elder branch of the Bourbons from the throne, and erected a new government under the Duke of Orleans, who began to reign with the title of Louis Philippe I.

George IV. also died in the course of the same summer, and William IV. who succeeded him on the throne, was known to be inclined to the Whig party, and desirous to transfer the reins of power to their hands; and the concurrence of these circumstances increased the weakness of the government to such a degree that, at the general election which took place on the accession of the new Sovereign, the ministerial party was believed to have lost at least fifty seats in the House of Commons. The opposition was, of course, greatly encouraged by such a state of things; and, at the opening of the session, Lord Grey, who was generally looked upon as the leader of that party in the House of Lords, took occasion to argue that the late revolution on the Continent showed the necessity of our adopting a measure of temperate reform, as the best means of averting similar dangers. The Duke's reply was a positive declaration that no reform whatever was necessary, and that none could be proposed to which he could ever consent. Such a declaration was unpalatable to many even of those who were still prepared to support him; and so general was the discontent that it was thought prudent to postpone the visit which the king had intended to make to the city, where he was to dine with the Lord Mayor on the day of his inauguration into office. Such a confession

of the unpopularity of the government had never been made before; and, as it was certain that the Ministers would be defeated on a motion of which notice had been given by Mr. Brougham on the subject of Parliamentary reform, the Duke wisely courted a defeat on a question of minor importance, as an excuse for retiring from office, without prejudicing a question of such magnitude as reform either way, by making it that which had decided the existence of a Cabinet.

The Duke's sweeping denunciation of reform appears to be the only instance in which he failed to appreciate rightly the signs of the times and the temper of the people; and yet, this failure in his usually unerring sagacity is easily to be accounted for. His early life had been spent, his renown had been won in combating the revolutionary spirit abroad on the Continent, and represented by the French armies. He had witnessed the miseries which that spirit had so widely diffused, and, as parliamentary reform manifestly threatened a considerable change in the Constitution, he looked upon the demand for it as a symptom of the strength of that same revolutionary spirit at home, which he was called upon by every consideration of duty to oppose. The avowed object of even the most moderate advocates of reform was to give the people a weight in the government of the country which they had never had before; while behind these there was known to be a more violent section of Radicals, who looked on such concessions as would satisfy those moderate Reformers, as merely instalments of what the people had a right to demand, the payment of which would enable them at no distant time to extort compliance with their subsequent demands.

Impressed with these feelings, and also with the belief that the desire for reform was, as yet, neither widely spread nor deeply rooted, the Duke felt it imperative to resist the agitation with all his power; but we have the testimony of its\* most able advocate, that no one ever conducted an opposition with such exemplary fairness, or such a total abstinence

\* Lord Brougham's *Statesmen of the Time of George III.* Vol ii. p. 359, Ed. 1856.

from party violence; and that, after the bill was passed, though his opinion of its mischievous tendency was in no respect altered, he exerted himself cordially to give it fair play, now that it was irrevocable.

The progress of the Reform Bill had been marked with the most violent outrages in some parts of the kingdom, while so highly had the feelings of the mob been excited against its chief opponents, that in the city of London, they actually tried to murder the Duke on the anniversary of Waterloo. And these disorders had greatly alarmed the king, making him at last view the bill itself with apprehension, and the ministers, as having caused and fomented the excitement which led to those outrages, with distaste. Lord Grey, in whom alone he felt any confidence, in consequence of disagreements in the Cabinet, resigned in the summer of 1834, and was succeeded at the Treasury by Lord Melbourne; and when in November that nobleman, in consequence of Lord Spencer's death removing his son Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, from the lower House, was compelled to propose in some degree to remodel the Cabinet, the king took the opportunity of getting rid of it altogether, and consulted the Duke about the formation of a new ministry. The Duke declined the Treasury, as, in his opinion, the state of affairs produced by the Reform Bill rendered it desirable that the Prime Minister should be a member of the House of Commons; and advised his Majesty to confer that office on Sir R. Peel; but, as Peel was in Italy, he consented to act as First Lord of the Treasury, and also as Secretary of State till he could arrive in England; and for a few weeks himself constituted the whole of the Government.

The discarded ministers were too sulky\* to jest upon the subject, but the nation in general had by this time learnt to feel such confidence in his entire disregard of personal objects, that they were much amused at this apparent monopolization of office on his part. Some said it was plain that we were henceforward to have a purely military Government; others

called him a Dictator, a modern Cæsar; and the celebrated caricaturist, H. B., gave a sketch of the new Cabinet sitting in Council, the Duke of Wellington being First Lord of the Treasury, the three Secretaries of State being the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, the Duke of Vittoria, and the Prince of Waterloo, and the other departments being also occupied by the same person under others of his different titles, so that if Cerberus was three gentlemen at once, it was plain that the Duke was at least three Cerberi.

When Peel hastily returned and formed his Cabinet, the Duke took the post of Foreign Secretary, a circumstance which announced a decided departure from the policy of the last ministry, as there was no part of Lord Grey's system which the Duke had denounced more vehemently than his conduct with respect to the affairs of foreign governments; but the step taken by the king proved premature, as the Duke and Peel both apprehended, and, though the dissolution of Parliament greatly strengthened their party, they could not yet command a majority in the House of Commons, but were forced to surrender the Government to their adversaries, who, in a spirit very different from that which had regulated the minister's previous conduct to them, opposed them even in the choice of a speaker, though the member whom Peel proposed to re-elect was the very same man whom Lord Grey had requested, as a personal favour, to undertake that most laborious office in the first reformed Parliament, as the fittest man that could possibly be found.

But the Duke, though not in office, kept gradually rising in universal estimation. As leader of the opposition in the House of Lords, he had still a very important task to fulfil, which no one ever discharged with such dignity and candour towards his opponents; like Æolus, often soothing the excitement and calming the passions of his own followers; often helping the ministers out of their difficulties, and even being appealed to by them in the full confidence that he would so exert his powers.

In the spring of 1834, a singular

\* The Duke's own expression respecting them. *Peel's Mem.* ii. 27.

proof was given of the unprecedented respect in which he was held, by the University of Oxford electing him its Chancellor. By immemorial usages, both Universities had always confined that, the highest honour in their power to bestow, to members of their own body; nor was it supposed possible for them to depart from their rule, except in favour of a member of the Royal Family. The Duke was neither an Oxford man nor a Royal Prince: he was elected unanimously, however, and his installation celebrated with unexampled exultation and magnificence.

Peel's ministry had been succeeded by Lord Melbourne's; and when, in 1839, that cabinet resigned, the new Sovereign, our present Queen, followed her uncle's example, and consulted the Duke on the formation of a new government; when he repeated the advice he had given before, and recommended Peel once again as Prime Minister. For the moment the contemplated arrangement was broken off by the intrigue about the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lord Melbourne and his colleagues resumed office; but their reputation, which did not stand high with the country previously, was greatly lowered by the manner in which they had recovered their power. Their financial incompetency became more glaring, and, two years afterwards, they were defeated by so large a majority, in a Parliament elected under their own auspices, that they were forced to retire; and Peel became Minister with as universal an assent of the nation as has ever accompanied a transference of the reins of power. In this Ministry the Duke became a member of the cabinet, and leader of the House of Lords; but, probably on account of his age, took no political office; though the next year, on the death of Lord Hill, who had succeeded him at the Horse Guards in 1828, he resumed the command of the army, and held it till his death.

For some years affairs went on in a flourishing and tranquil condition; the revenue revived, in spite of the reduction of taxes, to an enormous amount; while our trade was, at the

same time, greatly extended by Peel's judicious and liberal measures of finance, in which he showed the most consummate ability; but, in the winter of 1845, the storms of opposition were again awakened by the proposed repeal of the Corn Laws. The whole of Peel's course of policy had taken the direction of free trade, though many contended that, as it was above all things necessary that the kingdom should not be dependent on foreign countries for the food of its population, corn was, at least, a legitimate exception to that rule. In the autumn of 1845, however, the almost entire destruction of the potato, and a deficient harvest, awakened reasonable apprehensions of distressing scarcity; and, after much deliberation, Peel resolved on a total repeal of all taxes on the importation of grain. Our space and subject forbid us entering into his motives, or the arguments by which he supported his proposal, or the effects which have followed its adoption; we are only concerned with the part taken by the Duke, which was strikingly characteristic of his invariable rule of action—that of postponing all personal feelings to what he believed to be the advantage of the State, whose servant he was. Peel sent him a memorandum containing his arguments in favour of the proposed change; and we extract the parts of his reply which seem to throw most light, not on the question, but on his own character and motives of action.\*

"I am one of those who think the continuance of the Corn Laws essential to the agriculture of the country in its existing state, and particularly to that of Ireland, and a benefit to the whole community."

Then, having pointed out the difficulties in the way of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the certainty of the opposition which such a measure would encounter from the landed interest, he proceeds:—

"In respect to my own course, my only object in public life is to support Sir Robert Peel's Administration of the Government of the Queen.

"A good government for the country is more important than Corn Laws, or any other consideration; and, as long

as Sir Robert Peel possesses the confidence of the Queen and of the public, and he has strength to perform the duties, his administration of the government must be supported.

"My own judgment would lead me to maintain the Corn Laws. Sir Robert Peel may think that his position in Parliament, and in the public view, requires that the course should be taken which he recommends; and, if that should be the case, I earnestly recommend that the Cabinet should support him; and I, for one, declare that I will do so."

There may possibly be a question, whether, if the Duke was correct in thinking, that the maintenance of the Corn Laws was "essential to the agriculture of the country, . . . and a benefit to the whole community," it was wise to sacrifice them to the maintenance of any particular government; but when he recollected the disorder in which Peel's predecessors had left the finances of the nation—which are as truly the sinews of peace as those of war—and the perfect retrieval of them, and re-establishment of prosperity which Peel had effected; he might reasonably think the maintenance of his government paramount to every other consideration. It is, at all events, clear, that no man ever acted a more disinterested part, or made a more complete sacrifice to a conscientious sense of duty.

The repeal of the corn laws was carried, but the alienation of the landed interest which the Duke had accurately foreseen to be an inevitable result of the measure, produced the downfall of the ministry, which, in 1846, was succeeded by the cabinet of Lord John Russell. The Duke, however, retained the command of the army; and, in 1848, in his capacity as Commander-in-chief, had another opportunity of rendering very signal service to the nation. The third French Revolution, which expelled Louis Philippe, in the spring of that year, had given encouragement to the Republican party all over Europe, and the English Chartists announced their intention to assemble in a body on Kennington-common, on the 10th of April, to present a petition to Parliament, which, they asserted to contain four millions of signatures. It was afterwards ascertained that the signatures did not amount to above one-

fifth of that number, and that a very large proportion indeed were forged. Still it was evident that such a meeting as that which was threatened might lead to very dangerous consequences. The Government behaved with great resolution, issuing a proclamation prohibiting it as illegal, and causing a number of special constables to be sworn in. But their chief dependence was on the Duke, who brought up several regiments to London; and, though he forebore to provoke an attack by a display of his forces, posted them in different parts of the metropolis so judiciously as to secure the instant suppression of any violence that might be attempted. But, though the soldiers were kept out of sight, the fact of their presence in the neighbourhood was known, and proved quite sufficient to preserve order; and the day passed off quietly, the mob which did collect dispersing after a few noisy speeches; and the whole affair served only to show the strength of the Government, and the attachment to order and law felt by the great majority of the people.

The Duke was now in his eightieth year; but in spite of his advanced age, still regular in his attendance at the Horse Guards and in Parliament, where he still occasionally took part in the debates, standing forward as the champion of the University, of which he was Chancellor, when the Government, in accordance with the terms of Mr. Heywood's motion, were about to issue a commission to inquire into the state of the different universities: and when, in 1850, Peel died by an accidental fall from his horse, he delivered a warm panegyric on his character and talents.

The year 1851 brought with it the last, and, perhaps, the most striking compliment that the Duke ever received in his lifetime. Lord John Russell's government had never been very strong, having its origin rather in the distrust of Peel, felt by the Conservative party, than in any particular confidence reposed by any party in the new minister; and as the country had but little liking for it at first, "it pleased God to decrease that little upon further acquaintance." At the beginning of 1851, the ministers were defeated in the House of Commons, on a motion to extend the county franchise, and resigned

their offices ; but as Lord Derby, to whom the Queen at first had recourse, found himself unable to form a satisfactory cabinet, the Queen reinstated her former ministers, authorizing Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, and Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords, to announce to Parliament that she had not done so without having had recourse to the advice of the Duke of Wellington, and that, according to his opinion it was the wisest course that she could adopt.

It was the last occasion on which he was brought prominently forward as a public character. He lived a year and a-half longer in the full possession of his faculties and of his bodily health. But the machine that had gone so long and so well was nearly worn out. On the Fourteenth of September, 1852, he complained of not feeling quite well, and did not rise at his usual hour. At first his medical adviser thought it but a temporary attack ; but his breathing became more difficult : he was moved into an easy chair, and at about a quarter past three passed away without the slightest suffering, dying so easily that the moment of his decease could not be ascertained, and it was only by holding a looking-glass to his lips that his attendants arrived at the knowledge that he had ceased to breathe.

The honours the whole nation unanimously paid to his memory—the solemn scene where, in that most fitting receptacle for his yet unburied remains, the deceased hero lay in state among the veteran comrades of his many battles—the splendid hall of Chelsea Hospital, its black hangings rendered more awful by the dim religious light feebly cast around by the huge tapers—the silent, motionless guards—the orders of knighthood—the batons—the coronet—emblems of more military rank and more civil dignities than had ever in the world been won by the same individual ; and above all, the coffin, holding the lifeless remains, now insensible alike to rank and dignity, and even to the grief with which his countrymen gazed on those insignia and on that coffin, proclaiming in language more eloquent than mortal voice, the fleeting nature of all earthly honours—the perishable vanity of all human glory—

will not easily pass from the recollection even of those who read of them at a distance, never from that of those who witnessed them. And again, who can forget the long procession that, passing through the greater part of the metropolis, enabled all the citizens, from the Queen in her palace to the poorest artisan, to share in the mournful spectacle of the day ; when all pastime and amusement was laid aside, the courts of law were closed, legislation was interrupted, even business and the love of gain gave themselves a temporary and unwonted respite, while, as the well-known "Dead March," pealed from the bands, soldiers from every regiment in the service, the Princes of the Royal Family, the nobles of the land, the representatives of the people, the Ministers of the Crown, the heads of the law and of the church, the representatives of foreign countries, who, as well as ourselves, had reaped safety and prosperity from his unparalleled achievements, the comrades who had fought and conquered under his guidance, the statesmen who had shared his counsels, those also who had differed from his policy and opposed his measures, and his two sons, to whom the sorrow of the nation was some comfort, under the loss of him whom they, above all others, had honoured, and venerated, and loved, escorted all that remained of Wellington to that grand cathedral whose vaults, in former days, had opened to receive many a brave patriot and hero, but none more brave, more patriotic, more truly great, than him whose remains were now to invest that holy temple with additional interest.

In "Raikes' Diary" we find some interesting anecdotes of the Duke in the latter part of his life, tending chiefly to show the unvarying courtesy and kindness of his disposition, and his perfect abnegation of self, leading him to consider the convenience, and at times even the unreasonable expectations of others in preference to his own wishes or intentions ; and these traits of character become important, as throwing light on the most serious charge that has ever been made against him, that of indifference to the claims of his soldiers to those fitting rewards for their great services, which, though



merely honorary in their character, were eagerly desired by them, and were at last obtained without any co-operation on his part. That he admired his army, placed the fullest confidence in its bravery and loyalty, and was always forward to bestow on it the most exalted eulogy, we have already seen; and, if he was not a man of a hard and selfish nature, but one, even in trifles, uniformly solicitous to consult the feelings of others, it is plain that we must seek elsewhere for the reasons of his conduct in this particular, and that it is to be found partly in his sense of duty, and partly in his feeling that no reward of any kind was worth a farthing if it were granted to solicitation. We find him, in one of his letters published by Gurwood, discouraging an officer of high reputation from applying for an honorary distinction to which he conceived himself entitled, on this very ground; and stating that he himself had never asked for a single reward of any kind, but that all the honours that had been showered on him had been wholly unsought on his part. He may also, very probably, have thought that any advocacy by him of the claims of his army would bear in some degree the appearance of a desire for a further recognition of his own merits, to which he was, on principle, averse. There is no question that the army did feel sore on the subject; but it can no more be denied that the Duke's idea is correct, that honorary rewards lose half their value if only conceded to importunity, than that the reward in question had been most fully and gloriously earned, and ought to have been bestowed at the end of the war, and not to have been delayed till many of those entitled to it had sunk into the grave, discontented and irritated at what they thought the ingratitude of their country.

In his estimation of the Duke's political career, M. de Brialmont evidently feels himself less at home, and is less consistent with himself than in his review of the great soldier's military genius. He considers that "his political genius was inferior to his military talents," and affirms that he could not have avoided—

"A deficiency in certain qualities necessary to a statesman, because they are the result either of a special education,

or of a long initiation into public affairs. He was devoid also of experience in parliamentary debates and intrigues, which is another element of success not to be acquired in camps. Accustomed to the grand and noble contests of the field of battle, he disdained the employment of petty means to which the greatest ministers are forced at times to have recourse.

"More skilful in overcoming than in eluding obstacles, he was suited to difficult situations, but he had not the address necessary in times of peace for the government of a people jealous of its liberty, and having but little sympathy with military ideas or military routine. He was no longer possessed of that irresistible ascendancy of talent and eloquence, which gives some men the power of directing the path of an entire party towards a common object. Of a serious and cold character, he only understood speaking to men's reason, while in many cases it is to the imagination that it is necessary to address oneself. Besides, on the subject of government the Duke had ideas wholly military, which were unpalatable to the majority of English politicians. To maintain order, to ensure the execution of the laws, and to support the Crown, were the objects by which he regulated his conduct and his opinions."—*ibid.* 257.

With respect to his alleged inferiority in the practical part of politics, we may appeal to M. de Brialmont himself, who at other times appears to rate his ability in that line much more highly than he does in the passage we have lately cited. In another place, where he accounts for the resistance which he offered to the Reform Bill, he takes a much higher view of his political sagacity, saying:

"It is because the Spaniards had given him so much reason to abhor anarchy that he showed himself in his own country so bitter against the Irish agitators, and also against those who tried by exciting popular commotions to obtain Parliamentary Reform."

"The Whigs have blamed this excessive pertinacity of his; and, on the other hand, the Tories have reproached him with having made too many concessions to the Liberal party, by his support of the bills for Catholic Emancipation, and for the repeal of the corn laws. In the eyes of those who make it a point of honour to serve their party blindly, who reject as unworthy every concession made to circumstances or to the necessities of government, who show themselves so careful of their individuality that they would let the State perish rather than sacri-

fice what they call their principles or their personal dignity—in the eyes of these positive gentlemen, Wellington was clearly a statesman of ordinary calibre. But his most capacious understanding and his noble character made him disdain every opposition which was inspired by any other motives than a desire for the public interests and for the national honour. He had no regard whatever for that spurious popularity which is obtained by flattering the masses, only nourishing them in vain and illusive hopes. The real prosperity of the people, the domestic tranquillity of Great Britain, and the necessities of the government, were, to the exclusion of all political prejudice of any kind, the only interests with which he gave himself any serious and constant concern."

The history of the world can produce no one in both respects the equal of "the great Duke." Washington may have paralleled his vir-

tues, his disinterestedness, his patriotism, his firmness; but he had not his talents. Napoleon may have equalled, and in some respects even surpassed his talents; but he was wholly destitute of his virtues. The parallel, however, which we should look for in vain in an individual M. de Brialmont finds in his nation taken as a whole. He tells us, and we cannot resist closing our sketch with so great a compliment to the whole body of our countrymen—

"There never was any man who more completely corresponded to the interests, character and habits of the British people: laborious, patient, simple, loyal, conscientious in everything, and seeking only to be useful; to do his duty thoroughly was his only ambition; he was a great man, but above all things, he was a *great Briton*."—iii. 266.

#### GERMINAL.

##### A VISION OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

A Virgin, waking from dear dreams of love,  
The Earth stirs faintly, and with slumberous hand,  
Half-conscious, flings away the robing snow  
That warmed her couch for Winter. Like a bride  
Elate to meet her lusty lord, the Sun,  
She issues forth all smiling, when its light  
The vernal matin of the year reveals—  
That annual Morn of Nature, whose approach  
The cuckoo's clarion celebrates, what time  
The crocus streaks with purpling gold the dawn  
Of gradual vegetation. So the hours  
From dewy April, and from blossomed May,  
Spread open to their burning Noon July:  
So lengthen to October's mellow Eve,  
When Autumn, like a sunset, throws a flush  
Of glory o'er the woodlands, till each leaf  
Its radiance saturates with crimson; when  
The yellow wall-fruits blush, and in the grass  
The ripening sorrel reddens to the tips.  
Yet now the Spring-born Day is but begun,  
The prelude of its harmonies the song  
Of throistles in the thicket. Cooled with rains,  
The clean-washed grove, in all its brownest twigs,  
Throbs with a latent budding of young leaves.  
Pale glitters forth, thro' tangled briars and moss,  
In form a tiny paten of fair gold,  
The darling primrose. Prattling rolls the brook,  
Where clustered hazels hang white tassels down  
To dally with the bubbles. On its brink  
A casual movement of the cress proclaims  
The liquid path it mantles. Like a veil  
Asunder riven by the solar beam,  
The mist floats back in gauzy amplitude.

Creation feels thro' each minutest pore  
The vital influence of the season. Warm,  
The green sap boiling from the root, imparts  
Unseen pulsations to the greener rind,  
And so, thro' bowery dell and o'er the lawn  
Where gilded king-cups and the silver sheen  
Of early daisies 'broider all the turf,  
The vivifying dew spread, verdurous  
Along the undulating lea stray lambs  
That crop to milky core the meadow-vetch.  
Around, in air crystalline as the sky  
That crowns ideal groves in Faeryland,  
On wings erratic float the babbling rooks.  
By tufts of knotted cowslip beetles run  
In mail resplendent with metallic dyes,  
Now golden-green in hue, now purple-black,  
They thread the mazes of the sprouts, and gleam  
Like precious jewels glimmering in the sod.  
A poet once in dreamy Rhineland sighed  
To girdle round in flight the rolling globe,  
Perpetual twilight trailing in his wake,  
And gorgeous clouds before him shadowed from  
An everlasting sundown. Not such mine  
The dazzling fancy loved and cherished most.  
Eternal daybreak in eternal spring  
For me would have a charm more exquisite,  
Desirable, divine : the pleasure drawn  
From promise never ending or complete—  
The promise of the blossom in the bud,  
The promise of the fruitage in the bough,  
The promise of sweet nut in sourest pod,  
The promise of all summer bees and birds,  
Autumnal apples and autumnal corn—  
A beauty never learning in decay  
The sorrows of fruition. Thus for me  
Let life in endless sweets evaporate,  
Insatiate passion glowing thro' the veins  
Of all things sentient to the thrills of love—  
The plant that opens its petals to the ray  
Or drinks the tears of even ; and the midge  
On silver tissue pinions sailing by :  
The lordly moth of radiant dragon-dyes,  
Its wings of damson velvet dusted down  
With powder gold like amber in a meal :  
The finch green-flickering from the privet—white  
With creamy blossoms curdling into bloom :  
The callow linnet in its woven lair :  
And more than all, the blushing Queen of May—  
A garland of white roses round her brow—  
Her nut-brown locks descending to the edge  
Of silken bodice clasping daintily  
The swell of her pure virgin bosom. Thus  
For me should rural freshness be renewed,  
And foliage blurred no more by summer dust  
Or cankered by the blight-worm : but for aye  
Mad frolics in the garden croft resound,  
And dances on the village green, and trysts  
Beneath the flowering hawthorn—when the breeze  
The music of enamoured tones should blend  
With floral sweetness gushing from the spray.

## DOUBLE GOVERNMENT.

Double, double—trill and trouble.

To kill two birds with one stone is a piece of luck which has passed into a proverb. This luck once happened to Chantrey, the sculptor. Out sporting one day, he killed two woodcocks at one shot, and what the carving knife destroyed the chisel brought to life again. The hand that took their life gave them life; they fell together, and together in marble they sit perched side by side. The epigrams written on this lucky shot were so good that they have been since collected in a little volume, to which the curious are referred for fuller particulars of this interesting event in Chantrey's life.

Now, the double governments of India and Ireland are the two birds we should like to shoot with one stone. Perched side by side, like Chantrey's woodcocks, as luck will have it, if you kill the one you must hit the other also. Double government in India is doomed this session, and it is not easy to see how a measure aimed at abolishing circumlocution in India can miss hitting circumlocution in Ireland. If Lord Derby could kill the two birds with one shot it would save powder and give him a reputation for luck as the sporting premier.

Indian and Irish officialism both go by duplicate movement. It is a game of dummy in both cases, but the Irish dummy differs in some respects from the Indian. The Indian is like that four-armed image of Kali, the patron goddess of Calcutta, slaughtering her foes with one pair of arms, rewarding her worshippers with the other. The Irish dummy is less terrible: it is only a man behind a mask; the man is in London, the mask in Dublin, but the mask is so natural that even full-grown children are known to be deceived by it.

Now, as you should know with what little wisdom the world is governed, it will be well to give a sketch of the rise and progress of double government. *Antiquitas seculi juventas mundi* is a wise saw, which means that some of the silliest institutions are also the oldest.

It is not to be thought that double

government is an invention of modern statecraft. Though brought to its highest perfection in the administration of Irish and Indian affairs, it is in reality as old as Adam. It began when the first man took the first woman into a partnership of power, and since then the domestic rule has been decidedly double.

The next step of development was when the first king chose a favourite as his prime minister: the one ruled *de jure* the other *de facto*, and so it passed from family into political life.

As the art of government grew more complex it was carried on more and more by a system of checks. All mixed constitutions are cases of double government. The last variety that we shall notice is the balance of power. Diplomacy and duplicity have always gone together. The diplomatic art has furnished some very choice instances of that duplex movement by which the wheels of the state are made to go.

Thus, the domineering wife, the mayor of the palace, the minister plenipotentiary, are all lower instances of double government; the latest and highest instance being the Board of Control for India and the Lord Lieutenantancy of Ireland.

The history of that system of checks and tallies by which Indian affairs have been regulated for the last seventy years is too well known to need description. The Board of Control grew out of the conquests of Clive and Hastings, as the only possible compromise between vested interests and sovereign rights. It was a fair case for compromise. On the one hand, the company of merchants had become princes, the factory had become a fort, and the fort a presidency; and so imperceptibly had the change gone on that it was impossible to say where the rights of private property ceased and their sovereignty merged in that of the state. On the other hand, the rights of the crown were undoubted. Its own charter would become null and void if under that charter a sovereignty grew up independent of

it. A king can delegate everything but his own supremacy. Whenever deputed power approaches this, and in the degree it approaches it, it prepares the way for its downfall. The Company must have foreseen this, and the appointment of a Board of Control seventy years ago was in fact a warning to set its house in order, for its Raj was passing away—the king must come by his own.

The Company, indeed, have had little to complain of on this score. Like the man in the fable, death has given them three warnings. If they have heeded them not and will die disputing, the State is not to blame when it waves its scythe at last and cuts the controversy short with one sweep of annexation.

The absurdity of an East-end and a West-end staff of officials docketing the same papers, copying the same minutes, double-locking the same despatch boxes, has been often dilated on. Like a well-squeezed lemon, the joke has given up all its juice. The last drop of acid was wrung from it by Mr. Lowe, in the House of Commons lately, by a happy allusion to Horace :

“Navibus atque  
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere.”

We seek, that is, to carry on the government of India by means of cabs and river steamers.

But where the absurdity ends the mischief begins. It is no joking matter to leave India to the chapter of accidents, under a divided command; expeditions by sea and land have so often proved disastrous because the general had a will of his own and the admiral was as positive on his side. From Syracuse to Carthage the effect of divided counsels has always been the same. It was so in the Roman armies, when two generals held alternate command. The generalissimo of the day had always an excuse for not taking thought for the morrow. So with the two Boards in Cannon-row and Leadenhall-street, responsibility could be bandied to and fro between them. Happily, no very serious decision rested with either during the progress of the mutiny. Except to despatch troops nothing could be done by the authorities at home. Yet even in that little matter there was room for some dissension of thought and conduct. *Velis*

*et remis* should have been the motto of both, whereas the Company chose sails and the Board paddles by which to transport succours to India. The balance of gain and loss has hardly been settled yet between the two, and probably never will, as we devoutly trust that the last despatch-box will make its last journey to the East-end before the mutiny is over, and the Double Government sink into the place of departed shadows, to consort with the Heptarchy Convocation, the Scotch Parliament, and the Irish Lord Deputy.

It is a curious feature of our free constitution, that whenever some part of it has served its time and is passing away under an irresistible law of progress, a hundred good reasons for retaining it start into notice for the first time. So opposed to each other are the useful and the ornamental, the practical and the plausible, that the time for show does not arrive till the time for service is over. Thus, the sea-shell becomes a mirror to the rainbow, after it has served its time as a tenement to the fish that lived and died in it. The romance of feudalism, in the same way, only began when the necessity for it had ended. Castles and keeps, drawbridges and moats grew picturesque in proportion as they were useless. The prisons of real life, when dismantled and ivy-grown, become the palaces of fairy land. As with a stroke of an enchanter's wand, whatever time touches it beautifies; and things grown out of date and obsolete become first curiosities, then relics, and, in the last degree of all, models of beauty.

To transfer this law of aesthetics into the domain of politics, the strength of conservatism consists in this law of inverse proportion between the useful and the beautiful. A Minie rifle that hits the mark at a thousand paces, and an old cross-bow out of gear, are at the two extremes of the art of gunnery; but we hang up the one in our oaken halls. It could not carry a bolt across the room; but it carries our thoughts back to Cressy and Agincourt. Now, we wish to speak very respectfully of this organ of veneration. Without the conservative element the life of men and nations would progress but *in vacuo*. The back-water in a mill-wheel or paddle is a loss of power, but it is inseparable

from a greater gain ; so the party who defend by-gone institutions, by their resistance prove that we are making way.

The resistance, then, of vested interests to the abolition of the East India Company is as it should be. We are neither astonished nor indignant at it. It would be both strange and unnatural if it were otherwise. Would that other nations could follow us in that good old English plan of a stand-up fight between the two parties of Privilege and Reform. Both parties say their say. The men of Privilege have, generally, the best of it in argument. "England," say they, "was great and prosperous under Privilege; therefore, on account of Privilege. Abolish our monopoly and the sun of England has set." The prophet rends his mantle to signify the rending of England when the last patch of Privilege is gone. Still the world moves on, and the sun does not stand still. Privilege glides out like a ghost, and is never heard of again until another grave is opened, into which another descendant of Privilege is to be consigned.

We are quite prepared, therefore, to hear that the Court of Directors have had the best of it in argument. The conquered cause always pleased Cato, though the gods, with base subserviency, took the winning side; and if it is any satisfaction to Cato, turned out of doors, to think he reasons well, we will not rob him of this poor satisfaction. "Depend upon it," said, once in our hearing, a very wise thinker, of a very notorious knave, "if he does it (meaning some act of very questionable honesty), he will always have a good reason to give for it." It is the same when men are conscientiously the dupes of their own position; they have always the best reasons for the worst policy. Men with vested interest often commit the natural mistake of supposing that what is their point of view is every one else's. The Chinese put the Flowery Land on the centre of a square map, and fill up the corners with England, America, Japan, and Portugal. In the same way, the wise men of Leadenhall-street seat themselves in the centre of the British Constitution. Next to their own interests, there is nothing so great as our parliamentary government. Who knows that, perhaps, the

country cannot do without them, as they cannot do without the country. The argument of the Company appears to amount to this: tolerate a little abuse of privilege in Leadenhall-street, to save a worse abuse of it in Cannon-row. Ours is a respectable middle-class monopoly; theirs will be a gigantic West-end monopoly.

Reasons for death are only seen by poor mortals, as we are, on a *post mortem* examination of the subject. Reason beforehand with any man that now is the most fitting moment to die, he will always show you special reasons why he is not then quite prepared to die; but let him be taken off without parley, and the most inconsolable survivors will listen at last to reason, and come to acknowledge their friend had lived long enough. We pledge our political sagacity to the assertion that a year after the "chairs" have all been broken up into coffins, and Leadenhall-street is in "weeds" for the departed cabs, not a surviving annuitant of the great rich old lady but will utter reflections akin to those which Swift supposes were uttered on himself:—

"Madam, your husband will attend  
The funeral of so good a friend.  
Why, no, it is a shocking sight,  
And he's engaged to-morrow night;  
We loved him well—he ran his race,  
We hope he's in a better place."

But while the abolition of the Company is one thing, to provide a substitute for it is another. Those who resolve to dismantle the old house are bound to furnish as good a one instead. There is a pleasant German story of a peasant whose cottage interrupted the view of a great lord who had built a castle close by. He offered to buy out the cottager, house and all, or to build him another as good on another site.

But no; our boor had taken root there, and would not quit, even to better himself. So another cottage was built, plank for plank the same as the old; a hedge-row of trees round it, and a cabbage bed in front; and our boor was lifted into it in the dead of the night, when locked in sleep.

Ministers will have to deal with the Court of Directors much in the same fashion. Leadenhall-street will not budge one inch westward; so nothing remains but to lift these testy direc-

tors out of their chairs in the East-end, and seat them round a table in the West-end, as the Council for India. The real grievance of the people of England is got rid of by a good-natured device, which those who profit by have least cause to grumble at.

Give the Council for India a real voice in affairs, let them act, not as the minister's "blocks," to lay their heads together (as Sydney Smith said of the Canons of St. Paul, when a wooden pavement was to be laid down in the churchyard), but as his colleagues, to control or suggest with all freedom, and thus Indian affairs will be well administered.

We did not like that part of Lord Palmerston's bill which wished to exclude the Council for India from seats in Parliament. Lord Derby, if wise, will rescind this, and perhaps increase the number of the Council from eight to twelve.

When, in August last, we sat down to sketch out a constitution for India, we proposed a plan of consolidation, not unlike that brought forward this session by Lord Palmerston. The only difference, as will be seen by reference to the August number of this Magazine, was, that we proposed a Council of twelve, and required that seven, at least, should sit, either in the Upper or Lower House of Parliament. Lord Palmerston's bill came short in this,—it gave too great power to the President, too little to the Council. The Council were only his creatures; and as by their exclusion from Parliament, the President became the sole channel of communication between the Legislature and the Executive in India, this piece of exclusiveness, which was worthy of Mr. Vernon Smith's capacity for making things snug, was fatal to the bill. We rejoice that a new bill must be brought in, and that the ablest men from India—and none but the ablest deserve a place at the council board—will be heard, not over a green cloth and well-closed doors, but on the floor of the House, and in the public ear.

"The things that have been will be," and "All things are double one of another," are the reflections forced

upon us as we compare the resistance made by the Company eighty-five years ago to the first measure of control with that made to-day. The measure was denounced as a "violation of property" by curtailing the powers which the Company possessed by charter of managing their own affairs. It was a violent disposal of private property without the owner's consent—equalizing the most arbitrary acts of the most despotic government, and setting a precedent which lessened the security of every right of a British subject. Directors then exclaimed that "their very constitution was threatened with subversion, and the rights conferred by charter treated as dust."\* Change was denounced then as now, on the plea "Leave well alone;" and even, by way of reprisal, it was asserted, "Leave it alone." If the directors manage their affairs badly, a minister for India will fare even worse. And certainly the latter part of the prediction has been verified to the letter. Under the system of Double Government, it is not to be denied, that in any dispute between the directors and the Board, the directors were the less incapable of the two. The Board of Control has generally been presided over by some second-rate public man, whose special aptness to govern India is among the "things not generally known." The directors have been kept in existence for eighty years to control the Board of Control. Their technical knowledge has neutralized the know-nothingism of the Vernon Smith class of presidents; and whatever unkindness the directors have to complain of, they have enjoyed a lease of eighty years' existence during the long minority of the Board of Control. The State has only just come of age, and can now take the affairs of India into its own hand. It will not do to amuse itself any longer with mock inspections of rent-roll, while the real work is left to bailiffs and stewards. If the State cannot manage its own affairs in India, so much the worse for it there as well as at home. At least it must try. If it fail, it will then be time to hand over its dependencies to some other state who will take better care

\* See Mill's History of India, vol. iii.

of them. But infancy is one thing and idiocy another; and it is insulting to the manhood of England to say that the same directors who watched over the childhood of the Board of Control are to sit as a permanent Council of Regency, awaiting till the State's lucid interval between childhood and idiocy is over.

The objection to the State assuming its own in India is, that ministers will job away places in India as rewards for parliamentary support; and that great as are the abuses of patronage now, they will be tenfold greater then. The objection, if worth anything, tells against all free government—indeed it is a kind of *lese majeste* to the Constitution to utter it; for, if we are too corrupt to govern India, surely we cannot carry on a parliamentary government at home, or give it to our many rising colonies. The corruption, if any, exists already; and, surely, no one would say that the way to breed foxes in Whitehall is to *stop the earth* in Leadenhall-street. Consolidation is all we ask—to simplify the machine of State. If cashiering a few superfluous clerks and promoting the directors of a company of merchants whose trading concerns have long since been wound up to the Council Board of the Indies—if this be rash innovation we are at a loss to know why we pare our nails or wind our clocks. Let us release Yeh, and let bygones be bygones with conservative China. We are outer barbarians, not to take a pride in our worn-out institutions, as a Chinese tailor in a coat with the patches sewn in.

We have strong faith in English common sense. We are a slow people at detecting anomalies, and institutions outlive their use in England because we are patient with age, and let men and manners take their time in dying. Still, every thing has its limits, and the days of the Company's Raj are numbered. The court preachers who hinted princes *sometimes* die will not outdo us in delicacy; but, having given the hint, the English people expect the Company to prepare for death. Instead of unmanly repinings or useless resistance, let them make their will; bequeath, if they can, a quiet succession to their heirs in empire, and thus die universally lamented. As to the shock which it will give to

the native mind to hear that the Company Bahadoor is no more we cannot pretend to measure such a grief. The Company was such a myth to the people of India that our only hope is that its death will seem equally mythical. After a generation or two the afflicting intelligence may break on them, when the new Raj has grown so like the old that the oldest Hindoo can scarcely know the difference.

We close these remarks in a kindly and reverent spirit to a body which has outlived its age. We would no more hurry it into its grave than we would shake out our old grandfather's teeth or grudge to pay an insurance on his dear old life. If ministers make a bad use of the splendid inheritance that the Company bequeaths them, we will bring them to account for it; but it would be affectation to deny that the time has come to dispose of the Company's Raj. We do not expect the regeneration of India to result from this necessary act of State annexation. Things will go on then much as before, whether Governors-General obey two masters or one. One certain advantage, at least, will be this, that we shall know whom to apply to and whom to blame if any thing goes wrong. Spenlow, of Cannon-row, will not promise any thing and every thing but for the inexorable Jorkins of Leadenhall-street—the convenient mystery of the stern partner up-stairs will be gone—and Mr. Vernon Smith will not “throw the reins on the necks of the directors,” and think to throw the blame of the runaway on them.

We have somewhere read of an Eastern prince who bought a slave on whom he bargained to heap the abuse he deserved for his own vices, while the slave stood by to bear it with a patient shrug. Every day at meal-time his master loaded his slave with epithets and himself with dainties, and the more he exceeded the more he abused the poor slave as a glutton and drunkard. One day, maddened with hunger, the slave broke out in return, and paid back his master's abuse with interest; whereupon the master, struck with remorse, released the slave and began to reform in earnest.

Tired of abusing the Company for



its management of India, let the people of England dismiss the poor Dummy of Double Government, and begin, in earnest, to take blame to itself for past neglect, and manage its own affairs itself for the future.

But, now, what of double government in Ireland? Has the time come for sweeping away an office which is as ancient as the English rule in this country? *Divide et impera* was the petty factious policy pursued between England and Ireland for centuries; *confunde et impera* should be our maxim now. Nothing is to be gained by standing aloof and clamouring for separate interests and separate measures.

Centralization is one thing, and Consolidation another; and the one term comes in for the odium which justly attaches only to the other. Centralization is an unjust, selfish policy, whereby the rights of one state or province are held back to enrich another. Austrian policy, for instance, in Italy and Hungary is one of centralization only. Local rights are taken away, and no national rights conferred in their stead. The provinces are deprived of their share of the public offices without any compensation in the shape of a national legislature. The reciprocity of rights between the governors and the governed is destroyed; for while centralization strengthens the governor's arm, it takes away the power of appeal from the governed. Hence the Italian states of Austria have sunk under a policy of centralization into an attitude of sullen submission. They have neither the strength to strike for freedom, nor liberty to plead for it. Centralization has given Austria all the show of a well-governed state, but the life underneath is wanting. Better far the irregular energy of provincialism than the dull tyranny of centralization as carried on in Vienna.

But with a representative system Centralization is as beneficial as without it it is baneful. The representative system acts upon a policy of centralization as a pinch of acid on a spoonful of salt—it effervesces into life; the rights of governors and governed enter into chemical union; local rights are not taken away, they are only taken up into the general rights of the nation. The more a

state enjoys the blessings of a representative government the more bound it is to work out that principle to its legitimate conclusions. Centralization then becomes consolidation; not a selfish monopoly of the rights of the many for the aggrandizement of one, but the confluence of many private interests with the general will of the nation.

As centralization, then, is the curse of despotic states, so consolidation is the blessing of free. Superficial politicians are often misled by names: resemblances they forget lie on the surface—the differences lie deep beneath. The present is a case of such a distinction. They see Austria adopt centralization as an instrument of tyranny, and forgetting the radical difference between the constitution of England and that of Austria, suppose that a measure so disastrous to liberty in the one must be as disastrous in the other also. Liberty, in truth, is promoted by opposite measures in free and despotic states. Dissolve, in the one case, a forced and unnatural union of provinces held together only by a common yoke of oppression; break down, in the other, every wall of division, and let every rival interest be represented in one common legislature. Provincialism is a sign of life in a despotic state, it is the opposite in a free state. Were we Italians, we should be out-and-out Repealers; we would join in the cry, "*fuori i Barbari*," and would hate a Croat or an Austrian with the perfect hatred which a true-born Italian only can feel. But because we do not groan under the military despotism of Austria, but rejoice in the possession of the fullest political rights joined with the fewest personal checks of any country in Europe, we desire that consolidation which, in a despotic state, we would resist to the death. There every obstruction between the source of power and its subjects, the people, is a blessing—with us it is a curse. Under despotism the more vigorous the central authority is, the worse for a people—under a free constitution it is the opposite; with us a petty provincial executive is a drag and a hindrance to progress.

There is an apparent paradox between the growth of governmental influence and the growth of popular

liberty which have kept pace with each other of late years. We remark, on the one hand, our municipal liberties decline, and a centralized authority takes their place. Our parishes hardly are allowed to tax themselves, to support their own poor; their accounts are overhauled, and their guardians even superseded by a Poor Law Board sitting in London. Municipal institutions are likewise on the decline. My Lord Mayor wears a gold chain, and once a-year a procession of maces and city marshals reminds us that the ancient form survives. But the spirit of municipal life is dead, and nothing can revive it; it died with the age of draw-bridges and city walls, charters and guilds. Thus, one by one those liberties that we inherit from the middle ages are dying out, and centralized authority takes their place. So far we see only a loss on the side of freedom. But this loss is more than counterbalanced by the growth of the representative system. We have handed up our local liberties to boards sitting in the capital, and so far we resemble the centralized despotism of Austria, but the resemblance ends here. Those same provinces that have handed over their affairs to the discretion of a few boards sitting in London, have sent up, at the same time, their representatives to sit as a supreme council over those boards. Thus the consolidation of the legislature has kept pace with the centralization of the executive, and no harm can result, but, on the contrary, much good from thus bringing those who make the laws and those who carry them out to act from one common centre.

Idle complaints are often heard of the decay of local and self-government, as if the boards in London had destroyed all free action, and that we were fast approaching the state of governmental control seen on the Continent. But there is no danger of bureaucracy so long as our hustings are open. The provinces have the power in their own hands, and in the best way possible. The petty magistrate is checked by the board in London, and the board in its turn is checked by the member sent up by the vote and interest of that petty magistrate.

Till this distinction between cen-

tralization and consolidation is impressed on the popular mind we must expect that measures which tend to the one will incur the odium only deserved by the other.

It is too much to expect that popular opinion will at once acquiesce in a measure of consolidation, however desirable. The loss of local dignity is immediate—the gain only remote. But the provinces must bear in mind that it is only by making some sacrifices of apparent freedom that real constitutional liberty is advanced. Every loss of provincial is a gain, living, as we do, in a representative state of national liberty. So long as local self-government exists, the central executive has little authority, and the legislature in its turn can give little redress. Provinces so situated hardly require to be represented in Parliament at all. They settle their own affairs. Our colonies are passing into that state. Their executive is local, and their legislature, therefore, local. If they claimed to send members to Parliament, they would have to pay the price in a government carried on more or less from London. Now the case of Ireland is just the converse of that of the colonies. Our legislature has been consolidated with that of England: it is our interest, therefore, to consolidate our executive also. A supreme governor in Ireland, while its affairs are deliberated on by Irish members, sitting in London, almost squares the circle of circumlocution. Ireland sends a body of representatives to England, and England sends back a staff of officials to Ireland. The double journey might be saved, either by keeping Irish representatives at home, to sit in a national Parliament in College-green, or by not sending English officials to keep up a shadow of royalty in Dublin. But to send the Irish legislature to England, and an English executive to Ireland, to cross in the channel, seems eminently absurd. Better far to crown the absurdity by meeting, half-way, in Chester. In the County Palatine the anomaly would appear less absurd than either in Dublin or London.

That the sense of the country at large is in favour of the abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy, we have every reason to think. The office has, happily, outlived its use. The sword

which our dread Sovereign the Queen commits into the hands of some English nobleman is a sword of lath. "White stick" is now the wand of office in Ireland, and Beau Nash the presiding genius in those halls that once rang with Cromwell's iron heel, or heard Stafford's terrible threat of thorough vengeance to English lawyers and Irish rebels. It is not for the interest of England to retain the office—still less for that of Ireland. As separation is out of the question: isolation is a mark of weakness, not of strength; and the office of Lord Lieutenant is a relic of the old state of isolation.

The only argument ever put forward for retaining the office is the *argumentum ad crumenam*. It is not an Irish question, but it is at least a Dublin question; and the decay of Dublin, it is said, has been great already, without adding another to its many losses.

We do not make light of this reason. We are sure it is very sincerely put forward; and we have shared in the general decay of house property in Dublin too smartly ourselves to deride others for not seeing the matter in the same light that we do. But we ask, is there a well-established instance of wealth ever being kept in one place by artificial restrictions? A tax has been tried on absentees: did it cure absenteeism? Bounties have been paid for fisheries: have they raised up a bold seafaring people? Protection has shielded infant manufactures: has it forced one customer into the market? So you may set up a court in Dublin, but our ladies will crush into St. James'; you may light St. Patrick's Hall, and the most graceful viceroy may shed smiles and affability all round, but the regal antechambers in St. James' will be thronged with Irish ladies, and into the presence will press, like into a narrow net, the beautiful and diamond-powdered butterflies, that will not spread their wings at the Dublin court.

But it is often said that all these things are good for trade. If the London milliners have their benefit, Dublin have as good a right to them. We will make an answer to this piece of political economy, which even Mme. Mantilini can understand. It is necessary for trade that Madame Man-

tilini should be well employed: but is it necessary that Madame should engage her young modistes on *tulle d'illusion* and *moire antique*? One *moire antique* is commercially worth six merino dresses; and so the young lady who, for the good of trade, wears one *moire antique*, is wearing the dress sufficient for six.

We are often reminded that Court expenditure is good for trade; but there are two sides to every question: the same expenditure is often bad for trade. Sums spent on pleasure or luxury are a direct gain to a few. Their profits are therefore taken as an index of the amount of benefit conferred by a Court expenditure. But the loss to the community by those sums being spent on pleasures which perish in the using, is seldom felt. What the eye never sees, the heart never feels; and as we have never seen a state of society, in which men thought their superfluous wealth not their own, so we never think such principles applicable. We are even afraid of their application. Men boldly ask the question, "If we were all such saints as you wish us to be, what would become of trade?"

That detestable doctrine of Mandeville, that private vices make public virtues, is an excuse for the selfish extravagance of Courts. In France, where true political economy is less understood even than among ourselves, the Court encourages by example, and even by command, extravagant dress and ostentatious entertainments for the good of trade. Selfishness and luxury there pass for patriotism. The wish of Belinda's heart—

"Oh if to dance all night or dress all day,  
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age  
away"—

seems to be the secret of political wisdom in Paris, and protection to the millinery interest the sure road to make France rich and prosperous.

Christian opinion in France, such as it is, has at last begun to cry shame on this foolish application of Mandeville's maxim. Men there have begun to suspect that good cannot come out of evil, that selfishness tendeth unto poverty. *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*. Parsimony, not profusion, is the road to riches, whether private or national. And, there-

fore, all useless expenditure on courts and castles is really not good for trade, but the reverse.

It seems an odious thing to recommend the stoppage of an expenditure which the deep purse of England cannot miss, and which certainly brings business to a few Castle tradesmen.

The charge of incivism so odious in Paris in the stormy days of the Directorate, is almost as odious in Dublin now. Good-natured men, therefore, shrink from appearing to side with those who wish to abolish an office which in one way or another seems to benefit Dublin. There is, besides, a suspicion abroad, that centralization begun at the Castle, will not stop there. It will extend to the Four Courts as well; and that we had better take our stand for the one Irish interest at the Castle, for if beaten back there, it will be only a question of time with the other.

Now, it is because we think that a just measure of centralization cannot lead the way to an unjust, that we recommend the one as strongly as we would denounce the other. The Law Courts sit in Dublin, not because a Viceroy resides in the Castle, but because the administration of justice in Ireland requires that the seat of justice should be in Dublin and not in London. If the Four Courts required such a breakwater as Dublin Castle, they would soon be swept away with it; and they are no true friends to Ireland, who put the sound and the unsound institutions on the same foundation.

An influential meeting, presided over by the Lord Mayor, was held some few weeks ago in Dublin, to resist Mr. Roebuck's motion to abolish the Lord Lieutenancy, if introduced again this session. The arguments then and there put forward, seemed to have been little else than these two we have noticed above. 1. That the office was good for the trade of Dublin. 2. That centralization would not stop there; and that to save the Four Courts, we must keep up the Castle. What do these arguments amount to? That we must sustain shams to keep realities in countenance, as if a man must wear a mask in order to protect eyes, nose, and mouth underneath. When the bitter, biting, north wind blows round the shores of Hudson's

Bay, a nose of pasteboard may save and has saved a nose of flesh and blood underneath. Is Mr. Roebuck's motion such a north wind to our Irish patriots? Has it come to a question of nose or no nose? That if we pull off the pasteboard puppet of Dublin Castle, the solid flesh of the Four Courts will drop off with cold, or Mr. Roebuck put it in his pocket and transfer it to Westminster?

It is a weak cause that is defended by such arguments. The losing cause is surely the one that takes its stand on the ground "What next, what next!" Our duty is to deal with the present, and to let every cause rest on its own merits. It is time enough to cry out "Justice to Ireland" when a motion is made to cut down "Justice in Ireland."

The question has been treated hitherto as an Irish question, and we thank English and Scotch members in general that they have left the subject to be discussed by Irish members. Mr. Roebuck has to learn that he will never carry his measure by the support of English Radicals alone. The sense of the House seems to be that it is a question for the Irish representatives to settle among themselves. The demand shall come from Ireland to strike off the last link in the chain of conquest. The viceroyalty is a gilded collar of a slavery which no longer exists. Worn even in ornament, it carries us back to the time when it galled the neck of Ireland, and held her against her will to the stronger island.

These days are gone, and now it is for Ireland to ask that the remembrance of the conquest may be obliterated with the office which once held it in bondage.

We have another reason to state, which we have reserved as our last. Parliament has been called on year after year to vote sums for the support of our Dublin hospitals. These grants were made, in many cases, by the Irish Parliament before the Union, and were, of course, continued by Imperial Parliament since the Union. They have not only been continued, they have been even augmented from time to time. The total sum voted in 1801, the year after the Union, was £8,090, while the total sum now voted amounts to £16,000.

Good reason has existed, as we shall

presently show, for this increase in grants, still the votes have not passed the House of Commons year by year without running the gauntlet of the Radical party. These votes have, in some cases, been considerably cut down, and there is danger, if an economical cry were got up in England, lest that the whole sum might be swept away, and a loss to the suffering and sick poor of Dublin be entailed, in comparison with which the gaieties of Dublin Castle are but as the rumpling of a rose leaf. Now if we would get we must give. We must give up gracefully if we would get ungrudgingly. There is a real reason for retaining these hospital grants, none whatever for spending twenty thousand a year on idle staff officers and powdered London footmen. Honourable Tom Noodles would be all the better if sent to join their regiments, and the six-foot flunkies would find their beef and pudding in Belgravia still, and *not* at the public cost. But the Dublin hospitals have a peculiar claim on the public money, and we own we have no love for any thing which seems to lessen their claims in the eyes of economical Englishmen. The tide of fashion has flowed from Dublin to London. We may regret that our peers and gentry will follow the court, and that where Parliament sits there fashion will hold her court too. We may regret it, but we cannot restore the past; we do not even wish to do so, for imperial reasons.

But the tide has left behind it a stranded mass of poverty. The bark is still there, but the waters are gone. The mercantile and professional classes in Dublin are left to inhabit houses which they built not, and to tend a mass of poverty which they planted not. The situation is peculiarly hard on those who have to deal with it. These classes, with all their faults, are the virtue of the country. Their humanity, not to say their religion, is greater, we believe, than that of either extreme of riches or poverty. The born rich are insensible, and the born poor callous, to the calls of compassion. The middle classes, including in that every grade, from the petty shopkeeper to the wealthy professional man, are taught to feel themselves the struggles of decent poverty; or, if not, it is soon thrust upon their

notice as they walk the back streets of Dublin. This is the class who, we bear them record to their means, yea and beyond their means, are relieving the wants of the Dublin poor. We venture to assert that there is not a city in the empire where the calls of charity are so frequent, not a city in the empire where so many charity sermons are preached from its pulpits of all denominations.

The parochial churches are quite choked with home charities. Before the claims of schools, asylums, and hospitals is gone through, the limit even of Dublin endurance is reached, and not an appeal can be made for foreign missions and other objects most akin to the character of a Christian church. The old parochial clergy are thus reduced, from the necessities of the case, to the office of deacons to "serve tables" for the numerous wants of the poor. Chapels of Ease have also sprung up, and the rich have been drawn away from these churches where their alms are most wanted, and where the clergy have often to make appeals almost to empty pews.

Thus anomalous is the state of Dublin, and thus has it become imperative in the citizens of Dublin to seek support for their hospitals in public grants, which in other cities are met by private bounty.

Two commissions have been issued by two Lord Lieutenants—the one by Earl De Grey, in 1842; the other by Lord Carlisle, in 1855—to inquire whether any of these grants could be dispensed with, and how far the annual vote could be reduced, to meet the cry for retrenchment in the House of Commons.

After reporting fully as to the management of all the hospitals assisted by public grant, and cutting down every item to the lowest figure, it appears that even still the hospital accommodation of Dublin falls short of what is required. The Sisters of Mercy carry on a large hospital in Stephen's-green, totally supported by private funds; and the Adelaide Hospital, to be carried on on strictly Protestant principles, is now appealing for a Building Fund.

Another most useful establishment, the Hospital for Incurables, has been reduced from a grant of £500 to one of £250 per annum—the Commissioners being obliged to report that, as it was

not a School of Medicine, it had not the same claims to a public grant as others. The words of the Commissioners appointed by Lord Carlisle in 1855, to inquire into the hospitals of Dublin, deserve to be quoted :—

"It is a notorious fact beyond all possibility of contradiction, that with the exception of St. Vincent's Hospital, founded in 1835, *not one Hospital in Dublin* is or has been for the last fifty years at least capable of supporting itself out of its own proper means, whether from endowment or subscription; and all have been obliged to go to Parliament again and again for assistance, or subsistence, as it might be more truly called.

"The anxiety evinced in obtaining from Parliament the promise of £16,000 a-year, for advising the distribution of which the present Commission was appointed, is proof of the urgent needs of the Dublin Hospitals. Whether these needs might be diminished by the more strenuous exertions of their managers is not here to be discussed, but the examples of private support obtained by the City of Dublin Hospital, and by St. Vincent's Hospital, lead to the presumption that they might be lessened. Be it as it may, however, these important institutions, absolutely necessary for the health of the city, as well as to the comfort and relief of the sick poor, are in a very needy and deplorable condition, and in no single instance capable of employing, for want of funds, the beds they profess to have, or to be able to accommodate."

It is evident, therefore, that the Dublin poor have a claim upon Parliament which it cannot in justice refuse to listen to, and we are driven to reason like the princess who heard that the poor were starving for want of bread, "Why do they not eat cake," was her ingenious suggestion. "Madam," we reply, addressing our gracious Queen, "allow us to sell one of the most useless ornaments on your coronation cake for bread. The money voted for that splendid sugar plum, St. Patrick's hall, would heal many diseases and dry many a tear in these dark and ill-drained liberties."

Moir House, last century, was the most splendid private palace in Dublin. Here wit and fashion met night after night; here Charles Fox first drew out and noticed Grattan, then a

young Irish orator; here Charlemont, the fastidious admirer of Palladian art, could see himself surrounded with statues and busts from Italy, and challenge Rome itself to produce stucco work more elegant or panneling more faultless.

But all this has passed away, and a Mendicity Institution has realized the proverb, that when poverty came in at the door, art and elegance flew out at the window. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, is the reflection that forced itself on Wesley's mind, when he paid a religious visit to its accomplished hostess, the Countess of Moira, in Usher's Island, in 1775—

"In a more elegant room than any he had ever seen in England. It was an octagon about twenty feet square, and fifteen or sixteen high; having one window, the sides of it inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl, reaching to the top of the room from the bottom; the ceiling, sides, and furniture of the room were equally elegant." And, adds Wesley, "must this, too, pass away,"

He thought only of its owner, that in a few years her place would know her no more—not another fifty years; and in 1826, the upper story was taken off, the magnificent internal decorations removed, the gardens covered with offices, and Moira House finally transferred into a Mendicity Institution.

So, perhaps, may it fare with Dublin Castle. St. Patrick's Hall may be closed, or, like Holyrood, sound once a year to the Sovereign's step as she sleeps for a night in one of her many palaces.

Be this as it may, we echo with all our heart the reflections of our own Goldsmith, that the splendour of the "evening pomp and midnight masquerade," are empty and unreal: if given, no gain—if gone, no loss. While the wants of the poor are real, and their supply urgent.

When Mr. Roebuck asks us at what price we would buy a long annuity for the Dublin Hospitals, we answer at once, the Lord Lieutenantancy. Preserve the Castle as you do Holyrood, as one of our historical monuments, and give us the cost of a useless establishment, to save our citizens the expense of their many mendicities.

## TENERIFFE, AN ASTRONOMER'S EXPERIMENT.

MR. PIAZZI SMYTH may fairly be considered as having accomplished the main object of his expedition to the island of Teneriffe, though he has not made any substantial accession to our stock of astronomical knowledge. At all events, he has produced a pleasant and readable book. He is not only possessed of extensive information in the various branches of science which he was commissioned to investigate, but gifted with a genial, lively, and happy spirit, which has turned labour into sport, and worked the dry details of technical research into an interesting and occasionally exciting narrative.

Sir Isaac Newton, speaking more than a century ago, states it as his conviction, that telescopes "cannot be so formed as to take away that confusion of rays which arises from the tremors of the atmosphere." And adds, that "the only remedy is a most serene and quiet air, such as may perhaps be found on the tops of the highest mountains, above the grosser clouds."

Notwithstanding what may be called the deliberate philosophical conjecture of the great mathematician, the popular idea has been given in to by scientific men from that time to this, that humidity increases with increase of altitude, and that it would be in vain to attempt observations depending on clearness of atmosphere at any unusual height above the level of the sea. Observatories are kept low, as they should be, unless they pass a certain level; and the upper regions of mountains have been abandoned to the conventional sway of clouds and tempests. Some attempts have been made of late to impugn this theory, by a few bold, clear-sighted men, among whom may be enumerated Professor Daniell, Saussure, and General Sabine. There were indications, corroborated by the observations of aeronauts, that, up to the level of the first, or lowest, stratum of clouds—that is, in the region of Teneriffe, about 3,000 feet, the

moisture of the atmosphere increased, but that above that level it strikingly diminished, until at altitudes of 8,000 and 10,000 feet, a perfect and intense dryness prevailed. But still the received idea has held its ascendancy up to this time. The most popular physical teacher of the present day describes the Peak of Teneriffe as constantly enveloped in cloud, grounding this assertion of a physical fact on his theory that "mountains have a misty and variable climate."

Newton's original conjecture, kept afloat by detached observations, was worth testing, even though it should militate against the pre-conceived ideas of certain living philosophers. In the month of May, 1856, Professor Piazzi Smyth was intrusted by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, acting under the advice of the Astronomer Royal, with a scientific mission to the Peak of Teneriffe. The object was to select a station above the limits of the trade-wind cloud, upon the flank of the mountain; to carry up astronomical instruments; and from the position so selected to examine, by actual experiment, the condition of the atmosphere for astronomical purposes, and ascertain how far observations could be improved, by eliminating the lower third part of the atmosphere.

Numerous and valuable instruments were at once offered by scientific men for the use of the explorer, and Mr. Robert Stephenson placed his yacht, "Titania," at his service, in which he set sail in the latter end of June. In the beginning of July the island was reached, and the party, together with the valuable instruments, were landed, in the midst of a heavy and continuous N.E. gale, the trade-wind which prevails at that period of the year,—the atmosphere being so loaded with clouds, that the "Peak" was quite invisible. We cannot help thinking that it was a mistake not setting out earlier in the season, so as to have had

a longer period of summer in those exalted regions which were to be the scene of the author's experiments. At least the event proved it, though perhaps it would have been impossible to anticipate those delays in reaching the point finally fixed upon for the astronomical station, which ultimately prevented a sufficiently lengthened course of observations.

A question of the last importance in settling the physical features of the island of Teneriffe, had remained undecided up to the arrival of Mr. Piazzi Smyth. It had been always known that the existing crater of eruption, popularly known as the "Peak," rose from the midst of a vast circular depression, or basin, of which the diameter was not less than eight miles. This basin was surrounded by a wall, partially interrupted, but easily recognised all round the cone, from which the mountains stretched away with an easy slope in all directions. The received idea was, that this circular rampart marked the outlines of the original crater of eruption, that its sides were composed of successive lava-streams, and that to the gradual cooling down or subsidence of volcanic action, were to be attributed the present contracted dimensions of the existing cone. Mr. Piazzi Smyth had his own theory on this subject; and, fully to test it by observation, he posted himself and his instruments, as soon as he could get them transported from the seaport town of Orotava, on a spot named Guajara, being the highest point of the wall, or counterscarp, as it might be called, surrounding the depression from whence the cone rose. From thence he had the most favourable opportunity not only of examining the structure of the wall in detail, but of judging by a general and bird's-eye view, of the nature of the action to which it owed its origin. Of this opportunity he made full use; and the result of his observations seems to show with sufficient clearness that the formation in question can only be explained by considering it as a "crater of elevation," that is, as the upheaval of the whole island from the bottom of the sea by action from beneath, which burst open this mighty orifice at some remote, though geologically recent period, with a force which has never

been renewed to the same extent, but which now expends itself in those lesser and sub-aerial eruptions that have thrown up the existing cone, and poured from its summit and sides successive lava-streams. We cannot attempt within our present limits to enter into the proofs Mr. Smyth adduces of the soundness of his conclusion. But we may specify the regularity of the stratification of the wall of the crater of elevation, exhibited in so many places, the total absence of pumice and scorise, and the gradual outward slope on every side. All these point to sub-marine operations, and, taken in conjunction with the curious evidence afforded by the difference of colour in the lava-streams of different ages, of the gradual diminution of volcanic energy, form together a weight of evidence in favour of the "elevation" theory, which it would be difficult to rebut or gainsay. The resemblance of this huge outer crater, with its included depression and cone of eruption, to the lunar formations which have so long puzzled astronomers, is too striking to be overlooked. On the one hand, it justifies, in some degree, the terrestrial theory; on the other, it seems for the first time to afford a clue to the mystery of the lunar phenomena, in which these very features are so endlessly reproduced, and which might, under similar circumstances, be explained by *intense volcanic action, gradually reduced, and at last extinct.*

The position of Guajara was at first thought to be as favourable a one as could be selected for the astronomical observations which were the primary object of the expedition. But it was soon found that there were many objections. The atmosphere was unsteady; the peak itself shut out a considerable portion of the concave surface; there was an inadequate supply of water. It was determined to choose an observatory on the flanks of the cone of eruption itself; and, towards the close of August, the whole party, including the intrepid wife of the professor, found themselves at the station of Alta Vista, far above the floor of the "crater of elevation," and at an altitude of 10,700 feet above the level of the sea. Even before arriving there, and while yet at Guajara, the question as to the aridity of the upper



regions of the atmosphere had been sufficiently tested—tested, indeed, in a manner as prejudicial to the mechanical success of the experiments as it was triumphant in a theoretical point of view. During the entire time the party remained there, with the exception of a day or two towards the close of their stay, the clouds, borne along the ocean and over the island by the fierce trade-winds, at an average elevation of 3,000 feet, concealed every object which did not rise above that level from their view; and such an extreme degree of dryness prevailed that every instrument they had, of which any part was of wood, warped, twisted, burst, broke, and defied all their efforts to make it as serviceable as it had been expected to be. Every thing shrivelled up; the skin of the face and body cracked; the nails split; discomfort as well as discomfiture was the result. At Alta Vista these inconveniences were not felt with quite so much severity. The dew point varied from 18 degrees at night to 41 degrees in the middle of the day.

Hither, then, the unwieldy telescope, denominated "Pattinson's Equatorial," after having been taken to pieces and placed on seven strong horses, was dragged up from Orotava, and placed on a sort of edifice of stone, which had been constructed for the accommodation of the party; but not before some damage had been done. The ascending party had almost surmounted the principal difficulties:—

"The horses were too tired to show their favourite Canarian vice of kicking; and the weakest of them were got over the most difficult turnings by one man pulling a-head, another pushing astern, and others clapping on to any side that they could get at. In this way the worst of the ascent had been overcome, the station-walls were in sight, and our men coming down to help—when one of the horses fell!

"He fell sideways down the slope, made a complete somersault, and then tumbled against the next horse, who was carrying our meteorological observatory. He too went right over on his back down the steep, turned up on his legs again, and after several struggling bounds succeeded in stopping himself. Meanwhile the first horse was lying on his side amongst sliding-stones, and only kept from going further by men holding on to his bridle; two boxes were still

lashed fast to him; while a third, carrying, unfortunately, the clock-work motion of the equatorial, had got detached; and in the midst of a shower of cindery blocks, went bounding down the mountain-side."

In spite of these disasters, however, the telescope itself arrived safe, was got into position, and, on the next favourable opportunity, its powers, in that elevated atmosphere, were put to the test. We say the next favourable opportunity, for already the autumnal south-west winds were beginning to make their way up the heights to prepare for battle with the north-east trades, thereby proving that the opportunity had been allowed to pass over, and that it might, even then, be considered *too late* to commence observations depending on a cloudless and equable state of the atmosphere. On the night of September 14 "the definition of the air was admirable," not a single upper cloud appeared; they were all 7,000 feet below:—

"With all due precision, aided by the refinements of its equatorial mounting, the large telescope was now turned on one test object after another, amongst double stars; and magnifying powers employed, from 160 to 800. To the credit of instrument and atmosphere, these high lenses were borne perfectly. Stars of the 16th magnitude, as 'a' of  $\alpha^2$  Capricorni, and b of  $\beta$  Equulei, were seen without difficulty; and pairs, only a fraction of a second apart, as  $\epsilon$  Arietis,  $\lambda$  Cygni, and  $\gamma$  Andromedæ, were separated. In fact, all the highest tests that were then known to me, either as to brightness, for a proof of the transparency of the air, or as to closeness, for a proof of its steadiness, were transcended on this admirable night. Two more nights of the same high quality followed, and enabled many useful observations to be tabulated, with the same general result as above."

There ought to have been corresponding observations at a lower or sea level, with the same eye and tube, to make the experiment complete. Nothing of the kind, however, was practicable. Thus, in point of fact, these three nights' observations, uncomparated with corresponding ones elsewhere, form the sum of what Mr. Piazzi Smyth was able to achieve in connexion with the principal object of his expedition. It is the more to be regretted that he missed the season for these experiments, when we con-

sider the results obtained from such glimpses as these. "Over and above," he says, merely seeing the stars—

"I could not but perceive that the degree of their definition was far finer, both over a large extent of sky, and for a greater portion of night, than had ever fallen within my experience at lower levels. The worst period of the twenty-four hours for astronomical observations at such places is invariably during morning twilight; and the worst part of the sky at that instant, the eastern region. Even in the fine climate of South Africa, both stars and planets so circumstanced, have been seen to lose their definition in the telescope to such a degree, as at last to become little more than amorphous balls of luminous hair.

"Yet it was precisely at such a time, and in such a quarter that I was observing Saturn, upon Alta Vista, with a magnifying power of 500; and the general impression left on the eye was, the remarkable sharpness of the edges of planet and ring. Owing to this circumstance, the fine division of the outer ring, a much disputed point, came out with singular distinctness. Not much, however, could be ascertained, beyond what was already known, with the planet comparatively so unfavourably situated. With Jupiter, near the zenith, the case was very different.

"The usual mere streaky bands which cross his disc became resolved in the telescope, under high powers, into regions of cloud. The brighter spaces were the clouds, and their forms were as characteristically marked, and were drifting along as evidently under the influence of a rotation wind, as the cumuli and cumulostrati which the terrestrial N.E. current was, at that moment, bringing past Teneriffe before our eyes and under our feet. On each of three nights that I made drawings at the telescope of these Jovian clouds, the effect of the planet's rotation was abundantly evident; while, in addition to this, there were minute changes in the relative positions and forms of the vaporous masses in either hemisphere, that indicated as well the presence of winds as the ephemeral nature of mist."

This is very interesting as well as important; but the recent examination of the cumulonimbus formed by the trade-winds enabled Mr. P. Smyth to relish, with a special astronomic zest, the phenomena of the more constant forms of cloud seen towards the equatorial part of the planet:—

"At this tract one could not gaze long without acquiring the impression of

looking at a windy sky; the whole zone of vapour seemed to be in motion, while from its ragged edge portions were torn off and were driving along, some of them rolling over and over, and others pulled out in length and rearing up towards the fore-part, like a sailing-boat scudding before a gale.

"Owing, perhaps, to the effects of perspective the polar zones appeared quiet and level, and the equatorial band was somewhat more calm, more inclined to strati and cirrostrati than the tempestuous cumulostrati of the tropics. Judging too from the drawings, made solely with a reference on each night to putting in as much as I could of all that was visible, there appears no doubt of the medial line of calm not being exactly coincident with the equator. Should this circumstance be borne out by future observations it may be held to arise from the same causes which make the southern trades overbalance the northern upon our earth, and throw the zone of so-called equatorial calm into north latitude—viz., the unequal distribution of land and sea surface in the two hemispheres. Such a result would be proving much, seeing that some theorists have been lately contending for Jupiter and all the other planets being mere globes of water, with at most a cinder nucleus."

The original publication of this discovery, it appears—for it was made scientifically known by the Admiralty previous to the appearance of this book—has drawn forth some remarkable facts in corroboration of the author's observations. M. Babinet has stated that a similar appearance has been remarked in the Paris observatory with an object-glass of nine inches' aperture; and Mr. Warren De La Rue exhibits these cloud belts very clearly in a plate which represents the appearance of the planet in his thirteen-inch reflecting equatorial.

Our author is sanguine as to the benefit that may accrue to science by persevering in the course now first proved to be practicable. Pascal's suggestion of a mountain ascent, barometer in hand, he remarks, "produced an epoch in the science of pneumatics. Newton's idea of going up with a telescope may be of more signal advantage still to astronomy, if it be energetically carried out in practice." And, as a concluding speculation, he wonders "how long the learned world will delay to occupy a station, that promises so well, for

greatly advancing the most sublime of all the sciences."

Of the subordinate marvels of the region explored by this telescopic visitant to the regions above the clouds we have little time to say a word; yet every thing within range, above, below, around him, was a marvel. It was wonderful to live where the world was below one's feet, submerged beneath an ocean of vapour—wonderful to exist where nothing else, animal or vegetable, was to be found; where dry basalt, or clinkery cinders, or glassy obsidian, or pumice dust, was all that represented earth; where the wind tore up every thing it could lay hold of, waved it over head a few minutes, and deposited it again where it had first seized upon it; where the most intense and awful silence prevailed, broken but by the sudden advent of these wild stragglers from the tempest—wonderful to behold the play of the sun or moon upon the upper surface of those 3,000 feet clouds, which represented the ocean, and beat against the flanks of the mountain—more wonderful still to mark the intense lustre of the hosts of night as they blazed in the purity of that exalted atmosphere. Wonderful likewise was the structure of the celebrated ice cavern which exists on the arid slope of the centre peak, and has hitherto proved an enigma to the philosopher, though now ingeniously explained by the learned professor. Wonderful were all these, and many more objects and adventures here described or detailed. But one wonder forms a feature of the book itself, and must be exhibited to the reader. Everybody knows how apt the traveller into unvisited, or rarely-visited regions is to draw the long bow—at least, to give the rein to his imagination. If he unite the faculty of rendering nature with his pencil to that of depicting her with his pen, he may employ it still further to delude himself and the public. A vast margin has been held allowable to the draughtsman who undertakes to illustrate his own descriptions, and is charitably set down to a desire for colouring nature up to the tone of the picturesque. The man of science, in the present instance, was resolved not to give himself scope for such freaks. His arrangements embraced full photo-

graphic preparations; nay, seeing that the single point of view of a plain photograph may fail to convey the perspective of objects, he still further guarded himself from misrepresenting any object by including in his outfit the stereoscopic apparatus, by which the truth of nature, in every respect but that of colour, is secured. Thus armed he fell to work, and unflinchingly verified his verbal descriptions, as he went along, by the test of the stereoscope. The result proved invaluable to the scientific bodies who had personal access to the plates taken from the negatives after his return; but even this was not enough. Aided by the intelligence and enterprise of the well-known scientific publisher, Mr. Lovell Reeve, Mr. Piazzi Smyth has, in this book, introduced a novelty which has created a new era in literary illustration. He has succeeded in producing in the volume, after the manner of ordinary engravings, a series of these stereoscopic subjects, to which he gives the name of photo-stereographs, and which may either be examined as double photographs by the naked eye, or brought into true perspective by an instrument called the book-stereoscope, or finally viewed, though less perfectly, by the ordinary open instrument. By means of this novel and striking method the seal of truth is, for the first time, placed upon the author's narrative by the author himself, who may, in the present instance, defy alike incredulity and criticism. A good example of the advantage of such a rigid touchstone happens to be afforded in one or two of these very stereographs. There is, as all who know any thing of the island of Teneriffe are well aware, a great natural curiosity in the neighbourhood of Orotava, which visitors make it a point to see; it is a gigantic dragon-tree (*Dracæna Draco*), said to be coeval with the world itself; in other words, 6,000 years old. This tree was hollow when Alonzo del Lugo and his followers established the Spanish away in Teneriffe, in 1493, having been an object of superstitious reverence amongst the Guanche tribes for ages previous. It has always been the great sight to be seen by the stranger who arrives at Orotava, rivalling, as it does, in the vegetable world, the celebrity of the "Peak" itself in the

geographical. As might be expected, it has been drawn more than once. Some of these drawings are well known. But how do they represent it? Professor M'Gillivray's view makes it a huge *elm*, with a garment of minute foliage, and a height of 150 feet, standing isolated in a level country! But M'Gillivray's drawing has proved to be copied from Baron Humboldt; Humboldt's, again, turns out to be derived from a drawing of M. Marchais; and that from a sketch by M. Ozone. At each remove, the tree had been misrepresented more grossly and glaringly than before. In point of fact, the tree is sixty feet high, and forty-eight and a-half feet in circumference at its foot—a wonderful and unprecedented size for a vegetable which partakes more of the nature of the liliaceous tribes than of that of the regular forest tree. Now, what we mean to adduce as emphatic evidence of the boon conferred upon readers who are looking for truth by this new method of book illustration, is the stereoscopic representation of this tree. There it is, not only in its own distinctive and exotic-looking identity, but also in its true position, surrounded with a choking vegetation, and on an uneven surface of soil, within view of the great crater or "Peak," its mountain rival: there it is, in its decrepid entirety, like a pensioner at last safely asylumed after the storms of the world: there it is, again, in the gigantic and snake-like ribbing of its stem, the shrivelling grasp by which the upper mass of half-torpid vegetation continues to clutch the earth for support. You take a stereoscope and apply it to the paper. The venerable plant swells from a surface to a solid under your eyes, and only asks for colour to render it a fac-simile of Nature herself. This novel use of the binocular principle of illustration in itself constitutes Mr. Piazzi Smyth's book a success: but, even without it, the public would have read it. The most ordinary adventures of a scientific man possess, generally, an interest of their own. Darwin's journal has been in everybody's hands. Why? Because a mind of great observing power and large information has condescended not only to speak of scientific things in intelligible language,

but of ordinary things in natural terms. Here the same charm exists. The man we respect for his knowledge and abilities lays his commonplace adventures before us—he opens his journal, lets us turn over every page. We thank him because he need not have done so. He might have stood upon his eminence, and left us below the 3,000 feet clouds of our mediocrity.

And this reminds us that it will scarcely do to quit Teneriffe and omit all mention of the "Peak" itself, and the crater, or *caldera*, on its summit. The whole party ascended it. After passing a region of pumice, the wilderness of the "Malpays" is entered on—"those ultimate lava-streams of Rambleta, the torrents of black lava, rocks, and stones."

"Of this part of the Malpays," says Mr. Piazzi Smyth, "strangely different accounts have been given by able travellers; thus, Captain Glas, in 1761, leads us to imagine a flat sheet of rock cracked across into cubes. Humboldt, in 1798, says, 'The road, which we were obliged to clear for ourselves across the Malpays, was extremely fatiguing;' and 'the lava, broken into sharp pieces, leaves hollows, in which we risked falling up to our waists.' That excellent observer, Von Buch, in 1815, mentions chiefly 'the sharp edges of glassy obsidian, as dangerous as the blades of knives.' And Dr. Wilde, in 1837, writes, of the scene, as 'a magnified rough cast;' a simile which fails in conveying an idea of the utterly disjointed nature of the ground, composed of only loose blocks to an immense depth, and with no sort of cementing or filling up material between.

"With such a formation, crevices of a certain size abounded everywhere. It would have been dangerous, therefore, to have dropped any small article, lest it should have fallen through from one crevice to another, until deep below the surface we were walking over. But the breadth of the gaps, though quite enough now and then to take in and break a horse's leg, is never, or by proper care need never be, any thing inconvenient for even a lady to step across.

"Where doctors differ, there is nothing like the testimony of a photograph; so we planted our camera, at a fair average part of the Malpays; and straightway obtained *Photo-stereograph*, No. 10; the handle of a geological hammer, on a stone in the foreground, presenting something of a scale for measure.

"Slowly ascending, stopping every few minutes to observe the meteorological instruments, we arrived about half-past six, on the level of the ice-cavern, 11,050 feet high, and distant from us only about twenty yards. Nothing was to be seen externally, except the chaos of tossed and tumbled blocks of lava, somewhat larger than elsewhere; but not materially different from what was to be seen above, around, below, and on every side. Everywhere a wilderness of black stones closed in our view, except when looking down towards the east. 'Twere ungrateful not to mention that, for had not the sun just risen there, and had we not in truth admired?

"We had done so, and carefully noted the changes that occurred since early morning, from where at first, amid nocturnal darkness, the only symptom of approaching day was the long glade of zodiacal light, shooting upwards amongst the stars to Orion and Taurus; and glowing towards the lower part of its axis, so as to repudiate either the heliocentric ring of one writer, or the geocentric ring of another. Then after a while came the low flat arch of early dawn, faint and blue. With humility it appeared on the scene, and sat down in the lowest place; while the zodiacal light aimed ambitiously at the highest. Time passed on, and the proud one waxed faint, while the lowly one was promoted to a higher and higher position; unto it next was given a reddish hue, as a dress of honour; and the lenticular form of the zodiacal light was seen no more. A few minutes further, and a yellow tint manifested itself in the dawn, upon the red; extending below—it shed a rich orange along the horizon; expanding above—it produced a somewhat cold, greyish, even greenish tint, but one eminently luminous; and fit harbinger of approaching day; lighting up earth, and sea, and the broad white clouds spread far and wide below us.

"To the south-east, the volcanic peaks of Grand Canary rose in dark-coloured, angular battlements, through the sheet of vapour; but for which, in the E. and E.N.E. we might see something of the two lowest and most distant of the Canaries, Lancerote and Forteventura; for their azimuthal direction lies open. Again a new illumination strikes out from the east; its yellow glow is intensified; and has almost overpowered the lower red; while the cold region of light at its upper limit is now corrected by a magnificent blush of rose-pink, which stretches high up into the blue. Then the first point of the solar disc leaps up behind the

horizon of an ocean of cloud, and darts his long vivifying rays athwart its cumulous masses."

This is prettily written, and shows some imagination in the writer. Might he not have attempted an ode? Who knows but the mind, too, like the atmosphere, might have become rarified at such an altitude, and outdone its sea-level self?

But we wander. Let us return to the upward-faring party.

"By seven o'clock we have reached the height of 11,240 feet, very nearly the middle of this real Malpays. Far and wide it covers, or rather forms, the side of the mountain, with its loose black stones; observing a certain method too; for there is a grooving and ridging, as different lava streams have poured tortuously down, like huge black serpents descending the Peak. One ridge is so like another, that an unskilled mountaineer might easily lose his way; rather, however, in the coming down than the going up; but, at the chief turning points, the guides have piled three or four stones one upon the other; to a stranger not very noticeably; but after having lived for some time in this wild Malpays world, where not a precipice, not a flat, not a patch of smooth or soft ground, not a plant, not a bird, nor even an insect exists, where one's whole attention is taken up with stones, stones, and nothing but stones, all of the same black lava,—the eye becomes at last so nice in appreciating small distinctions amongst stones that the three or four piled by man become as instantly distinguished amongst the acres of them piled by nature, as if they had been an actual finger post let in amidst the barbarous lava."

By-and-by, at an altitude of 11,745 feet, the party emerged from the "Malpays," upon "Rambleta," a sort of plain, though a very rugged one.

"Instantly there rose before us, high above our heads, the Piton or sugar-loaf cone, forming the summit of Teneriffe, resplendent with light red and yellow, like some huge tower, gleaming in the brightness of the morning sun."

Up this cone the party commenced the "last climb," and in a short time began to perceive some warmth in holes and cracks of the rock. These fissures increased continually in number and temperature: then a faint sulphurous smell was perceived.

"A few hasty steps more, and we were on the brim of the culminating

crater, in the midst of jets of steam and sulphurous acid vapours.

"Fagh!—on inhaling the first whiff one was inclined to beat an instant retreat for a few steps, looking, for the moment, with infinite disgust on the whole mountain as nothing more than the chimney, 12,200 feet high, of one of nature's chemical manufactories. This chimney, having been built at great expense, she was resolved to turn it to account. We, curiously foolish creatures, had been innocently creeping up the sides, and were now astonished to find, on peering over the mouth of the long stalk, that noisome fumes were ascending from it.

"Again we mounted up on the brim, and soon getting toned down to breathing mephitic exhalations, found the chief feature of the crater interior, some three hundred feet in diameter, and seventy feet deep, to be its extreme whiteness—often white as snow where not covered with sulphur. The breadth of rim was hardly sufficient to give standing room for two, so immediately, and in such a knife edge did the slope of outside flank meet that of inside wall. On the portion of circumference where we collected, the ground was hot, moist, dissolving into white clay, and full of apparent rat-holes. Out of these holes, however, it was that acidulated vapours were every moment breaking forth; and on the stones where they struck were producing a beautiful growth of needle-shaped crystals of sulphur, crossing and tangling with each other in the most brilliant confusion.

"The north-eastern, northern, and north-western were the highest, whitest, and hottest parts of the crater walls. Towards the west and south they dipped considerably, and verged to an ordinary stone colour inside. Outside they were red and brown all the way round the circle."

"Some short portions of the interior of the wall are precipitous rock ten to twenty feet deep. But, generally, the structure has so crumbled away during long ages of volcanic idleness, that it is now, like a baron's castle of a long past feudal age, going to slow and certain ruin; falling downwards in a mass of rubbish that tends to fill up the central hollow. All about the curving floor my wife and Don Rodriguez wandered over the deep bed of fragments, searching for the finest specimens of sulphur; and with the photographic camera I walked through and through the crater more than a dozen times, in as many different directions, to take the several views—completely disproving thereby all alleged dangers of the 'awful abyss,'

that one tourist described looking into with fear, after he had 'crawled' up on the outside to a high pinnacle, from whence he could safely make the survey.

"Only in the neighbourhood of the walls is there much annoyance from puffing steam and vapour; while neither there, nor anywhere else, is more than a thin coating of sulphur, often bedewed with sulphuric acid, to be found."

"The expiration of steam by the volcano has rather a happy effect than otherwise; for tempering, as it does, the sharpness of an atmosphere of great elevation, it attracts a population of bees, flies, and spiders, as well as numerous swallows and linnets (*Fringilla Teyden-sis*). After the solitude and desolation of the arid and dusky Malpays, our sudden entrance into this bright white caldron of the crater, with insects and birds flying about in numbers through the moistened air, seemed a new, as well as a strange world. A remarkable little colony, at least, an oasis of life and activity in the midst of an elevated desert of lava. During the few minutes that a previous visitor spent on this spot he remarked the bodies of some dead bees, and jumped too hastily to the conclusion of an 'oblique current of air that brought them up to die.' But the far greater length of time spent by our party on the summit proved plainly that the living bees which swarmed there in such numbers were perfectly at home; and if no food was to be found for them immediately round about, was there not Chajorra, at a moderate distance, well clothed on its southern flanks with retamas, whose abundant white flowers are to bees so dear."

But at length it is time to descend. The west wind is blowing strong and cold. It will not do to be overtaken by the darkness on the Malpays.

"Yet wait, my friends, said I, one moment more. Allow me only another photograph; for these sulphurous exhalations of the ground have spoiled nearly all my plates to-day. So Don Martin Rodriguez placed himself again on the highest point of the crater wall, absolutely the culminating point of the Peak of Teneriffe. His man stood close by; and the yacht carpenter, going past at the moment with a bucket of sulphur specimens, was included in the picture, where the dark rocks in the foreground show the brown exterior, and the white cliff under the Don, the acid and steam-bleached interior of the terminal crater of Teneriffe."

By the 1st of October, the *Titania* had come round from her anchorage,

and was lying off Orotava, ready to receive the expeditionary party once more.

They got on board, full of regrets at leaving the beautiful island; full of gratitude to its inhabitants for their kindness and hospitality.

They looked back, from the deck of the vessel: the view was imposing.

"Immediately over the line of the dancing wave tops, were the buildings of Puerto Orotava; beyond, the two rapilli craters; and then the broad white surface of Villa, where the telescope even distinguished the mansion of the Marquis of Sausal, and the dark, peculiar form of the great dragon-tree. But up above all this; above the long valley

of Taoro, above the Portillo and Mount Tigayga, arose more magnificently than any thing else, the Peak itself, the 'crater or cone of eruption.' In Orotava, it is evidently always foreshortened by the walls of the 'elevation crater'; but six miles out at sea, we saw it in full proportion, 'one mountain upon another,' as Von Buch has well described it.

"As evening advances, Orotava is lost, and the cinder hills, and the Villa, below the blue edge of ocean. Clouds too form all along the 3,000 foot level; but above all this, is still seen the great Peak, standing on the vast plateau of the elevation crater; raised high above all the turmoils of this lower world, into the calm grandeur of height."

#### THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW—MARTIAL INCIDENTS IN OUDE.

ON the flight of the Meerut rebels to Delhi, and consequent defection of the largest portion of the Bengal army, experienced Anglo-Indians, acquainted with the influence of the Company's later policy upon the social and political condition of the northern provinces, and well knowing where extensive danger was to be apprehended, immediately laid finger on the territory of Oude, and, shaking their heads ominously, anticipated serious work there. It was not only that this tract of country, having been last annexed, was still imperfectly subdued, and attached to its old regal forms; they knew that its aristocracy were powerful, and hostile to the foreigner, because British intervention had not only deprived them of power, but reduced their acquisitions from corrupt sources, and thus affected the importance of their families. They had set the utmost value upon descent from an influential stock and had been accustomed to sustain the prestige of their houses by practices to which our presence put an end.

In Oude, feudalism had prevailed of the strictest kind. A prince was esteemed in proportion to his expenditure at the religious festivals, by the dowries which he bestowed upon his children on their marriage, by the number of his personal servants, and the strength of his body of retainers. To keep up this show of potency and magnificence, many of the less scrupulous nobles had become farmers of the taxes. Large districts

were oppressed by them. Force and fraud took the place of law and the rights of ownership. The weaker proprietor lost his land, first by the exactions, and finally by the atrocities of the stronger. Levies were made by devastation, and every season's collection had its track marked by a series of scenes of bloodshed, in which, while the small holders suffered the loss of every thing, the more martial grew wealthy and formidable, and retained their possessions and opportunities of predation by flattering the vices and supporting the excesses of a debased Court. The incorporation of Oude with the other territories of our Eastern government wrought a change in all this. If violence, treachery, and licence did not instantly cease under our sceptre, the native chiefs still felt that the doom of their raj was written. Their military raids would no longer be possible to any thing like the extent previously safe. The term "property" would mean something; law would have force; and in successive settlements of the land revenue, the growth of the imported administration would be attended with a decay of the ancient native genealogies, and a gradual lapsing of traditional privileges. Gross abuses of their position by the nobles had been encouraged during the reign of the late king, who took no part in the conduct of affairs, giving himself wholly to debasing indulgences, and depending altogether upon his *devan*, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, an

official in league with the cruel rajahs to deal corruptly with every public matter, and to treat the people in the basest manner. It was a serious thing, then, to overturn such a fabric of venality and armed tyranny; and it was not astonishing, that when we did attempt it, we should earn the intense hatred of the individuals and classes forced under by the strong arm of the Feringhee.

The peril of proceeding precipitately in reforming society in Oude had been pointed out to the Earl of Dalhousie by Major-General Sleeman, who had been sent by the noble lord to report upon the state of the province. It was that eminent soldier's opinion that a destruction of the native aristocracy would be followed by a revolt of the native army on the earliest favourable occasion. He advised, therefore, that the annexation should be delayed; but the then Governor-General, in a moment of indiscretion, took the fatal plunge, scarcely observing the precaution of establishing a sufficient garrison in the capital of the new kingdom; and thus, when the tocsin of rebellion was sounded in the western districts, the thousand nobles and officials of Oude, with their countless retainers, constituted a danger from which the authorities might well start back appalled. Accordingly, at an early stage in the history of the mutiny, Lord Canning's attention was fixed upon Lucknow, and the position of extreme difficulty occupied by Sir Henry Lawrence.

In the metropolis of Oude itself great discontent existed, arising from causes akin to those mentioned. Under the lax native rule, hordes of vagabonds, sturdy beggars, and murderous thieves, had either found employment in congenial occupations, or scope for the pursuit of their propensities. The British administration placed those classes under a ban; and, as the number of such braves was large, and as they were all trained in

the use of arms, their power for mischief became immense; and the city, even before a single symptom of disaffection had been manifested by the Sepoy troops, felt the baleful influence of the abandoned characters with which it abounded. There were more respectable ranks of the inhabitants equally ill-disposed towards our rule. The native merchants, shop-keepers, and bankers, who had supplied the luxurious palace of Najid Ally and his extravagant courtiers with money and goods, not only lost their customers, but were subjected by our regulations to taxes they were before specially exempt from, and hated us cordially in consequence. It would appear, too, that our levies on the population were heavy and improperly apportioned. There were duties on stamps, petitions, food, houses, and eatables. The government took into its own hands contracts for necessities of public consumption, such as corn and provisions, salt, and the native spirit. The tax on opium was the most unpopular. In Lucknow this article had been quite as much used as it is in Canton, and by raising its price, our functionaries deprived the poorer opium-eaters of what they valued more highly than their daily bread. Many who could not procure it, states Mr. Rees, "actually cut their own throats in desperation." Added to all these causes of hostility to our presence, there was the sinister influence of religious prejudices, excited by fanatical Mahomedan and Hindoo teachers. The zealots of the city were multiplied by the semi-political harangues of the priesthood. Lucknow, as the centre of Mahomedan literature, furnished numerous clever enemies of the infidel foreigners who had wrenched the kingdom from the grasp of its sacred possessors. An industrious crusade had been pronounced against us for some time before the disturbances broke out, and the Commissioner was obliged to maintain authority by a sharp exer-

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*A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude in 1849-50; by the direction of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General, with Private Correspondence relative to the Annexation of Oude to British India, &c.* By Major-General Sir W. W. Sleeman, K.C.B., Resident at the Court of Lucknow. In two volumes. London, Bentley.

*A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow, from its commencement to its relief by Sir Colin Campbell.* By L. E. Ruutz Rees, one of the surviving defenders. London, Longmans.



cise of police surveillance, and even the extreme measure of public executions, before the events occurred which fired the temper of the Oude nobles, induced the priests to become declared rebels, and tempted the native army to forsake its allegiance. And thus, when the torch of insurrection was displayed in Oude, all classes of the population were prepared to rush round it. The facts above stated will also show how it came that, while in other parts of India the revolt was confined to the army, in the last annexed province, where it still rages most vehemently, the unmilitary inhabitants have joined in the conflict and lent it intensity.

Severe as were the difficulties, serious the responsibilities, and protracted the privations attending the Siege of Delhi, it must be regarded as second in historical importance to the heroic Defence of Lucknow. While the former has scarcely brought more than one name into prominence; the latter has immortalized Lawrence, Havelock, Outram, Inglis, and many others in mirror positions, whose exploits have displayed the highest order of valour—that of patient endurance of evils, hope against hope, and judicious courage exhibited in the very crisis of despair. The Eighty-Seven Days' resistance of the great Sepoy army of Oude by the starved, cholera-struck, and hourly-diminishing garrison in the Residency, forms the grandest episode in the Indian struggle; and exhibits all those virtues of the British character—in the soldier, the civilian, the tender mother, and the faithful wife—which the world has had to admire during other emergencies in our history, but never more unaffectedly and cordially than on the occasion in question. It is not surprising that several of the survivors of the miseries and glory of the drama should deem it a duty to publish accounts of the Siege's daily progress, kept in the form of diaries, showing the alternations of confidence and fear, the moments of depression and rejoicing, the startling incidents, the hair-breadth escapes, creditable humanities, and general coolness, intrepidity, and magnanimity, charac-

teristic of the hourly life of the beleaguered remnant, who contrived to keep up their spirits with such success, and to fight with such amazing determination, when their trusted leaders had fallen, when hunger gave carnage hundredfold horror, and the Residency, from one end to the other, was a scene of appalling ruin—in parts covered with unburied corpses; pervaded by an intolerable stench; and almost in every struggle, being sadly thinned in numbers, as the Sepoy marksmen, of whom several were singularly true in aim, from under cover of buildings in the city picked down every officer they recognised among the defenders. To hold out under such circumstances, when no expectation of relief cheered the suffering garrison, was the purest form of courage. No words could be considered extravagant in awarding praise to the "heroes of Lucknow," and every reader of these sentences will feel gratified that the public are now put in possession of the main features of the Defence, from persons who took part in the operations, either as volunteers from the civil service, or in a regular military capacity.

Hitherto we have depended upon the Despatch of Colonel Inglis, and occasional letters in the newspapers, for our knowledge of the origin and different phases of the Mutiny in Oude; and although the former was graphic and full, and the latter have been, in most instances, well written, there was still desired that detailed, formal, and complete account of the Siege of Lucknow supplied by Mr. Rees, and "A Staff Officer."

Their descriptions substantially agree. While Mr. Rees, however, seizes upon incident and anecdote, illustrative of Life in the Residency, during the Defence, blending these with the military narrative proper, "A Staff Officer" confines himself strictly to the strategical and other measures of Sir Henry Lawrence, and his successors in command. The latter author is careless of style. His work is simply a diary of occurrences. Neither book, indeed, aims at literary excellence. All that is contem-

*The Defence of Lucknow.* A Diary recording the daily events during the Siege of the European Residency, from 31st May to 25th September, 1857. By a Staff Officer. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

plated in both is a relation of what happened between the 30th of May, when the Sepoy infantry first mutinied at Lucknow, and the day when Sir Colin Campbell's Highland pipers blew their shrill triumph as they entered the Residency to relieve its few surviving occupants from their long and terrible incarceration. This design is better fulfilled by Mr. Rees, whose compilation of occurrences displays discrimination and considerable descriptive power. The military reader may like better the journalistic mode adopted by "A Staff Officer;" but there is nothing in his work of a kind similar to the lifelike sketches which are the charm of the rival publication.

Mr. Rees is a Calcutta merchant. On the eve of the outbreak he departed to the upper provinces on matters of business. The first remarkable thing he encountered during his journey was the presence, as a travelling companion, of a native dependant of the King of Oude, who exhibited an eagerness to converse on politics, and expatiated upon the condition of his country with earnestness. The inference deducible from his words appeared to be, that the population were at last ripe for revolt, and prayed anxiously for the opportune moment to accomplish their wishes.

With this man's portentous hints in memory, Mr. Rees reached Benares. It was about the beginning of May. Here he learned with horror of the atrocities then just committed at Delhi. It was generally believed that the flame would spread, and the inhabitants of Benares were all on the move. The fort of Chunar was packed with fugitives. When our author arrived at Allahabad, he heard worse reports, which several experienced Indians were inclined to pooh-pooh; but a vast conspiracy had been concocted under their eyes, and they never dreamt even of the possibility of such a thing taking place! Indeed, the representatives of the Company at that place seem to have so long enjoyed the good things of Indian life, that their perceptions had waxed fat and their ears heavy. Not only did they not foresee the mutiny—prescience they might be excused for not possessing; but, when it had occurred, they under-estimated its character, and misled Lord Can-

ning by milk-and-water reports. Mr. Rees leads us into this censure of their crassitude and negligence, when he tells us that, as the insurrection was at its height in the north-west, "capital dinners, first-rate wines, cheroots, songs, and music, were the order of the day at Allahabad." This jollity was soon rudely disturbed.

Anxious to prosecute his trading adventures, and having no presentiment of the future troubles in store, our author set out for Lucknow, armed with a brace of pistols and a double-barrelled rifle. He entered that city safely on the 22nd of May, and proceeds to state in what condition he found it.

The people looked sullen. Europeans had ceased to be treated with the respect before accorded to them. Sir Henry Lawrence had observed this, and prepared himself against surprise. He had mounted guns on the Muechee Bawn fort (*vide* Mr. Rees' excellent map of Lucknow and the Residency) to command the town. He did not expect, however, that an attack would be made upon the Residency, and took no steps for its defence at that period. His policy was to divide his troops over the city, in order, as much as possible, to prevent concerted action among the Sepoys for any evil purpose. This would, doubtless, have been a successful precaution, were the plot less extensive in its ramifications, and less thoroughly organized. Every single soldier of the native army, however, even at that early stage of the revolt, had been put in possession of the general plan of the conspiracy. This the Commissioner did not calculate upon. Days before the actual outbreak, the European population were uneasy—a cloud rested over the fated city, and weighed down the spirits of all. Before Sir Henry Lawrence anticipated insurrection, or the slightest overt act of rebellion had been committed by any individual, the Europeans had crowded into the Residency, so unsettled were they by the whisperings and meaningful glances of the Sepoys.

The 7th Oude Irregular Native Infantry was the first to mutiny. This occurrence took place at the palace of one of the late king's wives, which suggested that the influence of the defunct Court was paramount on the disaffection. Even by this untoward

event Sir Henry Lawrence set little weight; but, as it placed several European officers in imminent danger, he collected troops, and advanced to the station of the rebel force, placing four guns in front of his men, with port-fires lighted. Thus the Sepoys were startled and dismayed, and fled instantly. With similar promptitude Sir Henry resolved upon a course well calculated to inspire terror in the native mind. He held a *darbar* at the Residency. His troops were drawn up, the native officers being received on an open plain. Standing in the midst of a brilliant European staff, and surrounded by a few faithful Oude noblemen, wearing *kheluts*, or dresses of honour, in return for their fidelity, the Commissioner promoted a loyal *havildar* of the mutinied regiment to the rank of *soubahdar*, and a private to the rank of *jemadar*, for resisting the temptation to rebel. After announcing their rewards, Sir Henry stood forward and delivered a stirring address in Hindustanee, promising benefits to those who kept their allegiance, adding that the Feringhee had one hundred thousand men ready, if necessary, to rush victoriously over the plains of India. Mr. Rees believes that this address had the effect of delaying the general revolt for three weeks, which were employed assiduously in preparations for defending the city.

The tragedies soon began. On the 23rd of May Captain Hayes and Major Gall were sent, with two detachments, to clear the road between Cawnpore and Agra. It was a mistake thus to weaken the garrison of Lucknow; but no immediate danger was then apprehended by Sir Henry. At this point Mr. Rees' numerous and stirring incidents of the mutiny commence; and we take this opportunity of advising those "Irish Sepoys" who affect to disbelieve the accounts of carnage sent home in private letters, to inquire whether worse than all they have yet heard is not related within these covers, by one who saw many of the brutalities spoken of. In most of his remarkable statements, moreover, he is corroborated by "A Staff Officer."

On the night of the 30th of May Mr. Rees was lying asleep in his friend Deprat's house, near Lucknow, when a servant, rushing in,

announced that the regiments in cantonments had broken out. The French host, hard following the man, shouted, as he entered the apartment, "*Le jeu a commencé. Dépêchez-vous!*" The three ran half attired, but well armed, to a terrace of the building, where Deprat had made elaborate preparations for defending his residence. Beds had been carried up; two three-pounders placed; cartridge and ball piled; and spare muskets, provisions, and water stored upon the roof. The house was at some distance from the heart of the Residency, and exposed. Thus on this night the volunteer soldiering of Mr. Rees and his Gallican merchant-companion was inaugurated, and from thence to the termination of the Siege our author worked like a slave and fought like a hero, while Deprat acquitted himself, as long as he lived, like a true Frenchman—impulsive, yet valorous, and on special occasions, cool and discreet. Here is a scene from the terrace:—

"Arrived on the terrace, by means of a movable ladder, we saw the sky towards the cantonments lurid with a blood-red glare. The bungalows had been set on fire; the sound of volleys of musketry was heard; and still louder, the booming of cannon. Gradually the fire slackened. Horsemen were now galloping up and down; but we allowed no one to pass without a challenge.

"One scoundrel came riding furiously up from the cantonments. I cried, 'Halt!' and the man held in his horse. The following colloquy took place between us:—'Who are you?' 'A friend! I carry a message to the Residency.' 'What news, then?' 'Good news.' 'Well, what good news?' 'The bungalows are being burnt, and the Europeans are everywhere shot down.' I fired my pistol, but the man had galloped off. I had missed."

The train was fired. The delight of the Sepoy on hearing that the bungalows were burnt was not singular to the individual. A belief spread like lightning, that the doom of the Europeans had come, and the mutiny rushed over the cantonments. Successive regiments turned upon their officers, who were fortunate if they could escape by flight. The 71st burned their mess-house. Lieutenant Campbell, of that corps, passing one of his own men on sentry in the dark, was challenged. "Hoo-

kum durr," cried the native. "Friend," was the response. The sound of the English language was enough. Whizz went a bullet past the officer's ear. Civilians, as well as military men, fell on that fatal night, the Sepoys not sparing non-combatants, or discriminating between sex or age in their thirst for European blood. There was method in their madness, however, for on every occasion the officers were the first shot, and the heavy guns the objects of attack. Next morning there were many sad tales to tell; many wonderful escapes, too. A faithful Sepoy brought into the camp a poor lady, who, with her children, had crept into a dry ditch, where she had lain until the disturbance abated, and afterwards taken to flight. Another came—

"To us, with two of her children, next morning, with nothing but a shift on; while her husband was picturesquely attired in loose night-trowsers, a sheet thrown over his shoulders as a toga, and a helmet-shaped pith hat on his head. In spite of their miserable plight (says Mr. Rees), I could not help bursting into laughter at the little man's ridiculous appearance."

During this night's sanguinary business, Sir Henry Lawrence had defeated the main body of the insurgents, and for the time saved the city of Lucknow. An order for pursuit was given in the morning. It was an unwise proceeding. Nothing was effected by it. Throughout the day the highest consternation prevailed, and accounts of isolated massacres came in almost every hour. Worse things were arriving. The next day's news was, that the whole of Oude had passed out of our hands. Had Sir Henry Lawrence been aware before the pursuing party set out, that matters were so serious in the adjacent country, he would have seen it to be useless to send a small detachment into a revolted country occupied by dense masses of hostile troops. He would also have avoided the terrific and disastrous affair of Chinhutt, had he been properly informed of the doings of the Oude population. But his knowledge of the extent of the conspiracy came too late. When he did learn his position, however, he used almost superhuman exertions to confront the danger which threatened the garrison and the city. There was

not another spot in Oude faithful. The universality of the mutiny had swept away every hope of aggressive resistance. A few of the rajahs seemed disposed to remain neutral; none dared to assist us. Many of them had armed retainers to the number of several thousand, and might have quenched rebellion in their districts, had they been so minded. There is too much reason to conclude that the majority were closely mixed up with the plot. In Lucknow, itself, the population were mutinously disposed. Even the mahajans and shopkeepers seemed to care less for the safety of their property than the success of the revolt. The disorganization of society was all but complete. Sir Henry Lawrence laboured continuously to preserve order in the city; but the very atmosphere was impregnated with uncertainty and discontent. Europeans could not safely pass along the thoroughfares for weeks before the actual outbreak. "A lowering, obstinate look was discernible on every countenance." Orders were issued, but their infraction it was impossible to follow with punishment. The reins were feeble in our grasp. Martial law was proclaimed, and courts held daily for the trial of native murderers and circulators of incendiary addresses, which went about in great numbers. But several of the condemned were pardoned; and Mr. Rees is inclined to think that Sir Henry Lawrence's kindness of disposition betrayed him into a mistaken leniency in dealing with the worst sort of offenders. The extent of the treachery of the Sepoy character may be judged from the fact, that one of the individuals condemned to execution before the end of June, was the identical soubahdar, who had been raised to that rank from a native serjeantcy, invested with the khelut, and had received a thousand rupees of reward on the occasion when Sir Henry had addressed the troops at the cantonments. Conciliatory measures were thrown away. The Sepoys took them as exhibiting our weakness, not our generosity, and acted accordingly. The hanging of thirty-six criminals of various classes had not much more effect upon the people. It was evident that the period when they could be inspired with fear was as fully gone as that when they could be purchased

by gifts and promises of promotion in the military service. The condemned were executed on a gallows in front of the fort, the guns being pointed on the Muchee Bawn, to prevent any attempt at release. On one occasion this was all but tried. The situation of the European residents and garrison at the moment must have been critical :—

“Only on one occasion an emeute might have occurred. A horse of one of the officers became restive, and the mob consequently moved onwards. The movement being communicated to others, the living mass advanced towards the gate, and nearly surrounded the European soldiers guarding the prisoners. The sentry at the gate, therefore, imagined an attack was meant, and called out, ‘To arms!’ and the artillery at the gun was about to apply the port-fire to the touch-hole, and shower grape and canister on the people, even at the risk of injuring our own men, when the masses again retreated, and the catastrophe was prevented in time.”

The news of the Cawnpore atrocity was the next cause of dismay at Lucknow; and it was remarkable that the natives had earlier and more correct information of everything that occurred in the provinces than we could procure. But even so late as the middle of June Sir Henry Lawrence did not expect to be himself besieged. Still, to provide for all contingencies, this eminent and far-sighted man had ordered immense supplies of corn and all kinds of provisions into the Residency; and that measure ultimately saved the lives of the garrison.

Sir Hugh Wheeler had sent repeated messages to Lucknow, acquainting his brother-in-arms of the state of the country; but very few of those communications arrived.

“One of these messengers, a bearer or valet of the unfortunate general, was shot in crossing the Ganges, and arrived with a fractured arm, with which he slunk about for three days in the jungles, avoiding the highways, and arrived almost exhausted. His arm was amputated.”

How many couriers fell victims to Sepoy cruelty there is no means of discovering. At this time, the Company's paper was of no value in Lucknow, although the city still remained comparatively tranquil. This was

proof that something was expected. Unlike other mutinies, that in the capital of Oude did not burst forth suddenly, or as by chance. It would appear to have been the result of a deep-laid plan, the concocters of which supposed, probably, that after British power had been overturned and degraded in the western district, the last great *coup* might be delivered at Lucknow. Certain it is, that not a single movement of the rebels at and about Delhi was concealed from the rajahs of Oude; and on one occasion, when Sir Henry Lawrence fired a salute to the alleged fall of the city of the Moguls, the natives laughed at the intimation, of the erroneousness of which *their* messengers had assured them.

In the middle of June the Europeans began to crowd into the Residency, under the impression that it was the only safe spot to flee towards. It was filled with women, children, and sick. Every outhouse was packed with materials for standing a siege, and the lower stories of the buildings reserved for the females and young. At length Sir Henry Lawrence awoke to the conviction that he would be closely and determinedly beleaguered, and set about his preparations. Thousands of coolies were employed in forming batteries, stockades, and trenches. The treasure was buried. A secret place was chosen for a large quantity of ammunition. The scene was now animated. Soldiers, Sepoys half-willing to work, men in irons, women, hundreds of servants, and many respectable natives, who had sought a refuge from us, were all occupied in carrying weights, or dragging cannon, field-pieces, and carts. Elephants, camels, and horses moved about incessantly; and night and day the din continued. Sir Henry was resolved to make up for lost time. Engineers blasted buildings, cut approaches, and provided positions for riflemen. The Muchee Bawn Fort would have likewise been arranged for defence had not the conflict of Chinhutt interrupted the works, and precipitated the Siege.

At this crisis Sir Henry Lawrence had a serious decision to make. In an early period of the mutiny, as we are now informed for the first time by Mr. Rees, he had received plenary powers from Calcutta either to hold

Oude at all hazards, or evacuate it temporarily, if he judged such a course better. The announcement of this fact shows that the authorities at the Seat of Government recognised from the first that Oude was the centre of the insurrection, and the heart of the danger. After long deliberation, Sir Henry resolved to remain at Lucknow. We have little hesitation in saying—looking at the matter through the light of after events—that it would have been more advisable to have abandoned the Residency, retiring to Allahabad; but the Chief Commissioner had no conception of the aggravated perils by which he was surrounded, and expected reinforcements at so early a moment that he had written to Cawnpore encouraging Sir Hugh Wheeler to hold out, when the provisions of the latter were reduced to eight days' supply. Mr. Rees thinks that the moral effect of abandoning Lucknow would have been ruinous to the government; but the natives were not blind regarding our position—they knew our exact power, and could make a fair calculation as to our hope of assistance at various points, as well as the ultimate reinforcing of our army from England. Long before the question of relinquishing Lucknow required consideration, our prestige was lost, and the Sepoys were able to estimate every thing we could do. The only thing they forgot in their considerations was British pluck; it has saved India, and more than restored the prestige lost for a time. Oude was irrecoverably gone. The case could not have been worse. It is, therefore, an interesting speculation whether Lucknow might not, ere this, have been again in our hands, and the entire province reconquered, had Sir Henry retired, with the object of returning with a large army to recover his authority. After the beginning of June, however, retreat became impossible. Tens of thousands of armed men occupied the roads of communication. The daks were stopped. All was doubt to Sir Henry Lawrence beyond the precincts of the Residency. A *terra incognita* stretched round him. He did not know what was to be encountered, or for a long time how far the insurrection in other parts of India had been successful. It

was only possible, then, to make the most of his opportunities for defence, and repose trust in Providence. Accordingly, this great man was everywhere hurrying on the works. While others exclaimed with the despairing in the great siege of old,

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus,"

he cheered drooping spirits; imparted hope to the soldiery; personally directed every thing that went forward; cared for the women and children with kindness like that of a father; his self-command never deserting him; his mastery of details being complete. The *res dura* sat heavily upon him, but he was the most cheerful person in the garrison. As he passed along the lines, the men shouted, "Long life to Sir Henry; long live Sir Henry," while cheers ran through the groups. Such greetings, the soldier was wont to say, were better than sleep.

Many untoward things occurred to vex the spirit of the overburdened Commissioner, the gloomiest of which was the result of a quarrel between the wives of two soldiers. After the belligerent matrons had exhausted their anger upon each other's dress and person, not satisfied, they appealed to their husbands, and the men having taken up the strife, one, a Sergeant-Major Keogh, of the 7th Light Cavalry, drew his pistol and shot his opponent dead. The dismal effect of such an occurrence, and its mischievous influence, at such a juncture, can scarcely be conceived at this distance of time. About the same time Sir Henry made several state prisoners, one of whom was Mustapha Ally Khan, the ex-king's elder brother, who had the right to the throne, his brother having prevented his accession by falsely declaring him insane. This man's history affords a glimpse of the royal intrigues in Oude, which, for generations before, had deluged the province with bloodshed. Mustapha was of perfectly sound mind, and wore on his head neither turban nor cap, saying, that "a crown only should encircle his brow."

The middle of June was a period of tragical occurrences to individuals. Several officers were brutally murdered. The wantonness of most of those acts was fearful. In each case the most savage brutality was ac-

accompanied by the basest treachery. One instance displays the utter untrustworthiness of the Hindoo character. An officer had given his weapon to his servant, an old, and supposed to be faithful dependant, while he mounted his horse; and instantly his back was turned the ruffian shot him through the head. Mr. Rees relates another occurrence displaying the cruelty of the native soldiery; it is known as the fate of the Shahjehanpore refugees:—

“A party of the men who had served under Orr, when he commanded a king's regiment during the native rule, forced themselves upon the party as an escort. Captain Orr, before allowing the Sepoys to accompany them, as well as himself and his family, first made them swear on the head of a Brahmin jemadar, or native officer, the most sacred oath a Hindoo can take, that they would not touch a hair of their heads. They had scarcely set out a short distance, however, when the Sepoys obliged the ladies and children to leave their carriages and to walk. The gentlemen, fourteen in number, were murdered, one by one, near Mithowly, and the whole of the ladies and children, certain of their coming fate, assembled together in one body, were shot down while kneeling and singing a hymn.”

On the occasion of the mutiny of the military cavalry police of Lucknow, Captain Weston signalized himself by an act of daring—one of the many chronicled by Mr. Rees. It was on the night of the 11th of June that the men rebelled. On hearing of it, the captain galloped to their barracks, attended by two native sowars only, and forthwith harangued the Sepoys. His undaunted bearing astounded them:

“He rode up alone, and entering into parley with them, asked permission to address them. This they said he could not be allowed to do without the sanction of the chief they had elected. This man, mounted on horseback, who directed all their movements, and who every now and then waved his sword at us and animated his men, however, refused to sanction his speaking to the Sepoys, a proof that he feared that officer's remonstrance might lead some of the men to return to their duty. One fellow levelled his musket at Captain Weston. Bravery, even with such barbarous scoundrels as the Sepoys had proved themselves to be, *always* insures respect. A dozen arms were at once thrust forward to strike down the

musket of the ‘would-be murderer. ‘What,’ said they, ‘who would kill such a brave man as this’ Captain Weston rode back to our force unharmed.”

Mr. Rees goes too far, when he says that valour “always” exacted respect from the native soldiery. Unfortunately, the instance cited is a startling exception, not the illustration of a rule. In a thousand other cases the Sepoys displayed scarcely credible baseness, vindictiveness, and ferocity.

With the termination of June came the disastrous affair at Chinhutt. We take up the thread of events from the 23rd. On the morning of that day, as “A Staff Officer” informs us, a letter was received from Colonel (afterwards General) Neill, commanding Allahabad, reporting all well. 750 Europeans had arrived, and 1,000 more were expected next day. This announcement raised the hopes of Sir H. Lawrence; but the gleam was to be transient. The same day, at sunset, a communication from Sir Hugh Wheeler stated that things were at the very worst with him. Sir Henry could only reply that he was himself threatened by eight or ten native regiments, encamped near Lucknow. As it was subsequently discovered, a far larger force even than this had been prepared for the annihilation of the devoted garrison.

At the same period a reward of a lac of rupees was offered for the Nana, dead or alive, and cholera, which had been ravaging the Residency, was only abated to be succeeded by small-pox, to which several of the ladies fell victims.

Sir Henry was in this dilemma when he resolved to attack the enemy at Chinhutt. That unfortunate attempt “A Staff Officer” passes over in a paragraph, avoiding details, and scarcely stating the result. Mr. Rees, however, devotes to it an entire chapter; and, as an active and gallant combatant in the affair, describes it with much force.

Spies reported to Sir Henry Lawrence that the enemy were posted ten miles from Lucknow, 5,000 strong. Those traitorous informants had an understanding with the rebels, and purposely misled us. Instead of five, the native chiefs had over fifteen thousand men, strongly placed, and having a heavy artillery. Thus we

were snared; and had the rebel leader's plans not been frustrated by the misconceptions of his subordinates, not a single British soldier would have survived the retreat. There were other things against us. The moment the fight began, the police force, which had for a long time been wavering, went over to the enemy, apparently by a preconcerted arrangement. At the same time, the native gunners, without firing a shot, cut the traces of their horses, and escaped, some going over to the opposite side, others dashing into the country to spread everywhere the intelligence of our utter defeat. After much good blood had been fruitlessly shed, and many deeds of heroism performed, Sir Henry ordered a retirement, and the enemy, having pursued feebly, the Residency was again reached, and from that day the Siege Proper began.

The enemy's cavalry were led by a European! This villain, who wore the undress of a European officer, was a young man of twenty-five, tall, handsome, and apparently an excellent soldier. He was seen waving his sword, and rallying his men. Mr. Rees thinks he may have been a Russian, or one of the renegade Christians, who had assumed native habits for corrupt purposes. In later emergencies, it was also perceived that the enemy had obtained the assistance of European leaders.

The retreat was broken and disorderly; but several of the British cavalry exhibited great humanity, even to wounded Sepoys of our few faithful companies. One gallant fellow dismounted, gave his horse to the bleeding man, and ran for his life:—

"In fact, almost every cavalry volunteer was encumbered with two, three, and even four foot soldiers—one, perhaps, holding his hand, another laying fast hold on the crupper, the tail of the horse, or the stirrup, or on all together."

Our merchant author tells strange stories of out-of-the-way wounds received in this action. Were his veracity not unimpeachable, and the thing stated probable, though strange, we should express incredulity regarding Lieutenant Farquhar's dinner of lead, the nature of which the lieutenant himself describes in the following language:—

"As for myself, when I got to the

European hospital, I found Dr. Boyd, of the 32nd, and Dr. Fayer (both of whom I knew very well), ready to attend on me. They put me to a great deal of pain in probing the wound, and taking out pieces of the fractured jaw; but they could not make out what had become of the ball, and I was not wiser. The doctors believed at first that it was all up with me, thinking that the bullet had lodged in my head. Ten days afterwards, however, I discovered that I had swallowed and digested it;—my digestion must have been good at the time! The ball, on going through my jaw, must have taken the direction of my throat, and I must then have swallowed it, together with the blood collecting in my mouth. The ball, when it struck me, must have been getting spent; otherwise, it would probably have gone through both jaws, and come out on the opposite side."

The affair of Chindhutt weighed upon Sir Henry Lawrence. As his men were flying, he was observed standing on a bridge, wringing his hands, and exclaiming, in a state of abstraction, "My God! my God! and I brought them to this." He had been confident of success in the conflict, and would have secured it, had he not been studiously misled as to the position and strength of the Sepoy army. Anticipating a triumphant return, he had ordered his carriage to meet him half way; but the horses were taken out to escape with, and the vehicle left sticking in the sand. The British loss was serious: 118 European officers and men were killed, and 182 natives were slain or missing. Mr. Rees reprints an admirable sketch of the state of the Residency previous to the battle, from the pen of Lady Inglis; and a vivid picture of the engagement, by Mr. John Lawrence.

With this defeat came the crisis in Lucknow. Panic was universal. The standard of revolt floated in the ascendant. There was now nothing left but to garrison every defensible point in the Residency, and bear the attack of the victorious foe. When this necessity was perceived, ranks previously faithful rapidly thinned. The coolies first showed their heels. Many of the servants decamped. Ladies and gentlemen were, therefore, obliged to fulfil menial offices, even for the common soldiers, to allow the fighting men to continue at their posts. Drawing water, washing



clothes, and cooking food, were the least disagreeable of these duties. Privacy was destroyed. Class was abolished. Every man capable of digging a mine or trench was obliged so to employ himself, if he could not defend a rampart. At the outset, the volunteers, such as Mr. Rees, were awkward in martial affairs; but the worst shot soon became expert in the use of the rifle, as necessity quickened his eye, and rendered his hand steadier.

With the plan of the Residency and its purviews attached to the volume, the reader will be able to trace the nature of the Defence, and estimate its difficulties. In the Residency itself, which was the main object of attack throughout, there were cooped up from eight hundred to a thousand souls, officers, men, women, children, and wounded.

As has generally been the case in similar circumstances, during the earlier weeks of the Siege, the stock of provisions was not husbanded; and we are led to suppose, from Mr. Rees' remarks in certain cases, that regulations for economizing the resources of the garrison were pretermitted. Wine and brandy, which would have been invaluable in the smallest quantities to the sick at a later period, had been consumed without thrift.

Every thing that could be made to serve the purpose was converted into a barricade. The most novel of these defences was formed of the priceless library of Captain Hayes. This gentleman had collected an immense treasury of curious Oriental manuscripts, and the standard scientific works of almost every European nation, with dictionaries of almost every language spoken on earth, from the patois of Bretagne to Cingalese, Coptic, and ancient Chaldee. Little suspected he, while adding shelf to shelf, and heaping up his valuable literary store, at vast cost of time and money, that its ultimate use would be to stop the bullets of treacherous Sepoys. Yet, so it was; along with every available article of furniture, carriages, carts, boxes of stationery, and every conceivable household utensil, the captain's library withstood the enemy's fire through many a hot day's work.

Soon after the regular siege began, it was observed that the artillery of

the enemy did greater execution than the Sepoy gunners had been expected to attain. Afterwards it became known that European officers managed their guns. Mr. Rees accuses Captains Rotton and Savory of this infamy. The former was an Englishman, and we earnestly trust the author is mistaken, for it would be painful to believe that a British soldier would turn the cannon of the sanguinary barbarian on his own countrymen. Mr. Rees advances no proofs respecting the two individuals whom he names as traitors of the deepest dye, but describes them thus:

"Their character may well make them suspected of such treachery. They had both adopted native habits, costumes, and ideas, and had always kept aloof from European society. The former was a retired Company's officer, an Englishman, who for many years had received the pension of a captain. The latter was a man born in Lucknow, whose daughters were married to Mussulmans, and whose sons served as native officers or troopers in the late king's army. He himself commanded a portion of the ex-king's artillery. Both these persons were said to have adopted the Mahomedan faith.

"A Frenchman, named Leblond, as great a villain as ever breathed, also an apostate, probably likewise joined the insurgents; and a young man, whose name I do not wish to mention, on account of his family, was most probably the person who had commanded the enemy's cavalry at Chinhutt."

If true, this is very sad. After a short interval it was found that the Muchee Bawn could not be defended. It was, therefore, blown up. The shock resembled an earthquake. The French proverb, *Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes*, was illustrated in the case of one of the occupants of the fort, whose tale is thus told. Having been intoxicated and asleep in a corner,

"He had been thrown into the air, had returned unhurt to mother earth, continued his drunken sleep again, had awoke next morning, found the fort, to his surprise, a mass of deserted ruins, and quietly walked back to the Residency without being molested by a soul, and even bringing with him a pair of bullocks attached to a cart of ammunition. It is very probable that the debris of those extensive buildings must have seriously injured the adjacent houses, and even many of the rebel army,

thus giving the fortunate man the means of escaping."

On the 2nd of July, the brave Sir Henry Lawrence received his death-wound. A shell, bursting in the room where he sat, wounded him in the leg. Amputation was performed; but Mr. Rees makes the strongest reflections upon the skill of the surgeons, none of whose amputations were successful. Sir Henry's case was no exception. He died on the 4th, and so serious a matter was this regarded, that his demise was concealed from the garrison as long as possible. His corpse had no obsequies. A hurried prayer, and the earth received it, while the roar of the Sepoy artillery accompanied his funeral. In every respect he was a great man—one of India's most exalted heroes and ablest administrators. His fertility of resource was amazing; and he possessed one excellent quality in a man bearing serious responsibilities—namely, that accidental occurrences, disconcerting his plans, did not ruffle his usual composure, or unhinge his faculties. He was ever calm, seldom stern, never weak. He spoke little at all times; and from the moment when the siege reached its hottest, he wore a more cheerful aspect, as if struggling against the fatigues which oppressed his bodily capacity, and aiming at a bearing calculated to animate those whose fate was bound up with his own. His last act was the appointment of Colonel Inglis to command the troops, and Major Banks as his successor in the Commissionership.

July was the month of sorties, most of which were resultless. The severest were at Innes' outpost. In these efforts many were badly wounded, even where victory declared for the garrison, and the women had a more onerous task, day after day, in the hospital. Unburied carcasses of animals about this time began to accumulate, and the stench thence proceeding, joined to the influences of insufficient food, bad water, and no opportunities of cleanliness, produced an increased rate of sickness. In this month, too, the enemy's ammunition failed them, and they began to discharge round billets of wood, pieces of iron, copper coins, and even bullocks' horns—any thing, in fact, that was available. A rumour got abroad in the middle of the month that rein-

forcements were approaching; but it was a cruel invention. The best thing that befel the sufferers was a visitation of incessant and heavy rain for some days, which was valuable in a sanitary point of view. Until the garrison got accustomed to the noisy valour of Jack Sepoy, much trouble was given by the shouting of the enemy, as they intended attack. Their bugles would suddenly sound, and "Leea, leea, jalloo bahadour!" "It is taken (the entrenchment); advance, my braves!" would resound through their ranks, even when no movement was intended. There was meaning in this clamorous show of hostility, however, the foe manifestly thinking that such surprises would weary out the garrison.

In the early part of July the rebels made an attack of a determined nature, which the British, taking for one of the usual feints, had almost been entrapped into disregarding until too late. The alarm was given fortunately in time, and every arm was put in requisition to resist the assault. Even the sick were called out:—

"It was heartrending to see these poor fellows staggering along to the scenes of action, pale, trembling with weakness, and several of them bleeding from their wounds, which re-opened by the exertions they made."

It was a life or death struggle to each individual in the devoted remnant:—

"One unfortunate wretch, with only one arm, was seen hanging to the parapet of the hospital entrenchments, with his musket; but the momentary strength which the fear of being butchered in his bed and the desire of revenge had given him was too much for him. He died in the course of the day."

Had not the enemy, on another occasion, forgotten their ladders, Innes' outpost might have been taken. Every hour, in fact, revealed a new danger, which was only averted by a fresh act of heroism. The great conflict of July lasted for seven hours, and terminated in a loss of 1,000 men to the enemy. In the latter part of the month a plague of flies, as bad as Egypt's, passed over the Residency. The mass of putrid matter collected in corners of the outbuildings attracted dense flocks of those insects. They swarmed in millions. The ground was black with them; they mixed

with every article of food ; covered the dress, permitted no sleep, and added more than might be thought possible to the absolute horrors of this protracted Siege.

With the commencement of August came a diminution of food, and unsettling reports of mining by the enemy. "Our grand diet," says Mr. Rees, "consisted of coarse, exceedingly coarse, attah (ground corn, with all the husks unsifted), mashdall (a nasty black slippery kind of lentils), and bitter salt." It was now that the recklessness of the consumption indulged in at the beginning of the Siege was regretted. Tantalizing reports of succour added to the trying nature of each day's operations of defence. On the 14th of August there were symptoms of despair settling upon the previously buoyant workmen and soldiers. The regular European losses were about eight per day, while occasional serious occurrences terminated fatally to four or five times that number. On the 17th, things were at a crisis of peril, and the men seemed to be on the brink of loss of reason. Our author utters his deep cry at length, and he was all through particularly sanguine :—

"As for death, it stares one constantly in the face. Not daily, not hourly, but minute after minute, second after second, my life, and every other's, is in jeopardy. Balls fall at our feet, and we continue the conversation without remark; bullets graze our very hair, and we never speak of them. Narrow escapes are so very common that women and children cease to notice them."

On the 30th of August there was a glimmer of hope given to the garrison. Ungud, the messenger from Cawnpore, arrived with news that our troops had everywhere beaten the enemy, but had been obliged to retire on Cawnpore temporarily for reinforcements. But was he a reliable person? Could the tale be true? It was very generally disbelieved.

"A siege," writes Mr. Rees, in his journal at this date—

"Is, certainly, the best school to learn character. People show themselves in their true light, and throw off the mask they wear in society. One's good or bad character becomes apparent at once. Many a kind action here I have seen performed by people whom I had considered harsh and proud; and men with

smiling faces, polite, and noted for their obliging disposition, proved themselves selfish in the extreme. They might enjoy delicacies before your face, and though they knew you to be hungry, would never ask you to partake of them, even if they had more than enough for themselves. People to whom, during the first month of the siege, I had given all sorts of little luxuries, afterwards refused me a handful of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, or a few leaves of tea, and yet they had stores of all. It was infamous! Self, self, self—how general that feeling was, especially among the rich. And a poor serjeant's wife, or a common soldier, would occasionally give me a something that, though in the everyday course of life one would scarcely say a 'thank you' for, is now prized above gold, pearls, diamonds, and rubies, of which, *apropos*, one may have as many as one pleases for a few rupees, for a cigar, a glass of brandy, or a little tobacco."

In September the prices were—"attah," one rupee per seer; ghee (very rancid), ten rupees per seer; sugar, sixteen rupees a seer; country leaf-tobacco, two rupees a leaf; a dozen of brandy, 180 rupees—and the last was scarcely to be had at all. Deprat, the Frenchman of our previous acquaintance, Mr. Rees' companion, having closed a brave career in this month, and being known as a loose individual in the matter of religious views, was refused Christian sepulture by the Roman Catholic chaplain, who receives, in consequence, a sharp castigation from the author. The Protestant pastor acted very differently. Mr. Rees says of Deprat:—

"Throughout the siege Deprat behaved splendidly. At Gubbins's battery he acted as an artillery officer as well as a rifleman, and performed some deeds of bootless boldness which none but a Frenchman or a madman would think of. 'Come on!' would he often shout in his broken Hindostanee 'come on ye cowardly sons of defiled mothers! Are you afraid to advance? Are you men or women?' And then the reply—'Cursed dog of an infidel! I know thee! Thou art Deprat, the Frenchman, living near the Iron bridge. We'll yet kill you. Be sure of this. Here goes!' and a rifle-ball would whistle past his ears."

Mr. Rees seems—we may say here—to be very partial to the Volunteers; their feats of valour were im-

mense. On the 22nd of September sounds of joy ran through the garrison; spies, whose tidings could not be doubted, brought word that Generals Havelock and Outram were approaching.

Courage, brave garrison; deliverance is nigh. See, the victorious British are entering the city. How terrific is the cannonade that rages! Cover that bridge of boats with the telescope; observe that it is covered with the flying "Babalogue." Hurrah! Again; hurrah!

The Highlanders are nearing the Residency, after tremendous street-fighting. The enthusiasm is inexpressible. Some laugh with joy; others cry like children. The sick leap into newness of life. The wounded feel their pain no longer. They cheer in their beds, as the sounds without tell what a great redemption has been achieved. Dying men on their pallets expire in the effort to utter their rejoicing, and every heart, even the most debased and sceptical, is resolved into prayer. As the deliverers pour in, the shouts recur through the lines—those hearty rallying cries of a despairing host. The saviours, officers and men, are shaken by the hand, and inundated with questions.

"How eagerly we listened to their stories! With what sentiments of gratitude, and pride, and pleasure, we heard what sympathy our isolated position had excited, not only throughout India, but in all classes of people in England! With what anxiety we, who had been shut out of all communication with the rest of the world, listened to the news they brought us of the stations of India. We now heard the true particulars of the Cawnpore massacre for the first time. But we also heard how fearfully that gallant officer, Brigadier Neill, had exacted vengeance for the dishonour and murder of our countrywomen, the relatives and friends of many in the garrison. It was with grief and sorrow, mingled with a savage delight at the vengeance inflicted upon at least some of the murderers, that we received this news."

That night was a pleasant one in the garrison; and among the good things related by the new comers was the following:—

"A Highlander's piper, who had lost his way, suddenly found one of the enemy's cavalry, sabre in hand, about to

cut him down. His rifle had been fired off, and he had no time to use his bayonet. 'A bright idea,' said he, 'struck me. All at once I seized my pipe, put it to my mouth, and gave forth a shrill tone, which so started the fellow, that he bolted like a shot, evidently imagining that it was some infernal machine.'"

A few days afterwards gloom again pervaded the garrison, when it was discovered that the Sepoys had burned some of our wounded alive, and cut up the rest in the most horrible manner. Havelock had not arrived a moment too soon. It would have been impossible for the Residency to have held out much longer. Every portion of it had been perforated with cannon balls: 435 cannon balls, that fell in the brigade mess, "were actually counted," 10,000 cannon balls, by Mr. Rees' estimate, fell within the defences; the musket bullets had reached myriads, and the defence had lost us 400 men, who slept in the churchyard.

Plenty, for a time, followed Sir Henry Havelock's coming. The Tehree Kothee, a palace on the river side, had fallen into our hands, and plunder was the order of the day:—

"Everywhere might be seen people helping themselves to whatever they pleased. Jewels, shawls, dresses, pieces of satin, silk, broadcloths, coverings, richly embroidered velvet saddles for horses and elephants, the most magnificent divan carpets, studded with pearls, dresses of cloth of gold, turbans of the most costly brocade, the finest muslins, the most valuable swords and poniards, thousands of flint guns, caps, muskets, ammunition, cash, books, pictures, European clocks, English clothes, full-dress officers' uniforms, epaulettes, aiguillettes, manuscripts, charms; vehicles of the most grotesque forms, shaped like fish, dragons, and sea-horses; imauns, or representations of the prophet's hands, cups, saucers, cooking utensils, china-ware enough to set up fifty merchants in Lombard-street, scientific instruments," &c.

What were these baubles to a starving garrison? There was but a small quantity of provisions found in the places entered by the troops, and the recruitment of the British force rendered necessary, when the place was re-besieged, a very careful use of the small stock of food remaining.

The defection of Maun Sing, Mr. Rees attributes to the failure of Gene-

ral Havelock in his attempt to clear the city. This powerful chief had been wavering, but now went over to the enemy; and his, and other cases of a similar kind, extort from the author the remark:—"There is no such word as gratitude in the Hindoostanee language. 'Nimakhalaly' only means 'fidelity to one's salt.' Natives, in future, must be ruled with a rod of iron."

The renewed Siege continued with few fresh incidents. Stimulated by our failure, the native army took heart again, and things would soon have been even worse at the Residency than before the arrival of the Generals, had not Sir Colin Campbell providentially been despatched to India in the nick of time, and had he not, with the spirit of a true soldier, and the promptitude of genius, hurried up from Calcutta to take the command of an inadequate force, rather than risk the ultimate and disgraceful loss of so gloriously defended a spot as the Lucknow Residency. On the 10th of November the Commander-in-Chief was reported at Alumbagh. Into the operations undertaken by Sir Colin "A Staff Officer" does not enter. He stops his diary with the first relief. On the whole, his narrative, (if such it can be called) is meagre. Mr. Rees, on the other hand, brings down his attractive record to the final victory, though it must, in justice to the original garrison be borne in mind, that the period of highest peril and greatest renown was that which preceded the coming of Havelock.

The episode of Mr. Kavanagh's visit to Sir Colin Campbell with despatches, is the most striking feature in the later chapters. This gentleman volunteered for a hazardous enterprise. Disguised as a Budmash, or irregular soldier of the city, bearing sword and shield, wearing native-made shoes, tight trousers, a yellow silk koordah, a cream-coloured turban, and his face and shoulders coloured with lamp-black, he penetrated the rebel army in safety, passing their sentries closely, and brought to the Alumbagh to Sir Colin a full account of the state of Lucknow. He rendered eminent service by this daring act.

When the Commander-in-Chief

entered the Residency on his finally triumphing over the Sepoys, an incident occurred which evinced his readiness to administer a sharp and deserved rebuke:—

"Mr. Gubbins, amongst others, pressed forward to meet the general, who, according to what we then heard, was invited by him to a dinner, which was accepted. It is said there were champagne and claret, *sauccisses aux truffes*, hermetically sealed, and truffled provisions of all kinds, vegetables and meats in plenty, provided for his Excellency's palate; but Sir Colin, far from feeling pleased at the splendid repast spread out for him, refused to partake of it. 'How is it, Mr. Gubbins, that these things were not given to the starving garrison?' were his words."

Mr. Rees has another tale regarding Sepoy impertinence in playing, as they marched against us, such orthodox British airs on their bands as "The Standard-Bearer's Watch," "See the Conquering Hero comes," and, worst of all, the endeared strains of "The Girl I left behind me!" There was a good deal of suffering to the weak in moving from the Residency, but Sir Colin's care of them was unceasing and tender. There was some hard, though desultory fighting, too, during the progress of which Sir Henry Havelock expired. Mr. Rees simply, but not without force, epitaphs the hero and the Christian:—

"Havelock had been a religious man. He had always family worship, and never undertook an expedition without having previously implored the Divine aid. It was this confidence in Providence which made him go on to assumed victory, and to conquer every difficulty in his way."

We may here suitably conclude our resumé of the Great Defence of Lucknow—an event in Indian history which has no parallel since the conquest of Clive. The exhibitions of moral dignity made while it continued, by British soldiers, under circumstances of the most trying nature, reflect credit upon the national character; and it is not too much to say that these have done more to convince the Sepoy of our superiority in arms, and the world of our undiminished military spirit, than would the most brilliant exploits in the open field.

## LIFE AND DEATH IN TIPPERARY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

## CHAPTER I.

THE scene was a brilliant one to those who witnessed it. The barn was wide, high, and smoothly floored, so that no inequalities incommoded the footing of the dancers. Goodly-sized tallow candles were stuck in the corners of the apartment, flaring out luridly, as the blaze of each wavered and flickered in a breeze that occasionally pierced the chinks of the doors.

Neddy Nogher, the half-blind fiddler, with white eyebrows and eyelashes, and Jack Mulligan, the whole-blind piper, sat near each other at the head of the ball-room, now and then exchanging low words of conversation, and uttering mysterious chucklings, while the young ladies of the party were ranged modestly all together, in a line against one of the walls, arrayed in all the splendour of new and gaudy cotton gowns, and waiting to be bowed out of their seats by the gallant youths who formed an opposition line of attraction. There were, besides, knots of elderly and married women, who had come to look on and gossip together; and pervading the atmosphere strongly was an odour of tobacco and whiskey—for Neddy and Jack liked pipes and poteen, and whenever the dancers paused to rest themselves each musician regaled himself to his heart's content. They had both just finished a good smoke.

"Now, Neddy, give us the reel of Tullyugly," called out a dashing young fellow with a profusion of dark hair and whisker, and a bandit light in his black eye, as he started from his seat and stood in the middle of the floor; "strike it up, man, for it's the finest tune you know!"

"Bedad that's true for you, Peter Fogarty," said a dwarfish little woman, scarcely four feet high, who stood among a group of lookers on; "but it's yerself that knows what's what." This last speaker stood in all the freedom of widowhood for the second time in her life, and, in spite of her large head and short figure, was still a favourite with the darker sex.

"Catch Pety ever makin' a mistake

about the purtiness of a tune or anythin' else," observed an elderly unmarried female, whose features and wits had become rather sharpened by time; and instinctively, as she spoke, her eye wandered to a spot where the fairest girl in the barn was sitting. Never did West-end ball-room contain a more beautiful creature. Slight and graceful, with features nobly formed, and cheeks slightly flushed, she sat leaning against the black wall of the barn, her red lips a little parted, so as to disclose teeth like pearls. There was much pride in the expression of her countenance—almost hauteur; and her eye had a dreamy look, as if her thoughts were not centred upon any thing present; her dress was neat, her hair arranged in many a glossy braid, and the small hand that she raised occasionally to press upon her forehead, showed that she was not accustomed to hard work. The eyes of Mrs. Fagan, the before-mentioned dwarfish widow, followed the direction of those of her companion, and something of grave distrust was marked upon her countenance as she contemplated the figure of the barn belle; and when she withdrew her eyes from her, she fixed them upon the athletic form of Peter Fogarty with a strange, uncertain expression. Neddy Nogher was tuning his fiddle, displaying during the process many a grotesque contortion of visage, common to such operations, and having tightened the strings and given a screw here and there, commenced the first note of Tullyugly, whereupon Peter Fogarty approached the spot where the beauty of the night was sitting, and with a deep, by no means ungraceful, bow before her, denoted that he solicited her hand for the coming dance. Perhaps one or two people in the barn might have observed that another young man had started from his position against the wall, as soon as Neddy's first strains of the reel were poured forth, and with eye fixed upon the beautiful Nelly Dillon, had seemed intent upon

claiming her for his partner ; but on seeing that Peter Fogarty was too quick for him, he shrank back with a crest-fallen air, and sat down again, as if dancing with any one but Nelly could afford him no pleasure.

"It isn't fair to ask me to dance so often, Pety," murmured Nelly, as she arose to become Fogarty's partner.

"Musha faith, an' I have as much right to you as any one here," replied the youth in an undertone, with a quick flash of his dark eye.

Very dejected and perturbed was the crest-fallen Denis Ryan, as he sat against the barn wall, looking on the ground, while Neddy Nogher's arm waxed more vigorous each moment, filling the apartment with the strains of Tullyugly, which were kept time to by the clatter of a score of feet.

"Isn't it a pity that a body can't stay longer?" murmured a pretty young woman with a consumptive flush on her cheek, as, at the close of this dance, she caught up a sleepy child in her arms, and prepared to leave the barn. "See what it is to be married, Mrs. Fagan, with half-a-dozen children;" and with a sigh of real regret, the fair young mother departed.

"Nancy the crathur's sorry to go so early," said Mrs. Fagan, nodding her large head gravely, as a whiff of wind, consequent on the opening and closing of the door, blew through the barn. "They say the husband bates her, an' more shame for him. What d'ye say to that, Pety Fogarty? Has a man a right to bate his wife?"

"To be sure he has if she deserves it," replied Peter, shortly.

"Then may ye never get a wife, bad cess to ye!" shouted Mrs. Fagan, flinging a clod of turf at him. "Now girls, what d'ye say to that? Which o' yez 'id take him afther them words?"

"Oh, not one of them, to be sure!" exclaimed Pety, with a half-sneering expression. "I wouldn't like to make the thrial, Mrs. Fagan."

"Maybe ye think ye'd get any one o' them ye liked," retorted Mrs. Fagan.

"Ay, and them I didn't like, maybe, too," said Pety.

There was a shout raised at this ; and as Fogarty's tall figure stood erect in the middle of the barn, muttered sentences of "Bad luck to his impudence!" "Set him up, indeed!" "I'd like him to go for

to ask me!" "Did ye ever hear the like!" ran through the female department, while, among the men, some smiled, because the girls were vexed, and others looked as fierce and angry as jealousy could make them. Pety, who seemed the moving spirit of the scene, now called for another tune, and, with a quickness peculiar to her, Mrs. Fagan saw that he was meditating another dance with Nelly Dillon, when she called out,

"Here, Pety, you'd better take the widow this time, for bedad I don't think any o' the girls 'ill like to dance wid ye afther what has passed!" and stepping forward, the lively Mrs. Fagan stuck her hands in her sides, and jigged away, throwing her head from side to side, with movements more comical than graceful.

"Oh, with all the pleasure in life!" replied Fogarty, gallantly, "I'm highly honoured;" and, amid the laughter of many present, the quick-witted widow became his partner.

"Isn't Bet Fagan the pleasant woman?" whispered Nelly Dillon to her next neighbour, who fully assented to the observation. With all her seeming careless gaiety, Mrs. Fagan had some very deep thoughts too; and, as she stood before her chosen partner, she gave a sly glance of encouragement to Denis Ryan, as she observed him advancing slowly to the fair Nelly, who, as well as her partner, looked confused and sheepish when she got up to dance. Every thing pleasant must have an end in this world, and so had the dance that night in the barn. The candles grew shorter and shorter; one by one the elderly women dropped away; and such sentences as "Come, Kitty, how will you be up for the washin' at daylight tomorrow;" or, "Oh, bedad I'm fairly bet out now any how wid the sleep!" or, "Ah thin, musha I wish a body could dance for ever!" burst forth from the lips of sundry fair ones as the party was breaking up.

"Dinny Ryan's to go home wid you, Nelly," said the Widow Fagan, as she strutted over to Nelly Dillon. "Yer father laid them commands upon me. 'Bet,' says he, 'if you see Dinny at the dance, let him, an' no other, bring Nelly home.' So I said I would. I'd go wid you myself, only I'm goin' off wid Dan Phelan to

the fair at Knockmayle; an' I'm not intendin' to go home at all."

"And who was Dillon afraid 'id run away wid Nelly?" asked Pety Fogarty, with a dark sneer on his face, which the shrewd widow remarked quickly enough.

"Oh, bedad, there's many's the one 'id be glad to make off wid her," she replied, jokingly.

"He isn't afraid of Dinny, though," observed Peter, dryly.

"Dinny's a neighbour's son, you know, and Pat has every dependence upon the family. Besides that, you know," lowering her voice, "Dinny's so quiet in himself, he's a'most like a young woman."

Peter looked out darkly into the night. The barn door was wide open, and the stars glimmered faintly in the sky. He put his hat on and walked out. He had scarcely gone many steps when a light figure came hurriedly towards him, and a hand gently touched his arm.

"Pety"

"Well, Nelly?"

"For the love of all that's good, don't go wid the boys to the still to-night. I heerd that the gauger's men are huntin' close upon it, an' there'll be murder, surely."

"What do I care?" muttered Fogarty, angrily. "I don't care a whistle for still or gauger; and as for the murder——"

"Oh, keep out o' murder, any how, Pety," hurriedly broke in Nelly. "Sure they say you had a hand in killin' Mither Cooke, of Crossnalik."

"Who says it?" interrupted Fogarty, fiercely, adding, in a defiant tone, "an' if I had a hand in killin' Cooke, didn't he deserve it? There isn't a landlord in Tipperary had as good a right to a shot."

"Keep out o' mischief, any how," whispered Nelly; and with this parting injunction she left him to join Denis Ryan, who was waiting to escort her home. The night, though breezy, had a warmth very unusual at that season of the year. It was already November, and still the blackberries hung on the bramble bushes, and the hoarse croak of the rail could be heard far in the meadows. Denis and Nelly took a short cut through the fields, and for some time their walk was pursued in silence. At length Denis spoke.

"I'm thinkin', Nelly, you can't care for me as much as I care for you, or you wouldn't vex me the way you do, dancin' and cocherin' wid that ill-conducted fellow, Pety Fogarty, fornint every body."

"What can I do whin he spakes to me?" asked Nelly, in a slightly offended tone. "Don't I know him since I was the height o' that," laying her hand very near the ground indeed; "and whin he calls me to dance I can't refuse; it wouldn't be manners."

"But, sure, if you weren't civil to him he wouldn't be wid you so often," said Denis. "The country's talkin' of you all round, sayin' yer makin' a fool o' me."

"Who cares what the country says?" said Nelly, whose eye flashed in the starlight; "it says many's the thing that isn't true."

"But, Nelly, I've got eyes myself," murmured Ryan.

"Dinny!" exclaimed the girl, passionately, "if I thought you doubted me, even for a minnit, I'd lave you at wonst! I'd never open my lips to bid ye the time o' day again!" And as she uttered the words her proud face looked prouder than ever. "Were ever one o' Pat Dillon's childher counted to tell lies; and haven't I told you, over and over again, that I'd never care for one as I care for you?"

"I know that, Nelly; but——"

"Not a sintince more!" interrupted Nelly. "You've got my word, and that's enough."

The white walls of farmer Dillon's house now rose up to view. It was a comfortable domicile, clean and tidy, and more commodious than the generality of such houses in Ireland. It had its yard and garden, its detached out-offices; and the goodly-sized field in the rear was still stocked with potatoes, waiting to be dug out for winter and spring use. There was hay and straw in abundance, already gathered in, and altogether an air of peace and plenty reigned round this rustic home. Pat Dillon was as honest a man as Tipperary could boast of; and Tipperary has its true hearts as well as any other county in Ireland. His sons were many, and all of unblemished reputations. Not one of them had ever cracked a skull, or fired at a landlord in his life; and no



relative of the family, for the last thirty years, had been hung, which was saying a good deal for the Tipperary respectability of the Dillons.

Pat had two daughters. The elder one a steady, dark-haired maiden who eschewed dances and merry meetings; the other our fair friend, Nelly, who was the youngest of the family, and the pet and pride of the house. The farmer had for some time been aware that Denis Ryan was attached to his pretty daughter; and as he belonged to a family quite as respectable as his own, and was, moreover, a well-conducted, handsome young fellow, neither he nor his wife had any objection to a match taking place between the young people. Denis had, certainly, nothing to fear from his sweetheart's parents; but there were times when a dread entered his breast that Nelly was only influenced by her family in receiving his attentions and tolerating his addresses. There were dark rumours afloat that she and Peter Fogarty had been lovers, even in childhood; and he knew well that, as a wild lad in his teens, Peter had hovered round Nelly, continually devoted to her every wish. If Nelly had wanted a bird's nest from the top of the highest tree, who had she always asked to climb for it? Pety. And did he ever refuse her? Oh, no! he never did; nor would he if she had asked him to do much more for her. He gathered flowers from wild hills, and berries from the mountains for her, as offerings of his youthful love; and if he shot a snipe or woodcock he presented it always to her. His boyish adoration may have passed away; but if it had, it was only succeeded by the deep undying love of manhood. Ardent of temperament, Fogarty loved

her almost to madness; and it can hardly cause surprise that he looked upon Denis Ryan, who was openly allowed to pay his court to her, as a dangerous and hateful rival. There were dark reports about Pety in the neighbourhood. He bore a doubtful character; and though, as yet, no regular accusation of crime had been made against him, suspicion often rested on him, and it was whispered abroad that he was not a "safe person." Yet, somehow, the girls all admired him; and, perhaps, not a few were a little envious of the notice he bestowed upon Nelly Dillon. Among his own sex, however, he was looked upon as quite a black sheep; and there was not a farmer in the neighbourhood who would have liked a daughter or sister to become his wife.

Nelly and Denis parted at the house pretty good friends, and the latter returned to his own home a little relieved of some of his misgivings respecting his sweetheart's regard for Fogarty, though he still wished Nelly would more firmly resist the attentions of his rival. He feared the "country's talk;" and to hear Nelly's conduct commented upon did not please him.

Somewhere near his own house, he encountered a solitary figure bearing a blunderbuss: on nearer inspection it proved to be Fogarty, who, with a quick "fine night," passed him rapidly. Denis stopped to look after him, and he thought Pety stopped, too, but he could not be sure; perhaps it was only a bush that he took for his figure in the dim starlight.

"What work is he up to now?" thought Ryan, as he proceeded on his way.

## CHAPTER II.

"DID ye hear the news, girls?" asked Pat Dillon, as he came in to breakfast next morning.

"No, father; what is it?" asked the elder daughter, Kitty.

"Why, its said for certain that Tom Grogan, the gauger, was killed either last night or this mornin'. He was found with his head smashed to bits, down near the Devil's Pass, a few hours ago."

"The saints be good to us," ejaculated Kitty, as she placed a loaf on

the table; but it was evident that the information caused her comparatively little emotion,—not that she was particularly selfish or hard-hearted, but she was a Tipperary damsel, and accounts of midnight murders, or daylight assassinations, could not be expected to affect her nerves very powerfully. At the time we write of, and, mayhap, it is pretty much the same at the present period, there was scarcely a resident country gentleman in the county that did not expect to

have his life terminated at some time or other by a shot fired from behind a hedge, or whose death, under such circumstances, would have caused more than a few moments' surprise to his neighbours. To hear that a man was found murdered in this *locale*, occasioned about as much wonder as might have been excited in any other place by the information that a neighbour's cow or horse was discovered drowned in a pond.

"Grogan was a quiet man, then," said Kitty, as she went on getting breakfast.

"He was betther, *maybe*, than them that'll come in his place," said Dillon, shaking his head; "but you see he did something to vex them fellows that keeps the still above Knockshea, and its likely they were bent on killin' him."

"I wondher had Pety Fogarty any hand in it?" said Kitty.

"I wouldn't put it past him," observed Dillon, gravely; "an' if there's any thing I mislike it's that sort of underhand murder. Why, a regular fair fight's another different thing—it's honest work; but waylayin' an' onsuspectin' man's cowardly and thief like." And having uttered this sentiment the farmer proceeded to eat a hearty, homely breakfast.

During the repast Nelly had not spoken much; but a quick flush passed over her face whenever her father and sister mentioned the name of Fogarty; and by the tone in which both spoke of him, it was very evident that they had a marked meaning in condemning his mode of life.

"If I had my will," said Dillon, "I wouldn't wish ever to see Pety inside the door."

"Nor I either," replied Kitty. "I don't know how it is, or what the cause of it can be, but he makes me thrimble a'most whin I see him."

"Then why does he ever come here?" asked her father. "It's not to see me, I'm sure; for him an' I isn't in any ways frien'ly this long time; an' now I'll be stiff all out wid him on account of this business of Grogan. I hear, Nelly, that you an' Pety danced a dale together last night."

"We did, father," said Nelly, as boldly as she could, while her heart quivered nervously.

"He's as impudent as brass," added Kitty, emphatically, without looking

at Nelly, who, nevertheless, felt pained by the tone of her sister's voice.

"Can't we have done wid him entirely, and give him no more encouragement?" said Dillon. "I'm sure, if ye, girls, 'id give him the tratement he deserves, he'd soon stop comin' to the house."

"Bedad, I look black enough at him," replied Kitty, with sincerity.

Nelly's face was pale, her lips compressed, and a dark light beamed from her downcast eye. That she was agitated, and yet endeavouring to suppress all sign of emotion, was very evident.

"Fogarty's father was a decent man," said Dillon, after a pause; "an' him an' I were comrades many a year ago. I'm not the man to give up the son of an ould frin', if he behaved respectable in himself; but I'm the last man in Tip'rary to countenance an idle, schamin' fella like Pety, an' what's more, I wouldn't wish to have it reported that he an' me, or any one belongin' to me, was great wid other. Glory be to God, I'd rather see one o' my daughters in her coffin than marrid to the same Pety Fogarty!"

"An' small blame to ye, father," rejoined Kitty, as she hastily mended the fire.

"Neither I nor yer mother 'id hoal up our heads another hour if the like happened," continued Pat.

"It's not here Pety 'ill ever dhrame of lookin' for a wife, I'm thinkin'," said Kitty, with a short laugh, and a furtive look at her sister, whose head was now bent low over a stocking she was knitting.

"He may look if he likes, but he 'll never get one out o' my house," observed Dillon, significantly, as he arose from the table and quitted the house.

When he was gone, the sisters did not speak for some time. Nelly continued her knitting, and Kitty went about putting up the breakfast things—wiping cups and saucers carefully before ranging them on the white, well scoured dresser; then she swept the floor, and taking her spinning-wheel from the corner where it usually passed the night, placed it in a more convenient position for use. There was soon a monotonous sound whirling through the apartment, as Kitty

sat before her wheel, drawing down a great mop of flax by slender threads. Almost in total silence the two girls thus sat pursuing their occupations, till the dinner hour arrived, bringing in their father and brothers; their mother had not yet returned from the fair at Knockmayle. After partaking of a very hasty meal, eaten without the least appetite, Nelly declared her intention of going to meet her mother, observing that she had promised to do so, to help to carry parcels for her.

"Very well," replied her father; "you'll not have to go far, for she said she'd be home afore nightfall. Her an' Bet Fagan was to come home wid other."

Nelly went to put on her cloak, whose hood was to serve as a covering for her pretty head; and as she was adjusting it, she heard her father observe to his sons, "Boys, I'm thinkin' we ought to put a stop to all acquaintance wid Pety Fogarty; it's high time it was done, for he's not fit company for decent people."

"Faith, he's not," said the elder son, "it's a disgrace to have any call to him; an' bedad, there's a nice report goin', that him an' Nelly's makin' up a match!"

"Who says it?" asked Dillon, sternly. "Who dar' say it? Come here, Nelly, and tell us what *raison* people has to talk this way."

"They think, I suppose, they have a right to say what they like," replied Nelly.

"That's no answer," said Dillon, sternly, as he took her arm. "D'ye hear, little girl—an' mind it's yer fa-

ther's spakin' to ye—if I knew you to give Fogarty the laist encouragement in the worl', I'd niver look at you more. Promise now—there's a good colleen, an' ye needn't look so frightened—that you won't spake to him ever again, more than to bid him the time o' day."

The girl was silent; her brothers looked grave, with eyes bent on the floor.

"Will ye spake out, Nelly Dillon?" cried the father in a tone of authority.

Still the girl stood silently before him; her face pale as ashes, and an indignant light burning in her eye. Seldom before had Pat Dillon spoken so hastily to his pet child; but now he was trembling with passion, as he again seized her arm, exclaiming—

"Say that you'll not spake or dance any more with Pety Fogarty, as ye value yer father's good opinion, and don't stand there like an obstinate mule!"

"No, father, I'll never promise that," replied Nelly, in a firm voice.

"And why not, young woman?"

"Because I'll never say the thing I don't intend to keep to; an' if you an' all here think Pety Fogarty's more to me than all my own people, sure you're welcome to think it!" and with an air of mortified pride the damsel hastily left the house.

"She niver tould me a lie yet," said Dillon as soon as she was gone; "an' it's not the likes of her that id go for to bring disgrace on her people."

### CHAPTER III.

The November evening grew swiftly dusky—a saltness almost oppressive was in the atmosphere; scarcely a leaf was stirring, so still was the air. Gradually, however, as the night advanced, a murmuring breeze ran through the tree-tops, by degrees swelling into a stiff gale; thick dark clouds hung over the distant mountains, and the muttering of far-off thunder broke upon the ear.

"That'll be the terrible night," murmured Kitty Dillon, as she looked out upon the storm. "Glory! there's a flash in earnest!" And for an instant a gleam of forked light-

ning danced in jagged brightness through the kitchen, followed by a loud rattling peal of thunder. "I hope mother and Nelly isn't under that rain," she continued, closing the door.

"They're takin' shelter somewhere, you may be sure," replied Dillon, lighting his pipe composedly; "they wouldn't be that foolish to come on till the storm's over."

Kitty waited for an hour beyond the usual time, before getting supper ready, but at length seeing no sign of her mother's arrival, she prepared it, and it was partaken of with some

solemnity, as the thunder crashed louder and louder, and the rain splashed violently, till rivulets streamed down hill-sides to the plains below. A few stragglers dropped in for shelter, and fresh fuel being piled on the fire, there was a good deal of conversation touching the storm. Various anecdotes were told respecting cattle killed, men struck senseless, and whole houses burnt up by lightning—all of which served to beguile the time, though they certainly did not contribute much towards supporting Kitty's spirits, or allaying her fears of being suddenly killed herself, or seeing some of her companions laid prostrate each moment.

One intelligent, elderly wayfarer, who seemed to possess a very extensive knowledge of thunder-storms in general, told a remarkably edifying story relative to lightning and orangemen in the North.

"It's a good many years ago, now," he said, drawing near the fire, and replenishing his pipe, "that I knew Phil Branegan in the county Monaghan—a dacent man he was till the divil got possession of him; an' it happened that he had a convey-nient house that the Orange lads thought id answer for a lodge. What did they do but ask him to let it to them—an', bedad, though he scrupled about it at first, knowin' well it wasn't holy to have any thing to say to them fellows—the thought o' gain came into his head, glory to the Lord—an' he agreed to give the place up to them for a brave sum o' money. The night afore the Orange meetin' was to be held in it, he was gettin' every thing ready for to go out next mornin' whin the awfulest storm arose. I mind it well, an' bedad the hailstones wor as big as new praties, and the lightnin' was flamin' out o' the sky like a hundhred burnin' candles. Well, to make a long story short, Phil Branegan was knocked dead as a door nail, and half the house was burnt away. Father Pat Reilly was the first that entered the house next day; for there wasn't one but him wasn't afraid to put a foot in it till he had stood in it himself, and search was made everywhere for the money Phil got from the Orangemen; but

the sorra farthin' ov it, glory to God, could ever be found; so that if the divil himself didn't swally it, no one knew what kem of it. There wasn't one that didn't think Branegan was kilt, because he let his house to the Orange lads; an', sure enough, it had every appearance of it."

"I wouldn't b'lieve it," said Dillon, in a tone of scepticism. "Them mericles doesn't happen now-a-days; and as to the disappearance o' the money, its very likely some crafty fella got in and took it, afore the rest o' the neighbours gathered in."

"Oh, bedad, there wasn't one in it afore Father Pat himself," replied the intelligent story-teller.

"Ah, thin, there's plenty of Orange lodges in the North still," continued Dillon; "an' the Almighty wouldn't go for to destroy one in particlker that way. Depend upon it, it was just an accident, like the way Mick Doolan's brown heifer was kilt by a thunderboulst last Lammas."

"Pat Dillon, ye may talk—but it was the quare accident; an' b'lieve me, no one, after that, had any thing to say to the Orangemen in them parts."

"It isn't many Orangemen we've got here," said Dillon, putting a coal in his pipe; "and I'm blest if we're any the betther of it. Sure Tipperary's noted for murder and misconduct all over the worl'!"

"There's a sperit in the Tipperary lads that isn't to be found any where else in Ireland," rejoined a powerful, rather ragged man, who was dripping with rain; "they're a mane set in the North, bearin' every oppression and insult, widout as much as liftin' a finger to right themselves. If every county was like Tipperary, Ireland id be a different place."

"Bedad if the Tipperary lads id keep their sperit to work in the fields, in place of shootin' all afore them, there id be greater comfort undher every roof," said Dillon, with determination.

"Well, Pat Dillon, you've quare notions any how," said the large dripping man, who having got some supper, and seeing the storm was abating, prepared to depart with his companions.

"It's time mother was here," observed Kitty, as she looked into the

night. It was near ten o'clock now ; and the moon and stars were again visible in a clear blue sky. She had hardly spoken the words, when two female figures were seen leisurely approaching the house.

"Here they are, father!" she cried eagerly ; "let me blow up the fire a bit." And stooping down, she blew some hoarse, strong breaths upon the half smouldering turf and sticks till they blazed brightly. In a few moments she heard her mother's voice exclaiming:—

"Ah, thin, Nelly, how well ye kem to meet me, after all your fine talk, an' me half kilt with the basket : its four stone weight, if its an ounce!"

Turning hastily around, Kitty beheld her mother and Bet Fagan standing in the kitchen.

"Where's Nelly?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"How would I know?" rejoined Mrs. Dillon sharply. She was a determined-faced woman, about fifty, most industrious and most strong, with one of those unbending implacable styles of visage often beheld among honest folk.

"What have you done with Nelly?" asked her husband.

"The sorra sight o' Nelly we seen the night," replied Bet Fagan, shortly.

"Thin, she wint to meet ye just after dinner," replied Kitty; "but maybe the thundher scared her, and she didn't go on."

"What way did ye come?" demanded Dillon.

"The way we always come—over the hills and through the Scully gap," said Mrs. Dillon.

"She must have missed you somewhere," replied Pat. "Were ye takin' shelter anywhere?"

"To be sure we were : we stopped full two hours, an' more, at Dan Phelan's ; but, sure, that's only a wee bit off. We might have met Nelly twice over afore we got there, if she had been comin' at all."

"Where is she, any how?" broke in Kitty, in a tone of concern, for sundry vague terrors were running through her mind, not the least of which was, that Nelly might have met with an untimely end from a stroke of lightning.

"Get up, Mick, an' go see where she is," said Mrs. Dillon, peremptorily, to one of her sons who was lounging,

half asleep, in a straw chair. "You can call in at all the neighbours, for its most likely she's afeard to come on her lone, its so late now."

Mick got up, rubbed his eyes, and, having refreshed himself by yawning two or three times, left the house in quest of his sister.

"Where d'ye think is she?" asked Bet Fagan in a low voice, addressing Kitty, with a strange, meaning light in her black eyes.

"Sure I don't know," replied the girl, starting at the peculiar expression of the widow's face. "Where would she be?"

Mrs. Fagan turned her large head away without speaking, and, gathering her cloak round her, muttered something about not liking to take her departure till she saw Nelly safe in.

"Did any body vex Nelly in any way?" asked Mrs. Dillon, as she flung herself wearily into the straw chair vacated by her son.

"She wasn't too well plazed, for certain, goin' out," said Kitty, looking over at her father.

"Her an' I had a few words together," said Pat ; "but, sure, that wouldn't keep her out till this hour."

"She's very high in herself," observed Mrs. Fagan. "Nelly has a great sperit."

"But its not wid her own father she'd go for to be angry," rejoined Mrs. Dillon gravely.

"Faith, then, she wint out o' the house short enough," thought Kitty, as she began to prepare some supper for her mother and Bet Fagan.

Mick Dillon did not return for nearly an hour, and when he did come back, he brought no tidings of Nelly ; he had searched for her in every cabin, as far as the Scully gap, without meeting with any one who knew where she was. Much consternation was caused by this information ; and while Pat Dillon and his wife and daughter were bewildered and horrified, Mrs. Fagan stood with eyes fixed upon the fire and lips compressed, as if some deep thought was perplexing her.

"I'd best go home," she observed, after having thus stood for some time.

"What d'ye think o' this business, Bet?" asked Mrs. Dillon slowly.

"What can I think?" said the widow evasively ; and then, brighten-

ing up, she added, in a cheering tone, "But you needn't be scared: you'll see Nelly 'ill turn up in the mornin' safe an' sound."

"I doubt it," said the mother, in a tremulous voice. "Something has happened her or she'd never stay out an hour afther night-fall; she never did."

"Well, don't fret any how," said Mrs. Fagan consolingly. "I'd keep a stout heart till mornin'; an', now, good night."

Thus saying, the widow went to-

wards the door, and as she passed Kitty, she gave a wink, as much as to say, "I want you out wid me." Kitty obeyed hurriedly, and they were soon outside the house, when Bet said, in a low voice—

"Don't mintion what I'm goin' to tell you, to any one inside, till to-morrow;" and she then whispered, in still lower tones, a few words in the girl's ear, which made her shudder and turn pale, though she pretended to hear them with indifference.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MRS. DILLON was not a scolding woman; but there was a stillness in her moods of displeasure or uneasiness often awful and oppressive to those who witnessed them. Thus, now, as she sat silently before the fire, looking darkly on the wasting turf and faggots, there was enough in her attitude and expression of countenance to weigh heavily on the spirits of her husband and daughter. Pat himself felt sorely troubled, and more than once went to the door with the intention of making another exploring expedition in search of the missing one, but always returned without lifting the latch; for where to go in that midnight hour, with only the stars for his guide, he could not tell. To wait with patience, then, till the morning should dawn, was his only resource; and sleep overcoming him, he retired softly to bed. Kitty also fell asleep in spite of herself, while waiting to see when her mother would rise from her position before the fire, and was soon snoring heavily in a dreamless slumber. Meanwhile, Mrs. Dillon remained motionless—the last spark of light had died out of turf and stick—the candle burned down, and there she sat in darkness and gloom, till the first glimmer of morning stole over the sky. Then rousing herself, she started up, wakened her husband and sons, and prepared the family breakfast with as much precision and alacrity as if she had not walked twenty miles the day before, and afterwards passed a sleepless night. The daylight did not bring much abatement of anxiety to the Dillons. The father missed the fair face of his lovely daughter from the family board; the mother felt, no one knew what;

Kitty was pale and wild-looking; her brothers silent and gloomy. When the unusually early meal had been hastily dispatched, the male portion of the family all went out in different directions in quest of the absent one; and with feelings of the most oppressive kind, the mother and daughter awaited whatever tidings time might bring them. Mrs. Dillon took up the unfinished stocking which Nelly, the day before, had been engaged in knitting, but hastily threw it down again as, for an instant, a spasm contracted her features. She then commenced an arduous task of patching and mending clothes; while Kitty's wheel sent forth its droning thrum. The arrival of Bet Fagan, as the day advanced, did not serve to make matters any better, in Kitty's estimation; she dreaded to meet the dark, meaning look of the widow's eyes, and her first inquiry, "Has Nelly come back yet?" called forth a rather cold answer in the negative. Bet shook her head, and that was worse still. Kitty drew down her flax with wonderful industry, and the wheel went round so fast, that Mrs. Fagan exclaimed at length—

"Musha, faith, Kitty, yerself's the fine spinner—good luck to ye! Ye'd bate any two in the country."

Mrs. Dillon spoke but little, and as Bet knew her way, she did not force her conversation upon her, but talked on cheerily, addressing no one in particular and expecting no answers. So the morning passed away. At length a man's heavy step was heard approaching the house. Kitty trembled, and a faintness seized her; Mrs. Fagan rose to her feet and stood immovably in the middle of the floor; the eyes of Mrs. Dillon were fixed on

the open doorway. Pale, with every feature bearing impress of some terrible emotion, Pat Dillon entered, and without uttering a word, sat down upon the nearest vacant seat.

"Where is she? what has happened?" demanded his wife, in a shrill, unnatural tone. "Have you found her? Is she dead?"

"She isn't dead," replied Dillon, in a tone of frightful calmness, as he removed his hat and laid it quietly down.

"Father, what is it?" asked Kitty faintly, for she saw great drops of perspiration standing on her father's haggard face.

"Sure, if she isn't dead, there's hope," broke in the mother tremulously.

"There's no hope!" exclaimed Dillon, in the accents of a despairing man.

"Whin she isn't dead," interrupted Mrs. Fagan.

"She's worse than dead!" groaned Dillon, now rising and striking his hands fiercely together; "if she was dead, it wouldn't signify!"

"For the love o' mercy spake out man, and tell what has happened," urged Mrs. Fagan.

"If she was dead," continued the unhappy father, wildly, "I'd have been satisfied; the Lord 'id have took her out o' harm an' mischief, an' we couldn't complain; but she has brought a black shame on us all!"

"Go on, Dillon," said his wife grimly, "and tell what Nelly has done."

"She has gone off wid Peter Fogarty!" he replied, with desperate calmness.

"Do you know it for certain?" demanded Mrs. Dillon.

"Ay, for certain. Every one knows it, too. They were seen together as far as the Scully gap and Cappanick—an' he hasn't been home since yesterday."

"Then if she's gone wid Pety Fogarty!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillon in strong excitement, as she flung herself upon her knees in the middle of the floor; but ere she could finish the sentence, Bet Fagan rushed towards her, and with gigantic strength, pulled the strong woman to her feet.

"Don't curse her, Ellen Dillon! Don't curse your own child! She has done what 'ill bring her grief enough,

without callin' down the vengeance o' God on her!"

"She 'ill niver more darken her father's door, while there's breath in her body!" said Dillon, in a determined tone. "She 'ill never again cross that threshold alive; an' I say it forint ye all this blessed day!"

"Oh, poor child! poor child!" muttered Bet Fagan in compassionate accents. "But this is the heart scald you've gev yer people! Poor foolish colleen! An' sure, Pat Dillon," she added, addressing the farmer consolingly, "if she is gone wid Fogarty, she didn't do worse, ather all, than many another."

"Did I rare her up to disgrace me this way!" he exclaimed vehemently. "Wasn't she my favourite child o' them all? Wasn't she the pet of every one in the house—rare as tender as a lady—not asked to put her hand to a turn she didn't like—and now look at the reward she has gev us! Did I ever expect such conduct from her? She was brought up dacent an' respectable, an' she has turned out ongrateful an' ondutiful—a black shame to all belonging to her!"

Before many hours elapsed, all the neighbours had gathered in to condole with the afflicted family, and to relieve their minds, by giving vent to such sentences as—"Ah, thin, Mrs. Dillon, I'm sorry for ye; I am indeed." "It's meself could shed tears this minnit." "Troth, an' she was a dacent, well rared, little girl; an' it's Fogarty I blame, not her," &c., &c. Bet Fagan whispered to a friend that she had all along suspected there was something "going on" between Nelly and Fogarty; and, more especially, she declared her fears to have been increased at the dance two evenings ago; "an' thin," she continued, "I guessed at worst what had happened when Nelly was missed; for whin Mrs. Dillon an' I stopped at Dan Phelan's last night out o' the storm, Peggy Phelan tould me that Fogarty an' her was seen a piece above Cappanick, in company wid other; an' the thought came in my head, the minnit I heard she wasn't to be found, that she might have left the place wid him."

"It was very sharp o' ye, Mrs. Fagan," replied the woman to whom this information was imparted; but

Mrs. Fagan only shook her head, and wished she had been mistaken.

"An' maybe you're mistaken yit," said Norry Croon, a withered faced, little, old woman; "maybe you're all in the wrong. I wouldn't believe

that Nelly Dillon 'id lave her father's house wid the richest man in Tipperary, the way you think she's gone wid the same Pety Fogarty; an' that's my opinion for ye!"

#### CHAPTER V.

LEAVING the neighbourhood to ring with the wondrous gossip consequent on the disappearance of Nelly Dillon, while each day confirms the belief that she has eloped with Peter Fogarty, we shall, with the reader's good leave, go back to the afternoon on which Nelly left her home, and, by following her footsteps, throw a clearer light upon the mystery that involves her. Mortified, and a good deal excited by the unusually harsh words of her father, the young girl had hastily quitted the house; for, although in general gentle and affectionate, she had naturally a quick temper and high spirit; and being a good deal spoiled by petting at home, it was easy to wound her feelings. Though a little wayward at times, she possessed very high principles, which never permitted her to stoop to falsehood or meanness. Her's had ever been considered the lip of truth, and it was frequently the boast of her parents, that though she had often been guilty in childhood of mischief, she had never once told a lie to excuse herself. As she grew up, the same truthfulness characterized her, and the same indulgence that surrounded her in infancy was extended to her maturer years. So little accustomed to harsh treatment, it can scarcely cause surprise that the words addressed to her by her father on the evening in question should irritate and rouse her. But her excitement soon passed off; the colour was quickly restored to her cheek; and as the air blew freshly from the hills, she was not long in recovering her usual buoyancy, while walking on to meet her mother. The route she took was the one generally taken by her family, in going to or returning from Knockmayle, a town ten miles distant.

Crossing some stubble fields, she struck into one of those narrow, winding roads, flanked by thick wild hedges, so common in Tipperary, and having followed its zigzag turnings for some time, she once again got into the fields, and ascending some lonely

hills, pursued her way with a light step, when suddenly a low, prolonged whistle attracted her attention, and she stopped, thinking the sound was a signal to herself. She was not mistaken; for in a short time a male figure hurriedly approached her, and Peter Fogarty stood soon beside her. His appearance was wilder than usual; his clothes looked disordered, and decidedly bespattered with blood. Nelly thought he possessed all the aspect of a guilty man.

"Good evenin', Nelly," he said, hurriedly, in a low tone, as if fearful of speaking aloud. "I knew you'd be comin' along here, and I'm watchin' for you this hour."

"Then, indeed, Pety, you might be doin' somethin' better," replied Nelly, a little drily.

"I'm goin' to lave the country shortly," continued Fogarty, "an' I must get a plain answer from you, Nelly—whether you'll come wid me or no."

The girl turned almost fiercely round upon her companion, as he uttered this sentence, and fixed her eyes undauntedly on his face, without speaking, while he went on—

"I know there isn't one belongin' to you likes me—but what do I care for that? Not a cushoge! I've money in plenty; an' if you come, Nelly, I promise you'll never want. So now you can just answer, yes or no."

For a few minutes Nelly was silent, and then she spoke:

"Peter Fogarty, if you had all the gold in the world, and were the best man in Tipperary, I wouldn't go wid you, an' lave my father an' mother, like an ongrateful wretch. I wouldn't go for to dhraw tears from their eyes, nor put a thorn in their hearts, for any thing in life. No, Pety! not a foot I'd go—even if I liked you ever so well."

"Even," repeated Fogarty, with emphasis; "that manes you don't like me at all, maybe."

"I liked you wanst, Pety," said Nelly, in a tremulous voice; "you know I did—but things are changed



since that time. My people are against you ; and I have given my promise to another."

"That schamin' bla'guard, Dinny Ryan, is it?" asked Fogarty, fiercely.

"You've no right to spake of him that way, Pety," replied Nelly, rebukingly. "Dinny never wronged mortal yit."

"He has wronged me, Nelly, and you know it. Would I be what I am only for him?"

"What has he done to you?"

"Robbed me of all that would have made a dacent boy o' me. Hasn't he come like a thief and taken your heart from me, Nelly? You loved me till he went between us. You would have married me if he hadn't been to the fore to sluther your father an' mother with his blarney."

"Never, Pety!" exclaimed Nelly, emphatically. "I never would have married you. The life you led wasn't what I could have borne. If I loved you ever, it is a long time ago."

"D'ye forget them days whin we walked on the hills——"

"I wish to forget them," interrupted Nelly, as she hastily wiped a tear from her eye.

"You don't forget them! You'll never forget them!" exclaimed Fogarty, vehemently, as he wildly threw his arm round her slight figure. "The God above only knows what I feel, Nelly Dillon; an' if your heart isn't made of stone, you can't but pity me!"

The young girl's eyes were bent on the ground. The struggle between duty and an affection which she had long thought subdued, caused a powerful emotion in her bosom; and so perplexed was her mind for a few moments, that she did not perceive the approach of some acquaintances, returning from Knockmayle, till they were quite close, and had accosted her with a "Good evenin', Nelly." Hastily extricating herself from the arm of Fogarty, she blushing returned the salutation, and her friends passed on, to make their own comments on her behaviour as soon as they were out of hearing. She and Peter were now as far as the Scully gap—a hollow path between two hills—and with tremulous eagerness she entreated Fogarty to leave her.

"Yor don't know, Pety, what anger I got to-day about you," she observed, seeing that he would not

quit her side. "My father, that never scarce spoke a cross word to me in his life——"

"Yer father!" interrupted Fogarty; "who cares! for him? If you loved me, Nelly, it's little you'd be thinkin' what Pat Dillon thought."

"Is it my father I wouldn't care for? Oh, Pety, you little know me or him. I wouldn't wish him or my mother to think ill o' me for all the riches in the kingdom!"

Nelly now stopped, and declared she wouldn't go a step further unless he left her; but Fogarty still kept by her side, and then she walked rapidly on in advance without speaking. They were soon beyond the Scully gap, ascending a succession of rugged heights, very lonely and wild, known as the Cappanick hills. Some dark thoughts took possession of Fogarty's mind; and the more determined Nelly was to avoid answering him, the more wicked and revengeful he felt. No man, poor or rich, likes to be rejected with scorn by his lady-love; and, unfortunately, Nelly's countenance betrayed too much indignation at his persecution. They were both going on in utter silence, when the young man suddenly stopped, and, laying his hand on her arm, asked in a husky, agitated voice—

"Will ye come, Nelly? It's the last time I'll ask you; an', by ——, if you don't——"

The sentence was unfinished; for, with the keen eye of one often on the look out for such objects, Fogarty beheld, far distant, a body of men quickly passing in marching order over a low plain, distinguishable from the Cappanick hills. Without waiting for a reply, he dexterously drew out a large handkerchief, and, quick as lightning, passed it tightly over the face of the unsuspecting girl, who had not recovered her surprise and terror, when it was tied firmly behind her head, thus preventing her uttering a single audible word. He then seized her, in spite of frantic struggles, and bore her in a direction different from the one they had hitherto been taking. His giant strength rendering her weight the burthen of a feather, he struck over the hills, plunged into solitary valleys, and again ascended wild heights, till Nelly's form lay more heavily in his arms, and her struggles to release herself no longer incommoded him.

## RESOURCES OF MODERN WARFARE—SMALL FIRE-ARMS.

THE temple gates of Janus are again opened wide. The British Nemesis, armed with her sword of vengeance, has gone forth eastward to smite. Seldom has there been a cry for retribution so general or so loud within the precincts of our isles. War, and the resources of war, are become topics of interest even to a peaceful people. We shall, therefore, commence by saying a few words on small fire-arms. Nor are there wanting important collateral reasons for investing this subject with an interest just now. Whatever the real cause of our Indian troubles may hereafter be proved to have been, the memory of greased cartridges will remain associated with them; and inasmuch as greased cartridges mark an epoch in the family affairs of Brown Bess, this is another inducement to us to touch upon the subject. Probably, a critical examination of the history of gunpowder, and its application to warlike purposes, would disclose the fact that Oudh, the chief seat of our present troubles, was the very locality where gunpowder was first employed in warlike operations; if, indeed, where the discovery of gunpowder was not first made.

Nobody at this present time—except, perhaps, the compiler of a school-book—thinks of complacently referring the discovery of gunpowder to Schwartz or Roger Bacon. The tale about Schwartz is a pretty one, but stern history blows it into thin air. Nobody having the light of history for his guide believes that as the German friar was braying nitre, sulphur, and charcoal together in a mortar, the triple mixture ignited, exploded, and, blowing the pestle into his face, suggested the idea of that stumpy piece of artillery to which the term mortar is now applied. A pretty notion, indeed; but it won't do! It so happens that our own countryman, Roger Bacon, who lived some sixty years before the German monk, not only showed by written testimony his per-

fect acquaintance with the composition, and the nature of gunpowder, but also taught the boys of his day—under the guise of very decent Latinity for an alchemist—how a parchment cracker, or rather marroon (paper was unknown in those times) might be prepared. The passage is as follows:—  
“Ex hoc ludicro puerili quod fit in multis mundi partibus scilicet ut instrumento facto ad quantitatem pollicis humani ex hoc violentiâ salis qui salpêtre vocatur tam horribilis sonus nascitur in ruptura tam modicæ pergamene quod fortis tonitru rugitum et coruscationem maximam sui luminis jubar excedit.”\*

We, English, are no less apt complacently to regard Roger Bacon as the discoverer of gunpowder, than the Germans their countryman, Schwartz; but neither will our hypothesis pass muster. Bacon adverts to the parchment cracker or marroon, as something then perfectly well known; and although in the passage just quoted he mentions saltpetre as being the horribly explosive substance—whereas, saltpetre alone will not burn, much less explode—yet we are constrained to assume that he indicated the triple compound by that which he considered as the most important amongst its constituents. This assumption rests upon the fact that Bacon, in another part of his writings,† states how “from saltpetre and other ingredients a fire can be made which shall burn at any distance we please:” and in another part of the same treatise, he gives further information on the same point. The reader shall peruse his very words:—“Sed tamen salis petreæ, lura nope cum ubre et sulphuris et sic facies tonitruum, et coruscationem, si scias artificium.” Here we find sulphur and saltpetre mentioned; but what do the words *lura nope cum ubre* mean? They mean, when transposed, “carbonum pulvere.” Our alchemist, like others of his brethren, was of opinion that secrets of the hermetic art should be veiled in mystic

\* Vide Preface to Jebb's edition of Bacon's *Opus Majus*.

† De secretis operibus artis et naturæ et de nullitate magiæ.

language. Measured by the standard of his fellows, we, modern people, have no right to call Friar Bacon an obscure old fellow, because of his "*lura nope cum ubre*." The description is clearness itself by comparison with mystic tales of red dragons, mercurial essences, and other gibberish wherewith alchymical books are so profitlessly full.

So, then, the fact seems pretty well made out, that whoever *did* invent gunpowder, Roger Bacon *did not*. Dutens imagines Bacon must have derived his knowledge of gunpowder from Marcus Græcus,\* who not only stated the ingredients of gunpowder, but gave better proportions than many of later date. Dutens may be correct. Bacon *may* have seen the tract of Marcus Græcus, in which gunpowder is mentioned and its proportions given; but, considering that the English friar studied amongst the Saracens in Spain, who were at that time the most learned people of Europe, if we except the Greeks of Byzantium—nay, perhaps, the exception need not be made—considering that there even now is to be found in the *Escurial* an Arabic treatise on gunpowder, written in the year 1249, the hypothesis seems quite as likely that Bacon should have derived his knowledge from this treatise as from the writings of Marcus Græcus. The latter document, however, is subversive of the assumption hazarded by Citizen Langles, who, in a memoir read before the French National Institute, contends that the Crusaders brought the secret of gunpowder with them to Europe; having acquired it from the oriental Saracens. The same Frenchman makes another assertion—a somewhat important one, if it can be adequately borne out. He says that the Arabs employed gunpowder at the siege of Mecca, A.D. 690.

Presently we shall state some reasons in favour of the position that the secret of gunpowder was known in Asia, long before the Asiatic conquests of Alexander the Great. We shall not go the length of averring that such was the fact, but shall rest content with showing that much plausible evidence can be adduced in

favour of it. A large section of thinkers, *de re militari*, are inclined to take more positive ground than ours, and speak of the knowledge of gunpowder to the ancients as certain. Old Dutens is, of course, at the head of them. His reverence for the antique races, especially the classic, was such that he claimed for them the discovery of most things worth knowing in his day. Had he lived in the epoch of the electric telegraph, gutta percha, and Minié rifles, he would have claimed the discovery of these too for somebody who lived not later, certainly, than Alexander. But let that pass. Here, in what relates to the presumed antiquity of gunpowder, we ourselves confess to be arguing on the same side as Dutens; or rather—without having an equal amount of courage to defend our opinions against the argument and criticism of all comers in this critical age—we own to a strong leaning that way.

Those who assail the hypothesis of the ancient discovery of gunpowder, make much of the supposed fact that it was unknown to any of the hordes who, wandering from Asia during the Middle Ages, overran Europe. Mahomet, at least, should have been aware of such an important auxiliary, they say; and still more so, Genghis Khan; yet, (argue the opponents of Dutens,) gunpowder was to both unknown. We are not quite so sure on either of these points. If Citizen Langles be correct in his assumption, that gunpowder was used at the siege of Mecca—then, of course, the early Moslems were acquainted with it, which settles that part of the case. As regards Genghis Khan, if the testimony of *Patio de la Croix* be reliable—that great destroyer employed Greek fire in his armies; and anybody who has taken the trouble to make himself acquainted with such records of the Greek fire as have come handed down to us, will not resist the conclusion that more than one substance is adverted to under that name. Greek fire is commonly understood to have been an inflammable liquid; and many descriptions of it accord with that notion. Other accounts of the Greek fire more clearly point to a rocket, or

\* He lived towards the end of the eighth century.

† Histoire de Genghis Khan.

pyrotechnical contrivance of similar nature. A description of the Greek fire given by Joinville,\* evidently refers to the latter; but the reader shall judge for himself:—

"It was thrown," says he, "from the bottom of a machine called a petrary, whence it came forward as large as a barrel of verjuice, with a tail of fire issuing from it as big as a great sword, making a noise in its passage like thunder, and seeming like a dragon flying through the air; and from the great quantity of fire it threw out, giving such a light that one might see in the camp as if it had been day."

Such was the terror it occasioned among the commanders of King Louis's army, that Gautier De Cariel, an experienced and valiant knight, gave it as his advice, that as often as it was thrown they should all prostrate themselves on their elbows and knees, and beseech the Lord to deliver them from the danger against which He alone could protect them. This counsel was adopted and practised, besides which the king, being in bed in his tent, as often as he was informed that the Greek fire was thrown, raised himself in his bed, and with uplifted hands thus besought the Lord:—"Good Lord God! preserve my people." Geoffrey de Vinesauf, who accompanied King Richard I. to Palestine, says that "with pernicious stench and livid flame it consumes even flint and iron; nor could it be extinguished with water." A Florentine monk composed the following Latin rhyme to describe the properties of Greek fire. We hope the truthfulness of the description is equal to the badness of the Latinity:—

*"Perest o utinam ignis huius vena,  
Non enim extinguitur aqua sed arena,  
Vix que vinum acidum aretat ejus poema  
Et urina stringitur ejus vix habena,  
Iguis hic conficitur tantum per paganos,  
Iguis hic exterminat tantum Christianos  
In cantatus namque est per illos prophanas  
Ab hoc perpetuo Christe, libera nos!"*

Well, then, considering that Genghis Khan is acknowledged to have employed Greek fire; that the term often stands for a rocket; and that the construction of a rocket presupposes the knowledge of gunpowder, i.e., a compound of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal; we are not so sure that

Genghis Khan was ignorant of the triple mixture and its application to warfare.

Thus have we, beginning with gunpowder subsequent to the times of Schwartz and Bacon, gone steadily back, demolishing the claims of the pair to its discovery on our way, until we find ourselves stuck fast amidst testimony of questionable fidelity, which the writings of Marcus Græcæus supply.

To vary the monotony of our labours, suppose we now commence at the other end of the history of gunpowder; availing ourselves of the earliest testimony extant on the topic.

The earliest-known account of gunpowder is to be found in a code of Gentoo laws—and, still more extraordinary, that account represents gunpowder as being applied to projectile fire-arms. The Gentoo code adverted to is thought to have been coeval with the time of Moses. The notice of gunpowder appears in the Sanscrit preface, translated at page 53 by Halhed. It is as follows:—

"The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, or with cannon and guns, or any kind of fire-arms; nor shall he slay in war a person born an eunuch, nor any person who, putting his arms together, supplicates for quarter, nor any person who has no means of escape."

Halhed observes—"It will, no doubt, strike the reader with wonder, to find a prohibition of fire-arms in records of such unfathomable antiquity; and he will, probably, hence renew the suspicion, which has long been deemed absurd, that Alexander the Great *did* absolutely meet with some weapons of this kind in India, as a passage in Quintus Curtius seems to ascertain. Gunpowder has been known in China, as well as in Hindostan, far beyond all periods of investigation. The word fire-arms is literally Sanscrit—*Agnee aster* (agnyastra), a weapon of fire. They describe the first species of it to have been a kind of dart or arrow, tipped with fire, and discharged upon the enemy from a bamboo. Among several extraordinary properties of this weapon, one was, that after it had

taken its flight, it divided into several separate streams of flame, each of which took effect, and which, when once kindled, could not be extinguished. But this kind of Agnee aster is now lost. Cannon, in the Sanscrit idiom, is called *shët-aghnee* (*sataghi*), or the weapon that kills a hundred men at once, from *shëtê* (*sat a*), a hundred, and *ghênêh* (*han a*), to kill; and the Pooran Shasters, or histories, ascribe the invention of these destructive engines to *Bêshôô-kermâ* (*Viswakarma*), the artist who is related to have forged all the weapons for the war which was maintained in the *Suttie* Iogue between *Dewta* and *Ossoor* (*Devata* and *Asura*), or the good and evil spirits, for the space of one hundred years.\*

If quotations, assiduously ferreted out from ancient authors by Dutens, be as unquestionable as his own zeal—that the ancients were well-acquainted with gunpowder is undoubted. He quotes the attempt of *Salmonæus* to imitate thunder;† and of the *Brahmins* to do the same;‡ but the most remarkable quotation is from the life of *Apollonius Tyaneus*, written by *Philostratus*, who roundly asserts that *Alexander* was driven out of India, or, at least, prevented extending his conquests there by force of gunpowder.

It is hardly necessary to expatiate in these pages on the well-known character of *Philostratus*. Rightly or wrongly he has acquired the name of a “story-teller” in a bad sense; and in this life of *Apollonius*, critics accuse *Philostratus* of more long-bow practice than properly belongs to the historian. Nevertheless we are surely not rash or partial in assuming that even *Philostratus* told the truth sometimes. Whether the following quotation be reliable or not, the reader must attempt to determine for himself:—

“These truly wise men (writes *Philostratus*, alluding to the *Oxydracæ*) dwell between the rivers *Hyphasis* and *Ganges*. Their country *Alexander* never entered, deterred, not by fear of the in-

habitants, but, as I suppose, by religious motives; for, had he passed the *Hyphasis*, he might, doubtless, have made himself master of all the country round them; but their cities he never could have taken, though he had led a thousand as brave as *Achilles*, or three thousand such as *Ajax* to the assault; for they came not out to the field to fight those who attack them, but these holy men, beloved by the gods, overthrew their enemies with tempests, and thunderbolts shot from their walls. It is said that the Egyptian *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, when they overran India, invaded this people also, and having prepared warlike engines, attempted to conquer them; they, in the meantime, made no show of resistance, appearing perfectly quiet and secure, but, upon the enemy's near approach, they were repulsed with storms of lightning, and thunderbolts hurled upon them from above.”

Now, we do not mean to assume to ourselves the function of defending *Philostratus* against the charge of story-telling, so commonly brought against him; still, *par parenthese*, it is fair to add, that the doubts which have been cast on his truthfulness are founded on the extraordinary things he narrated;—nothing more. This is uncertain ground. *Bruce* came home from *Abyssinia* and published a description of *Abyssinian* rump-steak. He was counted a liar; and hardly lived long enough to redeem his character. A certain old salt provoked his grandmamma's scepticism when he spoke to her of winged fishes—the thing was above her comprehension, and hence beyond her credence; but she readily credited her grandson's tale about fishing up a chariot-wheel on the anchor-flue from the bottom of the *Red Sea*. Let the critic, before consigning *Philostratus* to the father of lies, pause an instant, and remember that there exists a tendency in human nature to disbelieve a man who has once been suspected of averring the “thing that is not.” Does it not, we would ask, rather square with probabilities to suppose that the life of *Apollonius* is a story founded on fact, rather than

\* Halhed, Trans. *Gentoo Laws*, Introduction, p. iii.

† Virg. *Æneid*, vi. 585; Themistius, Orat. xxvii. p. 337; Hyginus, *Fabul.* 61, 630; Eustathius ad *Odys.* A. 234, 1682, l. 1.

‡ Valerius Flaccus, lib. i., 662; Dion. Cassius, *Hist. Rom.* in *Caligul.*, p. 662; and Johannes Antiochinus, *Chronica apud Peirasciana Valerii*, Paris, 1604, p. 604.

a complete falsehood from one end to the other?

If the veracity of Philostratus had been in better repute, few, we opine, would have seen reason to doubt his statement relative to gunpowder. Presumptive testimony is in favour of it. Pyrotechny has been cultivated from time immemorial in India, Burmah, and China. It is an art which almost necessarily presupposes the existence of gunpowder.

As an instance of the facility wherewith discoveries get attributed to feigned inventors, we may just pause here to specify the war-rocket. We, islanders, complacently refer that discovery to our countryman, Congreve; but Congreve himself is far from seconding the claim. On the contrary, he distinctly avers, in his treatise on the war-rocket, that such projectiles had been used from time immemorial in Asia, and that he only perfected their construction. Of Chinese war-rockets we have seen specimens. They were captured at Amoy, and although insignificant weapons compared with our Congreves or our Hales, the Chinese rockets would kill each its man or its horse—a result of some importance in war. The rockets were sky-rockets in point of fact; small sky-rockets, too; each about six inches long; but each was surmounted with a sharp iron barb, which, according to certain experiments we have tried, would mortally wound a man or a horse at a range of 200 yards. We do not believe our friends, the Celestials, have ever constructed rockets of very large dimensions; but, as for the Burmese, they are the most gigantesque rocket-makers on the face of the earth, not unfrequently hollowing out a tree to make the case of a single missile.

It is hardly possible, we aver, that the knowledge of gunpowder should have long lain hidden to the natives of India. There, in many spots, nitre occurs as a natural efflorescence on the surface of the ground. We have only to assume the lighting of a fire on a spot thus studded with nitrous efflorescence, so that burning charcoal might mingle with saltpetre, and gunpowder would be suggested, if not positively discovered. The brilliant combustion resulting from a mixture of charcoal with nitre would suggest

the experiment of carefully incorporating the two; when good, serviceable gunpowder would result. The third constituent of modern gunpowder (sulphur) would, indeed, be wanting; but very good gunpowder, chemically speaking, can be made without it. Sulphur is of less use in promoting the combustibility or explosive force of gunpowder than in conferring plasticity to the gunpowder-cake and facilitating its granulation.

We can imagine that some people will be opposed to the hypothesis, that gunpowder was a very ancient invention; their minds having, involuntarily, slid into the following channel of argument. Looking at the comparative modern date of fire-arms, or, at least, the acknowledged employment of fire-arms, "how comes it," some persons will demand, "that catapults and balistæ, arbalists, slings, and long-bows reigned supreme for so many centuries subsequent to the assumed discovery of gunpowder?" *En passant*, we may remark, that the discovery of gunpowder, and its application to fire-arms, involve two distinct questions; but, assuming the application made, still the superiority of fire-arms over all other projectiles is not necessarily a fact self-evident, and conceded. The casual thinker in these matters is apt to take the point for granted, that fire-arms have only to come in, and bows and arrows must at once go out. Nay, but it is not so. The long-bow and cloth yard-shafts held their own amongst us for more than 300 years contemporaneously with fire-arms. In the days of good Queen Bess, the English army numbered amongst the "men who shotte," both archers and musketeers. Military writers of that epoch wrote much, and wrote strongly in favour of this or that rival weapon, according to their taste or convictions. The works are extant, and the modern reader having examined them impartially, will be in a position to arrive at conclusions for himself. For our part, we think the advocates of archery have the best of it. When the reader bears in mind that the muskets, or rather hand-guns of those days were fired by a matchlock—that they could not be held at arm's length without a rest—that not only were two sorts of gunpowder employed, coarse for the charge, and fine or

mealed powder (tutch or touch powder) for priming—that the epoch of bayonets had not arrived—and that considerable difference of opinion existed as to whether there ought or ought not to be wadding interposed between powder and ball—he, perhaps, may be inclined to think with us, that the good old English cloth yard-shaft was a better weapon than the Elizabethan ancestors of Brown Bess.

If another illustration be thought necessary of the fact that bows and arrows can hold their own, as weapons of war, in presence of fire-arms, we point to the Chinese. The Celestials have some knowledge of gun-powder, and its application to warfare, as we know to our cost. Nevertheless, the Chinese to this day hold their small arms of fire in little esteem, and continue to prefer the bow.

As regards the English long-bow, it is an insult to that noble weapon to institute comparisons between it and small fire-arms of Elizabethan date. A more fitting comparison will lie between the long-bow and Brown Bess—we mean the smooth-bore musket. If anybody should turn up his nose scornfully at our daring to institute a comparison between the arm of Crecy and Poitiers, and the honoured weapon of Egypt, the Peninsula, and Waterloo, we say, “pause awhile, listen, and reflect.” We will even give a point to Brown Bess, and still dare to institute a comparison between herself and the long-bow. Brown Bess shall be an improved Brown Bess—our musket of comparison shall be a percussion musket—the very best of its sort. Well, what then? What is the effective range of such a musket? At a distance not exceeding a hundred yards, a musket-barrel, loaded, fixed in a vice, pointed correctly, and fired, would hit a man. At a hundred and fifty yards, it might or it might not. At three hundred yards it could not be depended upon to hit a barn. At eight hundred yards the ball would infallibly hit something;—but what or whereabouts the result could only make known. Practically, then, Brown Bess was a good-for-nothing weapon at ranges beyond two hundred yards. *De mortuis nil nisi, &c.* Well, Brown Bess is defunct, and the Enfield takes her place! She has

done the State some service, and it may be, perhaps, ungracious to say much against her; still it must be averred that a British yew-bow would have beaten her shamefully, both for accuracy, distance, and rapidity of shooting. The penetration of an arrow, too, was considerable. Suppose, to illustrate the latter, we cite an instance of an arrow-shot accident which occurred in the time of Queen Bess, as set forth in a book of Chirurgery, written by Maister William Clowe, surgeon to her Elizabethan Majesty:—

“*The cure of a serving-man which was shot into the leg with a sheafe arrowe, and the head sticking in the bone.*”

“A few years past, at a great mustering up of souldiers at Pileend Greene, neere London, amongst those bands of trained men there was appointed a certain number of archers, who, after they had marched a long time, in the end the bow-men were divided from the pikemen, and shot onely to trie and exercise their bowes. It chanced in their shooting at a mark, about sixe or seven score off, by misfortune one of their arrowes did hit a gentleman's servant, called Master Withipole, into ye outside of his left legge, so that the shaft was firmly fixed in the bone, yet being a good way off beyond the mark when he received this hurt. There was at that time one in the field which professed surgerie, and proffered to dress the wounde presently in the place where the patient was hurt. He, being in great paines, was glad of any helpe, and so permitted the fellow to dress him, who forthwith did attempt to take out the arrowe, nothing regarding the renting or tearing of the muscles, but overhastily and unadvisedly did pull out the shaft, and left the arrow-head fast fastened into the bone, being a barbed head, as are commonly all our English sheafe arrows. After willingly he would have excused the matter, and seemed to say that the head was ill glued or fastened to the arrowe, and so he dressed the patient to his friends' great disliking; for that the patient was immediately troubled and molested with a hot distemperature, much pains, and innumerable swellings, which induced a fever, and his stomacke cleane taken away from the meate. Then it was the will and pleasure of one Master Spinola, in Fenchurch-street, where I did dwell, to send for me, and there I found ye surgeon, but his patient being in extreme paines. Wherefore, in my presence, for that they would be ridde of this fellow, they said they were greatly aggrieved with him, and told him that he had

stained his practice in preserving and dressing his patient so ill; and that his abuse was great and deserved punishment. Then he went about to blear their eyes with a little beggarly eloquence, the which he had learned amongst a sort of treacherous runagates, counterfeit landlopers, sophystical mountybanks, cosening quacksalvers, and such like falseengling deceivers, with their paradoxical innovations, whose native soile is to them a wilde cat, and who abuse all good artes wheresoever they come or abide. But to avert circumstances, I say, he vanished awaye in darkness, as may appear in my former bookes, where I have more at large spoken of him and other like abusers, whose bloody hands without knowledge doe hazard the lives of many."

Well done, Mr. Clowes! But how about the arrow-head? He tells us:—

"I did put down a probe into the bottome of the wounde, where, manifestly, I did feele the head fixed in the bone, and by reason the orifice of the wound was so straight and swolne that I could not dilate any instrument sufficiently to apprehend and take hold of the arrowe-head; therefore I was driven to make a reasonable large incision downe to the bottome, and then did put into the place of my incision a dilatorium to open the wound, and so presently took holde of the arrow-head with a *rostrum gruinum*, and then moved it by little and little, so very gently, with safety I tooke out the arrow-head."

So much about the penetration of an English arrow! It was pretty considerable, as Master Withipole could have testified. As regards distance and accuracy of aim, it was enacted in the reign of Henry VIII., that no one, under a penalty, should practice archery at a shorter distance than 220 yards; and we learn, amongst other anecdotes of the skill of Cornish archers during the reign of the same monarch, that one of them, to show his skill, shot a sparrow from the back of a cow.

The drawbacks to military archery really consisted in the liability of the string to break; its relaxation in rainy weather; the greater influence of the wind on arrows than on musket balls; and, lastly, the defenceless condition

of archers when their store of arrows was shot away. Comparatively few persons may be prepared to hear that the bayonet was attached to the long bow more than forty years before the method was discovered of attaching it to the musket. Such, however, is the fact. In the reign of Charles I. improvements effected in the musket began to elbow the long-bow so uncomfortably, that advocates of the latter endeavoured to increase its efficiency by arming one end with a pike or dagger—a bayonet in point of fact: and here, by the way, one cannot resist improving the occasion, by desiring the reader to figure to himself how stiff a bow must be made in order to render it a fitting handle for a pike-head. The combination was invented by one William Neade, who has given a full exposition of his views in a book called the *Double-armed Man*. For some reason the double arm never came into use. The day of the bayonet was at hand. Already had matchlocks given place to spanner or wheel locks. Already had the weight of muskets been so considerably reduced, that they could be shouldered without a rest. The weight of the musket was gradually being lowered to the standard weight of a pike-handle, so that no great stretch of ingenuity was wanting to show how—by thrusting a dagger into the muzzle, the musket would become a pike. According to Pere Daniel, bayonets of this description were introduced into France about 1671. At last followed the discovery of fixing the bayonet laterally, as on modern fire-arms. Such bayonets were first used under Marshal Castenat, in 1693, at the battle of Marsaglia, when the slaughter which followed was immense. Ten years after followed the battle of Spire, and, in 1705, the battle of Calcinata, both very bloody, owing to the new bayonet. Military men could no longer resist the great fact. In France pikes had been abolished by royal ordinance with the advice of Marshal Vauban, in 1703. They were laid aside in England about the same time.

J.S.



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GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

[*The Author reserves the Right of Translation.*]

## CHAPTER XII.

### A FOREST SCENE.

ONCE more did Gerald find himself alone and penniless upon the world. He was not, however, as when first he issued forth, timid, depressed, and diffident. Short as had been the interval since that time, his mind had made a considerable progress. His various readings had taught him much; and he had already learned that in that mutual assurance company we call Life men are ever more or less dependent on their fellows. "There must, then," said he to himself, "be surely some craft or calling to which I can bring skill or aptitude, and some one or other will certainly accept of services that only require the very humblest recognition." He walked for hours, without seeing a living thing: the barren mountain was not even sheep-walk; and, save the path worn by the track of smugglers, there was nothing to show that the foot of man had ever traversed its dreary solitudes. At last, he gained the summit of the ridge, and could see the long line of coast to the westward, jagged and indented with many a bay and promontory. There lay St. Stephano: he could recognize it by the light cloud of pale blue smoke that floated over the valley, and marked where the town stood; and, beyond, he could catch the masts and yards of a few small craft that were sheltering in the offing. Beyond these again stretched the wide, blue sea,

marked at the horizon by some far away sails. The whole was wrapt in that solemn calm, so striking in the noon of an Italian summer's day. Not a cloud moved; not a leaf was stirring; a faint foam line on the beach told that there the waves crept softly in, but, except this, all nature was at rest.

In the dead stillness of night our thoughts turn inward, and we mingle memories with our present reveries; but in the stillness of noonday, when great shadows lie motionless on the hill-side, and all is hushed save the low murmur of the laden bee, our minds take the wide range of the world—visiting many lands—mingling with strange people. Action, rather than reflection, engages us; and we combine and change and fashion the mighty elements before us as we will. We people the plains with armed hosts; we fill the towns with busy multitudes—gay processions through the squares, and floating banners wave from steeple and tower; over the blue sea proud fleets are seen to move, and thundering echoes send back their dread cannonading; and through these sights and sounds we have our especial part—lending our sympathies here, bearing our warmest wishes there. If we dream, it is of the real, the actual, and the true; and thus dreaming, we are but foreshadowing to ourselves the inci-

dents and accidents of life, and garnering up the resources wherewith to meet them. Stored as was his mind with recent reading, Gerald's fancy supplied him with innumerable incidents, in every one of which he displayed the same heroic traits, the same aptitude to meet emergency, and the same high-hearted courage, he had admired in others. Vain-gloriousness may be forgiven, when it springs, as his did, out of thorough ignorance of the world. It is, indeed, but the warm outpouring of a generous temperament, where self-esteem predominates. The youth ardently desired that the good should prosper and the bad be punished; his only mistake was, that he claimed the chief place in effecting both one and the other.

Eagerly bent upon adventure—no matter where, how, or with whom—he stood on the mountain's peak, gazing at the scene beneath him. A waving tract of country, traversed by small streams, stretched away towards Tuscany, but where the boundary lay between the states he could not detect. No town or village could be descried; and so far as he could see, miles and miles of journey yet lay before him ere he could arrive at a human dwelling. This was indeed the less matter, since Tina had fastened up in his handkerchief sufficient food for the day; and even were night to overtake him, there was no great hardship in passing it beneath that starry sky.

"Many there must be," thought he, "campaigning at this very hour, in far away lands, mayhap amid the sand deserts of the East, or crouching beneath the shelter of the drifted snows in the North; and even here are troops of gipsies, who never know what means the comfort of a roof over them." Just as he said these words to himself, his eyes chanced to rest upon a thin line of pale blue smoke that arose from a group of alders beside a stream in the valley. Faint and thin at first, it gradually grew darker and fuller, till it rose into the clear air, and was wafted slowly along towards the sea.

"Just as if I had conjured them up," cried Gerald, "there are the gipsies; and if there be a Strega in the company, she shall have this crown for telling me my fortune! What marvels will she not invent for this broad

piece—what dragons shall I not slay—what princesses not marry; not but in reality they do possess some wondrous insight into the future! Signor Gabriel sneered at it, as he sneered at every thing; but there's no denying they read destiny, as the sailor reads the coming storm in signs unseen by others. There is something fine, too, in their clanship: how, poor and houseless, despised as they are, they cling together, hoarding up their ancient rites and traditions—their only wealth—and wandering through the world, pilgrims of centuries old." As he descended the mountain-path, he continued thus to exalt the gipsies in his estimation; and with that un-failing resource in similar cases, that what he was unable to praise he at least found picturesque. The path led through a wood of stunted chestnut trees, on issuing from whose shade he could no longer detect the spot he was in search of; the fire had gone out, and the smoke ceased to linger over the place.

"Doubtless, the encampment has broken up; they are trudging along towards the coast, where the villages lie," thought he, "and I may come up with them to-morrow or next day;" and he stepped out briskly on his way. The day was intensely hot, and Gerald would gladly have availed himself of any shade, to lie down and enjoy the "siesta" hours in true Italian fashion. The only spot, however, he could procure likely to offer such shelter was a little copse of olives, at a bend of the river, about a mile away. A solitary rock, with a few ruined walls upon it, rose above the trees, and marked the place as one once inhabited. Following the winding of the stream, he at length drew nigh, and quickly noticed that the grass was greener and deeper, with here and there a daffodil or a wild flower, signs of a soil which, in some past time, had been cared for and cultivated. The river, too, as it swept around the base of the rock, deepened into a clear, calm pool, the very sight of which was intensely grateful and refreshing. As the youth stood in admiring contemplation of this fair bath, and inwardly vowing to himself the luxury of a plunge into it, a low rustling noise startled him, and a sound like the sharp stamp of a beast's foot. He quickly turned,

and tracing the noise, saw a very diminutive ass, who, tethered to an olive tree, was busily munching a meal of thistles, and as busily stamping off the stray forest flies that settled on him. Two panniers, covered over with some tarnished scarlet cloth, and a drum of considerable size and very gaudy colouring, lay on the grass, with three or four painted poles, a roll of carpet, and a bright brass basin, such as conjurors use for their trade. There was also a curiously-shaped box, painted in chequers, doubtless some mysteriously gifted "property." Curious to discover the owners of these interesting relics, Gerald advanced into the copse, when his quick hearing was arrested by the long-drawn breathings of several people fast asleep—so, at least, they seemed, by the full-toned chorus of their snorings; though the next moment showed him that they consisted of but three persons, an old, stunted, and very emaciated man; an equally old woman, immensely fat, and misshapen, to which her tawdry finery gave something indescribably ludicrous in effect; and a young girl, whose face was buried in the bend of her arms, but whose form, as she lay in the graceful abandonment of sleep, was finely and beautifully proportioned. A coarse dress of brown stuff was her only covering, leaving her arms bare, while her legs, but for the sandals of some tawdry tinsel, were perfectly naked to the knees, brown as the skin of an Indian, yet in shape and symmetry they might have vied with the most faultless statue of the antique—indeed to a sleeping nymph in the gallery of the Altieri Palace was Gerald now comparing her, as he stood gazing on her. The richly-floating hair, which, as a protection against the zanzari, she had let fall over her neck and shoulders, only partially defended her, and so she stirred at times, each motion displaying some new charm, some fresh grace of form. At last, perhaps startled by a thought of her dreams, she gave a sudden cry, and sprang up to a sitting posture—her eyes widely staring and her half-opened lips, turned to where Gerald stood. As for him, the amazement that seized him overcame him—for she was no other than the "tarantella" dancer of the Piazza di Spagna—the Marietta who had so fascinated him on the night he left the convent.

"Babbo! Babbo!" screamed she, in terror, as she caught sight of the naked rapier at the youth's side; and in a moment both the old man and the woman were on their legs.

"We are poor—miserably poor, Signore!" cried the old man, piteously; "mere 'vagabonds,' and no more."

"We have not a Bajoccolo amongst us, Signore mio," blubbered out the old woman.

An honest burst of laughter from Gerald, far more reassuring than words, soon satisfied them that their fears were needless.

"Who are you, then?" cried the girl, as she darted her piercing black eyes towards him; "and why are you here?"

"The world is wide, and open to all of us, Cara mia," said the youth, good-humouredly. "Don't be angry with me because I'm not a brigand."

"He says truly," said the old man.

"Sangue dei Santi, but you have given me a hearty fright, boy, whatever brought you here!" said the fat old woman, as she wiped the hot drops from her steaming face.

There is some marvellous freemasonry in poverty—some subtle sympathy links poor men together—for scarcely had Gerald told that he was destitute and penniless as themselves, than these poor outcasts bade him a frank welcome amongst them, and invited him to a share of their little scanty supper.

"I'll warrant me that you have drawn a low number in the conscription, boy; and that's the reason you have fled from home," said the old woman; and Gerald laughed good-humouredly, as though accepting the suggestion as a happy guess; nor was he sorry to be spared the necessity of recounting his story.

"But why not be a soldier?" broke in Marietta.

"Because it's a dog's life," retorted the hag, savagely.

"I don't think so," said Gerald. "When I saw the noble guard of his Holiness t'other day come prancing into the Piazza del Popolo, I longed to be one of them. They were all glittering with gold and polished steel, and their horses bounded and caracolled as if impatient for a charge."

"Ah!" sighed the old man, drearily, "there's only one happy road in this life."

"And what may that be, Babbo," said Gerald, addressing him by the familiar title the girl had given him.

"A Frate's, boy, a Frate's. I don't care whether he be a Dominican or an Ignorantine. Though, myself, I like the Ignorantines. Theirs is truly a blessed existence: no wants—no cares—no thoughts for the morrow! I never watched one of them stepping along, with firm foot, and sack on his arm, that I didn't say to myself, 'There's freedom—there's light-heartedness.'"

"I should have called your own a pleasanter life."

"Mine," groaned he.

"Ay, Babbo, and so is it," burst in the girl, in an excited tone. "Show me the Frate has such a time as we have! Whenever the Friar comes, men shuffle away to escape giving him their 'quattrini.' They know well there's no such sturdy beggar as he who asks no alms, but shows you the mouth of his long empty sack; but where we appear, the crowds gather, mothers snatch up their babies and hurry out to greet us; hard worked men cease their toil; children desert their games; all press round eagerly at the first roll of Gaetana's drum, and of poor Chico's fife, when he was with us," added she, dropping her head, while a heavy tear rolled down her swarthy cheek.

"Maladizione a Chico," screamed out the old man, lifting up both his clenched hands in passion.

"What was it he did?" asked Gerald of the old man.

"He fancied himself a patriot, boy, and he stabbed a spy of the police at the St. Lucia one evening; and they have him now at the galleys, and they'll keep him there for life."

"Ah, if you saw him on the two poles," cried the girl, "only strapped so, over his instep, and he could spring from here to the tree yonder; and then he'd unfasten one, and holding it on his forehead, balance Babbo's basin on the top, all the while playing the tambourine! And who could play it like him? It was a drum with cymbals in his hands."

"Was he handsome, too," asked Gerald, with a half sly glance towards her; but she only hung her head in silence.

"He handsome," cried the old woman, catching at the words. "Brutto!

he had a hare lip, with a dog's jaw!"

"No, truly," muttered Babbo; "he was not handsome, though he could do many a thing well-favoured ones couldn't attempt. He was a sore loss to us," said he, with a deep sigh.

"There wasn't a beast of the field, nor a bird that flies he couldn't imitate," broke in Marietta; "and with some wondrous cunning, too, he could blend the sounds together, and you'd hear the cattle lowing and the rooks calling all at the same time."

"The owl was good; that was his best," said Babbo.

"Oh, was it not fine; the wild shriek of the owl, while the tide was breaking on the shore, and the waves came in, splash, splash, in the still night."

"May his toil be hard, and his chains heavy," exclaimed the hag; "we have had nothing but misery and distress since the day he was taken."

"Poor fellow," said Gerald, "his lot is harder still." The girl's dark eyes turned fully upon him, with a look of grateful meaning, that well repaid his compassionate speech.

"So may it be," chimed in the hag; "and so with all who ill-treat those whose bread they've eaten," and she turned a glance of fiery anger on the girl. "What art doing there, old fool!" cried she, to the Babbo, who, having turned his back to the company, was telling over his beads busily. He made no reply, and she went on, "That's all he's good for, now. There was a time he could sing Punch's carnival from beginning to end, keep four dancing on the stage, and two talking out of windows; but now he's ever at the litanies; he'd rather talk to you about St. Francis than of the Tombola, he would!"

As the old hag, with bitter words and savage energy, inveighed against her old associate, Gerald had sense to mark, that small as the company was, it yet consisted of ingredients that bore little resemblance, and were attached by the slenderest sympathies to each other. He was young and inexperienced enough in life to imagine that they who amuse the world by their gifts, whatever they be, carry with them to their homes the pleasant qualities which delight the audiences. He fancied that, through all their poverty, the light-hearted gaiety that marked them in public would

abide with them when alone, and that the quips and jests they bandied were but the outpourings of a ready wit always in exercise. If we smile at this simplicity, let us remember how many, more versed in the world and its ways than poor Gerald, have incurred a very similar error! Ay, valued reader, can you and I say of ourselves that we have never tasted of this illusion! What heroes have we not made of those whose verses have charmed or whose creations have thrilled us! have we not fancied a thousand fascinations in their manner, their voice, and their bearing? have we not envied those admitted to their daily intercourse—the associates of their firesides! and having done all these, have we not awakened to some very rude shocks? Have we not known the dreary discouragement of finding that there is a dualism in genius; and that he whose written words have glowed like a fire within you, may be a wearisome companion, and a fourth-rate converser? These are very ungracious reflections, and let us leave them. I have said that Gerald was surprised to see them so different in their private from their public aspect. Nor was this the only lesson in world-craft that he was to learn at their hands: he was also to perceive, what strange and incongruous natures the cares of life associate together. The Babbo had been a servitor of a convent in the Abbruzzi, and, dismissed for some misdemeanor, had wandered about the world in vagabondage till he became a conjuror; some talent or long-neglected gift of slight-of-hand coming to the rescue of his fortune! The woman Donna Gaetana, had passed through all the stages of "Street Ballet," from the prodigy of six years old, with a wreath of violets on her brow, to the besotted old beldame, whose speciality was the drum. As for Marietta, where she came from, of what parentage, or even of what land, I know not. The Babbo called her his niece—his grandchild—his "figliuola" at times, but she was none of these. In the wayward turns of their fortune these street performers are wont to join occasionally together in the larger capitals, that by their number they may attract more favourable audiences; and so, when Gerald first saw them at Rome, they were united

with some Pifferari from Sicily; but the same destiny that decides more pretentious coalitions had separated theirs; and the three were now trudging northward, in some vague hope that the land of promise lay in that direction. It is needless to say how Gerald felt attracted by the strange adventurous life of which they spoke. The Babbo mingling his old convent traditions, his scraps of monkish Latin, his little fragments of a pious training, with the descriptions of his subtle craft, was a study the youth delighted in, while from his own early teaching, it was also a character he could thoroughly appreciate. Donna Gaetana, indeed, offered little in the way of interest, but did not Marietta alone compensate for more than this? The wild and fearless grace of this young girl, daring to the very verge of shamelessness, and yet with a strange instinctive sense of womanly delicacy about her, that lifted her, in her rage and her raggedness, to a sphere where deference was her due; her matchless symmetry, her easy motion, a mingled expression of energy and languor about her, all met happily in one, who but needed culture to have become a great artist. She possessed, besides, a voice of exquisite richness, one of those deep-toned organs whose thrilling expression seems to attain at once the highest triumph of musical art in the power of exciting the sensibilities; such was that poor neglected child, as she hovered over the brink where vice, and wretchedness, and crime, run deep and fast below!

When the meal was over, and the little vessels used in preparing it were all duly washed and packed, old Gaetana lighted her pipe, and once in full puff proceeded to drag from a portentous looking bag a mass of strange rags, dirty and particoloured, the slashed sleeves and spangled skirts proclaiming them as "properties."

"Clap that velvet cap on thy head, boy, and let's see what thou lookest like," cried she, handing Gerald a velvet hat, looped up in front, and ornamented with an ostrich feather.

"What for?" cried he, rudely; "I am no mountebank." And then, as he caught Marietta's eyes, a deep blush burned all over his face, and he said, in a voice of shame, "To be sure! Any thing you like. I'll wear this

too," and he snatched up a tawdry mantle and threw it over his shoulders.

"Come e bellino!" said Marietta, as she clasped her hands across her bosom, and gazed on him in a sort of rapture. "He's like Paolo in the Francesca," muttered she.

"He'll never be Chico," growled out the hag. "Birbante that he was, who'll ever jump through nine hoops with a lighted taper in his hand? Oh, Assassino! it won't serve you now!"

"Do you know Paolo's speech?" whispered Marietta?

"No," said he, blushing, half angry, half ashamed.

"Then I'll teach it to you."

"Thou shouldst have been an accolite at San Giovanni di Laterano when the Pope says the high mass, boy," cried Babbo, enthusiastically. "Thy figure and face would well become the beauteous spectacle."

"Does not that suit him?" cried the girl, as she replaced the hat by a round cap, such as pages wear, with a single eagle's feather. "Does not that become him?"

"Who cares for looks?" muttered the hag. "Chico was ugly enough to bring bad luck; and when shall we see his like again?"

"Who knows! who knows?" said Babbo, slowly. "This lad may, if he join us, have many a good gift we suspect not. Canst sing?"

"Yes; at least the Litanies."

"Ah, bravo, Giovane!" cried the old man. "Thou'lt bring a blessing upon us."

"Canst play the fife, the tambourine, the flute?" asked Gaetana.

"None of them."

"Thou canst recite, I'm sure," said Marietta. "Thou knowest Tasso and Petrarch, surely, and Guarini?"

"Yes; and Dante by heart, if that be of any service to me," said Gerald.

"Ah, I know nothing of him!" said she, sorrowfully; "but I could repeat the Orlando from beginning to end."

"How art thou on the stilts or the slack-rope?" asked the old woman; "for these other things never gave bread to any one."

"If I must depend upon the slack-rope, then," said Gerald, goodhumouredly, "I run a good chance of going supperless to bed."

"How they neglect them when they're young, and their bones soft and pliant!" said Gaetana, sternly. "What are parents about now a days I can't imagine. I used to crouch into a flower-plot when I was five years old; ay, and spring out of it too when the Fairy Queen touched the flower!"

Gerald could with great difficulty restrain the burst of laughter this anecdote of her early life provoked.

"Oh, come with us; stay with us," whispered Marietta in his ear.

"If thou hast been taught the offices, boy," said Babbo, "thou deservest an honest life than ours. Leave us, then; go thy ways, and walk in better company."

"Corpo del diavolo!" screamed out the hag. "It's always so with him. He has nothing but hard words for the trade he lives by."

"Stay with us; stay with us," whispered the girl, more faintly.

"Thou might have a worse offer, lad; for who can tell what's in thee. I warrant me, at thy age thou'lt never be great at jumping tricks."

"Wilt' stay?" said Marietta, as her eyes swam in tears.

"I will," said Gerald, with a glance that made her cheek crimson.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A "CONTRACT."

I AM not certain that a great "Impressario" of Paris or London would have deemed the document which bound Gerald to his new master a very formal instrument. But there *was* a document. It was written on a fly-leaf of old Babbo's Breviary, and set forth duly that for certain services to be afterwards detailed, "un certo Gherardi"—so was he called—was to eat, and drink, and be clothed; always

providing that there was meat, and drink, and wearables to give him; with certain benefices—small contingent remainders—to accrue when times were prosperous and patrons generous, and all this for the term of a twelvemonth. Donna Gaetana stoutly fought for five years, then three, and then two: but she was beaten in all her amendments, though she argued her case ably. She showed, with a force derived from

great experience, that theirs was a profession wherein there was much to learn; that the initial stages developed very few of those gifts which won popular applause; that, consequently, the neophyte was any thing but a profitable colleague; and it was only when his education was perfected that he could be expected to repay the cost of his early instruction. "At the end of a year," to borrow her own forcible language, "he'll have smashed a dozen basins and broken twenty poles, and he'll just be as stiff in the back as you see him to-day."

"He'll have had enough of a weary life ere that," muttered the Babbo, whose sigh seemed delivered with an especial reference to his companion.

"What have you to complain of, I'd like to know?" asked she, fiercely; "you that sit there all day like a prince on a throne, never so much as giving a blast of a horn or a beat on the drum; but pulling a few cords for your puppets, and making them patter about the stage while you tell over the self-same story I heard forty years ago. Ah, if it was Pierno! that was something indeed to hear! He came out with something new every evening—droll fellow that he was—and could make the people laugh till the Piazza rung again."

"Well, well," sighed Babbo, "his drollery has cost him something. He cut a jest upon the Cardinal Balfi, and they sent him to Molo di Gaeta, to work at the galleys. My polcicello may be stupid, but will not make me finish my days in chains."

Whether Marietta feared the effect these domestic discussions might produce upon Gerald, newly come as he was amongst them, or that she desired to talk with him more at her ease, she strolled away into the wood, giving one lingering glance as she left the place to bid him follow. The youth was not loath to accept the hint, and soon overtook her.

"And so," said she, taking his hand between both her own, "you will stay."

"I have promised it," replied Gerald.

"All for me, all for me, as the little song says."

"I never heard it. Will you sing it, Marietta?" said he, placing his arm around her waist.

"I'll go and fetch my guitar, then," said she, and bounding away, was soon once more beside him, sweeping her fingers over the cords as she came.

"It's nothing of a song, either words or music; but I picked it up at Capri, and it reminds me of that sweet spot. So saying, and after a little prelude, she sang the canzonette, of which the following words are a rude version:—

"I know a barque on a moonlit sea,  
Pescator! Pescator!  
There's one in that barque a-thinking of me,  
Oh, Pescator!  
And while his light boat steals along,  
Pescator! Pescator!  
He murmurs my name in his evening song,  
Oh, Pescator!  
He prays the Madonna above my head,  
Pescator! Pescator!  
To bring sweet dreams around my bed,  
Oh, Pescator!  
And when the morning breaks on shore,  
I'll kneel and pray for my Pescator,  
Who ventures alone on the stormy sea,  
All for me! all for me!"

Simple as were the words, the wild beauty of the little air thrilled through Gerald's heart, and twice did he make her repeat it.

"Oh, if you like barcaroles," said she, "I'll sing you hundreds of them, and teach you, besides, to sing them with me. We shall be so happy, Gherardi mio, living thus together."

"And not regret Chico?" said Gerald, gravely.

"Chico was very clever, but he was cruel. He would beat me when I would not learn quickly; and my life was very sad when he was with us. See," said she, drawing down her sleeve from her shoulder, "these stripes were of his giving."

"Briccone," muttered Gerald, "if I had him here."

"Ah, he was so treacherous! He'd have stabbed you at the altar foot rather than let a vengeance escape him. He was a Corsican."

"And are they so treacherous always?"

"Are they?" cried she. "Per Dio, I believe they are."

"Well, let's talk of him no more. I only mentioned his name because I feared you loved him, Marietta."

"And if I had?" asked she, with a half malicious drollery in her dark eyes.

"Then I'd have hated him all the more; hated you, perhaps, too."

"Poverino!" said she, with a sigh which ended in a laugh.

As now they walked along, side by side, while she told Gerald all about her life, her companions, their humours, their habits and their ways. She liked Babbo. He was kind-hearted and affectionate; but Donna Gaetana was all that was cruel and unfeeling. Chicco, indeed, had always resisted her tyranny, and she counselled Gerald to do the same. As for me," added she, sorrowfully, "I am but a girl, and must bear with her."

"But I'll stand by you, Marietta," cried Gerald, boldly. "We'll see if the world won't go better with each of us as we meet it thus;" and he drew her arm around his, while he clasped her waist with his own.

And what a happy hour was that as thus she rambled along under the leafy shade, no sound but the wild wood-pigeon's cry to break the silence; for often they were silent with thoughts deeper than words could render. She, full of that future where Gerald was to be the companion of all her games; he, too, ranging in fancy over adventures wherein, as her protector and defender, he confronted perils unceasingly. Then he bethought him how strangely destiny should have thus brought them together, two forsaken, friendless creatures as they were.

Falling in love, as it is called, has its variety of aspects. One falls in love at eighteen, at eight-and-twenty, and at eight-and-forty with very different reasons for the process. Silky hair, and long eye-lashes, and pearly teeth get jostled, as we go on through life, with thoughts of good connexions and the three per cents., and a strange compromise is effected between inclination and self-interest. To know, however, the true ecstasy of the passion, to feel it in all its impulsive force, and in the full strength of its irresponsibility, be very young and very poor—young enough to doubt of nothing; not even yourself; poor enough to despise riches most heartily.

Gerald was both of these. His mind, charged with deep stores of sentiment, was eagerly seeking where to invest its wealth. The tender pathos of *St. Pierre*, the more dangerous promptings of *Rousseau*, were in his heart, and he yearned for one to whom he could speak of the feelings

that struggled within him. As for Marietta, to listen to him was ecstasy. The glowing language of poetry—its brilliant imagery—its melting softness—came upon her like refreshing rain upon some arid soil, scorched and sun-stricken: her spirit, half-crushed beneath daily hardships, rose at once to the magic touch of ennobling sentiment. Oh! what a new world was that which now opened before them: how beautiful—how bright—how full of tenderness—how rich in generous emotions.

"Only think," said she, looking into his eyes, "but this very morning we had not known each other, and now we are bound together for ever and ever. Is it not so, Gherardi mio?"

"So swear I!" cried Gerald, as he pressed her to his heart, and then, in the full current of his warm eloquence, he poured forth a hundred schemes for their future life. They would seek out some sweet spot of earth, far away and secluded, like that wherein they rambled then, only more beautiful in verdure, and more picturesque, and build themselves a hut; there they would live together a life of blessedness. They talked over the theme for hours unweariedly, each interrupting the other with some new thought of this or that, some fresh suggestion for a life of ecstasy.

It was only by earnest persuasion she could turn him from at once putting the project into execution. "Why not now?" cried he. "Here we are free, beyond the wood; you cross a little stream, and we are in Tuscany. I saw the frontier from the mountain top this morning."

"And then," said the girl, "how are we to live? We shall neither have the Babbo nor Donna Gaetano; I cannot dance without her music, nor have you learned anything as yet to do. Mio Gherardi, we must wait and study hard; you must learn to be Paolo, and to declaim 'Antonio,' too. I'll teach you these; besides, the Babbo has a volume full of things would suit you. Our songs, too, we have not practised them together; and in the towns where we are going, the public, they say, are harder to please than in these mountain villages. And then she pictured forth a life of artistic triumph—success dear to her humble heart, the very memory of which brought tears



of joy to her eyes. These she was longing to display before him, and to make him share in. Thus talking, they returned to the encampment,

where, as the heat was passed, the Babbo was now preparing to set out on his journey.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE ACCIDENTS OF "ARTIST" LIFE.

AN autumnal night, in all its mellow softness, was just closing in upon the Lungo L'Arno of Florence. Towards the east and south the graceful outlines of San Miniato, with its tall cypresses, might be seen against the sky, while all the city, which lay between, was wrapped in deepest shadow. It was the season of the *Villeggiatura*, when the great nobles are leading country lives; still the various bridges, and the quays at either side of the river, were densely crowded with people. The denizens most part of close and narrow streets, came forth to catch the faint breath of air that floated along the Arno. Seated on benches and chairs, or gathered in little knots and groups, the citizens seemed to enjoy this hour "*al fresco*," with a zest only known to those who have basked in the still and heated atmosphere of a southern climate. Truly, no splendid salon, in all the gorgeous splendour of its gildings, ever presented a spot so luxurious as that river-side, while the fresh breeze came borne along the water's track from the snow-clad heights of Vallambrosa, gathering perfume as it came. No loud voices, no boisterous mirth, disturbed the delicious calm of the enjoyment, but a low murmur of human sounds, attuned as it were to the gentle ripple of the passing stream, and here and there a light and joyous laugh, were only heard. At the Pont St. Trinità, and immediately below it, the crowd was densest, attracted, not impossibly, by the lights and movement that went on in a great palace close by, the only one of all those on the Arno that showed signs of habitation. Of the others the owners were absent; but here, through the open windows, might be seen figures passing and repassing, and at times, the sounds of music heard from within. With that strange sympathy—for it is not all curiosity—that attracts people to watch the concourse of some gay company—the ebb and flow of intercourse—the crowd gazed eagerly up at the

windows, commenting on this or that personage, as they passed, and discussing together what they fancied might form the charm of such society.

"Well," sighed out a dark-eyed girl to her companion, "were I a Queen, I'd not loiter here in the hot autumn, but have my villa on the breezy slopes of Fiesole, and breathe the cool air of the Apennines."

"But she is no queen, to begin with," broke in a youth; "a princess, if you will, and even that title some would deny her."

"How can they do so?" cried an old man of stern aspect. "She is of royal descent, allied with royalty by marriage; and now, per Dio, many would say, prouder in her fall than in all her greatness."

"He means in being the love of that great poet," whispered the youth to the girl. "You know," he added, "that he who lives there wrote *Filippo*, and *Oreste*, and *Mirra*."

"There she is; that is the *Duchessa* now standing on the balcony," broke in the old man. But except the long tresses of blonde hair that hung freely, as she bent forward, nothing could be descried of her.

The faint tinkling of a guitar in the street beneath, and the motion of the crowd, showed that some sort of street performance had attracted attention; and soon the balcony of the palace was thronged with the gay company, not sorry, as it seemed, to have this pretext for loitering in the free night air. To the brief prelude of the guitar a roll of the drum succeeded, and then, when silence had been obtained, might be heard the voice of an old, infirm man, announcing a programme of the entertainment. First of all—and by "torch-light, if the respectable public would vouchsafe the expense"—The adventures of Don Callemacho among the Moors of Barbary—his capture, imprisonment, and escape—his rescue of the Princess of Cordova, with their shipwreck (afterwards on

the island of Ithica: the whole illustrated with panoramic scenery, accompanied by music, and expressed by appropriate dialogue and dancing. The declamation to be delivered by a youth of consummate genius—the action to be enunciated by a Signiorina of esteemed merit. "I do not draw attention to myself, nor to the gifts of that excellent lady who presides over the drum," continued he. "Enough that Naples has seen, Venice praised, Rome applauded, us. We have gathered laurels at Milan; wreathed flowers have fallen on us at Mantua; our pleasant jests have awoken laughter in the wild valleys of Calabria; our pathos has dimmed many an eye in the gorgeous halls of Genoa; princes and contadini alike have shared in the enjoyment of our talents: and so, with your favour, may each of you, 'Gentilissimi Signori.'"

While a murmur of approbation went through the crowd at this promising announcement, the old man depositing his properties on the ground, proceeded to form a circle of the bystanders addressing them for the purpose in terms of courtesy and compliment. They were great and gallant Signori, or most beautiful Donne, Glorious Patrons of the Arts, Fair favourites of the Muses. The native delicacy of the language lending itself to these hyperboles without the slightest semblance of a mockery. Indeed, the hearers deemed the terms in which he accosted them only their due, willing as they were on their part to call him and his company by titles as high-sounding. Whether, however, the "intelligent Public" was not as affluent as it was gifted, or that, to apply the ancient adage, "*Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*," but so was it, that the old man had twice made the tour of the circle, without obtaining a single quatrain.

"At Bologna, O Signori, they deemed this representation worthy of wax-light. We gave it in the Piazza before two thousand spectators, who if less great or beautiful than those we see here, were yet bountiful in their generosity!" "Sound the drum, Comare mia," said he, addressing the old woman, and let the spirit-rousing roll inspire heroic longings. A blast of the tromba, *figlio mio*, will set these noble hearts high-beating for a tale of chivalry." The deafening clamour of drum

and trumpet resounded through the air, and came back in many an echo, from across the Arno; but, alas! they awoke no responsive sympathies in the audience, who probably having deemed that the spectacle might be partly gratuitous, showed already signs of thinning away. "Are you going, Illustrissimi Signori," cried he, more energetically, "going without one view, one passing glance at the castle on the Guadalquivir, with its court of fountains, all playing and splashing like real water; going without a look at the high-pooed galeon, as she sailed forth at morn, with the banner of the house of Callemacho waving from the mast, while the signal guns are firing a salute, the high cliffs of Carthage reverberating with the sound." A loud "boom" from the drum gave testimony to the life-like reality of the description. "Going," screamed he, more eagerly still, "without witnessing the palace of the Moorish king, lit up at night—ten thousand lanterns glittering along its marble terraces, while strains of soft music fill the air. A gentle melody, '*figlio mio*,' whispered he to the boy beside him.

"Let them go, in the devil's name," broke out the old woman, whose harsh accents at once proclaimed our old acquaintance Donna Gaetana.

"What says she?—what says the Donna?" cried three or four of the crowd in a breath.

"She says that we'll come back in the day-light, Signori," broke in the old man, in terror, "and sing our native songs of Calabria, and show our native dances. We know well, oh, gentle Public, that poor ignorant creatures like ourselves are but too rash to appear before you, great Florentines, citizens of Michel Angelo, dwellers with Benvenuto, companions of Boccaccio!"

"And not a quatrain amongst ye," yelled out the old hag, with a laugh of scorn.

A wild cry of anger burst from the crowd, who breaking the circle, now rushed in upon the strollers.

In vain the Babbo, protested, explained, begged, and entreated. He declared the company to be the highest, the greatest, the richest, he had ever addressed; himself and his companions the vilest and least worthy of

humanity. He asseverated in frantic tones his belief, that from the hour when he should lose their favour no fortune would ever attend on him, either in this world or the next.

But of what avail was it that he employed every eloquence at his command, while the Donna, with words of insult, and gestures more offensive still, reviled the "base rabble," and with all the virulence of her coarse nature, hurled their poverty in their teeth.

"Famished curs!" cried she. "How would ye have a soldo, when your nobles dine on parched beans, and drink the little sour wine of Pontesieve?"

A kick from a strong foot that sent it through the parchment of the drum, with a loud report, answered this insolent taunt, and gave the signal for a general attack. Down went the little wooden edifice, which embodied the life and fortunes of the Don and the fair Princess of Cordova; down went the Babbo himself over it, amidst a crash of properties that created a yell of laughter in the mob. All the varied insignia of the cunning craft, basins and bladders, juggling sticks, hoops, and baskets, flew right and left, in wild confusion. Up to this time, Gerald had witnessed the wreck unmoved, his whole care being to keep the crowd from pressing too rudely upon Marietta, who clung to him for protection. Indeed, the frantic struggles of old Gaetana, as she laid about her with her drum-sticks, had already provoked the youth's laughter, when, at a cry from the girl, he turned quickly around.

"Here's the Princess herself, I'll be sworn," said a coarse-looking fellow, as seizing Marietta's arm, he tried to drag her forward.

With a blow of his clenched fist, Gerald sent him reeling back, and then drawing the short scimitar which he wore as part of his costume, he swept the space in front of him, while he grasped the girl with his other arm. So unlooked-for a defiance seemed for an instant to unman the mob, but the next moment a shower of missiles, the fragments of old Babbo's fortune, were showered upon them. Had he been assailed by wild beasts, Gerald's assault could not have been more wildly daring; he cut on every side, hurling back those that rushed in

upon him, and even trampling them beneath his feet.

Bleeding and bruised, half blinded, too, by the blood that flowed from a wound on his forehead, the youth still held his ground, not a word escaping him, not a cry; while the reviling of the mob filled the air around. At last, shamed at the miserable odds that had so long resisted them, the rabble, with a wild yell of vengeance, rushed forward in a mass, and though some of the foremost fell covered with blood, the youth was dashed to the ground, all eagerly pressing to trample on and crush him.

"Over the parapet with him. Into the Arno with them both," cried the mob.

"Stand back, ye cowardly crew," shouted a loud, strong voice, and a powerful man, with a heavy bludgeon in his hand, burst through the crowd, felling all that opposed him; a throng of livery servants armed in the same fashion followed; and the mob, far more in number though they were, slunk back abashed from the sight of one whose rank and station might exact a heavy vengeance.

"It is the Principe. It is the Conte himself," muttered one or two, as they stole off, leaving in a few moments the space cleared of all, save the wounded and those who had come to the rescue. If the grief of Donna Gaetana was loudest, the injuries of poor Gerald were the gravest there. A deep cut had layed open his forehead, another had cleft his shoulder, while a terrible blow of a stone in the side, made his respiration painful in the extreme.

"Safe, Marietta mia; art safe?" whispered he, as she assisted him to rise. "My poor boy," said the Count, compassionately. "She is safe, and owes it all to you. You behaved nobly, lad. The Don himself, with all his Castilian blood, could not show a more courageous front."

Gerald looked at the speaker, and whether the tone of his voice, or that the words seemed to convey an unseemly jest, at such a moment, he flushed till, his cheek was crimson, and drawing himself up said: "And who are you? or by what right do you pronounce upon my blood?"

"Gherardi mio, caro fratellino," whispered the girl. "It was he that saved us, and he is a Prince!"

"For the first, I thank him," said the youth. "As to his rank, it is his own affair and not mine."

"Well spoken, faith!" said the noble. "I tell thee, Giorgio," added he to a friend at his side, "poets may well feel proud, when they see how the very utterance of their noble sentiments engender noble thoughts. Look at that poor tatterdemalion, and think how came he by such notions."

The abject expressions of Babbo's gratitude, and the far more demonstrative enunciations of old Gaetana's misery, here interrupted the colloquy. In glowing terms she pictured the calamity that had befallen them—a disaster irreparable for evermore. Never again would human ingenuity construct such mechanism as that which illustrated Don Callemach's life. The conjuring tools, too, were masterpieces, not to be replaced; and as to the drum, no contrivance of mere wood and ram-skin ever would give forth such sounds again.

"Who knows, worthy Donna?" said the Count, with a grave half smile. "Your own art might teach you, that even the great drama of antiquity, has its imitators—some say superiors—in our day."

"I'd say so, for one!" cried Gerald, wiping the blood from his face.

"Would you so, indeed?" asked the Count.

"That would I, so long as glorious Alfieri lives," said Gerald resolutely.

"What hast thou read of thy favourite poet, boy," asked the Count.

"What have I not; the Saul, the Agamemnon, Oreste, Maria Stuart."

"Ah, Signor Principe, you should hear him in Oreste," broke in Gaetana; "and he plays a solo on the trombone after the second act; he sets every ass on the Campagna a-braying, when he comes to one part. Do it, Gherardi mio; do it for his Highness. Oh me! we have no trombone left us," and she burst out into a torrent of grief.

"Take these people to the inn at the Porta Rossa," said the Count to one of his servants. "Let them be well cared for and attended to. Fetch a surgeon to see this boy. Adio, my friends. I'll come and see you tomorrow, when you are well rested and refreshed."

In a boisterous profusion of thanks, old Babbo and the Donna uttered their gratitude, while Gerald and Marietta kissed their benefactor's hand, and moved on.

"He's a noble Signor," muttered old Gaetana; "and I'd swear by the accent of his words, he is no Florentine."

"Thou art right for once, old lady," said the servant, as he led the way; "he's of the north, and the best blood of Piedmont."

## CHAPTER XV.

### A "TUSCAN POLICE COURT."

LONG before their generous patron had awoke the following morning, the little company of Babbo were standing as prisoners in the dread presence of the Prefetto. Conducted by a detachment of carabinieri, and secured with manacles enough to have graced the limbs of galley-slaves, the "vagabonds," as they were politely called, were led along through the streets, amid the jokes and mockeries of a very unsympathizing public.

Tuscan justice, we are informed by competent authority, has not made, either in its essence or externals, any remarkable progress since the time we are now speaking of; so that really, in recording this little passage of our hero's life, we seem almost narrating an incident of our own day. The same ruinous old edifice stands the Temple of Justice; the same dirt

and squalor disgrace its avenues and approaches; the same filthy crowd beset the doors—a ragged mob, in whose repulsive features a smashed decalogue is marked, amidst whom, in hot and eager haste, are seen some others, a shadow better in dress, but more degraded still in look—the low advocates of these courts, "Cavallochi," as they are styled—a class whose lives of ignominy and subordination would comprise almost every known species of rascality. By these men are others goaded on and stimulated to prefer claims against the well-to-do and respectable; by them are charges devised, circumstances invented, perjuries provided, at shortest notice. They have their company of false witnesses ready for any accusation—no impugnement upon their credit being the fact that they live

by perjury, and have no other assistance.

Meet president of such a court was the scowling, ill-dressed, and ill-favoured fellow, who, with two squalid clerks at his side, sat judge of the tribunal. A few swaggering carabinieri, with their carbines on their arms, moved in and out of the court, buffeting the crowd with rude gestures, and deporting themselves like masters of the ignoble herd around them. By these, as it seemed—for all was mere conjecture here—were the cases chosen for adjudication, the selection of the particular charges being their especial province. Elbowing their way through the filthy corridors, where accusers and accused were inextricably mingled—the prisoner, and the plaintiff, and the witness all jammed up together, and not unfrequently discussing the vexed question to be tried with all the virulence of partisans—the carabinieri makes his choice amongst these, aided, not impossibly, by a stimulant, which in Italy has its agency throughout all ranks and gradations of men.

In this vile assemblage of all that was degrading and wretched our poor strollers were now standing, their foreign aspect and their title of vagabonds obtaining for them a degree of notice the reverse of flattering. Sarcastic remarks upon their looks, their means of life, and, stranger still, their poverty, abounded; and these from a mob whose gaunt and famished faces, and whose tattered rags, bespoke the last stage of destitution.

The Babbo, indeed, was a picture of abject misery: bankrupt was written on every line of his poor old face, through which the paint of forty years blended with the sickly hues of hunger and fear. He turned upon the by-standers a glance of mild entreaty, however, that in a less cruel company could not have failed to meet some success. Not so Donna Gaetana: her stare was an open defiance, and even through her bleared eyes there shot sparks of fiery passion that seemed only in search of a fitting object for their attack.

As for Gerald—his head bound up in a bloody rag, his arm in a sling, and his face pale as death—he might have disarmed the malice of sarcasm, had it not been that he held his arm clasped close round Marietta's waist;

and even thus, in all his misery, seemed to assert that he was her protector and defender. This was alone sufficient to afford scope for mockery and derision, the fairer portion of the audience distinguishing themselves by the pungent sharpness of their criticisms; and Marietta's swarthy skin, her tinsel raggedness, and her wild, bold eyes, came in for their share of bitter commentary. "Bohemian Jewess," "Arab wench," were muttered in quick succession by envious lips; for, in all her woe-begone wretchedness, her rags, her squalor, and her want, beauty and youth were still triumphant. In a wild and tangled profusion, the masses of her dark hair floated over her well-rounded shoulders, shadowing her cheeks, and crossing, in two deep bands, over her bosom, where they were held by her hand. 'Twas thus, as in a frame, were fixed the faultless features of her calm but haughty face; for, save that in the slightly over-distended nostril, a character of her blood, there was not a line nor a lineament a sculptor could have asked to alter.

"What a brazen-faced minx it is!" cried one.

"What a young creature to have come to such wickedness!" exclaimed another.

"Look at the roundness of her shape, and you'll see she is not so very young neither," whispered a third.

"That's her gipsy blood," broke in another; "there was one here t'other day, of thirteen, with an infant at her breast; and, more by token, she had just put a stiletto into its father."

"The ragazza yonder looks quite equal to the same deed," observed the former speaker. "If I know any thing about what an eye means."

"Vincenzio Bombici—where is Vincenzio Bombici?" cried a surly-looking brigadier, whose large cocked-hat set squarely on, increased the apparent breadth of an immensely wide face.

"Ecco mi, Eccellenza!" whimpered out a wretched looking object, who, with his face bound up, and himself all swathed like Lazarus from the tomb, came, helped forward by two assistants.

"Pass in, Vincenzio, and narrate your case," said the brigadier, as he opened a door into the dread chamber of justice.

"Poverino," muttered the crowd, as he moved by; "he it is who was assassinated last night by the vagabonds"—the phrase being used pretty much as, in Hibernian parlance, "kilt" is employed for killed; intention demonstrated in lieu of fact—another amongst the myriad of resemblances between the two peoples.

While public sympathy, therefore, followed the Signor Bombici into the hall of justice, fresh expressions of anger were vented on the unhappy strollers. Any one conversant with Italy is aware that so divided is the peninsula by national jealousies—feuds that date from centuries back—the most opprobrious epithet that hate or passion can employ against any one is to stigmatize him as the native of some other town or city. And now the mob broke into such jibes as, "Accursed Calabrians! Ah, vile assassins from Capri"—from Corsica, from the Abruzzi; from anywhere, in short, save the favoured land they stood in. Donna Gaetana was not one who suffered herself to be arraigned without reply, nor was she remarkable for moderation in the style and manner of her rejoinders. With a voluble ribaldry, for which her nation enjoys a proud pre-eminence, she assailed her opponents, one and all. She ridiculed their pretension, mocked their poverty, jeered at their cowardice, and—last insult of all—derided their personal appearance.

Passion fed her eloquence, and the old dame vented upon them insult after insult with a volubility that was astounding. The language has a rich vocabulary of abuse; and she was master of its most choice treasures. We dare not, nor is there any need we should, write the vindictive and indecorous epithets she scattered broadcast around her; and even as her enemies skulked craven from the field, her wrathful indignation tracked them as they went, sending words of outrage to bear them company. The mere numerical odds was strong against her, and the clamour that arose was deafening, drawing crowds to the doors and the street in front, and at last gaining such a height as to invade the sacred precincts of justice, overbearing the trembling accents of Bombici as he narrated his tale of woe. Out rushed the valiant Carabinieri with the air of men hur-

rying to a storm, and as they clave their way through the crowd, striking, buffetting, trampling all before them. At sight of the governmental power the crowd quailed at once, all save one, the Donna. Standing to her guns to the last, she now turned her sarcasms upon the gendarmes, overwhelming them with a perfect torrent of abuse, and with such success that the mob, so lately the mark of her virulence, actually shook with laughter at the new victims to her passion. For a moment discipline seemed like to yield to anger. The warriors appeared to waver in their impassive valour; but suddenly, with a gleam of wiser counsel, they formed a semicircle behind the accused, and marched them bodily into the presence of the Judge.

Justice was apparently accustomed to similar interruptions; at least, it neither seemed shocked nor disconcerted, but continued to listen with unbroken interest to Vincenzo Bombici's sorrows—not, indeed, that he had arrived at the incident of the night before. Far from it. He was merely preluding in that fashion which the exactitude of the Tuscan law requires, and replying to the interesting interrogatories regarding his former life, so essential to a due understanding of his present complaint.

"You are, then, the son of Matteo Friuli Bombici, by his wife, Fiammetta?" read out the Prefect, solemnly, from the notes he was taking.

"No, Eccellenza. She was my father's second wife. My mother's name was Pacifica."

"Pacifica," wrote the Prefect. "Daughter of whom?"

"Of Felice Corsari; tin-worker in the Borgo St. Apostoli."

"Not so fast, not so fast," interposed the Judge, as he took down the words, and then muttered to himself, "in the Borgo St. Apostoli."

"My mother was one of eight—three sons and five daughters. The eldest boy, Onofrio—"

"Irrelevant, irrelevant; or, if necessary, to be recorded hereafter," said the Prefect. "You were bred and brought up in the Catholic faith?"

"Yes, Eccellenza. The Prete of San Gaetano has confessed me since I was eleven years old. I have taken out more than two hundred pauls in private masses, and paid for

three novenas and a plenary, as the Prete will vouch."

"I will note your character in this respect, Vincenzo," said the Judge, approvingly.

"They will, probably, bring up before your worship the story against my father, that he stole the cloak of the Cancelliere Martelli, when he was performing the part of Pontius Pilate in the holy mysteries at Sienna; but we have the documents at home" —

"Are they registered?"

"I believe not, Eccellenza."

"Are they stamped?"

"I'm afraid not, Eccellenza. The Cavallochio that defended my father couldn't write himself, and it was one Leonardo Cappriani —"

"The sausage maker," broke in the Judge, with a smack of his lips.

"The same, Eccellenza, you knew him, perhaps."

"Knew him well, and liked his hog's puddings much." Justice seemed half ashamed at this confession of a weakness, and in a more stern tone, told him to "Go on."

It was not very easy for honest Vincenzo to know at what part of his history he was to take up the thread; so he shuffled from foot to foot, and sighed despondingly.

"I said, 'go on,'" said the Judge, more peremptorily than before.

"I was talking of my father, Eccellenza," said he, modestly.

"No, of your good mother, Fiammetta," said the Judge, rather proud of the accuracy with which he retained the family history.

"She was my step-mother," interposed Vincenzo, humbly.

"Peccoroni tutti! Blockheads all," broke in old Gaetana, with a hearty laugh.

"Zitta! silence," cried the gendarmes, as with their muskets dropped to the ground, they made the chamber ring again! while the Judge turning a glance of darkening anger on the speaker said: "Who is this old woman?"

"Let me tell him. Let myself speak," cried Gaetana, pressing forward, while the gendarmes with their instinct as to coming peril, prudently held her back.

"So then," said the Judge, in reply to a whisper of one of his assistants, "she is the principal delinquent;" and referring to the written charge before

him, read out: "An infuriated woman, who presided over the drum."

"They smashed it, the thieves!" cried Gaetana, "they smashed my drum; but, per Dio, I beat a roll on their own skulls that astonished them! They'll not deny that I gave them an ear for music." And the old hag laughed loud at her savage jest.

Again was silence commanded, and after some trouble obtained; and the Judge, whose perceptions were evidently disturbed by these interruptions, betook himself to the pages of the indictment, to refresh his mind on the case. Muttering to himself the lines, he came to the words, "and with a formidable weapon, of solid wood, with the use of which long habit had rendered her familiar, and in this wise dangerous, she, the aforesaid Gaetana, struck, beat, battered, and belaboured —"

"Didn't I!" broke in the hag.

What consequences might have ensued from this last interruption, must be left to mere guess, for the door of the chamber was now opened to its widest, to admit a gentleman, who came forward with the air of one in a certain authority. He was no other than the Count of the night before, who had so generously thrown his protection over the strollers. Advancing to where the Prefetto sat, he leaned one arm on the table, while he spoke to him in a low voice.

The Judge listened with deference and attention, his manner being suddenly converted into the very lowest sycophancy. When it came to his turn to speak: "Certainly, Signor Conte; unquestionable," muttered he. "It is enough that your Excellency deigns to express a wish on the subject," and with many a bow, he accompanied him to the door. A brief nod to the youth Gerald, was the only sign of recognition he gave, and the Count withdrew.

"This case is prorogued," said the Prefetto, solemnly. "The Court will inform itself upon its merits, and convoke the parties on some future day." And now the gendarmes proceeded to clear the hall, huddling out together plaintiffs, and prisoners, and witnesses; all loudly inveighing, protesting, denouncing, and explaining what nobody listened to or cared for.

"Eh viva!" exclaimed old Gaetana, as she reached the open air. "There's more justice here than I looked for."

## RECENT HISTORICAL REVELATIONS.

HISTORY, of all the productions of the intellect, is that which presents the most varied forms. Independently of the philosophies of history, whose object is to lead the reader to some arbitrary conclusion, we have chronicles, memoirs, narratives of battles, and the lives of kings, in which the personality of the narrator is more or less apparent. Then comes that numerous class of historians, whose long practical knowledge of men and human affairs induces them, irresistibly, to refer the effects to the causes, in connecting human events with the motives which explain them, and the consequences that have ensued. Those historians, therefore, become judges upon the events which they relate; and, although they place themselves, as it were, in presence of the public and of posterity, they inevitably invest their productions with a portion of their convictions, of their sympathies and antipathies—often of their passions. Hence the incredulity sometimes professed about the reality and efficiency of history. We conceive this incredulity to be only admissible and justifiable with reference to the details which, in the eyes of the superficial student, are the whole of history. But the pre-eminent, vital traits of nations, namely, the laws, literature, institutions, the economical state of societies, or those changes which affect the augmentation and distribution of wealth and property, all are glaring, irrefragable facts which baffle the arguments of sceptics and opponents. It may be observed, that such are more especially the domains of the generalizing historian. Such generalizations, however, offer alone a rich field for moral, political, and social studies.

With reference to the details of history, although they certainly must be accepted with great caution—seldom, if ever, to be credited, if received from one channel only—accuracy, nevertheless, is to be obtained, if not by the generality of compilers, assuredly by the honest investigator, whose diligent researches will enable him to discern truth in the midst of the sectarian, political, and egotistical clouds by which it may be enveloped.

With these conditions, history becomes in reality what Schiller calls it—"The Tribunal of the World." It may, then, be considered as the great earthly judge, generally, and often invisibly, reprobating the iniquities of the past, and regulating the movements of the human mind and of societies.

Despite the difficulties of obtaining a strict accuracy of details, in the contentions of parties and factions—in the motives of men—in many of the secret springs that have led to revolutions, transformations, and calamitous events—history cannot be divested of its dignity. It is the study of the advance of principles, affections, and intellectual powers; it marks out the mode in which individuals and nations shall unfold themselves, so that they may grow up what God designs them to be.

The paramount usefulness of history, with all its ramifications, has, of late years, been generally admitted; and the deplorable deficiency or total absence of historical studies in British education is awaking the promoters of education and enlightenment to a sense of the existence of a chasm. Goethe says somewhere, that to write is an abuse of words—that the impression of a solitary reading replaces but sadly the vivid energy of spoken language—that it is by his personality that man exercises an action upon man, whilst thus, at the same time, the impressions are the strongest and the purest. Goethe's idea is the clearest expression of tuition rightly understood; and in history especially the professorial duties and its advantages cannot find an equivalent by mere reading, the latter being more especially an auxiliary to the former by judicious references. The conscientious professor of history, after seeking for truth in all parties and sects—after weighing testimonies—after having pondered documents and the labours of others, the whole being subject to a rigid method—relates, in a few hours, the *résumé* of labours of whole months; and, moreover, the personal influence mentioned by Goethe—the human sympathy along with the vividness of the narrative—



convey, in a facile and impressive manner, a mass of accurate knowledge, abundant sources of meditations and generous emotions, unattainable otherwise.

But the doubts and incredulity we have alluded to, respecting many historical facts and details will ere long be inadmissible. There is a tendency in our time, daily on the ascendant, to open to the public all original correspondences and documents on civil and military transactions. Such publications, which have already had an extensive development within these last ten years, will gradually become a necessity of civilized nations. They lay bare the sources of history; they are the life-blood of historical science; they unravel the true nature of men and their deeds; they greatly facilitate the future labours of the historian, whilst they satisfy the doubts and hesitations of the public. Such productions have already revealed many truths respecting events and characters which had been hitherto misappreciated. The French historians and statesmen, for instance, never believed that William Pitt was sincere when treating with the French Republic, until his correspondence with Lord Malmesbury was given to the public. The lofty integrity of the Duke of Wellington, along with the incredible difficulties of every description he had to encounter, are indelibly portrayed in his Despatches. If the whole mass of Napoleon's letters and orders, amounting to something like thirty thousand, are published by the French Government (as announced), we will then behold the real Napoleon. The heartless, unscrupulous ferocity of the great man, is already abundantly displayed in the correspondence with his brother, Joseph, published by M. Du Cassa. The recent publication of the original letters of Henry IV. of France, reveals the originality and powers of conception of the first Bourbon, whom Napoleon contemptuously and unjustly called, a captain of cavalry. They restore to the greatest of French monarchs all that had been traditionally attributed to Sully.

By the recent publication of original documents, several portions of the history of the sixteenth century that had been obscure or misrepresented have received a new and purer light. The correspondence of Granvelle, the

letters of the French and Venetian ambassadors in the East, published by Charrière, explain the Eastern affairs during that period. With the correspondence of Charles V., edited by Lanz, and the publications of Gachard; with the ordinances of this emperor, the trials given by Llorente, along with Granvelle's letters, the political Charles V. of Schiller, and other historians, vanishes. We no longer behold the prudent, profound statesman and warrior, so unjustifiably overrated even in our own time, but the crafty sovereign, the heartless fanatic. In the above documents, abundantly and skilfully *exploited* by Ranke, Prescott, and Mignet, the transformation of that celebrated character may be clearly followed. With reference to his retirement in the convent of Estramadure, the details of it, found in the inexhaustible Royal Archives of Simancas, have been rapidly popularized by MM. Stirling, Mignet, Gachard, and Pichot; and such a sudden popularity is explained by the romanticism of the emperor's supposed seclusion from worldly affairs; by his ordering his own funeral—a faint but favourite speck of history in schools and drawing-rooms. To M. Gachard especially, Archivist-General of Belgium, the world is indebted for, perhaps, the largest amount of original documents recently published. His Correspondence of Philip II., of the Duke of Alba, of Alexander Farnese, is invaluable. In his four volumes of the Correspondence, &c., of Guillaume le Taciturne, may be contemplated that lofty figure, who was king of all the friends of toleration, the head of the party of humanity in an age of reckless cruelty—in short, the pure, gentle, impartial hero, many traits of whose character the English student finds inherited by his descendant William III., and so graphically delineated by Lord Macaulay, and to which he beholds Miss Strickland's heart unfemininely callous.

Although nothing can be more satisfactory than original documents, still they require discernment. Great attention is demanded as to their origin and authors. They must be, in some instances, controlled by others—for instance, whenever they consist of family chronicles, written by the servants of great princely houses, and

exclusively in their praise. These are not to be rejected, but must, of necessity, occupy a secondary place. On the other hand, many characters branded, and justly so, by history, offer at times redeeming points—some acts decidedly meritorious. The tragic muse has left a fearful cloud over the memory of Richard III. of England, and several of his creditable acts are ignored. The figure of the French king, Philip *le Bel*, the forgerer, is justly repulsive and odious; still, several of his enactments and institutions were advantageous to the country. The domain of thought, as well as the history of men, seems, at times, to consist of reactions. An attempt has even been made to rehabilitate the Borgias. Henry VIII. of England, in skilful hands, may soon become the darling pet of English ladies.

There is a recent instance of that tendency to rehabilitate royal criminals which illustrates our observation on the necessity of great discernment, even with original documents. Who can be so ignorant of history as not to have read something about the dark deeds of Catherine de Medici? In our time there has appeared most powerful evidence presenting this good queen to the public in her immaculate nature. No one could read her life, published at Florence by M. Alberj, without conceiving a most favourable opinion of this Florentine importation at the court of France—a life, it must not be omitted, written from the authentic acts and documents existing in the Tuscan archives. Nothing could be more unanswerable. But if you investigate the nature of those manuscripts and authentic documents, you find that they are nothing more than family documents, letters written from Paris by servants, menials, admirers of Catherine, and envoys of the Grand Duke. We believe that a more satisfactory document to be consulted on Catherine de Medici is herself—viz., her own letters, which contradict, in every thing, the Florentine historian. One volume only of these letters has yet been published, and it is hoped that what remains will also be given to the public. The originals and copies are at the French Archives and the Imperial Library.

Some of the most popular and dramatic events in the history of Italy

have recently been restored to their true character. The first among them in point of date, and, perhaps, also in point of importance and influence, is the far-famed episode of the Sicilian Vespers.

Poor Italy has ever been a pendulum betwixt slavery and anarchy. It has ever been prolific in conspiracies and ignoble tyrants. It has ever been the classical land of conspirators. In its mediæval history alone we find Porcario, the Pazzi, Olgiate, and others. It is undeniable that the traditional episode of the Sicilian Vespers, preceded by a vast conspiracy, inoculated in the vivid imaginations of the Italians a taste for conspiracies; a tendency to secret, subterranean agitation, followed by a sudden dramatic explosion; and it is evident that such a remedy as partial conspiracies has aggravated the odious and iniquitous tyrannies that trample under foot the fair peninsula. The Sicilian Vespers have been for ages a favourite theme for enthusiastic commentaries. Sismondi, and all the Italian historians, have more or less dwelt on the conspiracy. It has been universally popularized, and has inflamed the imagination of all civilized nations through the dreams and embellishments of the novelist and the dramatist. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm created by the tragedy of Casimir Delavigne. And now, after such an extraordinary influence; after the statements of historians; after such a fabulous *prestige*, it is positive that there has never been a conspiracy at all; that the Sicilian Vespers were the result of a sudden unexpected popular explosion. The documents recently produced by M. Amari, the learned and skilful Sicilian historian, leave not a shadow of doubt on the subject. John of Procida is no longer the hero of the conspiracy, but a man who, like so many others in history, comes up when all is over, and makes the best of every thing.

The conquest of Naples and Sicily by the Normans, far from having been followed by the same cruelty and rapacity which the same race of conquerors displayed in England, on the contrary, proved one of the happiest periods of that unfortunate country. Long after, when evil days had fallen on the Sicilians, they sighed after the times of the Norman king, William the Good—a very rare testimony paid

to the memory of kings. Subsequently Sicily became annexed to the Germanic Empire, and the House of Hohenstauffen, by a matrimonial alliance, and thus became mixed up with all the sanguinary struggles of the House of Swabia. The Sicilians were fascinated by the hero-poet, Frederic II., and his oriental habits, and manifested afterwards a sincere attachment to his bastard, Manfred. The latter was reigning over the fair island but nominally, till the majority and arrival of the legitimate and sole heir of the Hohenstauffens, when Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, armed with a Papal Bull, after the most extensive preparations in his Provençal cities, bathed by the Mediterranean Sea, sailed, in 1267, at the head of a formidable armament for the conquest of Naples and Sicily. Charles of Anjou—that tall stern man, always clothed in black, and who never smiled, says Villani—was brooding over ambitious designs that extended to the sovereignty of Constantinople, and, perhaps, further. His army fell on Naples and Sicily like a destructive swarm. Manfred being defeated and slain at the Battle of Beneventum, Charles gave a free vent to his vindictive, bloodthirsty nature and his rapacity. All who were only suspected of adherence to the fallen dynasty were butchered with their children, and their property confiscated. The little city of Agousto, having offered some resistance, every inhabitant, without regard to sex or age, was slaughtered in cold blood. Palermo, the industrious, active, elegant city of former days, soon fell into a death-like torpor. A most oppressive feudalism was organized among the dispossessed nobility of the island. The rich Sicilian heiresses were forced to wed the French courtiers, while marriage was interdicted to the sons of the Sicilian vassals. Charles' object was to extinguish the race of his enemies. The poor Sicilian peasant became oppressed by his own Sicilian nobles, who had hitherto been paternal in their relations with the people, but who now, either to please the new king, or satisfy the fiscal exigencies, became as reckless in their tyranny as the feudal nobles of the rest of Europe. Every object of the first necessity and utility became subject to heavy taxation. The Sicilians were

cruelly obliged to exchange their pure gold coins of the time of Frederic, for the new corrupt French money. Woe to those who dared to evade or resist the decree!—the rack awaited them! The Sicilian chronicles of the period can alone give an idea of the abominable oppression of every day and every moment. The noblest of families were reduced to mendicancy; their daughters a prey to the coarsest soldiery. All able-bodied men were pressed for the army and the fleet. If any fled, father, mother, and sisters met with certain death, after tortures and outrages. When these horrors became known at Rome, the Pontiff did not spare his remonstrances to Charles of Anjou. They were of no avail. The Sicilians then turned their hearts and hopes towards the Queen of Arragon, Constance, daughter of Manfred. Many refugees were kindly received by her; but the king, her husband's policy did not permit him to manifest any sympathy.

As to Procida, who has so long been transformed into the hero of a supposed conspiracy, he was already in an advanced age; he was not a Sicilian, and by his conduct had become an object of distrust, if not of hatred, to the oppressed people. He certainly had been faithful to Manfred; but when the disaster was complete, his property confiscated, and himself exiled, he did not persevere in his fidelity to the vanquished. There is a letter existing, from Pope Clement IV., imploring, in his behalf, the pardon of the conqueror, in terms damaging the dignity of the so long-supposed author of conspiracy. The popular imagination, and the historical novelists, so fatal at all times to a pure notion of history, both have established that Procida's wife, Landolfina, had fallen a victim to French violence, and that he had sworn to avenge her, and free his country. Authentic documents now prove that Landolfina possessed immense wealth, which was restored to her, as she proved that she had taken no share in what she called the *malice* of her husband. It is well ascertained, also, that she became notorious among the French for her gallantry and proclivities. There is no doubt, however, that Procida, whose great experience must have been valuable, became the confidant of the ambitious views of

Don Pedro, the King of Arragon, and that he evidently undertook some diplomatic missions in his service, to secure, if possible, the sympathies of Rome, and the assistance of the Byzantine Emperor, who dreaded the ambition of the formidable brother of Saint Louis. Perhaps Procida penetrated into the new dominions of Charles of Anjou, but merely to sustain the courage of some of the Sicilian nobles, and foreshadow to them the possibility of an invasion on the part of Don Pedro. If so, he must have been exposed to great dangers. The tradition says—and it is probable—that, once, he only escaped suspicion by feigning madness. In the meantime, the sombre despair of the Sicilians was on the ascendant. Their rage was concentrated, but fermenting. Charles' fury, on the other hand, was boundless, as he was approaching the time he thought favourable for his undertaking into the East. He did not know where to turn, or upon whom he could vent his fierce yearning for blood and victims. He threatened to exterminate the whole race of Sicilians. A reign of terror commenced. No Sicilian was permitted to have any arms of whatever kind in his possession. The searching for them became another vexatious outrage of every moment.

A lovely valley fills the distance between Palermo and Monreale. It formerly extended considerably towards the wild declivity of the Monte Pellegrino. Shaded luxuriantly with orange trees, jasmines, and mulberries, and interspersed with exquisite grassy slopes, it was the most favourite resort of the Palermitans. On Easter Monday (30th March, 1282), the Palermitan population crowded on that beautiful spot, as usual every year, after the religious ceremonies of the morning. A bright sun, myriads of flowers bursting through the thick grass, the blossoms of orange trees that perfumed the atmosphere, all the splendours of an eastern spring, seemed to invite the multitude to breathe and smile. The general gloom soon appeared as if dispelled. But the French came also: they mixed freely with the groups, unconscious of the hatred they inspired wherever they appeared. Their presence was like gall, or some infernal apparition, among the Sicilians. It

seems that some of these unwelcome strangers outstepped the limits of gallantry with the women, and were repelled with vivacity by the young men. The French, easily incensed, began to search for arms. A threatening, general silence succeeded to the partial merriness that had preceded. All hearts were beating. A Provençal, named Drouet, not content with searching the men to find whether any arms were concealed, assailed a female in the same manner. Drouet fell down, struck dead with a poniard. At this very moment, most fortuitously, the vesper bells were ringing, and thus the massacre that followed, although without the slightest premeditation, has ever been known by the name of Sicilian Vespers.

The moment of Drouet's death became the commencement of a frightful confusion. The Palermitans, maddened by a long relentless oppression, carried on the massacre of the French with a rabid fury. The Sicilian women who had married Frenchmen, were butchered, because they had been sullied by the abhorred foe, and in order to avenge a national treason. But when the vengeance was glutted, and the slaughter over, the people cooled, awoke to a sense of what they had done, and began to fear the consequences of this terrible explosion. An assembly was convoked. The word Republic was pronounced by a majority, and a *happy* Republic was installed under the protection of the Pope and of the Holy Church. But this insurrection did not spread rapidly in the island. Messina was a month before joining the movement. At last, on the 28th of April, the cry of "Death to the French" resounded in the city, and was followed by the massacre of the French. Messina also declared itself a Republic under the protection of the Church. The news of these events fell like a thunderbolt on Charles of Anjou. His frenzy verged on insanity. He collected all his forces against Messina, intending to make of this city a terrible and memorable example. But the defence of the Messinians was heroic. The women fought by the side of the men. It was a struggle for life and death. The assaults of Charles' army were all repulsed with immense slaughter on

both sides. The issue might, nevertheless, have been fatal to Messina, but Charles, hearing of the movements and approach of the Arragonese fleet, hesitated some time, sent conditions of submission to the city, which were rejected, and after having relaxed, resumed the siege. In the meantime, Don Pedro received deputations from the Sicilian cities, inviting him to accept the Sicilian crown. He accepted, landed at Trapani, and his entrance in Palermo was a scene of delirious rejoicings. Succours were immediately sent to Messina, and the heroic city was delivered. Charles d'Anjou withdrew, inwardly burning with his baffled bloodthirsty fury. A new dynasty and a new domination now commenced for Sicily and the Sicilians.

Another episode of Italian history, affected by the research and publication of original documents, is that which refers to Rienzi. The German historian, Papencordt—thanks to his recent researches made in Rome—has been the first to restore to Rienzi his real mystical character. We have seen in Rome a variety of records, chronicles of that period, speeches of the Tribune, many of which were then and have since been published, and all tend to exhibit in him the mystic as well as the antiquary. No former historians have ever perceived, known, or understood the mysticism of Rienzi. Colà Rienzi was the son of an inn-keeper. His mother was a washer-woman. Petrarch says that he was handsome, elegant in his demeanour, of a delicate complexion, with something fantastical in his eyes and smile; that he was endowed with remarkable powers of persuasive eloquence and an exquisitely harmonious voice. Educated by an uncle, who was a priest at Anagni, Rienzi evinced a prodigious facility in his studies of Latin, rhetoric, grammar, theology. His education was semi-profane, semi-sacred. He was deeply versed in all the Latin writers, nevertheless, his letters and speeches abound in quotations from the Bible and the Fathers. When he returned to his parents, his humble dwelling was at the foot of the Capitol. His enthusiastic imagination became daily more impressed with the marvellous ruins of Pagan Rome and the wonders of Christian Rome. He was surrounded by the contrast of the pro-

fane blended every where and in every thing with the sacred. The Eternal City was then without the Pope or any regular government. The nobles and barons, well quartered in their castles, were the masters of the city; but what masters! Petrarch describes them to have been a band of coarse, profligate highway robbers. Rome was becoming relatively deserted; and, in order to revive the city, to dazzle and amuse the multitude, several of the noble senators imagined to have recourse to a literary pageantry. The poetical triumph of Petrarch, at Rome, on Easter Sunday (8th April, 1341,) is well known. This triumph was the expression, we may say, of the literary and intellectual revival of the fourteenth century. On that day the Roman people, roused from their former torpor, lived a new life. Their souls awoke; and to the deafening cries of "Long live the poet," were soon mingled those of "The Capitol for ever." This last cry, offspring of a momentary enthusiasm, was treasured up by Rienzi. It kindled his dreamy, mystical spirit. Thus, political revolutions are oftener than imagined the effects of intellectual revolutions.

It is not our object to relate the history of Rienzi. It is romantic enough in reality without the fictions of the novelist, however elegantly wrought. Rienzi soon became celebrated for his knowledge of antiquarian lore. Crowds followed him either to the tombs of the Christian martyrs or to every ruin and vestige of Pagan Rome. Many of his discourses on those occasions have been recovered, and they are all as mystical as archaeological. He preached on the history of Rome, on justice, on faith, to a breathless multitude. The popular emotion grew deeper every day, and shed on its author a new and dignified lustre. The Roman people, after a movement of hostility against the nobles, appointed new magistrates and resolved to send ambassadors to pray for the Pontiff's return to Rome. Rienzi formed part of the embassy, and Petrarch united with him, in the hope of persuading the Pope. But their efforts were useless, and on this occasion Rienzi addressed to the Romans a most enthusiastic, mystical letter, which is one of the mediæval curiosi-

ties. On his return to Rome, Rienzi was appointed apostolic notary in the municipal council. His system of attacks on the nobles and of defence of the people led to his being struck down by one of the Colonnas. That filled the measure of his hatred. It is at this period that he commenced to address the people with the aid of theatrical representations of his oratory. They were frescoes hastily sketched on a wall, representing great allegorical pictures, the details of which initiate faithfully to the mystical imagination and eloquence of the Tribune. In one of these scenes he stated solemnly his having been—he, frail creature—selected by the Holy Ghost, at the intercession of St. Peter and St. Paul, to restore justice in Rome. Finally, on the 20th of May, 1347, day of the Pentecost, Rienzi convoked the people at the Capitol. He had heard thirty masses during the preceding night. He appeared armed, bare-headed, and proposed with majestic solemnity the new regulations of his new government, *il buono stato*, which he read aloud. The *buono stato* was proclaimed with vociferous acclamations by the multitude. The barons and nobles fled from the city. Rienzi remained master of Rome, and the details of his government are most curious and deeply interesting. The whole of Europe was astounded. A general belief arose in the resurrection of a new formidable republican Rome. The Pope acknowledged the new Tribune, who, at the same time, received from Petrarch the most eloquent congratulations. The other Italian cities forwarded to him the warmest felicitations, with pecuniary succours. But such a triumph inflamed the imagination of Rienzi. He became delirious. The people shared his aberrations. Insane and mystical ceremonies, abounding in symbols, now took place daily. Finally the Pope sent a legate to put an end to the follies of the Tribune and excommunicated him. The barons assembled an army, marched on Rome, but failed in a first attempt to surprise the city; the people remained faithful, and might have repelled the enemy, had not the mystic, the enthusiast, with his generous ideas, succumbed under a simple question of food. Rome was threatened with a famine; the people immediately cooled towards the excommunicated Tribune;

they remained deaf to his voice and insensible to his tears. Rienzi disappeared.

Subsequently he sought a refuge in the convent of Mayella, after having wandered in the solitudes of the Abruzzi. It appears that during his sojourn in the convent, he fell into constant ecstasies and the most mystical, ambitious reveries. In 1350 Rienzi proceeded to Prague, threw himself at the feet of the Emperor, and addressed him in a mystical, incoherent harangue. He excited the curiosity of Charles IV., who, nevertheless, gave orders to deliver up the excommunicated rebel to the Pontiff. Fortunately for Rienzi, the Archbishop of Prague took him under his protection in a true, Christian spirit, kept him nominally a prisoner, and endeavoured to soothe his ardent and feeble imagination. The mass of letters and memoirs which the prisoner addressed to the good Archbishop form the strangest combination of genius with mystical aberrations, interspersed with beautiful effusions of a noble and tender soul. In 1351, however, the Archbishop was obliged to send his prisoner to Rome, where Rienzi underwent a trial at the Pontifical Court, and was condemned to death; but this court was at Avignon, the Land of Poetry and of the Troubadours—the centre of European Literature. The Avignoneses could not permit a scholar and a poet to be executed. They protested, not without menace. The Pope graciously pardoned Rienzi, who remained in custody, receiving every testimony of munificent interest. Two years after, Roman anarchy and disorder having attained a scandalous extent, Rienzi became, in the Pontifical hands, an instrument of reform. His exultation was boundless when sent to Rome with the title of *Senator*; but he soon found that he was considered as a mere instrument—a mere tool in the hands of the legate. His vanity and ambition being deeply ruffled, he associated with a celebrated condottiere, and obliged the Pontifical agents to withdraw or yield. Now, after seven years' exile, he re-entered Rome with imperial pageantry and splendour. The Roman people received enthusiastically their Tribune, whom they soon discovered to have undergone great changes, both physically and morally.

This is the second epoch in the life of Rienzi. The generous, mystical idealist of former days had now grown coarse, sensual, heartless, and cruel. His transformation was complete. The treasury was empty in a few days, and unable to keep his engagement with the condottiere, Monreale, the latter was treacherously executed. He then had recourse to taxation. The people murmured. Rienzi had become ridiculous or odious. Drowned in luxuries and sensualities, he was finally roused one morning by the cries of "Death to the Tribune." The furious multitude invaded his palace and set fire to it. In the meantime the trembling object of so much fury took a disguise to insure his flight. Being recognised, he shrunk, paused, and fell under deep sword thrusts. The murderers did not strike him down, without having long hesitated, and gazed on those features formerly illumined by the purest enthusiasm—the noblest aspirations—and now distorted by sensuality and terror, a sad example of the fatal powerlessness of imagination in human affairs when it is devoid of practical intelligence and determination!

An episode, far more terrible, of the History of Italy, was the sack of Rome, in 1527, by the troops of the most Christian Emperor Charles V. The correspondence we have alluded to reveals the truth as to his participation in this great stigma of the sixteenth century. This sixteenth century, during which Italy shone so splendidly by her artistic and literary genius, was fatal to the independence of the fair Peninsula. By the victory of Pavia, Italy seemed condemned to pass under the Germanic domination. The Emperor's armies—or, rather, his motley bands of barbarians—were scattered over the most important points of Lombardy and Tuscany, incessantly devouring and ravaging without mercy. The Italians and the Italian princes beheld the impending fate that awaited them. They manifested a momentary inspiration—a powerful flash of national genius—in the resolution of delivering their country of the imperial hordes. But, instead of acting unanimously—energetically—in broad day-light—they conspired again. Instead of a national movement, and of a war to the death, they had recourse to cabinet intrigues

—to a very equivocal diplomacy—to partial secret meetings—in order to prepare a sudden, unexpected explosion. Hence the horrible catastrophe in which savage bands of Spaniards, Swiss, Germans—lawless and faithless—thirsting for blood, lust, and plunder—sacked, during many weeks, the metropolis of the fine arts and of Christianity, far exceeding any thing recorded in history of the Goths and Vandals. Morone, Chancellor and Minister of the Duke of Milan, was the originator and the soul of the conspiracy. He associated the Pope and all the Italian princes to his views; and there was every appearance of a formidable league being formed against the approaching reckless tyranny of Charles. However, long hesitations ensued—misunderstandings, as usual—disappointed pretensions—while the Pontiff, Clement VII., evinced a strong desire to insure the happiness of Italy, and, at the same time, to avoid the effusion of blood. All the documents and threads of this widely-spread plot are extremely curious. They exhibit great sagacity—great cleverness on the part of Morone and others—great rhetorical powers—but evince no signs of unity of action. Morone was persuaded that he had gained over to his cause Pescara, the greatest of the Emperor's generals, whose services had not met with the merited recompense. But the great general proved a traitor to Morone and his cause. Now, the Italians, however unprepared for it, found themselves, of necessity, brought to an open war. The various corps being dispersed, carried on partial *coups de main*. When the chiefs met or communicated with each other they persevered in a total absence of unity and harmony. The cities remained isolated.

The hesitations of the Pontiff remained a great impediment. In the meantime the generals of Charles V. were displaying great skill—great precision in their movements and unity of purpose. Finally, the Pope beheld the tempest that was gathering, not only over Italy, but over Rome and his own person. There only now remained for him, either complete submission or a desperate resistance. Both were equally repugnant to his feelings, and he continued in his hesitations.

During all the misunderstandings and waverings, the famished, imperial army of barbarians, headed by the Constable of Bourbon, was advancing rapidly. No means now existed to ward off the storm. If we open the letters addressed by Charles V. to his generals, we see that Rome was condemned by him to be sacked, and that his subsequent protestations were all falsehood and hypocrisy. He writes to Lannoy, that he will get nothing from these people (the Court of Rome) without *thrashing them well*. He urges Bourbon to hasten on—to spare no one—and, once for all, to put an end to every thing. The Constable and his 35,000 men fell on the Eternal City like a fearful combination of avalanches. The defence hastily prepared, is vividly related by Benvenuto Cellini. The Spaniards and Germans, greedy of plunder, rushed on the walls; they had no artillery, and must either perish or succeed in a sudden storming of the city. The besieged fought valiantly; but a thick fog falling on the scene of slaughter, rendered the Roman artillery useless and favoured the barbarians, who penetrated, from different quarters, into the Eternal City. And then commenced the long work of murder and of refined cruelties—hideous, bloody scenes of an unheard-of duration, and that have no parallel in history.

The fourth and last of those episodes in Italian history we have alluded to, is the insurrection of Masaniello in 1648-49, contemporary with the *Fronde* and the execution of Charles I. The Duke of Rivas having discovered some very remarkable documents on that period, has made a most judicious use of them in the work he has published on the subject. Here, again, romances, dramatic scenes, operas, and hasty historians, writing without a sufficient knowledge of the original sources, had singularly disfigured the coarse, ignorant but generous fisherman, and the events that caused his apparition as well as those that followed it. Masaniello, as well as Rienzi, was an enthusiast, but without mysticism, idealism, and aspirations. His enthusiasm was purely patriotic. Being roused from his peaceful occupation of fisherman by the Spanish persecutions, he found himself suddenly and unexpectedly master of Naples. His

energy and uprightness proved sufficient for mere physical contentions and struggles, but he became powerless when arose the necessity of checking the revolutionary multitude, and insure, at the same time, to his country, the fruits of victory. As soon as his position became complicated, his total want of experience and common sense became evident. He then, like Rienzi, but from a very different cause, commenced a series of vengeance and cruelties. Every difficulty appeared to him a treason. All pure enthusiasm had fled from him, and his heart failing, he lost his reason.

There appeared, some fifteen years ago, in Italy, a little book entitled, "Narrative of the Twenty-seven Insurrections of the *very faithful city of Naples*." If the great number of these revolts, is a testimony of the petulant, explosive nature of the Neapolitan population, it is, undoubtedly, an equal testimony of the misconduct and of the excesses of the governments that succeeded each other. The Duke of Arcos had been appointed Spanish Viceroy of Naples in 1646. The Spanish treasury was exhausted in consequence of the war with France. Naples was already subjected to enormous imposts and extortions. Threatening murmurs and groans could be heard from every class of the population; nevertheless, a new tax on fruit was proclaimed on the 1st January, 1647. The people manifested their discontent in various street scenes, by vociferations and *pasquinades*, in which the fisherman, Thomas Aniello, was a leader. He was notorious among all by his handsome person, his constant merriness, and jokes; but his wife, having endeavoured to smuggle some flour into the town, she was roughly treated, thrown into prison, and condemned to a fine of a hundred ducats. Masaniello sold all he possessed to redeem her. The young couple were ruined. From that day the fisherman underwent a complete transformation. He became sombre, mysterious, bitter, and threatening in his language. His wrath and hatred exploded day and night among the motley groups of the people. He became the head and soul of the malcontents. He soon put himself in communication, indiscriminately, with every faction of nobles, clergy, even banditti.



The Neapolitans, naturally indolent, do not seem to require more for existence than their splendid sun, the deep blue vault of heaven, along with the fruits of the earth for their food. When the burning summer came, they found themselves almost deprived of the latter by the new tax. The Sunday, 7th of July, was a popular festival. The heat was intense. The poor people were yearning for fruits, but they were too dear. Some peasants coming up with baskets filled with the freshest supply, the temptation was too great. Several efforts were made to purchase them; but the tax-gatherers were present. An altercation ensued. The crowd was soon in a ferment. The fiscal agents were threatened on all sides, when Masaniello, appearing at the head of his band, he struck down the government agent, mounted on a table, and addressed the populace in a powerful voice, proclaiming himself their chief, comparing his mission to that of Moses and St. Peter. The insurrection spread like lightning. The Duke signed the abolition of the odious tax, but too late. He escaped by a secret issue, and Masaniello occupied the palace. A massacre of the Spaniards followed. All the government offices were burnt, and the fisherman was proclaimed Captain-General of the people. In the meantime, the Viceroy succeeded in reaching the strong fortress of Castel Nuovo, after many dangers. He now had recourse to means of conciliation, and endeavoured also to disunite the partisans of the insurrection. He vainly tried every treasonable process and subterfuge. Their discovery rendered every conciliation impossible, whilst they exasperated Masaniello. The latter soon organized regular military bands, all in rags, but full of spirit. He marched at their head bravely, and put to flight the Spanish troops that were approaching to the assistance of the Duke, and took possession of the dépôt of Spanish arms. In fine, the victory became complete. Masaniello passed a review of 115,000 men, mostly half naked, but armed and ready to obey him. Now, daily from a window, still in his fisherman's dress, he pronounced orders and decrees; fixed the price of bread; ordered the burning of some palace or other. The exigencies of the people

increased with their sense of security in their triumph. They rejected the offers of conciliation of the Duke of Arcos, to the great dissatisfaction of Masaniello, who, simple-minded and sincere, was anxious to behold peace and harmony restored in Naples. At this conjuncture, commenced a series of tumultuous meetings; deputations with propositions and counter propositions; abortive treasons on the part of the Spaniards: finally, a treaty, establishing on a new basis, the relations between the Neapolitans and the crown was agreed upon. A splendid ceremony took place for its inauguration. It was the most glorious day in the life of the fisherman, who, for the first time, appeared magnificently attired, in obedience to the archbishop. We now possess all the authentic accounts of his meetings with the Duke; of the speeches, courtesies, pageantry, conversations, and final arrangements, signed by the Viceroy and Masaniello, who found himself recognised as Captain-General by the representative of the King of Spain. But here commenced his embarrassments, his hasty, violent measures and cruelties—finally, the testimony of his utter incapacity for his functions, which were those of Civil Governor. Novelists, and even historians, have stated that the Spaniards had poisoned him; however, no trace, not a shadow of a suspicion of the kind can be found anywhere. At the final ceremony of the oath, held in the cathedral, richly adorned for the purpose, the Viceroy arrived with a princely retinue. Masaniello appeared, clad in a garment richly embroidered with silver. A religious service was performed, and a solemn reading of the treaty took place. The Duke swore to abide by it. Deafening cries of joy burst from all. But an inner revolution had already taken place in Masaniello. Now, the poor fisherman, his eyes flashing, his face burning, came forward with extraordinary gesticulations; addressed incoherent words to the people; then burst into tears, tore his garments, and kneeling, he implored the archbishop to be restored to his former humble life and liberty; after which he fell in a state of prostration. All present withdrew in deep agitation. Evidently, the sudden change from obscurity to a high station; the sense of responsi-

bility fallen upon him; his sense of incapacity for such a position, despite his ardour and heart-born gleams of genius, all gave rise to an inward struggle that broke down and shattered the poor fisherman's mind. It was totally gone. During the banquet, and the festivals of the evening of that solemn day, affecting scenes of his insanity took place again. He was burning with fever. We will not relate his extravagancies, insane measures, and incoherent speeches during the following days. It is easily conceived that he lost all credit in the eyes of the people. Still, they gazed upon him and his follies with tender emotions of pity; others, however, flung stones at him. The Duke considered his state as an admirable opportunity for striking a decisive blow, which would at once avenge him and annihilate the revolution. Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed when, on the great day of the *fête* of the Virgin, again a solemn general assembly took place in the Church of the Carmel. This time the multitude was silent and gloomy. The Duke appeared, but with armed troops. Masaniello rushed from his house into the church, rushed into the pulpit; and such was the incoherent vehemence of his speech that he soon fell exhausted. The Divine Service was performed whilst he lay prostrate in the cell of a monk close to the sacristy. As soon as it was over, the crowd was withdrawing slowly, silently, mournfully, when three armed men penetrated into the church, crying—"Death to Masaniello!" All present fled. Masaniello, ghastly pale, but smiling, appeared on the threshold of the sacristy. "Is it you, my beloved people?" he exclaimed; "I am coming to you." The assassins fired deliberately, and he fell dead. The impressionable Neapolitans shed floods of tears over the body of the unfortunate fisherman, whose funeral was on a regal scale. During one long day his body was exposed to the gaze of the people, who came once more to behold the beautiful head they had loved so deeply. The Duke of Arcos soon discovered that his crime could not be followed by any solution in his favour. The revolution continued, and assumed another phase under the Duke of Guise and his partisans, who, after many difficulties, sanguinary contests, and chi-

valrous combats, fell, without exception, under the new Spanish forces, commanded by Don John of Austria. The city and kingdom of Naples made their submission; and although the tax upon fruits was not renewed, the government of the Spanish Viceroy resumed its former despotism.

From the various instances we have sketched, may be seen the nature of the knowledge obtained from original documents and state papers, and how much they facilitate verification in the attainment and appreciation of truth. The discriminate use of such materials for the investigation of historical facts will shed a new light, we repeat it, on the science of history, as well as on the labours of historians and professors of history. Let us add that the public owes a great debt of gratitude to those who devote themselves to such researches. Such men are the patient and indefatigable miners who derive but little popular influence and repute, if their labours are confined to such pursuits. In England, one of the most striking instances of the effects resulting from the publication of original documents was Mr. Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell." The British public beheld for the first time, the stern Puritan—the real Protector. Others will follow the example given by Mr. Carlyle. Subsequently appeared the late Mr. John Kemble's publication of invaluable state papers, with excellent biographical notices. Thus, the British public will now be in the legitimate expectation of the appearance of new sources of history. At Florence, under the auspices of the Minister, Baldasseroni, M. Bonaini has very recently arranged and classified the Tuscan Archives with infinite skill in the beautiful palace of the *Uffizi*; and thus Florence possesses now, collected together and accessible to all, the state papers, correspondence, in short, all the documents relating to her history—sad remains of her antique liberties! It would be worthy of the British Government to assist in, and encourage the researches for state papers and valuable documents. It is well known that they abound in the British Museum and the Foreign Office, as well as in all the public offices and archives of Europe.

## CATHEDRAL SOLITUDE

Calm, still, and icy cool the arches  
Which oft are resonant with holy song :  
Not now the organ pours celestial marches  
The fretted roof along.

Silent I stand in dim seclusion  
Beneath a window rich with saintly forms :  
And meditate, far from the world's confusion,  
Its agony of storms.

O heart, that with my Saviour warrest,  
Scorning His love in this thy troubled mood—  
I cannot lead thee to some ancient forest—  
Green home of solitude.

But in His voiceless temple wander,  
Which hallowed walls from worldly joy divide,  
And on His boundless love in silence ponder,  
Who for thy rescue died.

O faintly, wearily and slowly,  
Up the hot steep He bore the accursed tree,  
Pardoning His enemies their hate unholy :  
And this, wild heart, for thee.

Him then the Seraphim beholding,  
Panted to speed across the aerial sea  
And aid their Master. He the cross was holding,  
O rebel heart, for thee.

When earth was shaken to its centre,  
When many saints were from their graves set free  
As Christ the gates of Ades dared to enter—  
Frail heart, it was for thee.

Wilt thou forget ? O great Defender  
Of all who kneel before Thy sacred shrine,  
With willing arm, omnipotent and tender,  
Embrace this heart of mine.

O let not one whom Thou did'st gather,  
Return unto the idle world again !  
Keep me to dwell with Thee and with the Father  
World without end. Amen.

## SUEZ SHIP CANAL.

THE most reliable authority on this question is the Report of the Scientific International Commission, which was presented to the Pasha of Egypt, by whom the Commission was created during the past year. Many other treatises on the "Suez Canal" had preceded the appearance of this document; but nearly all were tinged with some national bias, or some private predilection. Even the laborious investigations of Ferdinand De Lesseps himself bear evidence of this infirmity. The Scientific Commission, however, emanated from seven distinct quarters. These were the representatives of engineering science at London, Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Turin, and Berlin, together with an "eminent civil officer" of the East India Company. Thirteen commissioners repaired personally to Egypt, where they devoted their knowledge to an examination of the different routes by which it had been at different times proposed to divide the two continents of our earliest history. They were chiefly naval officers, or naval and civil engineers. These particulars suffice to accredit their report as the most authoritative statement that has yet appeared upon the question. We shall, therefore, follow this document as a manual, in exclusion of the many ephemeral works which crowd our shop-windows and our club-tables.

"The question of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez," say the Commissioners, with truth, "is one whose antiquity dates from the remotest ages." The object to be thus obtained has successively varied with the requirements of each period. Originally, the canal was destined to form a connexion between the valley of the Nile and the Red Sea, in order to facilitate the intercourse between Egypt and Arabia. At the present day, the object proposed consists in effecting a communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, in order to facilitate navigation between Europe and the Indian Ocean.

The Arabs were the first conquerors to devise a direct canal between the two seas. Amrou, the lieutenant of Omar, originated this project. It was

his aim to join the seas from Suez to Pelusium. He designed to supply the canal by the waters of the Nile itself, which should be thrown into it through an old canal of the Pharaohs that the Cæsars had repaired. But Fanaticism choked the design which Policy and Commerce had conceived; and the Caliphs were alarmed lest a channel should be opened for the desecration of sacred Arabia by the Christians. The question, thus discarded, slumbered without interruption for a thousand years. Probably, if the passage by the Cape had not been discovered three centuries and a-half ago, we should before this have carried out the scheme of so many ages. Its revival is thus described by the Commissioners:—

"The conquest of Egypt by the French revived the question of the Suez Canal, which had lain forgotten for ten centuries. M. Lepère, then chief-engineer of the *Ponts et Chaussées*, after examining it, by turns, with a view to Egyptian trade, and to a grand transit channel for navigation, pointed out two methods of solution:—

"1. For the trade of Egypt, a canal of small section from Suez to Alexandria, through the central region of the Delta, fed by the waters of the Nile.

"2. For transit navigation, a canal of large section from Suez to Pelusium, fed by the waters of the Red Sea.

"It is the prodigious development, during the last few centuries, and particularly in our own, of the commerce and the navy of all civilized nations, which has caused the want of this new and shorter path of communication to be so urgently felt. In ancient times no such need could exist, on account of the absence of any similar requirements. Trade and navigation, until modern times carried on almost exclusively in the Mediterranean, had not attained sufficient importance to require increased facilities, and a wider extension."

Let us consider the physical difficulties of the soil. It is well known that the Nile possessed originally seven branches. The bifurcation of the river is now above Cairo, and thence it forms two branches; the one falling into the sea at Rosetta, the other at Damietta. Thus Lower Egypt is divided into three provinces

—Delta, Beherah, and Cherkiah. Each province is intersected by nearly innumerable canals, communicating between the lagoons on the sea-coast, and the two main arteries of the Nile. They are supposed to be, in every case, artificial; although it is difficult to determine whether they may be often more than developments of existing natural streamlets. In their present condition, however, they have unquestionably been either cut or adapted for the purposes of irrigation and of agriculture. The Mahmoudieh Canal is the only artificial work of this kind that has been formed for commercial purposes.

We shall not follow the Commissioners into their elaborate *exposé* of the physical character of the surface and substratum of the Egyptian soil, except in so far as it bears upon the direct route of the designed canal. The width of the isthmus is seventy miles; and Suez and Pelusium stand at the nearest points of the two seas.

The topographical chart annexed to the Report of the Commission develops a "*thalweg*" or nearly horizontal course along the whole isthmus. This is chiefly caused by two distinct depressions in the soil. The one extends from the Bitter Lakes to Lake Tim-sah; the other stretches from the centre of the isthmus to the alluvial lands of the Delta.

"This," say the Commissioners, "is what is called Ouadee Goumilat, the ancient Land of Goshen, where the Hebrews settled under the conduct of Jacob, when Joseph called them thither, and whence they departed, under the conduct of Moses, seventeen centuries before the Christian era."

We may be pardoned, perhaps, for expressing a hope that the chronology of the Commission is no test of its engineering skill. The Commissioners have fixed the sacred exode more than two centuries *earlier* than the Hebrew chronology, and about as much *later* than the Septuagint. Perhaps the Commissioners *en passant* think themselves entitled, on the score of their visit to Egypt, to settle this dispute in sacred history, by striking a mean.

The Commissioners write:—

"Several motives appear to have deterred the majority of engineers who

have turned their attention to the subject in question from entertaining the idea of a direct track. These motives are the influence of tradition, which referred to little else than attempts to connect the Nile with the Red Sea—an imperfect acquaintance with the localities favouring the supposition that the Bay of Pelusium was absolutely impracticable; and, lastly, a misconception of the true interests of Egypt, which country it was proposed to endow with a grand canal of inland navigation, overlooking that such a canal would be productive of more harm than benefit.

"These motives, to which may be added certain political considerations, into which it forms no part of our duty to inquire, induced the proposition of the three indirect tracks successively proposed since the beginning of the century, by M. Lepère, a member of the Institute of Egypt, and Chief Engineer of the *Ponts et Chaussées* of France; by M. Paulin Talabot, Chief Engineer of the same corps; and by MM. Alexis and Emile Barrault. These three tracks traverse Egypt, and terminate at Alexandria, passing respectively through the centre, the apex, and the base of the Delta. Our task is to examine them from the point of view assigned to us—that of the demand for a navigable ship canal, always free and open."

The earliest of these three schemes for the *indirect canal* was that of M. Lepère, who accompanied the French expedition to Egypt in 1798. He appears to have possessed an eminently scientific mind; but unfortunately his attention was almost wholly directed to the restoration of the old canals of the Cæsars and the Pharaohs. The Commissioners examine his design, and pronounce against it. The second scheme is that of M. Paulin Talabot, which was first published in 1847. The canal thus designed was to pass from Suez to Cairo, thence to cross the Nile without making use of the river above the borrag of Saidieh, and to reach the Mediterranean near Alexandria. Its length was calculated at 250 miles. These two conditions appear decisively to negative the whole scheme, if the *direct track* be not quite impracticable. The length would be triple that of the direct canal; and the difficulty of bridging the Nile at Cairo, not only from its width, but from the immense strength in stonework that a ship aqueduct would require, are insurmountable objections

in the view of the Commissioners. To the third scheme—that of the MM. Barrault (published, in 1856, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*), the Commissioners sum up their objections, which extend over several pages, with the declaration that—

“It very incompletely answers to the necessities of transit navigation, and would require an enormous outlay for its establishment and maintenance. Admitting the possibility of completing it successfully, it could not possibly be maintained, as it would bear within itself the germs of its own destruction, as well as that of a portion of Lower Egypt!”

With this reference to the elaborate arguments of the Commissioners, our readers will follow us to the conclusion that the alternative is, not between a canal by the direct and a canal by the indirect route, but between a canal by the direct route and no canal at all. We shall quote the statement of the Commissioners on the advantages of the direct route:

“In the first place, the direct track is shorter by two-thirds than the others. Instead of 400 kilomètres (280 miles), which is the average length of the canals proposed by MM. Lepère, P. Talabot, and Barrault, it extends to scarcely a third of this distance. Its entire course measures 147 kilomètres (92 miles), without a single lock.

“The route is shorter, and the fulfilment of its purposes is assured, at all times, without the possibility of obstruction or interruption. The interests of the commercial world would be fully satisfied; and as the whole works, under these circumstances, will be much less costly, the company undertaking their execution will derive sufficient profit to render the investment of capital remunerative. The tonnage at present passing round the Cape of Good Hope would pay, effecting at the same time a great economy, an amount of toll which at first starting will supply an adequate profit, and without adventuring a doubtful prophecy, it may be predicted, that the saving of distance, and the facilities of the route for long sea navigation, will infallibly bring about an increase of traffic, as is proved by the example of every enterprise in which, from the more convenient and rapid means of communication afforded, its amount has been augmented in an enormous ratio.”

Among the incidental advantages of this plan, it is clear that it cannot in any degree injure the hydraulic

system on which the fertility of the country depends. It will, indeed, somewhat augment that system, since it will establish a fresh-water canal in the Land of Goshen.

One of the most interesting of the engineering questions arising out of this subject is that of the common level of the Red and Mediterranean Seas. The ancient and indeed immemorial belief in a wide difference between them was first called in question by Fourier and Laplace. The doubts put forward by these eminent men were based on purely theoretical notions of the necessary equilibrium of waters on the surface of the globe. But Lepère had, at this time, in person, made his soundings, and had come to a contrary conclusion. The theorists and philosophers soon kicked the beam when weighed in the same balance with practical engineers; and Lepère's doctrine was pronounced orthodox. It is singular that the theory of the unequal level of the two seas has only been exploded within the last twelve years. The supposed inequality, moreover, extended to 9,908 mètres, or nearly seven miles. It is now ascertained that the philosophers in Paris were in the right, and that the explorers in Egypt were quite in the wrong. General Chesney was the first to vindicate Laplace and Fourier by practical inquiry. The conviction expressed by him in favour of an equal level, in 1830, was sustained by a party of British explorers after the hostility of 1840. But it was not until 1846 that the matter was finally set at rest by M. Talabot. To him, therefore, the credit belongs of having advanced this question even more materially than M. de Lesseps himself. The question of a difference of level is now at rest, and the equal level of the two seas is a truth in which all parties are agreed.

The soil through which the direct canal must be excavated is discussed in the report. We publish the concluding remarks:

“The Suez Ship Canal will have to traverse throughout its entire course of 147,956 mètres (161,827 yards), two principal descriptions of soil: first, clay, from Suez to the Bitter Lakes; next, firm sand, from the Bitter Lakes to its outlet in the Bay of Pelusium.

“With respect to the shifting sands,

which, according to a commonly-received opinion, are expected to jeopardise the existence of the canal, they are a chimera, without the slightest foundation in fact. The observations made on the spot by our colleagues show that the entire soil of the isthmus is perfectly stable throughout, being rendered so either by the gravel or the vegetation with which it is covered. What is still more conclusively demonstrative of this fact is the existence, after a lapse of so many centuries, of such considerable vestiges as are still left of the ancient canal works. Were the sands on the surface of the isthmus subject to movements capable of producing such effects as have been imputed to them, these vestiges would long since have disappeared."

We have thus exhausted the question of the practicability of the Direct Canal, and have resolved it in the affirmative. The next point to be considered is the mode of construction. There are two distinct methods in contemplation—either it may be constructed with a *summit level*, that is to say, above the natural level of the two seas; or it may be excavated with or without locks at either extremity. Of course, if there had been a material difference in the level of the two seas, there could have been no option; and if the level had been so different as was computed by Lepère, no number of locks could have been equal to the descent. But as the level is either exact, or so approximately exact as to allow of simply a gentle current in the waters of the canal, either course is physically practicable; and the decision must be taken on subordinate grounds.

There are, therefore, three questions here to be entertained. 1. The summit-level. 2. The excavation. 3. The locks. Of the first, the Commissioners say:—

"By constructing a canal with a summit level, it is evident, that a considerable economy would be effected in the quantity of the earthwork. The cubic content of earth to be removed would be considerably reduced. The canal would have to be excavated to a considerably less depth, and consequently, the inconvenience resulting from the infiltration of water would be much less. But the saving would unquestionably be greatly diminished by the expense which would have to be incurred in embanking the canal across Lake Menzaleh, and flush

with the basin of the Bitter Lakes, round which it would wind, and by the cost of establishing the locks to be constructed on each extremity. It would be quite impossible, moreover, to take advantage, as in the case of ordinary canals, of the configuration of the ground in order to select the most advantageous site for the locks. They must of necessity be placed at each end of the canal, to allow of the employment, under the most favourable conditions, of steam-tugs for the haulage of the ships."

But there are considerations hostile to the adoption of this system which outweigh the pecuniary arguments in its favour. The peculiarities of sand embankments are well known. Nothing will render them secure. A change of level in the water itself might overthrow the whole embankment. And although it is thought that deposits of sediment from the waters of the Nile would at length render the sandbanks impervious, this process would be so slow as possibly to be incomplete after the tenth destruction of the banks.

But there is even a greater danger. The Commissioners inform us that any Arab shepherd, who might be an ill-wisher to navigation, could empty the canal in a few minutes by a few strokes of his pickaxe. Even the wild animals which are apt to burrow in the sand, would be likely to produce the same result, without any *malice prepense*, and to the signal detriment of their own burrowing. An effective guard would be ruinously expensive. The Commissioners compare the necessity of such a guard to the "watchers" on the Adige, on the rising of that river. But they add that there is no population along the course of the canal from whom it would be possible to organize such a body.

A canal, therefore, with a "summit-level" is preposterous. We accept, then, the principle of an excavated canal, fed with sea water. Two questions here arise. "The canal can be made with lock-gates at each end, at Suez and Pelusium; or it can be left completely open, offering to navigation a Bosphorus formed by the hand of man."

The scheme of lock-gates has its advantages. The expense of construction would be lessened; and it would be more easy prospectively to main-

tain the canal in working order. It is computed that 22,000,000 cubic yards of earthwork would thereby be saved. Moreover, there would be no danger that the canal would ever be filled with mud from either side. And neither currents nor tides would disturb its course.

The Commissioners, however, afterwards assail their own arguments in favour of lock-gates:—

“But these advantages are rather apparent than real. In the first place, according to the calculations made, the water-line could not be perceptibly raised if the course of the canal were interrupted by the sheet of water of the Bitter Lakes; and it could only be raised 0·64 mètres (2 feet) if the canal ran an unbroken course from one sea to the other. In the first case, which is that of the project, the anticipated saving would be insignificant; in the second, it would not amount to 4,000,000 francs (£160,000), and would be swallowed up by the cost of the embankments to be to be executed across the Bitter Lakes. In reality, therefore, no compensation would be offered for the expense of constructing the lock-gates. To avoid delays, which it is but too easy to foresee, at least two locks parallel with each other would be required at Suez, and the same number at Pelusium; and it has even been proposed that there should be four—two large and two small—to be quite secure against any interruption of the navigation. The cost of first construction, the maintenance, and that of a numerous staff for working the locks, would entail a considerable amount of expenditure for a result of doubtful utility, attended with certain and evident disadvantages.”

We have noticed several statements in the periodicals of the day with reference to the anticipated choking of the canal by the mud thrown out of the Nile, and said to be deposited in the Bay of Pelusium by the currents and westerly winds of the Mediterranean. This, in fact, constitutes the staple argument against “a free Bosphorus.” It appears, however, that the apprehension is chimerical. We quote the following important statement as tending entirely to dissipate a very common error:—

“The case will be very much the same as regards the Mediterranean; and although there is a great deal of mud brought down by the Nile into that sea, it is probable that this mud will not make its way into the canal. It must

be remembered, in the first place, that leaving out exceptional cases, the current will always be from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and will, consequently, tend to drive back the mud-charged waters. During gales from the N.W., the mud might be borne along by the current from the Mediterranean towards the Bitter Lakes. But the creation of such currents would only be an exception; and the counter-current would, in all probability, bring back the greater part of this mud into the sea.”

No one who shall have perused this statement will question that, so far as we have pursued the subject, the force of argument irresistibly inclines in favour of a free channel. Time and convenience point also to the same conclusion. Locks would add materially to the direct expense of the transit of ships through the canal. When they are out of order, the delay to the shipping will be indefinite, and the expense or loss to our merchants consequently incalculable. Even the ordinary and inevitable delay incurred by them when in working order, may make a very appreciable difference in the prices gained for freight on delivery in the market to which each vessel is bound.

We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion that a free canal, excavated and directly communicating with either sea, without the interposition of lock-gates, is the only principle on which we can hope successfully to conduct the navigation between Europe and the Eastern seas by way of the Mediterranean. What we now require is a brief detail of the requisites of a canal constructed on this general principle; of its original expense; of its expense in annual maintenance; and, finally, of the remunerative character of an investment in such an enterprise.

We turn to the dimensions of the canal. M. de Lesseps, and those associated with him, have proposed *eight mètres*, or twenty-six feet, for its *depth*. The Commissioners adopt this proposition. Such a depth, they maintain, will suffice for clippers of 3,000 tons, which are the largest vessels at this day trading between the Indian and European seas. It is well, however, when we are about to give effect to a project which has slumbered for a thousand years—and which, if effective, may, probably, be



useful for another thousand—to look a little in advance of our time. The day may arrive when all but “Leviathans” will be discarded, and 3,000 ton clippers be mere cockle-boats. At any rate, a depth just sufficient for our present trade, and no more, may work one of two highly injurious results. It may prevent the development of our ship-building for navigation to the East; or it may greatly contract the utility of this channel, by compelling the largest class of ships to double the Cape. It must be remembered also that a comparatively slight increase of depth would suffice to convey ships of a great increase of tonnage. A depth of but six or eight additional feet would probably allow the Leviathan to pass the canal.

It is true that the Commissioners declare that it will be easy to add to the depth of the canal at any time. We confess we do not follow this reasoning. No doubt, we sit at the feet of Gamaliel, when we read the combined opinion of thirteen admirals and engineers; but it is necessary even for such authorities to explain and defend propositions running counter to all one's notions of common sense. If a complete system of locks were formed throughout the canal, we might well understand the possible exhaustion of water, bit by bit, and the renewal of excavation by gradual means; but all these locks are to be dispensed with, and the canal is to be open to an immense sea on either side.

The contemplated mode of transit is that of towing chains. This is preferred to that of steam-tugs, as more economical and equally rapid. It is supposed that the towing-chains will propel vessels at a rate of six miles an hour with the current, and of five miles against it. This slight difference does not, it is true, allow much for the force of the current. But whatever that force may be, the difference would be the same, whether the propelling power were by means of chains or steam-tugs.

We revert to the “Embouchure of the Canal in the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.” This question involves both the bays and the ports of Suez and Pelusium.

The roadstead of Suez is natu-

rally adapted to the entrance and exit of vessels. Five hundred vessels, on an average of 1,000 tons burthen each, are capable of riding at anchor there simultaneously. The depth of water varies from five to thirteen metres—that is, from sixteen to forty-two feet—and while the entrance depth would more than suffice for the “Leviathan” herself, a considerable proportion of our present trading ships require less than sixteen feet of water. These soundings, originated by the French Admiral, Gantheaume, in 1799, were confirmed by the Commission. The safety of this anchorage has been strikingly illustrated by the *Zenobia*, a British corvette, which has served during the last three years as a coal-tender to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and meanwhile has remained at the same moorings. Her anchors have not once dragged during the whole period. The Commissioners have assured themselves on this point by an examination of the *Zenobia's* log-book. Two deep and clear “passes,” wide enough to allow of tacking, open out into the sea, on either side of a bank of rock, and permit vessels to enter or quit the roadstead in every weather.

The wind usually blows N.N.W., and never produces a heavy swell. The currents throughout the Bay of Suez are slight, nor do any streams run into the Red Sea. The shores, in consequence, which are formed chiefly of hard rock, oppose a resistance to the destructive action of the waves. The alluvium deposited chiefly arises from the broken remains of shell-fish and mud refuse cast up by the sea, and from the mud and shingle swept down to the shore by heavy rains, which, though they rarely fall, nevertheless pour in torrents.

The shore around the roadstead consists of sandy-beaches, the configuration of which does not appear to have undergone change during many centuries. Nor have the deposits of sand and mud, which form the bottom of the Suez roadstead, increased in an appreciable degree. There can, therefore, be no apprehension that the harbour will “silt up” from alluvial deposits. Under these circumstances, the naval offi-

cers in the Commission are opposed to the formation of jetties extending from the canal to a certain distance into the sea, with any view of keeping the entrance clear. The engineers, however, appear to differ from the naval Commissioners; and this remains a moot point.

Thus much for the Red Sea entrance to the Canal. The Gulf of Pelusium extends from Damietta point, on the west, to Cape Casius, on the east. This, it is to be feared, is less sheltered than the Bay of Suez; for, while it is not less than seventy-five miles in width, it is not more than fourteen metres in depth. The anchorage, however, is excellent, being formed of grey sand. The shore itself appears to have undergone no change since the age of Strabo. The ruins of Pelusium stand at the same distance from the sea as the city stood, according to his description. The alternation of the wind into land and sea breezes, by day and night, will facilitate the entrance and departure of vessels in and out of the canal.

We will not attempt to analyse the twenty pages which the report devotes to the single question of the Pelusiatic Bay. But the result of their inquiry assures us that there exists no obstacle of importance to the embouchure of the canal on the Mediterranean. The following brief summary presents the gist of their whole argument. It is to be observed that the "port at Saïd" is on the Pelusiatic Bay:—

"We are persuaded that the port established at Saïd, under the conditions we have pointed out, will be fully adequate to all the requirements of the navigation. The harbour is rendered complete by a natural roadstead of indefinite extent, sheltered from the reigning winds from the W.N.W., and in which the sea is never high, and the holding is excellent. It is our opinion, that, with long cables, a vessel could pass the winter in the outer roadstead; and we have expressed a desire that the fact be placed beyond doubt by direct experiment, as has been done in the case of Suez, with respect to the Zenobia wintering in the roadstead there. To meet our wishes on this point, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has requested his Highness the Viceroy to send an Egyptian corvette to the Gulf of Pelusium, to be stationed there during the whole of the ensuing winter."

It is also proposed to lay telegraphic

wires along the canal. The estimated expense is not more than 250 francs per kilomètre, or about £16 per mile. The canal, be it remembered, will measure but seventy miles in length. The additional charge for communication at each station will be only £20. Probably, therefore, this will prove the most remunerative element in the speculation.

We diverge to the question of the expenditure of the canal itself.

The following summary has been computed with care:—

"The estimated expenditure, (including 15,850,000 francs for accessory works of a nature calculated to augment the profits of the enterprise) amounts therefore to . . . fr. 143,851,595

To this figure must be added, in order to determine the actual expenditure—

1st. Expenses of administration, estimated at 2½ per cent. on the capital, . . . . .	3,578,164
2nd. A sum for omissions and casualties, estimated at about 10 per cent. of the expenditure, according to the estimates, . . . . .	14,570,241

Grand total of expenditure for the Works, . . . fr. 162,000,000  
or £6,480,000 sterling.

In estimating the expenses of administration at 2½ per cent. of the capital, we have followed the usage adopted in Europe. If, on the one hand, the salaries of the higher grade of officials are higher in Egypt, on the other, those of the inferior servants and workmen are much less. We have, consequently, with the authors of the project, regarded these differences as compensating each other."

This calculation is free from the vagueness incidental to many other speculations. The nature of the soil, the price of labour, and the details of the undertaking, are fully ascertained, so far, at least, as the main canal itself is concerned. The Egyptian government require, however, that the Company shall form a "Junction and Irrigation Canal," as a contract to be executed under penalties, for a fixed sum of 9,000,000 francs.

Without, however, anticipating any serious difficulty on this head, Europe may think itself fortunate if a work of such world-wide importance can

be executed for a sum which was barely sufficient to construct the Great Western Railway from London to Bristol. The total estimated expenditure, with a margin of ten per cent. beyond the estimate, is £6,480,000. Now the capital of the company is 200,000,000 francs, or £8,000,000. The remaining sum—a million and a half—will clear the company of all apprehension for shortness of money. The truth of this statement depends, however, in great degree, on the good faith with which the shareholders may have subscribed. We are too well acquainted with the fictitious sums by which certain French and Belgian companies have attempted to bolster up their credit, to be unprepared for the announcement that a considerable portion of this capital is illusory. It is to be hoped that the Egyptian government will not allow the scheme to be set definitely in motion, until it shall have been clearly ascertained that the company is broad-backed enough to bear the burden which it has accepted.

A more interesting, though somewhat less important, question, is that of the maintenance of the canal in working condition. This is divided by the Commissioners into six heads of expense:—1. The two entrances. 2. The canal, properly so called. 3. The engineering works. 4. The light-houses. 5. The officials and servants. 6. Miscellaneous expenses.

On the first of these points, we have already seen that scarcely any apprehension is entertained for the instability of the bottom upon either sea. It is possible, therefore, that no appreciable expense will be incurred at either extremity. The Commissioners, however, are willing to allow £4,000 a-year as the charge on the Pelusiac entrance, and £1,200 on the entrance at Suez. These charges are placed to the account of a contingent necessity for "dredging."

With respect to the canal itself, it appears that the ordinary expense incurred on account of canals in the interior of France is but one franc annually per mètre. A singular parallel is to be found in the cost of maintaining the ship canal in North Holland, which is seventy-eight kilometres, or forty-eight miles, in length. This annual expense amounts to £15,600. This, be it understood, in-

cludes the entire expense of working and maintaining the canal in all its incidents. Although the Suez canal is but twenty-two miles longer, other circumstances affect this proportion. The Commissioners compute the total expense of maintenance at £62,000.

There are some other considerations of at least equal importance to be entertained. We allude to the commercial objects to be promoted, and the political interests to be affected.

On the former of these points the Commissioners argue with much force:—

"May it not therefore be asked:—Will the commercial shipping, at present passing round the Cape of Good Hope, continue to perform a voyage twice the length, through dangerous though well-known seas, when the possibility is presented of striking out a route half the length, better known, as regards a portion of its extent, than the former, and much less dangerous as regards the whole passage? The only objection of any weight, it has been possible to urge against the Suez route, is, that sailing ships would meet considerable difficulties in the Straits of Gibraltar, and of Bab-el-Mandeb. These difficulties, be it said, are greatly exaggerated. But under the hypothesis we have assumed, and which is already nearly half converted into a reality, all these objections naturally fall to the ground. Where sails would be found to fail, the screw from this time forth, without the least trouble, can be made to overcome all obstacles, be they the currents of Gibraltar, or the monsoons of Bab-el-Mandeb. The mails travel very regularly, backwards and forwards, between Southampton and Alexandria in thirteen days, and are but little longer on the journey from Suez to Bombay. Nay more! clippers with the auxiliary screw, have performed the run from Melbourne to Liverpool in two months."

We deal with this question at greater length than it has been misapprehended in several quarters. We have been repeatedly told that the currents of the Red Sea render it unnavigable to sailing ships, and that the heat is overpowering. Now, in the first place, the obstacle arising from the currents, though it may extend to retarding navigation by sailing vessels, does not vitally obstruct it. Sailing vessels may pass through the Red Sea at only one-third the progress with which they may do so in the Atlantic. But what we have to consider also is, that

by this route we save 8,000 miles. Vessels can well afford to pass slowly and encounter difficulties through 1,500 miles, when they affect so large a saving in distance. A great trade was maintained on this sea ages beyond ages before the application of steam to navigation. Sailing navigation meanwhile has immensely improved ; while there is no reason to apprehend that the currents or the winds of the Arabian Gulf have undergone change.

What is not less pertinent, is the consideration entertained by the Commission, that the proportion of screw vessels in our merchant fleets is largely on the increase. The East Indian and the Peninsular steam fleets navigate these waters with undeviating punctuality. Even the merchant vessels with mere auxiliary propellers do the same. Every one acquainted with modern navigation knows that the steam power of the latter class of vessels is insignificant. A heavy sea in the Atlantic will materially derange all their calculations of punctuality. It may be concluded, therefore, that the opening of the passage between the two seas will induce at least a great proportion of our merchant shipping trading with the East Indies, and the whole of our merchant steam power, to adopt the canal route.

This question is not simply one of immense indirect importance to our eventual European trade. It is one of immediate concern to the speculators with respect to the pecuniary feasibility of their undertaking. If the passage by the Straits of Gibraltar and the Egyptian canal present such secondary evils in point of navigation, and such immense advantages in point of distance, the throng of vessels will be secure to them. The return which even a moderate impost will afford on an outlay of six or seven millions will in that case be immense.

It is, however, but right to suggest, when we know from experience the extortions which monopolies will maintain, that a *maximum* rate of charge be fixed by the Egyptian Government. This rate might be proportioned to the registered tonnage of the ship, and regulated by the length of the voyage.

It has but lately transpired in public, that British diplomacy during the last fifteen years has in secret been

earnestly directed against the project of the Suez canal. Lord Palmerston, it will be remembered, made this statement in the House of Commons during the last session. It is singular how incidentally the Prime Minister of a Constitutional Monarchy will proclaim to all Europe secrets of his diplomacy, which he had veiled even from his own countrymen during so considerable a period of time. We believed that few were aware that even Lord Palmerston himself had been so much as theoretically adverse to the plan. And this is the insight into the policy of our rulers that we get from Parliamentary Government !

We do not design by these remarks to express any positive opinion in regard to the soundness of Lord Palmerston's judgment on the point. But we are very far from being willing to admit at the outset, that a measure of European value is likely to be a measure fraught with injury to Britain. We must remember that the wealth of a nation has hung, before this, on the formation of a route to India. The trade of Venice fell after Vasco di Gama had once doubled the Cape, and had set the example, not to Portugal alone, but to Holland and our own country, to maintain the maritime communication with India. And, on this analogy, it is perhaps thought, that some Mediterranean Powers, favoured by territorial proximity, may seize the trade and communications that may thus be opened to its enterprise.

But we are not of this class of thinkers on the subject. The analogy between our own empire and the Venetian fails, because we have a dominion in the East, as well as a carrying-trade ; whereas Venice possessed a carrying-trade only. The application of this difference to the question of a contingent strife of power in the Mediterranean is, that the home and the foreign dominions may afford each other reciprocal support. France (if she be the contemplated enemy), encountered on one side by a British maritime force, and on another by an Indian fleet, such as it ought to be henceforth our urgent policy to develop, might be placed very much in the position of John Barleycorn :—

“ But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he ground him between two stones.”

It can be only by an abuse or neglect of our naval resources, if we fail to maintain an ascendant with the geographical and colonial advantages in our possession. While on one side we retain Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, and while on the other our Indian fleets could blockade the exit of a hostile navy at the eastern side of the canal, it is very hard to believe that the balance of advantage can lie in our enemies' favour. In fact, we have had a fiercer strife during the last century, to maintain our European than our Asiatic ascendancy. It may be presumed, therefore, that India might render more aid to England in Europe than England to India, in the struggle of a fresh European war. It is by approximating India to England that this aim is to be promoted; and we know of no approximation so effectual as that of the Suez Canal.

There is, however, another question of great magnitude, which calls for consideration, in consequence of the recent remarks of a daily journal. It is assumed, that because the scheme of the Suez Canal originated in France, therefore France is to exercise control over the canal when constructed. It will have been perceived that our advocacy of this project proceeded on the assumption that Great Britain would possess at least a share in the management of the canal. The European interests in the navigation of the Indian seas extend to nearly every state; and we are, therefore, by no means prepared to insist on the exclusion of other nations from a share in the control. But it is, on this very principle, no more than just that the extent of authority possessed by each state over the canal should be proportionate to the extent of its Indian commerce. Great Britain has, consequently, an incontestible right to the first place in the management.

If the principles to be laid down on this question shall be in conformity with those on which the great powers have just regulated the navigation of the Danube, few jealousies can intervene. It was provided by the treaty of Paris of 1856, that, inasmuch as the commercial interests of different powers were involved in the course of that river, its navigation should be controlled by a European commission formed of all the powers who were parties to that

treaty. In this manner, the permanent commission of the Danube is composed of representatives of Turkey, Britain, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia. This expedient has involved, of course, a qualification of the sovereign rights of the Porte; but such a qualification would be no more extensive if applied to the navigation of the Suez Canal than to the navigation of the Danube.

Those who are apprehensive of an insidious assumption of exclusive power by the French government over the Suez Canal should remember that the question at issue involves the suzerain rights of the Porte, and that no concessions of territorial or political supremacy by the Egyptian viceroy can be binding either on the Sultan or on the other European powers. The ultimate reference must, therefore, be, in any case, to Constantinople. We entertain, therefore, no sort of apprehension for any powers accruing to the French government under any convention which they may have concluded with the viceroy. Indeed, we doubt whether a strict legal construction of the treaty of Paris would not preclude any single power from obtaining such a concession from the Porte itself, in exclusion of the other parties to the treaty.

Nevertheless, it is of great importance, if not to the peace of Europe, at least to the maintenance of our relations with France, that this question should be settled by a FORMAL CONGRESS. It has now, for the first time, assumed a practical shape. We now perceive that, be the ultimate arrangement what it may, the canal itself is inevitable. Lord Palmerston may rightly or wrongly have resolved to oppose this measure at Constantinople during the last fifteen years; but it is now clear that his opposition is no longer effectual: and a change of circumstances demands a change of policy.

We take the apprehension to be, either that French power may choke British interests, or that France, by maintaining a hold upon the canal similar to that which Russia until lately exercised over the Danube, might become the same enemy of Turkey in the south of her dominions that Russia has been in the north. We regard either apprehension as

chimerical. But, in order to secure that parity of interest in the canal which may otherwise be jeopardized, it is clear that, by the consent of Turkey and by an act of congress, the navigation of the canal should be forthwith transferred to an European commission composed of all the maritime powers, or of the same seven powers which at this day control the navigation of the Danube. If Lord Malmesbury, or whoever may be his successor, will promptly urge the settlement of the question on this basis, he will do much to reassure the public mind, and to anticipate before its birth the harmonious working of a

great political and commercial engine. We desire that all nations shall be included in the right of navigating the Suez Canal; but we propose that the control of that navigation shall be vested in the delegates of certain powers, claiming authority either under the extent of their Indian trade, or under their participation in the last settlement of the affairs of Turkey. Under both these claims, Great Britain possesses a pre-eminent right to the first place among the controlling powers; and that right she is now in a position to put forward and maintain.

#### THE EAST AND THE WEST.

WHO, though possessed of the wildest imagination could have dreamt that the language of our country was destined to receive a brilliant elucidation from that of India? Who could have conceived that before the Englishman could sound the depths of his own vocabulary, he should leave the banks of the Thames to study on those of the Ganges? His mother-tongue was spoken by a fair race; he was to obtain a profound insight into its powers from a people bronzed by an eastern sun—a people forming a long-lost member of his family, which, without the lamp of philology he never could have identified.

For centuries secluded from the wars of the western world, this section of the Arian race had elaborated a noble system of philosophy; cultivating a magnificent range of poetry, and becoming the personified Genius of Abstract Meditation. This stillness was at length broken in upon, by the clash of arms; and the distant islander, by a long series of conquests, became the lord of the vast tract that stretches between Cape Comorin and the snowy peaks of the Himalaya. With the mastery of this mighty land, he obtained also that of its most ancient dialect, the Sanscrit; and thus was laid the basis upon which rose the noble structure of German Comparative Philology; and thus, by demonstrations as strong as the discovery of some ancient family pedigree, were the elder and younger branches of the

same race once more reunited. No legal document ever possessed greater validity, than the demonstrative evidences of this system of philology. "Hallowed names," says Dr. Curtius, "stand at the head of this science, and above all that of a man whom every German is wont to name with pride, as one upon whose splendid achievements in other departments of human thought and enterprise we love to look back—Wilhelm Von Humboldt—who has given the most irrefragable proofs, that language is in itself a worthy and glorious object of human inquiry."

Historical researches had shown even before him, that from the Ganges to the Atlantic, there ran a connected series of languages, and that the most ancient, and the best-preserved link of that chain—the Sanscrit—betrayed the most striking affinity to the language of the Greeks and the Germans. The elaborate and accurate works on Sanscrit Etymology by Bopp, Rask, Burnouf, Lassen, A. W. Von Schlegel, W. Von Humboldt, Benfey, Pott, Hofer, Weber, Lepsius, Max Muller, and others, have traced the different branches connected with the Sanscrit. "Classical philology," says Bünsen, "was not the last to benefit by this great discovery; the grammatical forms of the Greek and Latin, began to be considered under this new light by eminent Greek and Latin scholars. Such a combination of linguistic research with real and sound philology

is of the highest importance to the success of ethnological researches. It is the only safeguard against unscientific intrusions into ethnology."

"Linguists employed upon the classification of languages, are very apt to be drawn into a superficial comparison of incomplete and crude materials. The philological treatment of such languages as have a literature, and possess literary documents of different periods, is best adapted to keep such mere linguists in the path of rational criticism, should they be tempted to decide hastily upon idioms of savages and unexplored tongues, known only from incomplete and undigested vocabularies, and even accidental lists of a few hundred words.

"Many words have preserved in these early hymns a more primitive form, and therefore agree more closely with cognate words in Greek and Latin. Night, for instance, in the later Sanscrit, is "nisa," which is a form peculiarly Sanscrit, and agrees in its derivation neither with "nox" nor with *νύξ*. The Vedic "nak," night, is as near to Latin as can be. Thus, "mouse," in the common Sanscrit is *mushas*, or "mushika," both derivative forms if compared with the Latin "mus," *mures*. The Vedic Sanscrit has preserved the same primitive noun in the plural *mushas*=*mures*. There are other words in the Vedas which were lost altogether in the later Sanscrit, while they were preserved in the Greek and Latin. "Dyaus," sky, does not occur as a masculine in the ordinary Sanscrit: it occurs in the Vedas, and thus bears witness to the early Arian worship of Dyaus, the Greek *Ζεύς*. "Ushas," dawn, again, in the later Sanscrit is neuter: in the Vedas it is feminine, and even the secondary Vedic form, *Ushāsā*, is proved to be of high antiquity by the corresponding Latin form of *Aurora*. Declensions and conjugations are richer in forms and more unsettled in their usage. It was a curious fact, for instance, that no subjunctive mood existed in the common Sanscrit. The Greeks and Romans had it, and even the language of the Avesta showed clear traces of it. There could be no doubt that the Sanscrit once possessed this mood, and at last it was discovered in the hymns of the Rig Veda. Discoveries of this kind may seem trifling, but they are as delightful to

the grammarian as the appearance of a star, long expected and calculated, is to the astronomer. They prove that there is a natural order in language, and that by a careful induction, laws can be established which enable us to guess with great probability, either at the form or meaning of words where but scanty fragments of the tongue itself have come down to us." Hence, were the scales and weights lost by which the statist had been accustomed to make his nicest experiments—were the ladder removed by which the architect had hitherto ascended to the summit of some noble building—or, were the microscope filched from the enthusiastic naturalist—such losses would scarcely disable these scientific men more effectually in their respective professions, than would the sudden loss of the Sanscrit, the philologist.

The higher we ascend into the antique regions of intellectual enunciation, the more simple do we find its groundwork. We have, in fact, in our possession what we are fairly entitled to consider the primitive audible signs of human thought, and human sensation. When we have mounted upwards to a language whose roots are all of one syllable—when one single sound, is thus the guardian and exponent of sight, of taste, of hearing—when all the sensational phenomena of the universe are found to have required no broader basis whereon to build the majestic structure of Japhetic speech—then we may be sure that we have substantively arrived at a primitive foundation of human language.

Of such a nature is that ancient Arian tongue, denominated with pardonable pride by its speakers "THE PERFECT IDIOM," or *SANS-KRITA*.

Here, in profusion, words which even in ancient languages are imagined to be simple, are found to be expressive compounds, the entire force and value of which, are discovered to have been lost by the literary nations of antiquity. Here exist the materials for verifying history—for dividing fact from fiction—for supplying, on no ignoble scale, the gaps left by direct record—for deciding the relative boundaries of mythology and history, for the study of the various great families of the human race, and for the demonstration of that golden link

which binds Englishmen to their Arian ancestors,—the men who cultivated the table lands of Upper Asia, and the rich glebe of Persia; originated noble cities and laws in India, and shed over the night of time the music of a poesy as grand as it has proved enduring.

There is, however, a vast difference between language as the product of the inventive faculty, and its reception by younger nations at second-hand, where all record of its original import has decayed. In this case, language is but the working slave—the useful drudge it may be—toiling without a thought of his noble ancestry—reduced to a soulless mechanical agent, in lieu of the grand freeman of intellect.

Not only the light of the eye, but the light of the soul—not only the touch of the finger, but the touch of the heart—not only gross concrete sensations, but cold, dry, subtle abstractions—were to be expressed by him who was created in the Great Image; and this inventive power was not less innate, vigorous, and truthful, than the immortality which animated its birth.

Sprang from Man's lips each mellowed word,  
As springs from fruit or flower the bird  
Whose liquid minstrelsy the ear  
Charms with its cadence sweet and clear;  
Sprang from Man's heart (as springs some  
flower

The breathing fullness of the bower)  
Each budding thought, as from a soil  
Whose richness asked no human toil.  
The living temple's hallowed ground  
Well'd holy music all around.

The necessity of rising to the true sources of language is evident, when we consider our liability to be deceived by such a fragmentary view of human speech as is presented to us by a solitary member of the Japhetic race. The population of Greece and Italy, from the largest evidences of language, were made up of tribes who had numerous words in common with the Gothic of the third century of our era, and even with the German of the present day—with the speech of Celts not less than of Indians.

Already, then, at a very early period, certain forms of speech now freely in use amongst these latter tribes, were absolutely in use in the Rome and Athens of high antiquity.

We must not, therefore, look upon the Greek and Latin languages as they have come down to us, as of greater

antiquity than these of the Scandinavian, the Celtic, and Slavonic dialects which preceded those of the present day; because we know that many words of identical value and form, whose etymology cannot be satisfactorily explained from the classical languages, have preserved their true sources in the Gothic or Scandinavian.

"Far beyond all written records in a language," says Trench, "the language itself stretches back, and offers itself for our investigation—the pedigree of nations, as Johnson calls it—its own a far more ancient monument and document, than any writing that employs it. Supposing all other records to have perished, we might still write out and almost reconstitute history by these aids. Thus, we should confidently conclude, that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact, that all the words of dignity and state, honour and pre-eminence, with one remarkable exception, descended to us from them. "Sovereign," "sceptre," "throne," "realm," "royalty," "homage," "prince," "duke," "count," ("earl," indeed, is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his countess from the Norman,) "chancellor," "treasurer," "palace," "castle," "hall," "dome," and a multitude more. And, yet, while almost all articles of luxury, and all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry and personal adornment, is Norman throughout; with the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life, it is otherwise. The great features of nature, sun, moon and stars, earth, water and fire—all the prime social relations—father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter—these are Saxon. "Palace" and "Castle," may have come to us from the Normans, but to the Saxons we owe far dearer names—the house, the roof, the home, the hearth. His "board" too, and often, probably, it was no more, has a more hospitable sound than the "table" of his lord. His sturdy arms turn the soil; he is the "boor," the "hind," the "churl." If his Norman master has a name for him, it is one which in his lips becomes more and more a title of opprobrium and contempt—the "villain." The instruments used in cultivating the earth—the plough, the sickle, the spade, are expressed in his language; so, too, the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, and no less the names of domestic animals. The names of almost all the animals, so long as they are alive, are Saxon; but when dressed and prepared for food, become Norman, for the Saxon had the charge of feeding them, but only that they might appear at the table of his Norman lord. Thus, "ox," "steer,"



"cow," are Saxon, but "beef," Norman. "Calf," is Saxon, but "veal," Norman. "Sheep" is Saxon, but "mutton," Norman. So it is severally with swine and pork, deer and venison, fowl and pullet."

This process of investigation, however, admirable as it is, as applied to history, will only furnish us with an interpretative mode for a period comparatively modern. Would we possess a powerful agent for scrutinizing the amount of truth involved in Japhetic records, generally, we must quit the limited arena of the Anglo-Saxon dialect, and refer to the Sanscrit, often a solvent of

#### FACT AND FICTION.

It is pleasant to be able to test the amount of fact and fiction, standing in connexion with the early history of a country. There are accounts of certain events, in themselves so plausible, that it is difficult to say they are the product of truth or of invention. Of just such a nature is Plutarch's history of the origin of the name given to Mount Cithæron, in Boeotia. It is taken from Hermesianax, and is as follows:—

"Helicon and Cithæron were two brothers; but very different from each other in temper and character. The former was mild and courteous, and dutiful to his parents, whom he supported in their old age. Cithæron, on the other hand, was riotous and avaricious. He wished to obtain all the property of the family for himself. To gain this object, he destroyed his father, and afterwards threw his brother by treachery down a precipice; but he himself, also, was carried over the cliff at the same time from the thrust with which he impelled his brother. After their death, by the will of the gods, these two brothers were changed into the mountains which bore their names. Cithæron, by reason of his impiety, became the abode of the Furies; the Muses, on account of his gentle and affectionate disposition, chose Helicon as their favourite haunt."

It is unnecessary to observe, that no information is to be derived from this term, through the medium of the Greek language. Hence, the necessity of composing an artificial eponymus for the name. Brought into contact with its true Sanscrit original, Cyt-tāra, or Cythāra, and its derivative Cythæron, simply expressive of "the

mountains," the whole tale of Hermesianax stands forth as a complete specimen of the ingenuity of early Greek legend. To the Greek of the days of Pericles, or even of Homer, the signification of Cythæron was entirely lost; it is the Sanscrit literature of India that restores its true force, and reveals the fact of fabulous invention in connexion with the term.

In like manner we are told that "DORUS" was the eponymus of the Dorians. Here topology, which is the basis of the entire nomenclature of the Hellenic tribes, from the Cambunian Mountains to Cape Malea, entirely settles all dispute as to the real source of the term. "*Dūrī*," is a Sanscrit word, signifying a "VALLEY," and as used in Persia, it especially signifies a valley through which a river flows—in India, popularly known as a "*Durah*." This is the true origin of the provincial name "Doris," the eponymus of the Dori. "DORIS, or the VALE COUNTRY, lies between Mount Oeta and Parnassus, and consists of the VALLEY of the RIVER PINDUS, a tributary of the Cephissus. It is equally clear, that the dwelling place of the great body of the nation was strictly of the same physical character with that of Doris. Thus the regions of the River Pindus, and that of the Eurotas were identically of the same nature, VALLEYS differing from each other in extent alone. Hence it will be observed, that the "*Dūrī*," gave an ethnic alike to the valesmen of northern and of southern Greece, just as the "CASHA" or shore, to the shores-men, or the Epeirus to the Epeirotæ. We cannot, perhaps, while on this subject, do better than recapitulate what we have elsewhere written in connexion with tribal terminology, especially as it is in all probability new to the majority of our readers. Irishmen, as true Celts, have a particular interest in these observations. The following is Dr. Donaldson's\* remark on the sequence of primitive Greek and Italian ethnology. "Our own opinion," he thus writes, "drawn purely from philological and geographical considerations, is, that the first populations of Italy and Greece were Erse, or Low Celtic." The intimate Celto-Arian

\* New Cratylus.

position of the earliest communities of Greece, and of the Coast of Asia Minor is sufficiently obvious, and may be amply supported by a copious list of such topical titles as *Carn-os Isle*, off the Coast of a-Carn-ania; *Loc-ria*, *Amphi-Lochia*, *Scheria*, *Oita*, *Coraz*, *Cragus*.\* Notwithstanding the immense swarms of the Celtic family that had passed onward in their migratory course from the East, through Italy and Gallia, into the British Isles, a very considerable proportion of their tribes, with a strong Medic element, remained in Thrace, Macedonia, Illyria, and on the Coasts of Asia Minor, and in a more Hellenized form in Epeirus and Thessaly. Hence the origin of the various settlements within the area of Greece, and the contiguous regions with names sometimes entirely Celtic, often purely Sanscrit;—sometimes a compound of both, and at others, so closely approximating to the great Arian type of speech, that it is difficult to say whether the original settlement was that of a Celtic or a Sanscrit-speaking race. The more ancient topology of Greece demonstrates, as before observed, a Celtic innervation in its earliest colonists. In addition to the thoroughly Celtic name of Crag-us, we place that of *Sigæum*,† as indicative of a positive historical value. Nay, further; even the classical name of the poetic "Castalia,"‡ fons, is an indubitable evidence of the settlement and progression of the mighty race that subsequently filled our western isles. When we read of the "*Alban fathers*," we must lose sight of the historical fact contained in the very name given by the colonists of *Alba Longa*. Nor does the appellation of the classic Tiber, fail to link the onward movements of this mighty emigration. The Celtic "*Tobar*," *Tibhir*, and *Tibra*, a fountain or spring;

*Tibbreadh*, "flowing," give certainty to these historical and ethnological deductions. "*Tobar Seagsa*," was an ancient name of the Boyne. The true root however, is found in the Sanscrit original, under the forms "*Tep*" and "*Tepri*," to be wet—to sprinkle, to pour out—to flow.§ Here then, ethnology, history, and philology are at one.

But further: the great poet of Rome has unconsciously preserved the fact of this Celto-Arian origin in his allusion to the "*Grinæus*" Apollo. As a Latin word, the attributive of the god possesses no signification; as a Celto-Arian term, it is highly descriptive. The god of day is in Celtic, "*Grian*," its Sanscrit original is "*Ghrine*," the "sun," from the root "*Ghran*," to shine. Here then, we have a highly expressive term lost to the classic languages of Greece and Rome, and preserved in the Celt and Sanscrit.

Nor do the most important oreological titles of Italy, fail to corroborate these facts. Such names as *Alpes*, *Pen-inus*, *A-penn-inus*, *Cim-inus*, together with the established fact of the very early separation of the Celtic stock from the great Arian family, powerfully demonstrate the nature of perhaps the earliest population that reached the Italian Peninsula.||

"A subject of research, possessing great attraction," says Pictet, "is the state of civilization which the parent stock of all the European race had attained. I do not hesitate to affirm that the Celtic languages will present numerous and important elements for the solution of this problem. A very interesting example, which may furnish an approximation indicative of the geographical position of the cradle of the human race, is found in the Irish word "*toly*," a bed; Gallic "*tyle*," (*couche*) identical with the Greek *rûly*, mattress, cushion. All these words have a direct affinity

\* *Amphi-lochia*, the district round the Loch. *Syeir*, a sharp-pointed rock; *aíth*, a mountain; *corac*, a rock, cliff; *craig*, a crag.

† Celtic, *sig*, a hill, promontory; true root, Sanscrit, *Sikha* a crest, hill.

‡ Celtic, *casta*, clear; and *li*, water—"The clear water." The Celtic *cast*, and Latin *castus*, have alike their true root in the Sanscrit, *ch'has*, pure.

§ With these we would collate the Celtic *Topar*, "copious;" the Sanscrit *Tivrah*; the ocean; and the Arab *Dibr*, a large body of water.

|| Such is the Celtic emigrant track seen in the terms, "*Alpes*," Celtic *Alp*, a hill. The "*Peninus*," from "*Pen*," a hill, and "*in*," a country. Hence "*A-penn-inus*," the hill country; "*A*," the old Celtic article corresponding to the Greek Doric "*ā*." So again, "*Cim-inus*" Mons, the hill country; from *Ceim*, a top, summit. Corif, the French "*Cinne*."

with the Sanscrit "*tulikha*," mattress, bed. Now this substantive is a derivative of the Persian "*tula*," one of the Sanscrit names of cotton. These mattresses then were made of cotton, in the country which was the cradle of the race. The result is, that this country must have been situated within, or at least very near, the limits of the growth of cotton. Now, the cultivation of cotton does not go beyond Persia. This would seem then, to indicate that the cradle of the family was more southerly than is generally supposed.\*

To this term we would add that of the significant Celtic vocable "Bed," signifying "a book," the origin of which is distinctly seen in the local Sanscrit "Bed," properly "*Ved*," or "*Veda*." What a spectacle does this present of the juxta-position, or rather inter-position of the Celts with the Arians, and Indo-Arians of the East! The Vedas, we know, are the most ancient existing documents of the Indo-Germanic race, ranging upwards to a period of twelve or fourteen centuries before our era. Here then, is the Celtic record of instruction from the "Book," the *βιβλίον*, or Bible of the East. Certainly, if anything be a proof of the varied fortunes and wanderings of the great Celtic stock, nothing can be more striking than the numerous terms which now show an Arian original, and anon, a Semitic intercommunion. The Trans-Indic regions, in truth, were no strangers to the Celtic family of mankind—to their altars and their tombs, their priests and their warriors.

Captain H. Cotgrave, speaking of the antiquities in the Neilgherry Hills, thus writes in the Madras Journal of 1847 :—

"Near a village lying about three miles eastward of Kotagherry, at the extremity of a field beyond the village, and overlooking a ravine, rises an artificial terrace, twenty-one paces in length

by ten in breadth, supported by alabs and masses of stone. Along the western side of this platform, I found a row of those remarkable relics of antiquity, belonging essentially to the Druidical religion, called "Cromlechs." There are twelve still standing; ten on the side of the terrace, and two in the centre of it. The ruins of several others are apparent. Most of the entire ones consist of three upright alabs, planted firmly in the earth, and supporting a fourth, which is placed horizontally on the top of them. It is very remarkable that not only are the Cromlechs of the Neilgherries, *fac similes* of those in Europe, but that the same legend is attached to both. Cromlechs, found chiefly in Wales and Cornwall at home, by antiquaries, are considered to have been altars used by the Druids, upon which they kept the sacred fire constantly burning. The one perhaps best known, is called "Kil Cotty House," near Aylesford, in Kent. A drawing of this Cromlech, in my possession, is an exact representative of one of the most conspicuous at Alcherry, on the Neilgherries."

"The Celtic nations," writes Col. Hamilton Smith, "often designated by the appellation of Gomerians, may be regarded as among the very earliest that left the highlands of Central Asia, and moved not only in tribes towards the west, but likewise as we have before shown, penetrated to the extremity of India.†

Nor is monumental evidence unsupported by the internal evidence of relative language. Thus the Celtic suffix of the dative case is "*bh*." Here we have the Sanscrit, "*Bhas*," the Zend, "*Byo*," and the Lat. "*Bus*." This suffix "*bh*," is preceded by a short "*i*," and appears under the form "*ibh*."

Pictet has well observed, that if we compare the Irish *Breacha-ibh*, the Sansc. *Vreke-bhyas*, and the Zend, *Vehrka-eibyo*, it is difficult not to believe in their common origin.

Again, in the following datives :—

Sanscrit—*Anilo-byas*.  
*Vag-byas*.

Irish—*Anala-ibh* (*venti-bus*).  
*Bagha-ibh* (*voci-bus*).

And in the old Irish comparative—

Dubhi-*thir*, . . black-er, . . the Sanscrit, *tara*.  
Glaisi-*ther*, . . more azure, . . the Greek, *respos*.

\* Pictet, Jour. Asiatique, 1836.

† Col. H. Smith, Nat. Hist. of Man, p. 418.

Sanskrit affixes.	Irish.	Sanskrit root.
<i>As</i> , as <i>Pat'h-as</i> , a road.	<i>Fath-as</i> , journey.	<i>Pat'h</i> , to go.
<i>Ilā</i> , <i>An-ilā</i> , wind.	<i>An-ai</i> , breath.	<i>An</i> , to blow.
<i>Iśa</i> , <i>Av-iśa</i> , the sea.	<i>Aibh-eis</i> , the sea.	<i>Av</i> , to go.

The Prefix, "*Su*," (Gr. *eu*) Zend, *Hu*.

Sanskrit.	Celtic.
Suhrid, a friend.	Sochroideach, benevolent.
Sukrita, well made.	Sucridh, easy.
Sukha, joyous.	Sugach, joyous.
Subhaga, happy.	Subach, joyful.
Sukara, charity.	Sochar, obligingness.

The able author of the "*Lettres à M. Humboldt*," thus writes:—

"I do not believe, after a marked series of analogies—a series which embraces the entire organization of the Sanscrit and Celtic tongues—that their radical affinity can be contested. The Celtic languages belong then to the Indo-European family, of which they form the extreme western link. The Celtic race, established in Europe from the most distant times, must have been the first to arrive there; and, in all probability, it separated from the common stock before the rest."

We have thus touched very slightly upon a subject that might of itself form a volume; and, though within so small a space it is impossible to do justice to its various important bearings, it is of too interesting a nature to the majority of our readers to be entirely omitted.

We now return to the consideration of the sensational impressions of the primitive Arian, as shown by the unbiassed records of language. What then were his ideas of the animal world? what of laws? what processes for the acquisition of wealth are revealed to us by this instrumentality?

The Mole,	Lat. Talp-a,	root Sanscrit, Dalbh, to cleave (the <i>Delo-ar</i> .)
The Rabbit,	Cuni-culus,	" Khūn, to dig (the Con-ey.)
The Hog,	Sansc. Akhoo,	" Akh, to dig.

The "mouse" seems to have obtained notoriety subsequent to the acquisition of property, civilization, and domestic life. He bears a bad character, as "The Thief;" the Latin "*Mus*," and the Sansc. "*Mush*," being the Sansc. "*Mush*," to steal. Nor is the Lat. "*Lupus*," the wolf, any better, being the Sansc. "*Lup*," to steal, the source alike of the Indian "*Lopāka*," a Jack-all, and the Greek "*a-Lopēk-s*," (*ἀλώπηξ*) a fox. The Musquito was, by the early Hindo-German, looked upon as both noisy and angry—being denominated by the Arian "*Musika*," from "*Mus*," "to be angry," "to sound," hence the Lat. "*Musca*," "a fly."

What notions of marriage, oaths, truth, falsehood, peace, war, life, and death, are for ever historicised by the unsuspecting agency of primeval speech? What ideas of colour, beauty, light—what sentiments in connexion with religion—what feelings in relation with physical defects—have been handed down to us as an heir-loom from the ancient Arian, in his most unsophisticated state?

On all these points, and on a hundred others of equal interest, all history is silent, but the History of Language. To this let us refer: it possesses veracity, the prime qualification of the historian, and has often the merit of restoring to us the poetry of human existence. If we look, then, at the primitive Indo-European, as described by this agency, we shall find his classes of motive agents, animate and inanimate, extremely numerous; while a multitude of descriptives will be found to mark, by their exactitude, a state of civilization, as well primeval as advancing, thus handing down an involuntary history of the Japhetic families, when as yet they were undispersed. In life, *sub disco*, we find the tribe of diggers and delvers, such as

It was thus that the most educated and the most uninformed alike among the Romans, were totally ignorant of the poetry and true force of their own language. The "Digger," the "Thief," and the "Buzzer," were descriptives entirely lost to them: they had, in fact, received language *at second hand*. Of the domestic animals, the Bull and the Steer (Sansc., "*Bū*," and *St'haura*; the latter the Lat. *Taur-us*) were so denominated from their strength, from the root "*Būla*" and "*St'haur*," to be strong. Hence it is that "*St'haura*" signifies also "a man," as the strong or brave being; just as the Lat. *Vir* (a man) is from the Sansc.

*Vira*, to be brave, powerful. Our old English ballads have still the phrase "stiff and *stour*," applied to a brave man, resolute, vigorous, and persevering in the fight. Among the "Runners" we have the Ass, the Latin *Asinus*, from the Sansc. "As," to go; whence also the Indian "Asva," the Persian "Asp," and the Greek "Hipp-os," a horse. We have but one "thinker," and that is "Man," the Indian "Man-u;" from "Man," to think, to know; the root of the Sansc. *Manas*, the Latin *Mens*, "the mind," that which thinks, knows; hence "mon"-eo, I put another in mind of a thing. As the strong, brave, or heroic being, he was "*Virā*," the Latin "*Vir*," a term that gave rise to "*virtus*," bravery, manhood; from the root "*vira*," to be powerful. Among the Greeks, "*Veera*" appeared as "*Hēros*," and in a very early compound form, "*Hērā*," as in "*Hēracles*," or the "Glorious Hero." Then, too, Rulers appeared as "powerful," "potens," the Sansc. "*Pati*," powerful, or "a lord;" or as slave-owners or slave-lords; "*Dāsa-pati*," the "des-potes" of the Greeks, and the "despot" of the English. Or they were "subduers" or "tainers," the Lat. "*Dominus*," and the Indian "*Domina*," from the root "*dam*" to tame: or, they were "splendid;" "*raja*," the rex, regis, of the Romans, from the root "*raj*," which signifies both to shine and to rule. The state of society, whether peaceful or warlike, is faithfully recorded by the involuntary history involved in language.

#### GROWTH AND SIZE.

The idea of *growth* was the basis of that of *size*. Like "short," and "long," and "little," it had its standard of comparison: *size* was measured by the standard of the past, compared with that of the present. Thus compared, what was once of a given magnitude, was surpassed by its growth up to the present: the latter, which had *grown*, was now *large*, or, in fact, *en-large-d*. Thus it is that "*magnus*," which we usually translate "great," is literally "*the grown*;" hence those roots which expressed "growth" came to express "size," or "bulk." Let us for a moment look at some of these primitive forms and their European representatives:—

Sanscrit.	
MAH,	To grow, to be large. <i>Magnus</i> (grown).
Vardh, -'Aldh,	To grow. <i>Atlas</i> (grown), high.
Rooh,	To grow (Scandinav., G'roa; Lat., <i>gran-dis</i> ).
Vah,	To grow; Lat., <i>vastus</i> (grown), vast.

Here, then, we have growth—that is, size increased in comparison with a former standard, as the representative of size, greatness. Thus, just as "little," or "small," implies reduction from a former standard of bulk—and thus is, in fact, a comparative—just so do we find that such terms as *magnus*, *altus*, *grandis*, and *vastus* are comparatives of increased bulk, beyond a former standard.

#### HISTORY OF A WORD.

It is scarcely possible to conceive the fecundity of a single root as soon as it becomes spread amongst the various seed-plots of the great Japhetic soil. The Celtic "*Mac*," the English "*Maid*," the Greek "*Megas*" (*μεγας*), and the Sanscrit "*Manh*" and "*Mah*," to grow, seem, at first sight, to have little or no connection with each other. This is, however, actually the case; and a little observation will easily establish the intimate ties of kindred which still subsist between each. From the Sansc. root "*Mah*," to grow, to increase, we have the Latin "*Mag*"-nus, literally "grown;" the Greek *Meg-as* (*μεγας*) and Gothic *Magus*, great; the Anglo-Saxon "*Magh*"-u, the Old-French "*Mach*," and the Celtic "*Mac*," properly signifying "increase," i.e., "a son." As "*Mac*" implies male increase, or "a son;" so female increase, or a daughter, is in the Gothic "*Magaths*," the Old High German "*Magadh*," the Anglo-Saxon "*Magd*," the English "*Maid*." Then, again, we have the season of growth, *Maia*s, or *May*. The root "*Manh*" occurs also in im-"man"-is, very much grown, vast. In connexion with the Old French "*Mochte*," the Anglo-Saxon "*Mahte*," and the English "*Might*," we have the Anglo-Saxon "*Mag*"-as, to be able (the German *Ver-mögen*), to be powerful. Thus, in this sketch of the root, brief as it is, we have the idea of,

1. Growth—to Magnitude.
2. Growth from self—Offspring.
3. Mental growth—Ability, power.

OF THE OBLIGATIONS OF OATHS,  
LAWS, AND JUSTICE.

The obligations of oaths, of laws, of justice, of wedlock, of religion, are found, from the earliest documents of Japhetic language, to have been considered as *bonds*. Hence the Latin *jus, juria*, law, and *juro*, I swear, are both identical. The law (*jur*) binds, and the oath (*jur*) binds. The term reached the Italian populations through the same process of linguistic mutation as that by which it reached the popular language of Hindostan. It received the term "*jor*," signifying "joining," "junction," from the Sanscrit;\* and the same idea was applied to union by marriage: hence the Hindostan "*joru*," a wife, as joined. Amongst the Romans, the parties betrothed were "*Sponsus*" and "*Sponsa*" respectively, or *bound*; "*Sbanda*," a strengthened form of the Sansc. "*bandha*," just as we have "*smikros*" (*σμικρος*) for *mikros*, and numerous formatives of the same nature. As a wife, she was said to be joined (*uxor uksor*), i.e., "*yuksor*," from "*yuka*," to yoke; "*uksor*," thus signifying yoke-fellow—a term erroneously supposed to be derived from *ungo, unxor*, as anointing the door-posts of the house. As the Arian had his *bandhu*, i.e., relation or kinsman, from the root "*bandh*," to tie, or bind; so, from the same root, was the term propagated among the Hellenes. *Penther* (*Bandhar*) expressed the man who was tied or allied (*allié*), i.e., the son-in-law; while the wife was denoted from a root of the same signification, "*Damar*," "she who was tied;" the Sansc. *Dama*, a wife, as seen in *Dāma*, a tie, cord.

Of precisely the same force was the expression for marriage: it was strictly a union. The root *yam*, to couple, tie, like most other words beginning with this letter, is, in Bengal, pronounced "*Jam*:" "*Jama*" is, in fact, "one of a pair:" hence the Greek "*gamos*" (*γαμος*), yoking, pairing. It is from this identical root that are derived both the Greek *gamos* and the Latin *gemini* and *gemellus*, the Sansc. *yamala* or *jamala*, a pair, brace, or couple; a

structure like that of *twain* from *twined*: so that "*yama*," "*jama*," and "*dama*," are but local varieties of the same root. The Greek *γανβρος* (*gambros*), "son-in-law," shows the original force of the root "*gam*," as noticed above. Our English term, "*mate*," has the same power—viz., that of conjunction; nor is it anything else than the Greek *μετα* (*meta*) and the German "*mit*." Both these, as also the English "*meet*," have their true type in the Sansc. "*mit'h*," to "pair," to "unite," whence "*mi-thuna*," a couple, junction. Though the exact force of "*joining*" is lost alike in the German and the Greek, yet is the true power preserved in the interpretation "*with*." Of the English *with* and *withy*, the Gothic *with-an*, to join, is the exact equation. After passing through several German and Scandinavian dialects, they become the English *wed*, i.e., to join, or couple. They are the Sansc. "*vat'h*," or we may write *wē'h*, to tie, connect: hence *vat'ha*, a "string," "tie;" the Lat. *fid-es*, a musical string or stringed instrument, whence *fede-cen*, a string-sounder or *fid-ler*. He who was "*bound*," for another was, Sansc. *Badha* or "*Vadha*," the Latin *Vades*, a bail, or pledge.

## IDEOLOGY OF UNION.

The word "peace," received through the Norman-French *paix*, from the Latin *pax* (*pac-s*), again illustrates this principle. "*Pac*," was a compound "*pact*"—a mutual *bond* or pledge. This ultimately came to signify merely a cessation from war; it implied originally only the *agreement* for that object. The old Hindu Arians had exactly the same formula to express this. With them *peace* was "*san-dhi*," a "binding together," a "joining."

## THE OATH.

The Anglo-Saxon substantive "faith" is "*fægth*." Here, then, in *fæg-an* we have the Latin *figo*, to fix; and "faith," is that which is fixed or *firm* (Sanskrit *dhru-va*). The "oath" also was a bond. The Anglo-Saxon *ādha*, and the Scottish *aith*, and the English *oath*, flow alike from the

\* *Jod*, or *Jor*, to join. This peculiar consonant (d) is freely confounded with "r."

Gothic "aitha," the Sanscrit "yati," binding, restraining. "Yati," the source of the English "oath," is the designation of the Indian sage who has completely subdued his passions, and with the prefix of the particle *ni*, as "*ni-yati*," it implies religious obligation. "Yati" is from the root "yam," to bind, restrain, couple—already surveyed in "yamalla," or jamalla, a couple, twins, the French "*jumeau*." Of the same origin with the Sanscrit "*yam*," to bind, is the Greek "*om*," to swear, in *om-numi* (ὀμνυμι); and Sanscrit *ni-yama*, "an oath, (ni)-yati, a vow, corresponds to the Gothic aith, and English oath. The Hellenic idea of an oath was expressed by "horkos" (ὅρκος), a more ancient form of which was herkos (ἑρκος), the latter an enclosure or fence, connected with the verb ergo or heirgo (ἐργω ἑργω), to shut in, keep, drive off. Liddell has justly observed that "horkos" was originally equivalent to herkos, and strictly signified a check which holds one in from doing a thing, and hence the Latin "*orcus*," "the bourne from whence no traveller returns." This is, in fact, equivalent to the *great prison*, "herker," the more guttural Latin form of which is carcer (KERKER). Erchomenos, or Orchomenos was in Boeotia, and it implied "the fort," or "fenced city."\* It is of the same power as the preceding, and, in common with these, springs from the Indian "rakh" "arkh,"† "to guard," "protect," "preserve." The orkos, then, or oath of the old Greek, was a check or guardian. Another great bond with the Latins was *religio*, a binding, a tie; from ligo, I tie. The same verb is found in the Greek, as lugo-ō (λυγω), I bend; and lugē (λυγή) is a *binding*-shrub or withy. It is very curious that "*lie*" and "*religion*" should be of the same stock. The Gothic "*liugan*," to tie, gave rise to the Anglo-Saxon "*ligen*," of the same signification. The Greek lugo-o (λυγω) signifies, I bend or twist; now what *bends*, *binds*, as is seen in the Sanscrit bandha, a *bond*, and bandhur, *bending* (Latin pandus).‡ Now, it is the *lie* (Anglo-Saxon *lige*) which is *bending* or is

crooked; and it is *re-ligion* that *binds* (ligat). As evidence of this, we have in the Gothic "*liugan*," to marry, and hereliug, gam-ea (γαμία), i.e. to bind together, to unite; while lige, a lie, corresponds to the Greek lugo-o (λυγω), I bend, the nasal form of which is found in the Sanscrit "*ling*," as well as the simple form "*ligi*," to bend.§

In the further contemplation of law, equity, and jurisprudence, as far as language will carry up our investigations, we find that the criminal was appointed to punishment after a due exercise of the *judgment*—by the Goths called *dom*, the Anglo-Saxons, *dema*, and the Indians "*dheema-t*," whence the English deem. The sentence or judgment was called the *doom*, and with our Anglo-Saxon ancestors the judge was the "deemster."

It is singular to reflect on the tenacity of the links which still bind together the East and the West; and yet, though so strong as to resemble iron, they form a veritable CHAIN OF GOLD. The great lawgiver of the Hindus, Vrihaspati, was known by the significant appellation of "dheemān," the wise, or the meditative. This term is the classical "daimōn" of the Hellenes; the *knowing* spirits of the Hesiodic theogony, who were tutelary beings, the unseen agents of the Gods, keeping guard over mankind for the especial benefit of humanity.

"Through cities then the holy dæmon runs  
Unseen, and mourns the baseness of their sons;  
Dispensing judgments, to avenge the crimes  
Of those who banish justice from the times."

#### OF MORAL VIRTUES.

Moral virtues, such as Truth and Rectitude, were personified as straight, as pure, as firm, as unconcealed, as unturning, as even, as possessing oneness; whilst Falsehood was designated by the title of crooked, as being tarnished, as bending, as pliant, as black or dirty.

Here, the properties of unity of direction and unity of surface were called in to illustrate the moral idea of Truth, which is but one and simple. Hence, we find the term Equity,

\* Interesting relics of a similar nature abound in early Greece.

† This is the Hindustani form of the Sanscrit Raksh. Arksh.

‡ Bhandu = Pandus.

§ Westergaard Radices, Ling. Sansc., p. 92.

which before passing into English through the Norman-French, from the Latin *Æquitas*, was found in the Sanscrit *Eketa*, literally oneness, from the root *ek*, one. It is thus that the Latin *æquus*, signifies even; metaphorically, just; exactly as the French derives the adjective "*uni*," "smooth," or "even," from the Latin "*unus*." So in the Latin, we have from *rectus*, straight, *rectitudo*, straightness (rectitude) or, otherwise, *directus*, which passed into the old French as *D'roit*, and into the modern, as "*Droit*." The Greeks called Truth, "that which is not hid," or "*a-lêtheia*,"\* reminding us of the proverb that truth will come out; while their ancestors looked upon it as *unturning* or *unhesitating* (*a-trekes*)† though they themselves had totally lost sight of the real force of the word.

Falsehood, on the other hand, was that which was "bent," or "twisted." It passed, for instance, into the Italian through the Gothic and Germanic dialects, such as, *bogen*, *bigen*, from its older source in the Sanscrit "*Bhuj*," to bend. Here, then, was a pliancy of principle, or a want of moral firmness. It is from the same train of idea, that we finally receive our English "*Lie*," after its having gone through the Anglo-Saxon "*lige*" of the same force, from the Gothic *liuga*.

It has even penetrated with its true force and form, of *liug*, to bend; and it has traversed the Greek as *lugo-o* (*λυγω*) to bend, twist.

Thus too, we speak of moral *obliquity* (obliquus, crooked), or, of prevarication, from "*varus*," "crooked." The Italians designated what was wrong by "twisted," (*torto*), from a common source with the French "*tort*," (i.e. Lat. *tortus*). Now the term "wrong," itself, is nothing more than "*wrung*," which is—twisted—torto—tort.

It is thus that the Sansc. "*kmai*," to bend (whence the Latin camera a vaulted roof, as bending), implies crookedness not only of body but of mind. The Latin camera, subsequently became the French chambre, and the English chamber.

## OF VICES.

It is thus curious to reflect, upon the very singular connexion between *falsehood* and a *sleeping-room*. So too, that which is *wicked* is *weak*. The old Norse *hoika*, to vacillate, and the Greek *veiko* (*φευω*) to give away, and the strong-formed causative from *veiko*, i.e., the Latin *vinc-o*, *vic-i*, "I make, another give way or yield," "I conquer,"—flowed in common with the Gothic *vigan* to shake, from the Sanscrit *Vaki*, to go crooked. "*Vak*," signifies to be *crooked*, bent, *wicked*; and *vakri-ta*, crooked-ness, *wickedness*. Thus, then, the Sanscrit *Vak*, or locally pronounced *wak*, is actually the English *weak*, and *wick-ed* is equivalent to *weakened*.

The Sanscrit "*vankā*," (similar in form to *vinco*, properly I bend) signifies the bend or elbow of a river, and is actually the Greek "*vankōn*" (*ῥαγκων*), the elbow, that which *bends*. It is from this root (*vak*) that we have the Latin *vacc-illo*, the German *wack-el*, and the English *wagg-le*. With the Arian of the East also, that which was wicked was *black*; a colour that seems to have been the least pleasing to all the Japhetic populations. The signification of that term, however, (the Sanscrit *mala*), was lost ere it passed into the Latin *malus*, though it was preserved in the Greek "*Molu*"-no (*μολυνω*) to defile, and *Melas* (*μελας*) black. Here then, the classical student may perceive, that from one and the same source, viz., the Sansc. "*mala*," black, dirty, foul, bad, the Greek and Latin possess the divergent forms and significations of *melas* (*μελας*), *moluno* (*μολυνω*), and *malus*.

## EXPRESSION OF MORAL QUALITIES.

The idea of wickedness has been handed down to us by the Romans under the form "*scel*"-us; they had, however, lost sight of its original force. The mental image impressed upon the mind of their Arian ancestors was "*slippery, stumbling*," or falling (Sansk. *Skhal*) "*skhalan*," implying, "*stumbling or falling from vir-*

\* See Liddell on the Greek *ληθη*.

† The Sanscrit "*a-tarka*." The true force of the Sanscrit signifying "hesitation," "doubt," is in fact, clearly seen in "*tarka*," a spindle, as "*turning*;" it is the Lat. "*torqu*"-eo to twist, to turn. The Greek "*trep-o*" is another form of a *trek-es*.



tue." The Greeks, however, retained the true force of the root, in the expressive word *kandalon* (σκανδαλον), a *stumbling* block, the origin of the English scandal. They had also the same root under the form "*Sphal*," (σφαλ) to slip, cause another to slip i.e. deceive; immediately connected with which is the Latin *Fallo*, I deceive; and the English *fall*.

On the other hand, that which is true is *firm*. Thus, we obtain the English *true* from the Anglo-Saxon *Truwa*, faith, trust; *treowian*, to trust; another form of which is *treowian* to trow, trust; and *treowth*, is troth or faith; truth, then, is that which is trowed or believed—faith. Thus, after passing into the Anglo-Saxon and other Germanic dialects, we at length arrive upwards at the Gothic *trau-an*, to trust. But what is this trust or belief? what was the original idea which gave rise to the term. Trust is a metaphor; truth its relative is an abstract, and represents a pure act of the *mind*. Now, mental teaching proceeded from the *known* to the *unknown*—from the concrete to the abstract—we may be sure therefore that we have not yet arrived at the correct source

#### OF "FAITH" AND "TRUTH."

Now, the old Prussian "*Druw*" is faith—in Lithuan we have *dru-tas*, strong, and *dru-tink*, to make firm; in the old French *dru*, and the new Provencal *dru*, strong, robust. We have now the exact modern allies, of the ancient original, viz.: the Sanscrit *DHRU*, to be firm, to be fixed. Now comes the adjective, with both primary and metaphorical meaning, viz., *dhruva*, fixed, eternal, certain. It is thus not a little curious that the Romans should have adopted from the root *dhru*, the word *dur-us*, as having firmness (hard), as lasting (*duro*), while the English should have only secured the abstract signification of truth. With the Hindu, also, this virtue was, "that which was pure" (*puta*); from the root *pu*, to be pure; the source of the Latin *parus*, the Sanscrit *pun-ya*.

#### THE SEASONS.

The members of the Japhetic family, each according to its special locality, gave a nomenclature to the seasons suitable to the climate in which it had taken up its abode; such terms were handed down as heir-looms, even in the case of a new dialect engrafted upon the old. Hence, the "Spring season" was spoken of by the Romans (as far as the real signification of the term was concerned), much in the same way as a Welshman speaks of the "Usk," or an Englishman of Whit-by, to whom they imply nothing more than the name of a river and the name of a town—with no further force attached. If we search in the Latin language for the explanation of the word "Ver," we are referred to the corresponding Greek word, *Ver* (Ἔρ or Ἑρπας) of the same signification. Here we are brought to a stand, for from this dialect we can extract no further information. This, however, has been carefully husbanded in the Sanscrit, where we find that the designation was originally descriptive of the "*season of growth*;" just as we have the Spring as a season, or a spring as a fountain, from the verb "to spring." From *VRIH* and *VARH*, "to grow," the term *VER*, the "season of growth," passed on to the Latins, and it has even come down to the modern Persians under the name of "*BEHAR*." The English derived the appellation of "Summer," more immediately through the Scandinavian tribes, who, in their turn, were indebted for the expressive term of the "Flower Season," to their ancestors of the east, who denominated it "*Suma-var*," from *suma*, a flower, and "*var*" a time, season.\* The succeeding division of the year was known to the Latin population as the "Season of Increase," or *Auctumnus*,† while the severer weather which followed it was denominated "The Wet Season," or "*Hyems*."‡ Amongst the nations more immediately the progenitors of the English, the closing division of the year was known as the windy season (Winter). The respective populations who were the inventors of these terms thus giving a nomenclature, just as

\* The Sanscrit *v* is locally pronounced *b* also; hence, September, October.

† From *augeo*, to increase.

‡ From the Greek *Huo* (ὑω) to rain; the Sanscrit, "*Su*," to pour out, wet.

wind on the one hand, or rain and snow on the other, predominated in the regions where each abode. We have then the following descriptive

## TABLE OF THE SEASONS.

Latin, Ver=Growth (Sanskrit VARH)=Spring.

English, Summer=Flower-time=Sanskrit, Suma-var.\*

Latin, Auctumnus=Increase of fruits=English, Autumn.

Latin, Hyems=Rainy and snowy season.

English, Winter=Windy season (Latin, Vent-osus).

The month of Aprilis was the opening or budding month; that of Maia again, like Ver the growing season, was the growing month, from the root MAH to grow; while those of September, October, November and December, were respectively the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth times or months.

## LIFE AND DEATH IN TIPPERARY.

## A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

## CHAPTER VI.

A LONG faint rendered the young girl insensible for some hours; and when she again awoke to consciousness, she found herself alone in a strange apartment. The roof and sides were jagged and of irregular form, suggesting at once the surmise that it was a mountain cave. The small aperture serving for door was blocked up from without by huge stones and bramble bushes, which left very little room to admit the faint evening light. A variety of articles were strewed within: a black still, evidently superannuated, a powder flask, and a couple of pistols, lay together in one end; while at another were piled materials for fuel—turf, sticks, and tinder: a large pitcher of water, and a gallon jar of whiskey or poteen stood side by side, accompanied by some half-baked wheaten bread, a bag of flour, a griddle, an iron pot, and one or two saucepans. These things were not at once distinguished by our young friend, whose eyes failed to pierce the dim light around her. The handkerchief had been hastily removed from her face to give her air, and now lay loosely round her shoulders; but on trying to rise from her reclining position, she found that her ankle had been sprained by some means, causing her much pain. Trembling and weak, she lay there in a terror amounting to agony, for a long while. No sound, save the whistling of the wind as it rose higher and higher, reached her; and

gradually mutterings of thunder struck upon her ear. As the evening faded into night, the storm grew fiercer: flash after flash of lightning in quick succession lit up the cave, while the crashing of mighty thunder echoed with tremendous force overhead, and the noise of a rushing mountain torrent added to the dismal sound. It was long before the fury of the elements abated, but at length it died out, the gurgling of water alone remaining. Hour after hour passed, and still Nelly remained unmolested by the presence of any living thing. She dared not attempt to sleep, however; and throughout the whole night she lay there motionless, with unclosed eyes. The dawn of morning found her weak, shivering, and decidedly ill, with a swollen ankle and feverish thirst. By a strong effort she crept a few paces to obtain a drink of water from the pitcher, after which she was again obliged to return to her reclining position. From the aspect of the cave and its contents, she could not doubt that it was the hiding-place of men engaged in nefarious pursuits; and had she been able to walk, she would have lost no time in endeavouring to make her escape; but, lame as she was, she could not think of attempting to move. To her surprise and relief, the day wore on, and she was still alone. All within and without was silent and desolate. Evening came, and twilight was

\* The Sanscrit Suma, is itself originally a compound term, "su-mah," "beautiful growth." It will be thus seen that in the single English word, "Summer," we have in reality three distinct compounds, all highly expressive.

giving way to the darker shade of night, when the stones were hurriedly removed from the aperture, and a dim head was faintly discernible peering in, while a husky voice whispered :

"Are any o' ye here, boys? Pety Fogarty, if you're within, make off as fast as yer legs can carry ye." And then the apparition disappeared like lightning.

Rather encouraged by this circumstance, which seemed to indicate that the cave was no longer deemed a safe retreat for those who had formerly sought its shelter, Nelly now gathered courage, and thought her of binding up her ankle tightly with the handkerchief hanging round her neck. This she did, hoping to allay its pain; and having accomplished her purpose, she crept to the spot where she had seen materials for making a fire; and procuring flint and tinder, dexterously managed to light some well-dried sticks, which soon crackled and blazed brightly. To these she added a turf or two; and though there was, probably, more smoke than you or I might have approved of, reader, she was by no means incommoded by it.

"If I am to be murdered," thought she, "I may as well die comfortable;" and with this idea she endeavoured to infuse some warmth into her chilled frame. What Fogarty's designs might be she could not tell; but from what she knew of his character latterly, she feared he was capable of committing any crime for the sake of revenge. Weak and exhausted as she was, the heat of the fire had soon a somnolent effect, and she was gradually dropping off into slumber, when a noise suddenly roused her, and a voice rang in her ear—

"Holloa! young woman, you're our prisoner!"

By the light of the blazing sticks she beheld two figures in the costume of revenue police quite close to her. They had evidently been attracted to the cave by the light from within it; and a considerable force being in the neighbourhood, on the look-out for a party of illicit distillers, they were not slow to take advantage of the beacon. Police, or as they are termed, "Peelers," of any description, are not particular favourites with the peasantry of Tipperary, and Nelly trembled very much as she found herself

in the custody of the revenue men. In vain she endeavoured to explain to them that she was there against her own will: the story was not a probable one; and seizing her by the arm rudely, they demanded where her accomplices were, informing her with a good deal of bitterness that they had a warrant for the apprehension of Fogarty and some others for the murder of their late officer, Grogan. Nelly's spirit was at length roused, and she stoutly denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of her supposed companions; but the men, who had been roused to a pitch of great ferocity by the barbarous murder of Grogan, heard her words with incredulity, and informed her they must arrest her. Matters were now beginning to look very black indeed for Nelly, for she held it almost a greater misfortune to be in the hands of the revenue men than of Fogarty. By various threats and promises they still endeavoured to draw from her some information respecting the present hiding-place of the fellows they were searching for; but as she persisted in declaring her utter ignorance of their movements, they at length abandoned the effort. They took possession of the fire-arms in the cave, and having searched among its other contents, satisfied themselves by battering and kicking out the remains of the old still, and then regaled themselves with pretty strong draughts of poteen. Three men, fully armed, remained to guard the cave, while the rest of the force went to make further search among the mountains. The night was now illuminated by a clear, unclouded moon, which rendered outward objects perfectly distinct. Retreating to an end of the cave, removed from where the police were gathered round the fire, Nelly sat in perfect silence, inwardly praying that fate might contrive a way to release her from the presence of these beings whom she so much dreaded. As the night wore on, the men drank deeper, till their heads became confused. Shots were heard in the distance, breaking the stillness of the air, gradually growing more frequent, while a hideous noise of voices yelling and shouting mingled with the uproar. Suddenly the men staggered to their feet, and one of them hastening to the mouth of the cave, listened

eagerly. It was evident that strife was going on not very far off. Whoops of the most savage kind made the mountains echo, till it almost seemed as if a set of demons had been let loose, while sharper and louder, volley after volley, rent the night air.

"Let us come on, Flynn," urged the man who had listened attentively to the exciting sounds; "there's fighting going on, and we oughtn't to be here."

"I'm ready, then," replied Flynn, who felt well enough inclined for a spree; and forgetting their prisoner, they all three started forth, scarcely knowing whether they stood on their heads or heels, but capable enough of fighting boldly.

Nelly ardently trusted they might never come back, though we don't suppose she was sanguinary enough to hope they would be killed in the fray. She scarcely knew whether the defeat of the smugglers or the revenue men would be the more advantageous to herself. Listening to hoarse cries and shots, she sat crouching and shivering for a long while, thinking she might probably try to make her escape, even if she had to crawl step by step of the way. By degrees the noise of fighting grew more faint, as if the combatants were moving to a greater distance. At length it was only at rare intervals she heard a shot at all. She was meditating upon the prudence of now venturing from the cave at all hazards, when the sounds of approaching steps struck upon her ear. A thrill of horror shot through her heart. Nearer and nearer they came—a heavy tramp, like the measured tread of two or three men walking slowly. The sounds ceased at the entrance of the cave; and with eyes nearly blind from terror, Nelly beheld, in the dim light, the uncovered head of a man thrust through the aperture, quickly followed by his shoulders and the rest of his body. Having made its entrance in this way, the figure eventually lay at full length, flat upon the ground, without

motion; and Nelly heard the sound of retreating footsteps outside. The moonlight streaming in, now fell faintly on the form of her silent companion, and with a cold shudder the girl became aware that she was within a few paces of a dead man. By his dress she concluded that he had been one of the smugglers, and earnestly bending down she examined his features, but they were unknown to her. Ghastly and stiff, with eyes glazed and wide open, the corpse seemed to stare horribly at her. She retreated in fear and trembling, but found it impossible to keep her eyes off that sinister form. The dread of being alone with the dead is overpowering among some portions of the Irish peasantry; and perhaps Nelly felt more alarmed at being in such close contact with a corpse than she had yet felt since her capture by Foggarty. It was a strange fear, not connected with this world, and therefore the more terrible. With a thousand wild fancies rushing through her mind, among which ghosts, demons, and other ghastly forms, bore most unpleasant parts, she made an agonizing effort to leave the cave, and creeping slowly onwards passed the dead man as she made her exit through the aperture. It was a calm, cold night, the sky deep blue, and a broad shining moon riding high in the heavens. Dark masses of mountains surrounded her, rising high and wild above the hollow in which she stood. It was impossible for her to know the best way to turn. Chilled, terrified, and weak from want of food and sleep, she found it difficult to move a step; but assisting herself by her hands to climb a rugged ascent, she slowly crept on. At length reaching a lofty eminence, from which she descried what appeared to be a worn path winding along for a considerable distance, trusting to chance she struck into it; and moving thus slowly for a long while, had made considerable way, when a faintness overcame her, and she sunk down senseless.

## CHAPTER VII.

ON returning to partial consciousness, Nelly found herself lying in a bed with the clothes tightly tucked round her, and a feeling of great weariness

oppressing her. Though aware that some person was sitting near her, and that the walls of a house surrounded her, there was something dreamlike

in it all; and feeling unable to collect her senses clearly, she soon dropped off into a confused slumber. How long she remained in this listless state—almost as much dead as alive—she could not tell: but she had an indistinct idea that many days and nights elapsed while she still lay there, a burthen to herself and those who watched her.

One morning she suddenly awoke up with a feeling of relief; the weight that had oppressed her so long was gone; and she was able to make a clear survey of what surrounded her. She observed an elderly woman and a young one, sitting at some distance from her, near a comfortable fire. They were conversing in subdued tones, but she could hear what they said.

"She'll either die or begin to mend afore this day's out," whispered the elder one.

"Ay, I think it's likely. The cra-thur has come through a dale, any how."

"If she could only spake, an' tell where she came from, or who she is, a body 'id know where to send her," continued the elder woman.

Nelly now knew they were talking of herself, and, rising on her elbow, she entreated them to tell her where she was, and how long she had been with them. With much kindness they both approached her, and told her it was a fortnight since the husband of the younger woman had found her lying senseless, early one morning, as he was returning from a distant part of the country, and that they had immediately got her conveyed to their house, where she had remained ever since. By her appearance they knew she was a respectable young woman, though, of course the plight in which she had been found seemed inexplicable, and she had been watched over and nursed, from day to day, with true Irish good-nature and hospitality.

Nelly found that these people lived very far indeed from her own home; they knew nothing of the neighbourhood she belonged to, their intercourse being rather with the Limerick than the Tipperary side of the mountains. Nevertheless, they credited her story, wild and improbable as it might have seemed to the inhabitants of any more civilized district, and promised to get her conveyed towards her own

part of the country, as soon as she was able to be moved. Nelly would willingly have set out at once, but her weak state rendered this out of the question, as she had passed through a very severe fever, and required time to regain even a little strength. Many more days elapsed before she was considered fit to travel; but her impatience to be gone was so great that much further delay would have only thrown her back; and, therefore, Mat Maher, the man of the house, was at last necessitated to procure a donkey-cart, to convey her home. One grey winter morning, then, she took her place on the bundle of straw piled for her benefit in the small cart, and taking a grateful farewell of her kind friends, set out on her journey. Bad roads rendered her progress slow and unpleasant; and it was already evening, with a thick rain falling, when she found herself near her beloved home. Not wishing that a stranger should witness her meeting with her relatives, she preferred getting down from the cart before reaching the house, and pursuing the last of the way on foot. Behold her, then, in the gathering darkness of the winter evening, thankfully approaching her parents' dwelling, though pale and weak from recent illness. She was already upon the patch of meadow before the house—already within a yard or two of the door—now her hand was upon the latch. The door had been fastened for the night, and she was obliged to knock for admittance, murmuring, as she did so, a devout "Thanks be to God!"

For a moment the summons was unanswered, but the voice of her father at length demanded who was there.

"It's me, father; it's Nelly come back to ye," replied the young girl, in tones tremulous from emotion.

A silence as of death reigned in the house for several minutes. Then the door flew open, and the figure of the father, wrathful and furious, met her gaze.

"Begone, you shameful wretch!" he exclaimed, wildly. "Disgrace never darkened your father's name till it was blackened by you! Quit the place! Hide your face from all belongin' to ye, you ungrateful girl! How dare you show yourself back here in this brazen way? It well be-

comes you to have that impudence, now that you've got no where else to go, since the blaguard you wint off wid is tuk up for murder and robbery."

Astonished at this reception, yet fully comprehending what the words of her father meant, Nelly endeavoured to utter some explanatory sentences, but he would not listen to a word from her, and even her mother now called out sternly—

"Come in, Pat; shut to the door, the air's blowin' in cowlid."

In an instant after the door was banged with a force that made the hinges tremble, and the miserable girl found herself once again alone, standing out in the chill night air, with the rain pattering thickly on her. Her head became giddy, and, staggering a few paces from the house, she would have fallen to the ground, had not a friendly arm been passed round her slight form, as the voice of Bet Fagan murmured in her ear—

"Never heed, alannah! you'll come wid me."

All else was mist and confusion. The widow supported her to her own dwelling, and there laid her on a bed tenderly as she might have laid her own child.

"Oh, poor thing! poor thing! sure you worked for your own ruin any way!" she murmured, as she chafed the girl's hands, and drew the wavy hair from her beautiful forehead. "Oh, sure meself often thought things 'id come to this pass!"

Nelly heard the words, and understood their signification but too well. She fixed her dark eyes dreamily on the widow's face, but could not utter a word. Pride choked her utterance. The widow continued to murmur forth sundry other thoughts that were passing through her mind, all of which left the miserable girl without a doubt that she regarded her as a lost and erring creature. Bet knew that human nature was frail; and even when she bent low over Nelly, and asked in a whisper if she was married to Fogarty, and received a decided answer in the negative, she only shook her head more pityingly than ever, again murmuring, "Oh, poor thing! poor thing!"

Unable to bear this any longer, the girl now started up in an excited manner, and with a crimson glow suffusing her face, exclaimed, in wild accents—

"Bet Fagan, what d'ye take me for! Do you or any one else dare think I was mane enough to go away wid Pety Fogarty?"

"Whisht, alannah!" said Bet, soothingly; "sure you needn't care for what any one says."

"Why wouldn't I care?" exclaimed Nelly. "Is it nothin' to me that my father turns me from the house like a mad dog? But ye're all mistaken. I never went away willin'. He tuk me away—God sees he did; an' I never laid eyes on him since the evenin' he carried me to the mountains. The Lord only knows what tempted him to do the like!"

Bet once more urged the poor girl to calm herself. As she could excuse frailty of one sort so she could that of another; and it did not surprise her that Nelly should, as she thought, resort to falsehood to screen herself from shame. Therefore she did not press her to give a particular account of her late adventures, so firmly was she convinced that a dark blot, which nothing could remove, rested on her character. Appearances were all against her. No story that she might frame, however plausible, could, in Mrs. Fagan's estimation, and to use her own phrase, "deceive people out of their seven senses;" and when the girl took her by the arm, and solemnly recounted the daring act Fogarty had been guilty of, in carrying her forcibly from the Cappanick hills, and the after events, which the reader already knows, the widow listened incredulously, though kindly, thinking, at the same time, that it would be far better, and more likely to awaken the compassion of the neighbourhood, if Nelly stuck to truth, and confessed her fault repentantly. As the young girl went on with her narration, she only nodded her head at appropriate periods, or ejaculated, now and then, "Dear! dear!" "Is it possible?" and so forth. But it was only when she slyly observed, "Wasn't it the poor story you met Fogarty at all that day?" that Nelly suddenly became aware that her words were doubted. Starting up, she exclaimed, "You don't believe me, Bet Fagan—you know you don't!" and Bet, taken very much aback, made as Jesuitical a reply as possible, which might neither offend her poor friend, nor endanger her own knees by one of

Father M'Cabe's penances for downright lies. Without crediting any thing whatever of the story, Mrs. Fagan, nevertheless, remembered every word of it, from beginning to end; and being much of a gossip, as well as kind-hearted, lost no time in telling it over again to some of her particular friends, and among them to Kitty Dillon, Nelly's sister, who earnestly wished it might be true, though she could hardly dare to hope it was.

"There's only one bein' can clear Nelly," said Mrs. Fagan, as she spoke upon the subject to Dan Phelan, a neighbour to whom she generally applied for advice in times of perplexity; for being, as she often observed, "a lone woman," she frequently fancied herself in want of assistance. This was considered decidedly a delusion on her part by the neighbours, who were of opinion that she was perfectly capable of managing the affairs of the whole country without help from any one, man or woman. There wasn't such a "stirrin' woman" for miles

round as Bet Fagan: she was the best dancer and the swiftest walker in the neighbourhood; she could sit up with the sick night after night, without once snatching a wink of sleep; she was the merriest joker at a wake, and the most skilful layer out of a corpse—an accomplishment much prized in Ireland; in short, in all times of need, Bet's presence was very much in demand; not a christening, funeral, or wedding could be complete without her; and her large, good-natured face was often the most cheering sight that met the gaze of many a dying eye. So she said to Dan Phelan, "There's only one bein' can clear Nelly, an' that's Pether Fogarty himself. You see he's in gaol at Clonmel, an' maybe if you'd ride over there, Dan, you'd get him to tell the truth to you."

"I'm willin' to do it," replied Phelan, scratching his head, doubtfully; "but I mistrust, Bet—it'll be of no use."

"Go, any way, whin I tell you," urged the widow; and Dan was obliged to say he would.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE idea that his daughter had the unblushing effrontery to return to the neighbourhood, after her supposed delinquency, struck Pat Dillon, if possible, with greater wrath than he had felt for the last three weeks. The compassion expressed for her by the neighbours, in consideration of her youth and previous good conduct, only hardened his heart, and made him more unlikely to forgive her. He considered it a slur cast upon his name, that any excuse could be found to palliate her glaring misconduct. Far better would he have been pleased, if the country all round had joined in condemning her supposed guilt as something monstrous and hitherto unheard-of. His sons felt equal fury, regarding their sister with feelings that might have done honour to Spartans of old; nor was their mother at all more lenient towards her unhappy child. Kitty, alone, of all the family, experienced any thing like compassion for the discarded one; but she was peremptorily ordered not to see or speak to her. Nelly remained under the friendly shelter of Bet Fagan's roof, a prey to the most despairing

feelings. There was one person very much interested in the misfortunes of the young girl, who, nevertheless, spoke but little on the subject. This was Denis Ryan. Doubtless, despised, as she felt herself to be, Nelly would rather have suffered her right hand to be lopped off than deign to ask for an interview with her lover, when he did not seek it of himself, and this Denis was too proud to do. Upright and honest, with a reputation never blemished, Ryan was yet more cautious than generous; and his affection for Nelly, powerful as it may have been, was not as powerful as his fear of being the mock and laughing-stock of the country; and though he heard the account Nelly had given of herself, and was aware that she had always been the most truthful of beings, he held aloof, waiting for further evidence in her favour. All this may have been very natural and prudent; but Nelly felt she would have acted very differently towards him. As each day passed, she became more hopeless, comprehending more and more clearly how difficult it would be for her to dispel the dark cloud of shame that

rested upon her. Bet Fagan had at length persuaded her friend, Dan Phelan, to set out for Clonmel, to seek an interview with Fogarty, who was waiting his trial at the next assizes for the crime of murder. Through the treachery of one of his companions in guilt, he had been betrayed to the police, who, after much fruitless search among the Galtee mountains, at length captured him near Limerick, where he was about to embark for America. Upon the evening that he had carried off Nelly Dillon, a hint was given him by a comrade that he was to be thus betrayed, and in consequence of the information, he abandoned the usual hiding-place resorted to by himself and his lawless companions. Having deposited the senseless form of Nelly in the cave, he found it necessary to make his escape in a different direction with all speed, hoping to evade the police as he had often done before. But animated by the fiercest feelings of revenge, his pursuers were determined to hunt to the death, and after some time Fogarty and a few others were made prisoners.

Dan Phelan was not exactly the sort of person calculated for such a mission as Bet Fagan despatched him on to the gaol. Peter received him sullenly, and as the poor stupid old man scratched his head, and hemmed and hawed, ignorant of how he should commence his inquiries, Fogarty maintained a dogged silence, by no means encouraging. At last Dan was necessitated to take his departure as wise as he came, with a very unsatisfactory report to bring Mrs. Fagan. Nelly, who had clung to the hope that Fogarty might have had honesty enough to clear her character, was wofully disappointed at the ill success of Phelan's efforts; the blow fell so heavily upon her that she became very ill, and was for many weeks laid upon a sick bed, while Bet Fagan and her old friend, Norry Croon, nursed her with unwearying kindness.

Father M'Cabe, the parish priest, was called in to see her, and from his manner, and a few words he dropped upon hearing Nelly's confession, Bet felt, at last, almost convinced that she was as innocent as she declared herself to be.

"Bedad," thought she, "I'll thry wonst more again, afore its too late, to get her righted, an' sure if I fail I

can't help it; no one can do more than their best."

The assizes had commenced unusually early this year, and Fogarty was now a condemned criminal, awaiting the hour of execution in his prison cell. One morning Bet set out on foot for Clonmel, without mentioning the object of her journey to any one. It was a raw day; sleet was drifting over the hills and valleys; leaden clouds darkened the sky; but unswerving from her purpose the widow heeded not the weather. Her short, sturdy figure might have been seen moving steadily along, undaunted by wind or snow. Arrived at the town, she made her way at once to the gaol, and asked permission to see Fogarty. After some difficulty it was granted, and she soon found herself in presence of the condemned man. Ever since his capture and conviction Peter had preserved a most undaunted bearing. The fire of his eye still burned brightly as ever; the wild scornful expression of his countenance remained unchanged. He might have stood as a model for any bandit hero of romance. He had listened to his death-sentence pronounced in court without moving a muscle of his face; yet, when Bet Fagan stood before him, his eye quailed, and for a few minutes he appeared struck with deep emotion.

"Pety," said the widow, kindly, while her voice quivered slightly; "it isn't here I expected to meet you next, whin we parted after the dance in Tim Scully's barn."

He made no reply, and Mrs. Fagan continued—

"I'm sorry for you, an' that's the truth, Pety. There's a world o' trouble kem over the neighbourhood since that same night. Poor Nelly Dillon was blithe an' merry at the dance, an' now, sure enough no one 'id think she was the same colleen; it's on her account I'm here to-day, Pety, an' as ye expect marey for yer sowl whin ye lave the world, I'd have you make a clean confession of what passed to make her quit her father's house the way she did. There isn't one of her people 'ill spake to her. She'll niver hold up her head unless somethin's done to make the country think better of her than they do."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Fogarty, gloomily.

"I want you to tell me, in the name



of all that's blessed, did Nelly go wid you wid her own free will an' consent?"

"Does she say she did?" asked Peter, fixing his eyes with a mocking expression on Bet's face.

"Never heed what she says," said the widow, evasively; "but spake for yourself."

"Whatever Nelly says, is true," replied Fogarty.

"But that won't do," rejoined Bet.

"Her people, more shame for them, won't b'lieve her own story; they're as black agin her as if she was no more to them than a stone wall. If I was you, Pety, I'd spake out the truth, if it was only to shame them."

Mrs. Fagan was a skilful diplomate, and had very cunningly spoken the last words.

"Does Nelly curse me?" asked Fogarty.

"Curse you, Pety! Ah, not she! Nelly isn't the one to curse you, let who will; but she's frettin' her life out about every thing. D'ye think she forgets the time when you an' she was coortin', an' you not higher than me-self? Curse you, indeed! I'm afraid it was only too well she liked you always, an' there's the truth for you! Poor child! she's lyin' as wake as an infant now, a'most dead in my house at home; an' there isn't one of her people 'ill put their foot inside the door."

"Does Dinny Ryan be often in wid you?"

"Dinny, is it! Musha, God help ye! Dinny doesn't show his nose in the house! He's as black agin her as anybody else: maybe worse. I'd just like to let him see he was mistaken about Nelly, if it was only for spite."

"What can I do for her? what is it you want, Mrs. Fagan?"

"I want you to confess out right, how it was that Nelly wint away wid you, so that her people may know the truth; an' if you tould it all afore Father M'Cabe, an' gave him lave to make it known to the Dillons and everybody else in the place, sure that 'id be enough."

"I haven't got more than a few days to live," said Fogarty, coolly; "I'm to be hung a Tuesday."

"Sure there's time enough for your confession, anyhow," replied Bet, in a business-like manner. "It wouldn't

take more than an hour or two to see Father M'Cabe and tell him every thing."

"Well maybe you had best send him," observed Fogarty, after a pause.

"An' what 'ill you tell him?" asked Bet, who now began to entertain doubts about the sort of confession Pety might make.

"I'll tell him what's the truth."

"You're not jokin', Pety?"

"Sorra joke," replied the condemned man.

"But what's the truth?" persisted the widow.

"Father M'Cabe 'ill tell you," replied Fogarty.

"Pety," said Mrs. Fagan, solemnly, "rimember that we'll part shortly, niver to meet agin in this life, an' whatever you say, let it be nothin' that 'ill belie Nelly."

Fogarty looked impenetrable, and hurriedly said—

"Send Father M'Cabe."

As the turnkey came to say he must put an end to the interview, Bet shook hands kindly with Fogarty, just as she had, during her lifetime, shaken hands with scores of men about to be hung, and wiping some tears from her eyes, left the gaol. Back again, through wind and sleet, with the gathering gloom of night descending upon all outward objects, the widow went home. She was afraid to mention any thing of her expedition to Nelly, for fear of further disappointment; and when the girl anxiously inquired where she had been all day, she vaguely replied—

"Only a piece off, alanah, seein' a frind, an' I was delayed longer than I intinded."

"What day is this?" inquired Nelly.

"It's Friday, sure."

"Saturday, Sunday, Monday," muttered Nelly, as if to herself, adding aloud, "there's only three days more for him to live, Mrs. Fagan, he'll be hung on Tuesday."

"Well, an' if he is, sure the world 'ill be well rid of him," replied Bet, shortly.

Nelly said no more; but the widow looked uneasily at her as she saw her clasp her hands convulsively together. A long silence ensued, only broken by the clinking of pots and pans, and the whirr and crackle of the blazing wood that was helping to get the supper

ready. Nelly was sitting by the fire, looking beautiful, though fearfully emaciated.

"What way d'ye feel the night?" asked Bet, after a long survey of her pale features.

"I feel as if I was dead, Mrs. Fagan."

"Lord be good to us! How's that, an' you sittin' there alive enough?"

"I feel as if I was dead, Bet Fagan, an' as if God had cursed me so that I was condemned to walk the earth, a spirit that nobody wanted to see."

"It's a sin to talk that wild way, agra," said Bet, looking a little alarmed. Nelly certainly looked rather spectral; but there was the light of an unquenchable pride burning still in her eye.

The next morning was Saturday, a wild, dreary day, and Bet went early to Father M'Cabe to give him Peter Fogarty's message. The priest was a good-natured man, and he lost no time in repairing, in his gig, to Clonmel. Mrs. Fagan saw him off with great satisfaction, and yet, when he was gone, a dull misgiving crossed her mind that Fogarty might, possibly, make matters worse than ever by stating falsehoods in his dying confession.

"Musha, he was always full of thricks and divilment," she muttered as she went home; "an' he no more cared for priest nor mass than the haythen."

This reflection induced Bet to take a gloomy view of affairs for the remainder of the day; and she was glad that she had not given Nelly any rea-

son to hope. She felt very uneasy, indeed; and when she heard the well-known rattle of the priest's gig returning, she ran out in the dusky evening to hear the worst at once.

"Well, yer riverence, what news have you for me?" she asked, as Father M'Cabe alighted at his own house.

"You mustn't be impatient, Bet," replied his reverence, slowly and calmly; "whatever I have to say, you can't hear it till to-morrow."

"Oh, musha, Father John, let me hear it this minnit," entreated the widow, in an agony of suspense.

"To-morrow, Bet—to-morrow," repeated the priest.

"Oh, it's no good; it's no good!" moaned the woman, striking her hands together. "Sure, if it was, you'd spake it out at wonst."

"You must bear all things patiently," rejoined Father M'Cabe, gravely.

"Oh, sorra bit o' patience ever I had, your riverence," said Bet, with frankness. "If you'd tell me at wonst what news you have, I'd sleep sound the night."

"To-morrow I will—not till then."

"To-morrow's Sunday, an' sure there'll be three masses an' a sermon, an' it'll be all hours afore I can see yer riverence to spake to."

"Never mind that. Come to mass, just as you do every Sunday, and don't be thinking of any thing but your prayers," replied Father John, as he unrelentingly entered his house and closed the door.

#### CONCLUSION.

THE Sunday broke over the world bright and cloudless, and from far and near the peasants were flocking to Father M'Cabe's chapel. Bet Fagan, as usual, got ready for twelve o'clock mass; and as she left the house she recommended Nelly to the attention of old Norry Croon. The chapel was very much crowded that day. Bet found some difficulty in pushing her way through the mass of people that thronged the building. The Dillons were there, praying devoutly, and sprinkling themselves well with holy water; while Denis Ryan could be seen among the crowd busy with his missal. Nobody was eventually more

wrapt in devotion than the widow herself. She swayed herself backwards and forwards in a perfect agony of piety, and a murmur like the swell of the ocean occasionally arose through the building as the enthusiasm of the people waxed greater and greater. At length the sermon commenced. Everybody was attentive. A pin might have been heard dropping, so still was the congregation. At the conclusion of the discourse, Father M'Cabe, according to custom, entered into some secular affairs of the parish; asked why Jack Molloy hadn't brought in his harvest dues months ago, like everybody else; threatened

to denounce any man that had been concerned in cutting off Tim Brogan's cow's tail, and painting his horse's skin; and declared his intention of horse-whipping whoever it was that nailed Mary Hannegan's three fine hens to her own door. The worthy pastor kept his most remarkable piece of information till the last, summing up all by an astounding disclosure—

"And now, good people," said he, as he turned his face full round to the congregation, "I'm going to tell you something that'll astonish and gratify you all; and it's no less than that I have it in my power to declare to you this blessed day that Pat Dillon's daughter, Nelly, is as innocent as the unborn child. I heard the confession from Peter Fogarty's own lips, in Clonmel gaol, yesterday; and it was his wish that I'd tell it before you all this day."

Here followed, amid the breathless silence of the hearers, a brief, but correct, account of events which the reader is already acquainted with; and when Father John ceased to speak, a cheer burst from the crowd that shook the chapel windows, and made the image of the Virgin over the altar sway from side to side perceptibly. A rush was made from the building without delay; and Bet Fagan, being near the door, got out first, and with the speed of lightning rushed to her own house, where she communicated to Nelly the glad tidings she had heard, and which were now known to everybody, far and near, in the parish. On being made acquainted with this intelligence, Nelly slowly arose from her bed, where she had been reclining. A bright flush burned on her cheek, a bright light flashed in her eye; but speech seemed to fail her, for she uttered no word.

"Oh, thin, it's meself's the glad woman this day!" exclaimed Bet, clapping her hands, and swaying her large head to and fro. Norry Oron now confronted her, with her hands in her sides, and her withered face agitated in every feature—

"Didn't I tell you, Bet Fagan, that I never believed a word agin' Nelly Dillon. Didn't I say she wasn't the one to disgrace her people?"

"Ye did, Norry, ye did," murmured the widow, who was now fairly shedding tears of thankfulness.

A mighty surging sound was now heard without, and presently the doorway was blocked up by figures all eager to enter the house. Pat Dillon, with his wife and daughter, Kitty, were given precedence, of course, and rushing in, they frantically embraced Nelly, who stood upright in the middle of the floor.

"Stand back, all o' ye!" said Mrs. Fagan, as she motioned to the crowd outside to keep off, and, obeying her commands, the people moved from the door, leaving Nelly's relatives to speak to her in peace.

"Nelly, my own jewel, you'll come back to your poor father wonst more!" cried Dillon, triumphantly.

"An' it's Dinny Ryan's the proud man this day!" exclaimed the mother, weeping. Kitty, unable to utter a word, hung upon her sister's neck, shedding tears. Nelly made no reply to any expression of endearment, and returned no caress. When Denis Ryan rushed joyously into the house, and prepared to seize her hand with enthusiasm, the girl drew back proudly, and, in a voice that thrilled through the nerves of her hearers, spoke out at last—

"Keep back, Denis Ryan! keep back all o' ye! You're nothin' to me, an' I'm nothin' to ye!"

"Nelly, dear Nelly!" said Bet Fagan, rebukingly.

"Ay, nothin' to me," repeated Nelly, with flashing eyes, while the proud dilatation of her beautifully formed nostrils lent an expression of wondrous power to her countenance. A painter might have chosen her as a personification of proud woman's indignation—"I'm nothin' to one o' ye!"

"Yis, yis," said Dillon, soothingly; "you're the same to me you ever were. You're me own pet child again!"

"But you're not the same to me," replied Nelly, bitterly.

"I am! I am, me poor child," continued Dillon; "an' you're father's house is there ready to receive you this minnit: so you had best come home at wonst."

"Never!" cried the girl, vehemently. "Never will I cross the threshold of the door that shut me out in the dark night. No, Pat Dillon; I'm your daughter no longer. I've no father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother!"

I haven't one to love me but the man that'll be hung in the front of Clonmel gaol the day after to-morrow!"

"Nelly, acushla!" murmured Bet Fagan, reproachfully.

"You were kind to me, Bet Fagan!" said Nelly, taking her hand; "an' you, Norry Croon, knew me better than my own people; you trusted me more than the man that wanted me for his wife; but still there wasn't one o' ye loved and trusted me like Pety Fogarty. Wid all his crimes on his head, an' great a wrong as he done me, an' great sorrow as he gave my heart, I'd marry him this blessed day, in Father M'Cabe's chapel, if he was here, free out of prison!"

The neighbours had by this time gathered into the house, and stood looking on aghast. Whispers ran round to the effect that Nelly must have grown light in her head; but some there were that thought she "sarved her people right."

"You'll come home this minnit!" cried Pat Dillon, whose anger was now roused, and he advanced to take his daughter's arm in a firm grasp.

"Never, never!" exclaimed Nelly, shaking his hand off with wild eagerness. "If there wasn't another roof to shelter me in the world, I'd perish rather than put a foot inside your house! I loved you wonst, father; I loved you so well that I broke my own heart for you! I did what I could to forget the boy that was as dear to me as my own life for many a long year, just because you didn't like him; and I strove to like another till I *did* like him; and I gave my promise to marry him, and God sees it was a promise I'd have kept: but I'm sorry to the heart now that ever I did the like, for the love I threw away was the only true love among ye all! Ay, Pety Fogarty! murderer, robber, whatever you are, I'd marry you this minnit if you were here to take me! But we'll be together soon enough!"

Fiercely wroth, Dillon made another rush towards the excited girl, but many hands held him back.

"You'll not lay a finger on her!" shouted the voice of Bet Fagan. "Ye deserve this, every one o' ye, for yez were like Turks to her, an' ye know it!"

Mrs. Dillon looked nearly as stern

as her husband; and her sons, who were now entering, would have almost torn their sister limb from limb, so great was their indignation, had not the crowd forced them out again. While much bustle ensued, Nelly's strength became exhausted, and seeing her sway to and fro, as she stood in the centre of the floor, Bet Fagan rushed to catch her in her arms. The girl's head dropped heavily on her shoulder, and seeing the expression of her features, Norry Croon shrieked out—

"She's dyin', she's dyin'; lave the house every one o' ye!"

The crowd fell back as Norry waved her hand to them, but the Dillons did not move. Bet laid Nelly on the bed, and Mrs. Dillon, now overcome with a mother's feelings, ran forward to her; but gathering up all her strength, the girl pushed the unfortunate woman away from her with scorn and indignation.

Pat Dillon at length burst into tears, and wrung his hands despairingly.

"Nelly, Nelly!" he exclaimed wildly, "won't ye look on yer own father, an' say ye forgive him!"

Fixed and glazed, the daughter's eyes were fastened on vacancy: the things of this world had vanished from their sight for ever: the life-blood was already growing stagnant in the veins.

"She's dead," whispered Norry Croon, bending over her; "the breath's gone."

A wild cry, like the shriek of some forest beast—discordant, ferocious, despairing—rang through the room; and rushing towards the bed, Pat Dillon seized the senseless form of his child in his arms, and bore it from the house in a frenzy fearful to behold. The women screamed and ran after him; but with the speed of madness, he gained his own house ere they could stop him. Flinging the corpse on a bed in the kitchen, he exclaimed—

"She'll not be waked a night out o' her father's house, any how," and then burst into a hideous peal of laughter.

Bet remembered his own words, spoken the morning after Nelly's disappearance, that she should never cross his threshold alive again. It was her duty to lay out the dead

body, and very mournfully she did it. Never had she dressed out a fairer corpse. The wake that night in the Dillons' house was a strange one. The neighbours from far and near had gathered to it—all except Denis Ryan; and though there were pipes and tobacco in abundance, and plenty of whiskey, there was little merriment. One alone of those present joked and laughed with a wild revelry that struck horror into the hearts of the rest. This was the father of her who lay lifeless before their eyes. The light of reason had vanished for ever from Pat Dillon's mind; and when his child's corpse was lowered into its last earthly resting place upon the same day that witnessed the execution and burial of Peter Fogarty, he clapped his hands, uttering unearthly shouts of triumph. From that time he was a confirmed

maniac, gradually sinking into idiocy. His family became scattered: the sons departed to America and Australia; his wife, and daughter Kitty, did not survive their misfortunes very long; and Pat became a miserable object, wandering from town to town, generally attired in a cast-off soldier's uniform. He was soon well known at Thurles, Clonmel, and Cashel; and till his hair was gray, and his form bent with age, he continued to live a poor idiot. His farm passed into other hands. The walls of the house are black and old now, reader, but they stand still; and though Pat is long dead, his unhappy story, and the melancholy fate of his favourite child, is still spoken of in the neighbourhood, though Bet Fagan and Norry Croon, like many of their contemporaries, have been gathered to their eternal dwellings.

#### THE NOBLE TRAYTOUR.

OUR purpose in dealing with the clever fiction before us is to adopt for the nonce the profession of the Delphic priestess, and from the elevation of our critical tripod aim at a lower kind of divination respecting the whereabouts and whatabouts of the author. Certain forms of vaticination, very influential and much more pretentious, in their day, we advisedly abjure—the whole family, for instance, that end in *mancy*, from arithmomancy, as old as Pythagoras, down to rhabomancy, which, in a very prosaic method, is practised in our grammar schools to the present day, with unquestionably successful issues in the detection of dullard and dunce. The gross impiety and palpable fraudulence of modern Spirit-rapping and Medium-manifestations render that mode of ascertaining the unascertainable out of the question, however great may be our curiosity to plumb the Dead Sea of our author's pseudonyme. From such a “vast deep” as he abides in we would fain call the spirits to answer our questioning anent

the “local habitation,” “SWARRATON,” and the “name” THOMAS, and the social grade, ARMIGER, of the historian of *The Noble Traytour*; yet to further our quest would we not violate the meanest of the morals, nor sacrifice the very cheapest virtue to win indubitable success. Friar Bacon's brazen head could not lure us into demolition of the *murus aheneus* of an unaccusing conscience; nor gipsy promise of a golden future, followed by a more than gipsy performance, induce us to do evil that good may come; so that our projected divination resolves itself, after all, into a simple figure of speech, representing our earnest desire and our fixed intent to learn, if learn we may, by a careful scanning of the work before us, somewhat more of the author than mere surface-skimmers of the tale could gather.

Where we have *data*, we shall conclude; where we have only surmises, we shall guess. Yet, as those who have read the fascinating tale of Voltaire will readily believe, a second

Zadig could put together the *dissecta membra* of that shrewd Arab's adventures as deftly as the first. Given the apple and given the Newton, and the problem of gravitation is solved.

"The Huron is certain of his prey from tracks upon the grass;  
And shrewdness, guessing out the hint, followeth on the trail."

Without professing the indomitable perseverance of the Indian, intent on love or revenge, or promising our readers such full satisfaction as would arise from a direct *ecce homo* style of disclosure, we nevertheless can fancy ourselves in possession of such a reflection of the author's intellectual features in the work under review, that we can cunningly guess at "the manner of man" our Swarraton Armiger must be. We shall not say with Adolphus, "*This must be Sir Walter Scott*;" nor with the omnivorous Maginn, "*The Doctor is Southey*;" for, as an author, we take it, we never encountered *Thomas the Gentleman* before; but we shall say, looking "at this picture and at that," the author's unconscious self-delineation, and our conjectural presentiment of the same—the author must be some such person as we opine.

A modern has avouched the pleasantness of "floating on a sea of speculation," a dictum in the truth of which we fully acquiesce, inasmuch as from the earliest days we have been rarely addicted to such imaginative navigation. Literal navigation has been our weakness no less, from the wash-tub or the fishing pond to "the sea, the sea, the glorious sea," with its graceful yacht and colossal three-decker; from the Catamaran of Coromandel to the light canoe of the American rapids. And the literal has found its Behmen-like correspondence in the spiritual: for we cannot recall the time when fancy did not spread our sails for the aforesaid voyage on the sea of speculation, nor the mode of transit which we have not adopted to speed our way through the liquid realms of thought. The Argo of ancient Greece, the trireme of irresistible Rome, the coracle of the Celt, the Armada of Spain, the galliot of the Mediterranean, the merchant brig of Crusoe, the junk of China, and the prao of Siam, not to omit the wonder-working steamship, which dominates

the deep more proudly than the car of Neptune, have all in their turn conveyed the Cæsar and his fortunes of our thoughts "off, off and away" into distant regions and unknown solitudes, on airy speculation bent. Whither our present voyage has been made, and with what success, the sequel must show.

The title-page of our "*Chronicle*," which records the tale of Essex' misadventures in the time of Queen Elizabeth, presents a pretty heraldic device, which suggests to us something more than a mere love for the art of blazon on the part of either author or publisher. There is something in the concatenation of escutcheons at the head of the work besides a desire for a taking frontispiece on the part of the respectable firm who issued the work, or the fancy of an amateur.

Conjecture, even probability, in many degrees short of certainty, on which account we shall not deliver our judgment on this part of the case in dogmatic terms, but will take the liberty of hinting our opinion, that he who can read these devices aright will have got hold of the clue which commands the labyrinth we are now seeking to thread. Plantagenet contributes his shield; Devereux, Claydon, Beronshaw, Cheney, and Cobbe, theirs: and "thereby hangs a tail." The author may have designed to hint that he is of gentle, nay, royal, extraction, a few centuries back, and that some of the most noble blood of England circulates in his veins, on the evidence of indisputable family parchments, and the records of the Herald's office. But where the evidence is susceptible of at least one other interpretation, we have too great respect for the modesty of true science to be positive in our deliverance, and will leave the matter on that debatable ground where either conclusion will find its adequate premise. In furtherance, however, of the solution of the difficulty, we shall add a sentence of a dialogue between Sir Francis Drake, returned from his first Spanish-American expedition, and William Camden, the antiquarian, the latter asking—

"And didst sail? when?"

"'Twas i' the beginning of winter, now some nine years ago. In the Pelican and the Swan, the Marygold and the Christopher."

“ ‘Twas a Hants Esquire who named the first—was't not? ”

“ True, Master Camden. The Pelican was his crest; the Swan, an old badge o' the family, in's coat, so a said, time immemorial. Gules, a fess or, two swans in chief, proper; is't not so, sir? ”

These, as thus described, are the arms of the family of Cobbe, pictured on the fore-front of our title. In the narrative, too, there is a fair Helen Beronshaw abiding in the manor-house of Swareton or Swarwooton, in Hants, who is the chosen of one of the minor heroes of our history, one William Cheney, who again is only a minor, in the sense in which the minor prophets are so called, being a true hero, although not the leading one of the tale. Now these facts the wise will put together with what skill they may, and draw from them such conclusions as will best satisfy their curiosity or their taste. If we are referred to for a definite decision, we decline with that air of mystery which all real Delphians affect, and reply, no longer using the editorial “we,” but in our singular individuality of existence, *Davus sum, non Œdipus*.

As we confess ourselves, however, disposed to think there is a meaning in the heraldic devices employed by the author to set off his work, and that they reach beyond the character of a caprice or a hobby, even so are we assured by all the circumstantialities of this work that he is a person of gentle breeding. The proofs of erudition are as distinctly visible in his historical novel as the remarkable talent of various kinds which it displays. There is a tone of courtesy, moreover, which bespeaks the gentleman and scholar, beyond all that mere education can impart, or successful imitation assume. Thomas of Swaraton is evidently not an Armiger, by that latitude of courtesy which dubs every person with a decent coat upon his shoulders forthwith an Esquire, but has hereditary claims to that title, and can evidently boast a bringing up in accordance with his social position. His portrait of old Sir Thomas Cheney, of Chenies, has been unquestionably a work of love with the author, and we should conclude, from the zest with which he recurs to the quiet history of that noble country gentleman, and the discreetness with which he adopts, in the course of his

narrative, the sentiments that drop from his lips, that he may be taken as embodying in no slight measure the views and feelings of the author himself:—

“ Of very different temperament—in deed of different orders of mind—Sir Thomas and his wife were at one in those opinions and desires which enable people to work together happily through life. Riches rendered neither of them selfish; nor did rank rob them of pity for the poor and humble. And thus, the duties of life were to both an object in common—the knight, among his copyholders and tenants, neighbours and farm-servants; the lady, at her almshouse and school-room. ‘The eye that saw them blessed them, and the ear that heard them bare witness.’ It was a maxim in this house to keep up tender feelings; for, as Dame Elizabeth used to say, ‘When one forgetteth his mother's breast, and the kind of food he drew thence, look to it but he'll soon despise the rough virtues of his father.’ ”

But as on the mere description of this choice specimen of an old-fashioned baronet we may not dwell, we shall indulge ourselves with a touching picture of his eviction from his estates and hall, by means of a piece of arrant roguery, in which Francis Bacon, thereafter my Lord of Verulam, figures to his little credit. The family at Chenies—his aged dame, and only child, William, a youth—have been informed of a flaw in their title to possession:—

“ When they met at breakfast, you would scarcely have thought how each had passed the night. No! nor how great a misfortune had befallen the family only the evening before.

“ Sir Thomas was perhaps a little more stately in his manner; something paler, too, in his countenance. He looked rather as who should say, ‘The knight is out o' sorts to-day!’ But the knight was not wont to be out of sorts. He was this morning as always—as far as temper—and, but that care must have his due, unruffled. ‘The man who hath no altar in his heart for sorrow, neither hath he chambers for joy in his bosom.’ Sir Thomas having blessed God in a palace, was not one to turn his back upon his holy place in the corner. ‘We hear the cross-flewry, sir,’ said he; ‘we are proud of it; we have fought under it, and for it, and shall do so still! I hold that Simon the Cyrenian was more worthy than Judas Iscariot, sir!’ ”

"To whom the knight was speaking none knew; but his wife and his son felt that what he said he meant, and would stand to.

"And Dame Elizabeth, her voice was somewhat more subdued than usual, not a little tremulous at times. And she looked at her husband ever and anon, as if something was on her mind that she would not have him notice, and yet would be fain to share with him. And her son asked was she ill, and she answered, 'Nay, William!'

"And the young man watched his parents, lest they should inquire what of the night. And he essayed to talk once or twice, and to eat boldly, and to drink with courage, as who should say, 'Marry, 'tis well with me!' Spigot, he doled out the small ale, and frothed up the sack as usual; and Mistress Dorothy came for her orders; and you might hear the household sounds betimes, and believe that nothing out of the way had happened at Chenies. In fact, one spirit had moved all hearts, as if each had made a covenant with himself to this effect, 'My sorrows I will bear alone, nor let them add to those which they most dear to me must bear. Would God I could suffer for them also!'

"Now, Master Quiddity, the lawyer, came up to Chenies to explain matters to Sir Thomas; and Sir Thomas would have his wife and son beside him the whilst. And they listened patiently, for the knight had said, 'The virtue of prosperity is temperance; and as, by God's blessing, we have practised that, so let us, o' God's name, practise the virtue of adversity, which is fortitude. 'Tis the most heroical virtue.'

"And William felt much ashamed, remembering in part his dream.

"'Yes,' said Dame Elizabeth, 'prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New!'

"'Right, Bess, right! and it carrieth the greater benediction and the dearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many heaven-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more, to speak it reverently, in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity,' he continued, with marked emphasis, 'is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.'

"'So in our needleworks and embroidery, Thomas, you see 'tis more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a light-

some ground. 'Tis the same in the heart, love; the same, surely! The pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye; you may judge one by the other.'

"'Ah! Bess, sweetheart, if prosperity doth best discover vice, adversity shall best discover virtue; eh?'

"'Tis very wisely said, Thomas.' So they kissed each other fondly, and William felt all ready to weep."

At length the morning for leaving Chenies came, and the sorrowful family take their departure.

"And now all the inventories were made out, and the travelling mails were packed, and a few tapestries for hangings tied up in long rolls, and the plate had been buried last night in a dry well under the cellars of the old house; and the day of departure drew nigh.

"And when the morning came, Sir Thomas rose betimes very early, ere it was yet clear. And presently he came slowly down the steps. He was clad for the journey, having his grey doublet, and riding hose, and boots on, and a purple surcoat over his left arm. And so he went into the room behind the armoury, and after a while thence into the armoury itself. And he took down his breastplate and a backpiece, and he chose out a prime Toledo blade, and an axe and two dags.

"And he struck upon the bell, and Davy came and helped him on with his large gilt spurs, and buckled his armour, trussing up the points of his trunk hose carefully. And the knight was silent. Davy, too, spake not.

"And Sir Thomas went into the hall—that old hall—and looked about him. His eyes seemed wandering, yet were they often intently fixed, now up at the roof, now along the walplate, then at the stained windows or at the brackets; and again he would sigh.

"So he went to the board and took a stoup of wine; and he ate and drank; and Dame Elizabeth she came in after a while, and brake her fast simply; and then William, but he could not swallow, though he made assay; and so he went back to his chamber, and fell on his bed and wept.

"And there was a sound as of horses in the courtyard, and Sir Thomas looked at his lady, and Dame Elizabeth turned towards her husband; they were both pale, sad! And one said, 'My lady's palfrey 's at the door.' And the men-servants looked humbly as they stood in the porch, and the women cried exceeding bitterly, chafing their eyes with kerchiefs and aprons, after the manner of maid-servants.

"And Sir Thomas kissed his wife,



saying, 'In the name o' God, Bess!' and he placed her heavily on her nag. Dame Elizabeth held her hands both by her sides. Many clung to her. You would have thought she was a mother and a sister! No tear fell from her tender hazel eye; yet you could see her breast heaving, and might know that the vessel of her grief was well-nigh full, and would soon run over the brim.

"Patience and sorrow strove who should express her goodliest.

"And Mistress Dorothy, she sate upon a pillion behind Spigot, who rode on a great horse that had served in the wars, but was yet sound enough, having been cared for always. And Mistress Dorothy had a large basket and a shapeless bundle, for she carried with her such things as everyone had forgotten to pack up.

"And Sir Thomas looked round and called; but none knew rightly what he said, for his voice was choked within him. And he said again, 'William!' And one went to seek; and William had washed his face, and he ran through the corridor, and jumped down the stairs, three or four at a time, and so, coming out o' breath, vaulted into his saddle. Davy also mounted, and they all moved on; Sir Thomas, with his lady, on his left hand, and their son a little behind them.

"It seemed Sorrow wept to take leave of them.

"And Sir Thomas kept his hat in his left hand with his bridle rein; and the gauntlet of his right hand lay across the holster, for he kept his hand free, many grasping it and kissing it.

"On they rode through the long avenue of limes, passing the chestnut wood and the oak copse, so coming through the beech forest on to the village.

"And they would alight at the church; for Parson Homily was about to read the Morning Service, being bound so to do even should none hearken. He was of opinion that 'Tis an idle argument and dishonest to say that none will hear, when, in truth, there be no voice.' And, since this day was Wednesday, there was a Litany, so the vicar came out from his desk and knelt with the people in the aisle, on a little fallstool between the porch and the altar, and humbling themselves there; amongst other things they prayed that the good Lord would deliver them in all time of their tribulation. And again, they besought Him to hear them, and succour, help, and comfort all that were in danger and necessity, and to preserve those that should travel.

"And when this was done, and they were alone, the travellers went up to the

rails in the chancel, and they knelt down there, each, Sir Thomas, and his wife, and their son. And after a while, they rose up; and the parson said, 'May the Lord fulfil the desires and petitions of His servants, as may be most expedient for them.' And he blessed them severally, laying his hand upon their heads, and so they gat them again to horse and rode on.

"As they drew nigh to the school-house the buzz of voices became hushed, and the children stood in rows, clean and kempt were they as you could wish. They made their courtesies and reverences in a rude fashion. But Sir Thomas said, 'God be wi' ye, boys and girls; God be wi' ye!' And Dame Elizabeth, when she saw how the little ones essayed to say something and could not, then it was that the tears flowed fast down her cheek; and she was fain to alight and drink of the brook.

"And they passed the pond where William was wont to fish. His little boat lay moored to the bank. William sighed wistfully.

"So they come to alms-houses which Sir Thomas had built for Dame Elizabeth's pensioners, and for the bedesmen his own father's father had charged upon Chenies. And the old men are out of doors and bare-headed, kneeling down in the causeway; and the old women stand on the other side. They are all weeping and praying, and making great lamentations.

"And they become comforted a little when they hear that they shall be cared for still, not cast into unregarded corners, as the use is towards old and useless folk.

"And they grieve with all heart for the kind knight, and the gentle dame, and the hopeful youth, 'Well-a-day!' they cry, 'well-a-day!' And Dame Elizabeth now put on her muffler and mask, which before she had not done lest those who wished to take a last look at her should have been disappointed; and she drew her mandilion about her. At the turn of the road, just beyond the alms-house yard, the travellers look round. If you shall have taken a last look at your own home or country, you will feel with them, I hope. Below them, Chenies and Claydon, steeple and battlement, wood and water, knoll and dell, bird and beast, and all the familiar places and things are as whilom. Nay, they seem more dear than ever. And the autumn sun glistens on the cross-flewry up there on the tower; and the church vane seems on fire. And then their eyes grow dim as they still look and look, and objects cease to be distinct to their straining gaze. And though the heart of each be full—ay,

brim full—none can speak, and so they stay a while, loath to go.

“And a silly fellow passing by saith, ‘Bless ye, Sir Thomas, and save ye from teen!’ And the knight started, and he threw the lad a groat and rode on.

“And the prayer of the poor and the infirm, of the orphan and the widow, and of the childless and unhappy whom they had comforted in the day of their wealth was heard; and God did bless Sir Thomas and his family, and after many days brought them back to Chenies in peace.”

From this venerable senior, who is entitled to take his place with Sir Roger De Coverley, and the squire of Bracebridge Hall, as an engaging portrait of a fine old English gentleman, and who, like these worthies, has a foible which acts as a foil only the more markedly to display his virtues, a pardonable heraldic weakness being at once his pride and his dotage, we pass on to note another characteristic of our author, judging from this publication. We cannot doubt—and here we feel at liberty to be very bold—that he is what is called a high Churchman; tolerant, it may be, but of very decided convictions on the side of a uniform liturgy and an established church. From the great acquaintance his narration displays with the religious features of the time of Elizabeth, and with its peculiarly ecclesiastical controversies, we could almost suppose him an ecclesiastic himself, or else of near kin to ecclesiastics, and familiar with their literature. Whatsoever we quote we by no means pledge ourselves to approve, in any case, except we proclaim our approval in explicit terms; and, in relation to the whole bearing of our author’s ecclesiastical censures, we must own we take exception to his uniformly severe treatment of the Genevan divines. But our province just now is not controversy, either of attack or defence, so much as to put together certain connecting links of an Elizabethan romance, with a view to read the mind of its author, or, at least, gain an approximate idea of his stand-point, real and intellectual. The passage which follows has a certain interest:—

“And we have a new sort who would fain raise out the very memory of some fourteen or fifteen centuries, sending their own ancestors to perdition in God’s

name—fellows, look you, who would make a conscience of spitting in the church (as one said), and yet incontinently rob the holy altar. And with an ‘open Bible’ (as they boast), which every one shall construe as he may be able—no thanks to those who preserved it and the tongues—begin again, forsooth, without those fifty generations, or thereabouts, of growth and experience. ‘All apostles;’ ‘every man his own prophet!’ They be painful preachers too. And ye shall not be saved, but ye hearken to *them*. ‘Tis a miracle that; for look you, brother, an your ‘improvements,’ as you call them, be *necessary*, and your exhortations, the Word must (without them) be *insufficient*. Eh? Scripture must be dark till you hold the candle, and your Bible shut. Eh? ‘Tis a dilemma for ye, as the schoolmen have it; and these form the mass of the middle sort, and of the citizens here, and of the Scottish people at large. These latter—and for that cause—together with some gunpowder, and a little money, betrayed their sovereign lady to ours. Consorters of this pack there be at Frankfort among the Almaynes, and with the Swiss at Geneva; but just now we have more to do with the Hollanders.

“Now, the Earl of Leicester—and you know why—openly supports these men; my Lord Treasurer, and other great ones, secretly. ‘Tis a matter, sir, of state policy,’ you will be told.

“As for Sir Thomas himself, he was one very different from either. Thankful to be relieved from the Pope’s tyranny, what free English gentleman would trust his conscience to John Calvin or to John Knox? ‘Twere better to be brent outright, bodily,’ he would say, ‘than suffer perpetual soul-maddening torment under their heretical, profane, and God-and-man-degrading preachments.’

“The Knight was, in truth, a little nettled when he spake thus harshly. He loved the usages of times gone by; and he felt these men, in their mistaken zeal, would go nigh to turn religion out of churches, while their fanatic fury painted texts upon their banners.

“He loved the usages, he revered the forms, which his ancestors had loved and revered. He wished to pray in the place where his fathers had prayed. As near as might be, he would pray in their very words; for he felt he required the like spiritual and temporal blessings. And there had been commemorated special mercies to the Chenies from one generation to another, for which they used to be thankful always. And, as he knew his neighbours were much in the same condition, the Knight conceived that a

common form would conduce mainly to a charitable communion; and that when there shall be such mutual love and such joint prayers offered for each other (as had been set forth early in King Edward's time, and again by her Majesty), then the holy angels would look down from heaven, ready to carry such meet and charitable desires to God Almighty, and He as ready to receive them; for it was his notion that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God, with one heart and one voice, and in one reverent and humble posture too, look as beautifully as Jerusalem that is at peace with itself. And as for their sophisms who would make people hate these common prayers, they were more solid reasons for men of any understanding to love them rather. 'Taken out o' th' mass-book!' quotha. Ay, as gold is taken from the dross, the precious from the vile! The wise Reformers knew Rome would cry 'schism! schism!' and therefore they kept all they could lawfully keep, being loath to give offence; as our blessed Saviour, being loath to offend the Jews at the great Reformation, kept divers old elements, and made *them* new sacraments and services; namely, their frequent washings He turned into one baptism; some service of the Passover into the Lord's Supper! Go to, your mass-book is but a vain comparative!

"Now, Sir Thomas, when he was in the vein, spake with some authority in these matters; for the writings of the early English Churchmen were pleasant reading to him. He was too candid not to be convinced by their reasons, and too generous to withhold his praise from these 'great martyrs,' as he called them; and he loved familiarly good Richard Hooker, regarding him as a 'judicious divine,' strong and gentle as a man's hand, firm and humble as a saint should be, holding honestly the balance 'twixt Rome, look you, and Geneva. But for the most part, the Knight's religion was more of a practical than speculative turn. You may be sure it is the least common in these days."

The extract just given is sufficient to justify our allegation respecting the author's views on the subject of religion and its external manifestations, especially taken in connexion with much of a similar colour spread over the three volumes. But it must not be supposed that our romance is ecclesiastical to such a degree as to overlay its political and historical character. Far from it. It contains besides its historical elements, a very sweet and pleasant love passage in the happy fortunes of Helen Beronshaw

and William Cheney, enough to redeem the dullness of a folio of chronicles, and light up with sunshine the home of tragedy itself. We may add, that there is not a single ecclesiastical personage amongst the *dramatis personæ* of our tale.

It will be observed from the style of these extracts, that our author imitates the phraseology of the seventeenth century writers. It is so modestly performed, however, as to be racy and attractive, rather than, as too many imitations are, overdone and repulsive. The style approaches in this respect the simple archaism of Holy Writ, that most charming of all the dialects of Saxon English.

Yet, strange to say, our persuasion is, that the author who exhibits so perfect a mastery of the Elizabethan English, is either an Irishman "to the manner born," or else a person who has resided sufficiently long in our country to have become acclimated and naturalized, acquainted like a native with the indescribable odour of turf reek and poteen; deeply read, too, in the strange incongruities of the Celtic character. We think few persons out of Ireland could have written the following, although the gist of our proof will be further on. Sir Thomas Cheney, his wife, his son, and young Essex are at breakfast:—

"In Ireland, now, they brew no ale. They have a kind of *aqua vita* that is marvellous strong and heady. 'T makes a man mad, look you, that will use it freely."

"Then those wild Irish must be Bedlam mad."

"The climate warrants them they say."

"How's that, Sir Thomas?"

"The land lies flat and boggy in the centre; mountains by the coast; forests and lakes cover it every where: therefore 'tis damp and rheumy. Our soldiers perished where the natives, half naked, best throve."

"Then its no boot to conquer her if our colonies thrive not."

"Nor ever will be! What is gained to-day by valour, will be lost to-morrow by ill-policy."

"An it were not a base retreat, it would be well to leave the island to her savage kings."

"'T would be a murderous kindness."

"What kind of prince is the O'Niall, father?"

"Prince, do ye call him? Marry, worse than Little John on May-day! I

saw the late O'Niall once, drunken and surfeited, buried up to the throat in mud! 'Twas his wont, they said, thus to cool his distempered body."

"'Twas the most fitting place; meet frank for such a pig!"

"Presently he would case himself bravely enough. His sons have better breeding."

"Do the women drink as freely as their lords, husband?"

"Yea, marry, Bess! I have in part seen and often heard that some gentlewomen were so free in excess that they would, kneeling upon the knee and otherwise, drink health after health with the men."

"What! the English-Irish?"

"Ay, not to speak of the wives of the Irish Lords, who often drink till they be drunken."

"'Tis a mean to keep them in a filthy and a beastly sort."

"They are all given to it. Shane O'Niall, now, has commonly some two hundred tuns of wine in his cellar at Dundrum. When they can drink no more wine (which they first fill their bellies with) they swallow usquebaugh."

"What's that?"

"'Tis an aqua vitæ, less inflaming, more pleasant, and more refreshing for a weak stomach, they say, but I misdoubt them, brewed with raisins o' the sun, fennel-seed, and other things."

"I cannot but think that with civil government these villainous practices might be disused."

"Belike! for when virtuously brought up or reformed, these mere Irish are such mirrors of holiness and austerity, that other nations retain but a shadow or show of devotion in comparison of them."

"'Tis very strange."

"Ay! they are made up of contraries; for, though they be naturally given to gluttony, when the humour takes them, abstinence and fasting, which these days make so dangerous to us, is to them a familiar kind of chastisement."

"They be mainly opposite to us, Thomas, how is that?"

"'Tis said they be of some other race. I know not; but 'tis certain they yet hold to the Pope."

"And the Spaniard, now, should land in Ireland, might he hold it still, Sir Thomas?"

"'Twere odds, boy. But you must know these islanders are as fickle with a friend as with a foe. Desmond, now, the Great, as they called him, he would fight for us one day, be in rebellion the next. So are they all, saving the Ormonds, on occasion; they mainly quarrel among themselves."

"'Twould be something to reduce them to civility."

Ay, my lad! your noble father be-thought so; and if any might do it alone and single handed 'twas only he. Raleigh now hath not the patience. There's an *infelicity* in public work there. Men be thrust forward who are unfit for every employment; and some admitted to government, who sordidly prefer their own private gains before the general good."

We must leave our Irish readers to settle their account with the Irish author of the above, who mixes his censure and commendation in a way that can scarcely be palatable to the sons and daughters of "Brien the Brave," or of that Malachy who "wore the collar of gold." He writes, nevertheless, with an esoteric sagacity which is racy of the soil, as he does in other allusions to Ireland, and thus betrays his habitat to persons possessed of the logical faculty, or versed in the art of deduction. Our crowning evidence, which almost amounts to demonstration, we take to be the following:—

"After the Munster progress, having leisure, he and Squire Beronshaw, and the Hampshire Esquire, all took horse, a little meiny at their heels. Thoro' the Pale they rode. They pilgrimaged as far as Trim of Saints and Tara of the Kings. Here were deserted abbeys without number scattered about a golden vale; mud hovels and pelted farms eked out with their cut stone and broken monuments. The first Church, too, of holy Patrick! But, alas! how desolate! Altar and font, with effigies and inscriptions, where were they? But a few sculptured coats of the earliest settlers had survived! Yet here was not the daily sacrifice taken away, for a very reverend vicar, the senachy or chronicler of those parts, was faithful. Rest his memory."

Now, vicars are not properly designated "very reverend," as doubtless our most unecclesiastical readers have no need to be informed, that complimentary address being reserved for the dignity of dean; and a deanery has no necessary connexion with the vicarage of Trim. But it does so happen, as those who consult the Clergy List may learn, that a very reverend dean is now the incumbent of Trim, who bears a name not unknown in the annals of antiquarian and historical research. It is therefore clear to us, who are merely on the track of an author of

whom we know nothing personally, that Thomas of Swarraton must enrol amongst the circle of his acquaintance the aforesaid very reverend personage, and pay the living a delicate compliment in the guise of the dead. On one thing, at least, we can pledge our credit for honest research—namely, that there is no deceased ecclesiastic connected with the benefice of Trim on record as a person of singular attainments either in his profession or in the domain of history. The conclusion seems to us self-evident.

We know not if we can carry our investigation further, nor need we. If we could even name the author, we have too much regard for the *bienséances* to be guilty of so gratuitous a breach of decorum. Others more fortunate or less scrupulous than ourselves may follow the track we have indicated till they light upon their game, and hold him up by his proper name to the admiration of the advocates of clever historical fiction. Meanwhile, continuing our strictures of his handiwork, we are bound to say that our author bears hard upon Queen Bess, a person who is to us less of an enigma than she appears to many of her critics. In that Sovereign of England of happy memory—for in popular tradition she has ever been *good* Queen Bess—the woman was constantly subordinated to the monarch. She liked well—none better than she—that the homage of loyalty should blend with itself the warmth of court to her sex, that sex being ever consciously present to herself with its claims upon gallantry and tenderness of devotion; but she never entertained the idea of yielding to the weakness of matrimony, and of forfeiting her right to rule in the domestic as well as the common realm. It was natural that she should like the society of men; the well-born, the well-bred, the well-drest—the learned, the gallant, and the gay, were all around her at her call; perfectly natural that with her courtiers her sex should impart a character of a womanly rather than a regal intercourse at times, love sonnets interchanging with diplomatic papers; and perfectly natural that vain men should presume on this partial weakness and partial policy to entertain ambitious hopes which

Elizabeth herself never designed to gratify. With the sorrows of Elizabeth's reputed lovers we feel no sympathy, and without scruple condemn Essex of treasonous folly, pronouncing at the same time our conviction that his sentence was richly deserved. The attempted insurrection of the deluded earl was only a small part of his criminality; and we conceive that far too little is made of his personal pretensions of succession to the crown, which, whatever may have been his professed object, we cannot doubt held a leading place in his plans. It answered his purpose to make a stalkinghorse of the Protestant interest; but the interest of a certain remote descendant of the Plantagenets, claiming the barony of Ferrers, of Chartley, and the Viscounty of Hereford, together with the earldom of a county bordering on the metropolis, lay, it is supposed, much nearer his heart. Essex, in sooth, was at his best a vain coxcomb, and at his worst a disappointed politician converted into a selfish demagogue and traitor. All the talent of our author, and all the glozing of historians, cannot hide the true state of the case from our eyes. Whatever may have been the merits of Essex the father—and he died at least like a Christian—Essex the son and his sisters appear to us a sorry set, degenerate from their parentage, and unworthy of an apology or a regret.

Our author treats, in a rather lively vein, the difficulties which the Virgin Queen encountered in her endeavours to suppress matrimony among her courtiers. Her abortive efforts in this direction were a fresh illustration of the apothegm, *naturam expelles*. Celibacy, in sooth, is a somewhat crazy craft to sail on the Circean sea of court life: and so the fair Regent of the British Island found it.

Thomas of Swarraton avails himself of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson to introduce them with certain traditional anecdotes on the stage of his narrative. We know it to be matter of history that in Essex's house were represented, early in 1598, two plays, not specified, before a brilliant assembly collected to a splendid entertainment given by the owner. These may have been first representations of two plays of Shakspeare,

but there is no evidence to determine the point: our chronicler is positive, but history is silent. It is only just to the author of the *Noble Traytour* to subjoin that with the Shakspearean drama, as with all the contemporary polite literature, he appears to possess an enlarged and thorough acquaintance, as any one might surmise from his style, especially from the spirit and idiom of his dialogues. From the sample furnished in this novel of the particular kind of erudition he possesses, we should conclude Thomas of Swarraton competent to take his stand alongside Charles Knight, Payne Collier, and Orchard Halliwell, as textuary and commentator of the Bard of Avon. His dialogues, although so little referred to in the course of our review, are the most characteristic portions of the publication, and bear upon them the stamp of extraordinary talent. How to employ that talent to the most telling and useful purpose it is difficult for us to advise. Perhaps

historical picture-writing—an antiquarian Macaulay—were the best mode of working up the genealogic and annalistic lore which the author has accumulated, so as to make the past live on the present canvas by the brilliancy of his colours, and the ease and precision of his handling. Should he, however, prefer continuing in the walk already chosen in his maiden production—that of the historical novel—we trust we shall find him adhering, as far as may be, to the truth of history in his facts, warping nothing to his will, and endeavouring to present deceased celebrities in the light in which they challenged the observation of their contemporaries. There are few courses of literary composition, in our judgment, more worthy of censure than that of presenting to the regard of existing men a partizan-aspect of persons long since added to the eternities: it is unfair to the dead, and may be greatly injurious to the living.

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#### STRONG GOVERNMENT—COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

"Oh, how magnificent are the affairs of government!" "Oh, what respect is due to the officers of government!" Such is the cuckoo note taken up by the children in a Chinese school. The only topic, our missionaries tell us, which interests a company of Chinese literati, is the scale of government pay and promotion, in England. The "whip" of the House of Commons, or the Secretary of the Treasury, would "open doors" of sympathy in Chinese hearts which plain preaching never can. The Chinaman lives in a state which like the cobbler's stall, serves him "for parlour, kitchen, and all;" the State is law, physic, and divinity; the State is the United Service and Marines, Ordnance, and Engineers. The State is a vast network of place, pension, and preferment; Government, the great employer of men and contractor for work. Hence to rise in life is to rise in the State, and to become a mandarin, the point of ambition with all. In a tea garden, or saloon by the wayside, or in a public mart in the city, will be seen a quack, mounted on a rostrum, lecturing on the science of jurisprudence

and political economy to a large audience of labouring men, sitting before rows of benches, each having his cup of tea before him or long pipe in his mouth. Here they sit in a row swallowing up these regaling lessons on administrative powers, which are to shine forth resplendently, if not in their own persons, yet possibly in some of their remotest posterity; for to rule is the ambition of all, and the ladder of life is only climbed up the rounds of office promotion.

Now there are Chinese out of China; the official mind at home is quite as ready to cry out, "Oh, how magnificent is the State! how much we owe to our Government!" as the little literati in a Chinese school. There are mandarins in our House of Lords who are quite of Yeh's opinion, that the country wants a strong government; and as it is proposed to bring Yeh to England to study popular institutions, the noble lord who has written on Parliamentary reform should be sent in exchange, to perfect his theory of what a strong government should be in China.

"You see, my Lord, with how little

wisdom the world is governed," is the opposite of the Chinese sentiment, "Oh, how magnificent is the State!" The one theory flourishes best in the far East, the other in the far West. A "States-man" and a Chinaman are at the opposite poles in this as in many other things; and we in Europe are looking either east or west according as we belong to the retrograde or the party of progress.

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that over three-fourths of Europe Chinese ideas of state interference prevail, at least in high places. There are only two or three corners of Europe—as in Belgium, Sardinia, Switzerland—where the people count for anything. The State is the magnificent wig, with symmetrical curls, falling in a surf of powder over the shoulders, which hides the baldness of the head underneath. The *L'Etat c'est Moi*, the State, like the Grand Monarque of yore, who set the fashion, has grown bald in many parts of Europe, and a strong government must not show the nakedness albeit of a bare head. And so wigs modelled on the Grand Monarque block are in fashion in all the courts of Europe; and England, who wishes to wear her natural head of hair is called on to powder those young locks of freedom which she will not poll or shave.

In a burst of indignation, young England has kicked an officious barber down stairs, but offers to surrender on the question of powder. To drop metaphor, we will not give up our right of asylum, even at the price of our alliance with France; but the passport nuisance may be laid on. If the tyranny of fashion require it, Englishmen will take out a paper at the Foreign Office, to vouch that they are true men and no assassins. If it is the humour of kings to insist on such shreds and patches of respectability, we will patch and powder to please them when we visit their states, which shall be as seldom as possible.

"How magnificent, then, is the 'State'" on the Continent, which takes thought for everything. Like in China, it farms, brews, bakes, is a maid of all work and jack of all trade; there is not a little family pie from Dieppe or Odessa, that it has not a finger in. Happy people who have only to sit and be spoon-fed by the State ladle. Joyful mother of chil-

dren, she hands them up like Norma, in the burlesque, to Adalgisa:

"To keep them from the gutter,  
And feed their precious little mouths  
With lots of bread and butter."

But this theory of a parental government has its inconveniences. The paterfamilias of millions often provides so badly for his large family that he neither feeds them himself nor allows them to feed themselves. A strong government often turns out to be one strong only to oppress, not to redress. Strong to maintain its own power, not to use that power for the general good. Witness the state of things in Naples: the strong government that could capture on the high seas a ship-load of misguided enthusiasts, and could outrage every law of nature and nations—this strong government of the adorable and absolute Ferdinand—could not stir itself to dig out the bodies of its own buried children from the ruins of the late awful earthquake, or feed its starving progeny. Truly a paternal despotism, though evil to strangers, should know how to give food gifts to its children; but in Naples, when they ask for bread they give them a stone, and for an egg offer them a scorpion.

With such strong governments we in England will have nothing to do; we will be the "Know Nothings" of continental complications, and put the Straits of Dover between us and passports, police, and a silent or sycophant press. "Be not partaker of other men's sins," should be the watchword of British diplomacy. We will abhor propagandism of all kinds; and as we have too often left the people to the tender mercies of their prince, so we leave princes to the tender mercies of their people.

We shall get no thanks, it is true, from either side. Mazzini and Ferdinand will both denounce us as perfidious Albion; but we shall gain the respect in the long run of all true lovers of liberty, who will see that a constitution is not propagated by grafts but from seed, and that till the soil is prepared it is useless dibbling holes or dropping in seed which never strikes.

The foreign policy of England has been marked for her by nature. She is and ought to be in a state of isolation to the strong governments of the Continent. Their people are not as

her people, or their principles as hers. She has no dynasties to prop or Holy Alliances to keep together; and the best thing that could happen us would be, if our diplomatic service was carried on by "Our own Correspondents," and the Foreign Office affairs transferred to Printing-house Square. Designs have been sent in for the best plan of a new Foreign Office, and somewhere or other in Whitehall a huge erection in the Venetian style will rise to remind us that we are part of the European system. Could we adopt Carlyle's suggestion, and put a live coal under the old Foreign Office, it would save the country many dreary estimates, and we should have one national burden less. A Constitutional State like ours should have as little to do as possible with foreign affairs. We are unequally yoked with strong governments. We are no match for them in finesse—they are no match with us in hearty demonstration of popular feeling. As for the poor oppressed "nationalities" of Europe, God help them if their trust is in a Foreign Office like ours. The light of liberty we show them is but a wrecker's light, to lure them on to the rocks and then leave them. Whig and Tory are the same in this. Of the two the most liberal ministry at home is the most treacherous abroad. Well would it have been for Italy if the Foreign Office had long ceased to exist; if Minto had been sent to the Falkland Islands, and the most noble Marquess of Normanby made plenipotentiary to Queen Pomare. We have withdrawn our ambassador from Naples. At Rome, thanks to James the Second, our Foreign Office only keeps a consul; and if we had the courage to do the same in Florence, Italy would be relieved from the incubus of our unnatural alliance with her oppressors. It will be a glad day for freedom when the diplomatic service of England is reduced to a few consuls-general, residing in the capitals. When noble lords and honourable attachés will be provided for at home; and embassy hotels turned to their legitimate use, as houses of entertainment for roving Englishmen. There is not a capital in Europe in which there is not already a *Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne*. The *Maitre d'Hotel* is the real plenipotentiary, and the *garçon* who bows in Smith, Jones, and suite, the only

attaché that we ever desire to employ. As to ministers "extraordinary," the *Times* keeps them already, and *not* at the public cost.

It is melancholy to think that in the noble science of politics we are as backward as our ancestors were in medicine. They paid surgeons for stopping the vital functions by their vile drastics, caustics, cathartics. The patient's only chance of recovery was to be given over, and those whom the physician failed to kill, kind nature cured. So in politics, especially in foreign affairs, constitutional freedom has always been wounded in "the house of her friends." Our diplomatic service—the most expensive of all—has conciliated neither princes nor people in Europe; and the only road to reform is to break up these establishments altogether; and by hiding the Foreign Office in the obscurest corner of London, show to all foreigners that Great Britain has dissolved all partnership with the strong governments of Europe, and is going to set them the good example of staying at home and minding her own affairs.

To simplify the machine of state seems to us the secret of political wisdom. Of the *quantula sapientia* with which the world's affairs are governed, the least part of all is in a free state adopting the machinery of a despotic. An English minister aping the ideas of a Nesselrode or a Metternich, is either the most useless or the most mischievous man in the country. Happily he can do little harm. We have come almost to the state of fixity in regard to public affairs. The country governs itself. A Christian lady, the pattern of her sex—as daughter, wife, mother—holds in her hand the small golden globe which is the fancied emblem of the British Empire; but the Queen no more holds the earth in the hollow of her hand than Downing-street governs the empire. To the country at large the minister in office is a little more important than the parish officer. As to the premier out of office, the proverb about a live dog and a dead lion must have been made for him.

All this is the happy result of our increasing civilisation. The benevolent Bastiat once said, that the day would come when machines would



do the work of scavengers, and we should have to bribe a man with the wages of a prime minister to sweep the crossings. When the march of intellect shall have turned street sweepers into premiers, what will become of premiers? The race will be as defunct as mastodons and mammoths. Strong governments will disappear, standing armies dissolve away, and policemen be disbanded, as men grow more capable of self-control. This millennium is still future—but so are the dark ages past: and if we have not yet universal peace, the state of war is over.

A strong government, that many still hanker after, is an institution admirable only as handcuffs or a strait waistcoat. It proves nothing but the wickedness of the society that calls for it. Strong government and a virtuous people are, then, in an inverse ratio. Handcuffs are for hands, and these of the picking and stealing sort. No one ever said (out of Bedlam or Bow-street) that hands were made to fit handcuffs.

Thus the wish of every true patriot should be for a strong people and a weak government. But how are we to begin? Are we to take the handcuffs off, and try enslaved people, as we do juveniles, "on honour," or are we to keep the handcuffs on till a people are fit to be free? Undoubtedly the former. Slip off the handcuffs and excesses will follow; but these excesses cure themselves. The people settle down into a vigilance committee of their own rights, and universal licence is stopped by universal law. It has been so over and over again in America, and would be in Europe, if rulers had but the courage to try.

We take it, then, to be no mark of progress, but rather of decline, when governments grow stronger and people weaker. The race has gone back wherever this is the case. In Europe, at present, there are but two or three states progressing in the right direction. The military monarchies are all either gone back or standing still. What France has lost by a strong government and a weak popular opinion can never be told. It would be unsafe to tell Frenchmen, and useless to tell Englishmen, how great that loss has been. We have no call to propagandism; and if

Frenchmen can endure a gagged press and a ubiquitous police, it is no concern of ours. But, at least, we may insist that we do not copy the French style in England. We have no wish, notwithstanding Earl Grey, for a strong government at home, at least; and are resolved, as faithful watchmen, to sound alarm at any approach to that state of things which rules on the Continent, in which liberty has got her "quietus" from the "bare bodkin" of martial law.

Dear reader, do not misunderstand us; we are not democrats, or levelers, or fifth monarchy men. The evils of over-government will never be cured by setting up one form instead of another. Democracy will not remedy the ills of tyranny. To fly from one tyrant to many is to do as Diogenes, to stamp on Plato's pride with greater.

The evils of the continental system lie deeper than many suppose. We see Naples, for instance, with its *sovrano assoluto e unico*—its irresponsible police—its brutal soldiery. All these are but the symptoms of evil, the disease lies far beneath: it lies in the want of all moral life and energy in the people themselves. The priest prophesies falsely, and the people love to have it so. They are trivial, and therefore are put off with trifles; superstitious, and therefore imposed upon by shameless frauds: the sports of children satisfy the child.

Now, the less men think and act for themselves the more others will undertake to act for them. Talk not of the usurpation of kingship and priesthood; mourn rather over the abdication by a people of their civil and religious rights. "*Recepit non rapuit*" was William the Third's motto. James had abdicated, and so (convenient fiction!) the throne was vacant, and he stepped into it. "The receiver is as bad as the thief," was Dean Swift's translation of the above motto. True; but, if our liberties have been left unprotected, the usurper is only "half a knave;" the people who allow it are already "all a slave."

So far, then, from statescraft advancing with advancing civilization, we hold the true law of progress to be the opposite. We do not admire strong governments, nor contemplate with satisfaction whole races of men

"of no understanding, whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle."

The most progressive people on the face of the earth is our own Anglo-Saxon race; but with us the restraints of state protection have been fewest, and are becoming fewer every day. Free trade, free printing. The State has gradually withdrawn its patronage from these; and see how we have travelled on in the race of progress. Has trade suffered because the age of protection and bounties has ceased? What are the evils of a free press compared to those where the press is gagged? The State, in fact, is with us diminishing in influence according as we advance in civilization. In a perfect society, which is only ideal at present—and if ever to be actual on earth, God only knows—the State will have disappeared altogether; law will have withdrawn its authority from without to within man's heart, and there will be none to coerce for there will be none to offend.

It is truly deplorable, then, to observe in modern Europe governments growing stronger instead of weaker under advancing civilization. In Germany, for instance, as well as in France, we have a people as highly cultivated as our own. Knowledge is power; yet here we find knowledge perverted to make men powerless, to destroy self-reliance, and to throw them on the State for guidance and control.

Is it not strange that by no race but our own is the secret of self-government understood; that the State still keeps grown men *in statu pupillari*, dictating what they shall believe, what they shall read, with whom they shall teach, where they may travel. Whole nations live under a *surveillance* such as ticket-of-leave men do not endure from us.

We, in these islands, are only beginning to see that a strong government is one thing, a united and happy people another thing. Our neighbours on the Continent have not even got as far as this. The Chinese theory of government by the machine of State is still ascendant as ever. Here and there a philosopher is in advance of his age; and a statesman like M. Guizot

can enunciate the truth "that it is a gross delusion to believe in the sovereign power of political machinery;" but still *le roi est l'état* throughout nearly the whole of Europe. Even Germany is still dreaming of a paternal government, and trusting to police and magistrates in cases where an Englishman looks to himself and his neighbours. "Every Prussian," we are told by the *Times*' correspondent, "carries a *gens d'arme* in his bosom. Women," the same amusing writer says, "wear stays, and are not only not inconvenienced by them, but feel themselves very unsupported and weak if at any time obliged to go without them. To men this constant pressure, this restraint on all their movements, and almost on their breathing, would be intolerable. In Prussia the entire people wear stays—police stays—put on them by the Beamten, and would feel very helpless if deprived of the support."

France is as backward as Germany. A strong government is as much the cry of the democratic party as even of the absolutist. Louis Blanc desires that the government should be the supreme regulator of all production. Free trade is not dreamed of in the philosophy of the French socialists and democrats. Strangely enough, extremes meet, and a strong government is alike the ideal of the most despotical and the most democratic minds in Europe: the one begins with every thing for the people, and ends with nothing by them; the other begins with every thing by the people, and ends with nothing for them. But whether it be the absolutism of one or of all; universal suffrage, or no suffrage at all, government is still the same centralized system of State interference. In England and America we have long thought the best government to be one in which there were the fewest possible checks to personal liberty. In France and Germany their contrivance is how to exercise the utmost possible surveillance without putting a stop to all personal liberty. With us the ticket-of-leave is only for an accepted few; with them the whole public is out on a ticket-of-leave,

and has to report itself to the police at every turn.

It is not to be wondered at, with Europe in the state it is, we are jealous of our national liberties. We are an under-governed people, we admit, and are thankful for it. We will not take in our waistcoats because our neighbour wears stays: we had rather not purchase symmetry at the price of respiration: and if a strong government cannot be had without tight lacing, we will put up with loose habits, and an occasional "hitch" like that with which Jack keeps his suspenderless, unstrapped continuations about his hips.

The good old excuse for a strong government is, how are we to carry on the king's government without it. If ministers exist only by sufferance of the country, who is to take care of the country? We answer, like Queen Anne's chancellor, take care of "good measures" and the country will take care of itself. What the pennies are to the pounds, that good and wholesome reforms are to the constitution. The best minister is the one who is thus pennywise, and by small and timely reforms keeps the whole nation sound and vigorous.

Instead of a strong government let us desire a strong and united people. The perfection of good government is when we neither know or care who is "in" and who is "out," as the perfection of health is that of the countryman who never knew he had a constitution.

Such a state of things cannot, of course, be understood on the Continent. The government there takes the initiative in everything; with us it only follows in the wake of public opinion. A wise government with us is a weak one, precisely because it waits: abroad, a government that waited thus would be set down as incapable, and driven from power. M. Guizot, for instance, understood too well for himself and for France the forms of our free constitution: he attempted to carry them out under impossible conditions. Even so acute a statesman as Count Cavour seems to have misunderstood Sir Robert Peel's character. He takes it as a mark of timidity and irresolution that Sir Robert waited so long before he would introduce his free-trade measure. He should have led, Count Cavour thinks,

not followed public opinion. Such a spirited policy may do in Sardinia, but not with us. Sir Robert Peel knew his countrymen, and therefore let the movement work its way in public opinion before adopting it. It is only a weak statesman that asks for a strong government, as it is a timid swimmer that must be buoyed with bladders. To keep afloat, a government has only to throw itself on the people: the voice of the country will surely bear it up, if it will not sink itself by its own imbecility.

It is worth remarking that the two strongest governments that have ever carried on the affairs of England since the Revolution have been also the corruptest. The Walpole ministry, which lasted for twenty years of George the Second's reign, and the Eldon ministry, which, under one chief or another, carried the country through the war of the French Revolution, were, undoubtedly, strong governments; but neither Walpole's Whiggism or Eldon's Toryism can claim the credit of one measure for the real advancement of the country. Whatever advance was made under the dead weight of a strong government was made in spite of it; certainly not through its influence. We have no desire, then, to see a ministry installed on the Treasury benches, not by sufferance, but by command. We do not admire the manners of a drill-yard in the House of Commons, and a premier with the absolute power of a Commander-in-Chief.

The Great Duke, who had been bred in camps, might be excused for asking how he was to carry on the king's government in face of a turbulent House of Commons; his habits of command unfitted him for taking the sense of an elective body, and bowing to the decision of a division list. But to take the Duke's sentiment as an expression of a great constitutional maxim is to betray ignorance of the entire meaning of constitutional government.

The country has only just shaken off one of those strong governments: strong in nepotism—strong in a kind of prestige gained from the failure of others—above all, strong in a House returned under the cry, "Palmerston for ever." The Whigs had begun to suspect that their strength was to stand still. At last they have been

undeceived. They mistook the sleeping whale for an island, and forgot that popularity is a very odd fish, and plays strange pranks with those who eat, drink, and are merry on its broad back.

A ministry courting popularity is an opportunity not to be lost by those who have anything to urge on public attention. While the ministry, then, are still on their good behaviour, and before the insolence of office has crept over the new-comers on the Treasury benches, we wish to pledge them on the question of competitive examinations.

It is but three years ago since the system of competitive examination was wrung from the grasp of patronage. It has hardly been given a fair trial when those who are interested in monopolising state appointments pronounce it a failure, and proceed to dispose of it accordingly. As the country would not permit the competitive system to be set aside at once, and by a stroke of the pen, so a mixed principle between competition and patronage is proposed. It is suggested that the minister shall nominate the candidates who shall go in for examination, and that out of these the examiners shall recommend the best answerers to be appointed by the minister. In this scheme the form only of the competitive examination is kept—the spirit and essence are gone. The life of competition is that the lists are open to all comers. If this person may be set aside, or that; or if permission to compete must be secured before the candidate can present himself to the examiner, what is to prevent the return of the old reign of favouritism under a new and specious disguise? *Detur digniori* is still the plausible plea of the man in office, who is appointing his nephew in a roundabout way to a place to which he went direct under the old plan. It is only fetching a compass, and coming by a tack or two into the old harbour of patronage, instead of sailing straight in by a direct appointment.

A recommendation first and an examination afterwards are like two good things that spoil each other. They are two tests, one of which neutralizes the other. The minister who recommends has satisfied himself that the recommended candidate

is qualified in all other respects save those of head knowledge: but if he is thus far eligible, it seems cruel to reject him, after raising his hopes, for want of certain technical knowledge which he could get up afterwards if required. The quantum of knowledge would seldom be wanting to one who had the quantum of interest first. Cowper well says:—

"Lucrative offices are seldom lost  
For want of powers proportioned to the post.

Give e'en a dunce the employment it requires.

A business with an income at its heels  
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels."

On the other hand, if the educational standard is to be the test, why require a minister's permit to compete. Either let all be examined or none; either let head knowledge wholly decide, or not be brought in at all: but to send young men as you send young horses to pass a veterinary, is to pass off a fudge for a real measure of administrative reform.

This compromise between appointments for merit solely, or by interest solely, cannot last. One or other must give way; and unless the country speak out now, it may for ever hereafter hold its tongue. Lord Panmure's proposal to revive Sandhurst, and admit young men to compete for the honour of spending two or three years at an expensive military school, is an underhand attempt to bring back the old days of Patronage. Free trade in education is all we demand. Let the schools and colleges throughout the three kingdoms train officers for the army as well as Sandhurst. By all means let there be a military academy there, and let students pay there as dearly as they now do; and let the establishment, as it easily may, be self-supporting. The advantages of such a course of military education will tell for those who go in for their final examination for a commission; and parents will have inducements enough to send their sons there. But let there be no monopoly of commissions to one school. Sandhurst men will make all the better officers because they won their commission in open competition with the schools of all England; and the Queen will be all the better served

because a commission in her army is open to any well educated, and well recommended young man of eighteen who can carry off the prize of an ensigncy in fair competition with other youths of the same age and class as himself.

There are some specialties of a military education that Sandhurst can better furnish than either public schools or private academies. If the duties of an officer began and ended with those of a drill-serjeant, then by all means begin with boys at sixteen, and let them work through Sandhurst. But as any young man who is not a born lubber is out of the awkward squad in a month after he joins his regiment, we see no necessity for two years' preparatory training in the duties of a drill-serjeant, and heartily despise the pedantry that can suppose it requisite.

Lord Panmure has for the present retired into private life; and General Peel, who has only breathed hitherto of the fresh air of opposition, has made some concessions to the schoolmasters of England. Patronage has been beaten back for the present; but the country must be on its guard. It will not give up its own without a struggle, and under one excuse or other will try to damage this effort of the people to put the right man in the right place.

The cause of Patronage against Competitive Examination has put forward Earl Grey as its champion. The noble lord has written two hundred and more dull pages to prove that we are not ready yet for a Reform Bill; that we are going fast enough towards a democracy already; and that a drag-chain on the wheel of popular liberty is indispensably necessary. In 1780, Dunning moved his celebrated resolution against the increase of the power of the crown. In 1858, Lord Grey would, if he could, make a motion in the contrary direction. The Royal George was keeled over too much in those days to the side of the crown, and began to fill in through her starboard port-holes; Lord Grey proposes now to heel her over to the larboard, and to make the water rushing in at one side a force-

pump to drive out the water she has taken in at the other. To avoid one extreme by incurring the opposite is not a very profound reach of statesmanship. To keep down democracy by calling it bureaucracy is the sum and substance of Earl Grey's wisdom.

Lord Grey has many notable reasons against the system of competitive examinations. After the usual commonplace, that a test of intellect is of no use, because we cannot hit on a test of virtue; which amounts to this, that a hat is no use without an umbrella as well—Lord Grey gives us a most original and peculiar reason for preferring the old system of patronage. Competitive examination will draw the best men into the public offices. Now, if you get talent you must pay for it. Instead of the old "cheap and nasty" class of Government clerks the country will get a first-rate article, and must be prepared to pay a first-rate price accordingly. Think of Government place and pension put up on the principle of a Dutch auction, and knocked down to the *lowest* bidder. Instead of clerks advertising, "Wanted, a comfortable office-stool, with little to do; salary no object," we shall have Secretaries of State advertising, "wanted, a cheap office-clerk, to kill time; talents no object."

We do not believe that dulness is ever got dirt-cheap. It is always dear dirt. The dearest commodity an employer ever kept on hand is a useless underpaid official. "Wisdom is above rubies." So says Solomon; and so say these city men who hire a clerk on the task-work principle. Hard work and good pay is cheaper, they think, in the end. But Lord Grey thinks differently. Competitive examinations would bring too much of this wisdom to Downing-street, and salaries would have to be raised, and subordinates presume to know more than their superiors, and all manner of confusion ensue; so to stave off these evils the old plan must be retained. To every complaint of blunder, indolence, and incapacity of Government clerks, Downing-street can answer the country, "What can you expect for the money?"

We bought this rummage lot cheap; and if you don't like your bargain you may leave it."

The country has too great a stake in this question of Competitive Examinations to let Patronage off with such easy excuses. It is resolved to have the right man in the right place cost what it may.

It is wonderful to remark, how jealous patronage is of the public purse, when any case of abuse is opened out. Our soldiers have been poisoned, and the barracks of our crack regiments have been worse than the Chinese "stink pots." We are told by the Horse Guards that it is entirely a matter of money, and that if we wish for pure air, we must pay for it. So we are told in the Government offices, if we want wranglers and prizemen, the country must pay for it. Greek and the calculus are like kid gloves and glazed boots, purely a matter of money; and that if it is the country's whim to hire public servants deep in roots and fractions, it must pay for its whim, as a gentleman does who engages his gentleman's gentleman to wear a white tie and hand round champagne on state occasions.

The author of *Latter-day Pamphlets* has a very different view of cheap clerks from my Lord Grey. "Who are available," he asks, "to your offices in Downing-street? All the gifted souls who are born to you in this generation. These are appointed by the true eternal divine right, which will never become obsolete, to be your governors and administrators; and precisely as you employ them or neglect to employ them, will your State be favoured of Heaven or disfavoured. This noble young soul, you can have him on either of two conditions; and on one of them, since he is here in the world, you must have him: as your ally and coadjutor, or, failing

that, as your natural enemy; which shall it be? I consider that every government convicts itself of infatuation and futility, or absolves and justifies itself before God and man according as it answers this question. With all sublunary entities, this is the question of questions. What talent is born in you? How do you employ that? The crop of spiritual talent that is born to you of human nobleness and intellect and heroic faculty, this is infinitely more important than your crops of cotton or corn, or wine, or herrings, or whale oil, which the newspapers record with such anxiety every season."

The country will certainly have to choose between such counsels as the foregoing and the Earl Grey's plan of cheap clerks. We would commend to the noble Lord to go into the market for the old bank pens, which after sundry boilings and nibbings, are made up in boxes to do lady's work. In the same way discarded city clerks, used-up bank officials, castaways from bubble insurance companies, could be got cheap for the public service. Young blood from the Universities, with prizes behind and fellowships before them, may be wanted for the public service; but drudges who can copy, cypher, and ask no questions, can be got cheap. So, on the plausible ground of economy, patronage will resume her sway at the public offices, and the reign of the Dunciad begin again for ever and a day in Downing-street.

The more questions are asked on this subject by independent members the better satisfied the country will be.

Competitive Examination, if left with any ministry, Whig or Tory, will be left with a careless nurse, who will put it to bed, overlie it, and awake surprised to find its young charge smothered under the pillows of Patronage.

## THE BATTLE.

A CANTATA FOR MUSIC.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

[This Cantata is written at the suggestion of one of our most eminent composers. The restrictions which an adaptation for music impose both upon the rhythm and the treatment of a subject forbid one dealing with so fine a theme for description and imagery as largely as it merits. When the *baton* and the *pew* come in conflict, there is nothing for it but a compromise; and I have usually found in such cases that the latter has to make the larger concessions.]

## I.—BEFORE THE BATTLE.

The pall of the night falleth down on the plain  
Where the weary hosts lie 'till the coming of day,  
And death-like their sleep, till the trumpet again  
Shall wake them to muster in haste for the fray.

No sound, save the challenge at intervals given,  
No light, save the watch-fires that fitfully burn,  
And the silence of earth and the darkness of heaven  
But prelude war's thunders and lightnings at morn.

But hearts in that silence are voiceful in prayer,  
And souls find a light in the gloom of that sky;  
While ministrant angels are watching to bear  
The cry of each suppliant spirit on high.

And dear ones at home, thro' the dark, stilly night,  
Keep vigil of prayer in the soldier's abode;  
And the pleadings of hearts, though far-severed, unite  
With the warriors' prayer at the throne of their God.

## II.—THE PRAYER.

God of Hosts! when morning's light  
Wakes our legions for the fight,  
Clothe with might each patriot man,  
Fight Thou for us in the van  
With thy marshalled angel-throng:

*Chorus of Angels* } Each heart make brave and every arm make strong.  
—Each heart make brave and every arm make strong.

Lord, the issues of the strife  
Are with Thee, or death or life.  
In *Thy* cause while still we fight  
Naught *Thy* warriors can affright.  
Thine to live and Thine to die—

Thine in defeat and Thine in victory.

*Chorus*—Thine in defeat and Thine in victory.

Blest he, who lives till day is done,  
To see the hard-fought battle won,  
To grasp his comrade's hand and hear  
The trump's glad note, the victor's cheer.  
More blest, who gives his life for Thee—

The Christian yields the grave no victory.

*Chorus*—The Christian yields the grave no victory.

Lord, if at this hour will come  
Thoughts of dear ones in our home,  
Thou know'st the love that soldiers feel  
Makes the heart flesh—the sinews steel.  
God of battles hear our prayer,

Keep all our loved ones in Thy holy care.

*Chorus*—God of battles hear the soldier's prayer,

Keep all his loved ones in Thy holy care.

## III.—AFTER THE BATTLE.

The battle's roar is heard no more,  
 The sulphurous war-cloud floats away,  
 The sinking sun gleams redly on  
 That gory field at close of day.

The foemen yield the hard-fought field,  
 Their squadrons fly along the plain,  
 Till the trumpet-blast recalls at last  
 Pursuing victors back again.

Then comrades clasp in joyful grasp  
 Each battle-grimed and bloody hand,  
 And the tear is shed for the comrade dead,  
 No more to join the martial band.

The battle's done, the day is won !  
 Out bursts, the triumph-shouts between,  
 From trump sublime and cymbal chime  
 Old Albion's hymn, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

[The National Anthem follows.]

## IV.—NIGHT.

Solemn Night, descending slowly,  
 Hides that field of blood and strife ;  
 And the stars serene and holy  
 Guard the slumbering soldier's life.

On that tranquil, out-spread heaven  
 Gaze a little Christian band,  
 Yearningly, as men at even  
 Spy far off their fatherland.

Safe among the dead, the living  
 Lift their hearts and voices there  
 In a hymn of high thanksgiving  
 To the Great Deliverer.

## V.—THE HYMN.

Praise the Lord of Battles,  
 Praise the Lord Most High ;  
 Our God is a strong tower,  
 A refuge always nigh.  
 His voice is like the thunder,  
 Like flame his red right hand,  
 He breaks the bow asunder  
 And the spear like a willow wand.  
*Chorus*—Praise the Lord of Battles,  
 Praise the Lord Most High.

Praise Him, hosts celestial  
 That, led by Michael brave,  
 From heaven's high bastions headlong  
 The rebel angels drove.  
 Praise Him, warriors holy,  
 Who turned the dubious fight  
 With hands uplifted, making  
 The sun pause in his flight.  
*Chorus*—Praise the Lord of Battles,  
 Praise the Lord Most High.



And thou, O land ! most favoured,  
 The Christian and the brave,  
 Whose banner-lion roams the world,  
 Whose flag rules every wave—  
 Still loudest be thy praises,  
 Thy thanks the heartiest be,  
 To Him whose arms sustain thee  
 And gives thee victory.  
*Chorus*—Praise the Lord of Battles,  
 Praise the Lord Most High.

A myriad warriors hail Thee  
 "The Mighty Man of War !"  
 A myriad tongues declare Thee  
 Our Great Deliverer—  
 The Dead, in dying, praise Thee,  
 Who fall as patriots may,  
 The Living—they shall praise Thee  
 Lord, as we do this day.  
*Chorus*—Praise the Lord of Battles,  
 Praise the Lord Most High.

#### PAROCHIALIA.

To the mind of every thoughtful member of the Church of England and Ireland, there is something fascinating in the word Parish. In recent discussions upon ecclesiastical affairs, it was felt to be one of those complex terms which, even when incompletely analyzed, captivate the judgment by the exuberance and mysterious beauty of their associations. The Church, the village school, baptisms, confirmations, sacraments, marriages, death-beds, ministries of grace and love melting into the solemnest music of life—these are the thoughts that hang inseparably about the word parish, like fragrance around the rose, or melody above the falling waters. Not without sweetness is even Blackstone's sentence of definition : "A parish is that circuit of ground which is committed to the

charge of one parson, or vicar, or other minister having cure of souls therein." There is something pleasant even in the jabbering and clanging of antiquaries over the date of parochial divisions—whether, with Camden, to be set about the year 630, or, with Sir Henry Hobart, at the Council of Lateran (A.D. 1179), or, with Selden, in a mean between these extremes. The sources of those things we love best we do not wish to see with the accuracy of land-surveyors. They look all the nearer heaven with the mists of time curled about them.

But how much more beautiful does this abstraction become when it is projected into flesh and blood, as by George Herbert, Chaucer, and Dryden. Recall Herbert's "Country Parson" for a few moments. In his

*The Duties of the Parochial Clergy* : a Charge delivered by William Fitzgerald, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross. London : John W. Parker, West Strand. 1857.

*Sick Calls* : from the Diary of a Missionary Priest. Mostly republished from *Dolman's Magazine*. By the Rev. Edward Price, M.A. The Second Edition. London : Charles Dolman, 61, New Bond-street. 1855.

*MSS. Note Book* (*Pen's nos*). By the Rev. Timothy Rural, late Rector of Worldsend, in the North of Ireland. 1858.

*An Address* : delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, Sunday Evening, 15th July, 1838. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

*Three Sermons*. By the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness. London : James Paul, 1, Chapter House Court. 1858.

office, the parson is the deputy of Christ for the reducing of men to the obedience of God. In his closet and study, by prayer, by a holy life, by collation of text with text, by commentators and fathers, he ploughs the field of the Scriptures. The tillage and the pasture-field afford him emblems and illustrations wherewith to illuminate and emblazon his texts for the eyes of his rustic congregation. The dry stem of the catechism shoot out into symmetrical and well-laden branches under his fruitful meditation. The learned simplicity of his questions melts the Gospel into the mind of reverential childhood. Cases of conscience are, by his treatment, made to come home to men's businesses and bosoms. In the desk, with lifted heart and hand, and eye—with words "treatable and slow, yet not so slow neither as to let the fervency of the supplicant hang and die between speaking, but with a grave liveliness between fear and zeal, pausing, yet pressing, he performs his duty." In the pulpit, by earnestness of speech, by freedom of the eyes, by particular application, by use of stories and sayings (the Baconian *deductio intellectualis ad sensibile*), by an inward holiness manifested in devotional texts—in words heart-deep and heart-dipped, in fervent ejaculations, in wishes for the people's welfare, in appeals to the presence of God—by handling his subject simply and solidly—he rivets and retains his audience. In his house, he is a model of every household virtue and every domestic charity. In his afternoon "circuits," he has a word to say for his unseen master to the peasant and the tradesman. No wayfarer passes on the road without his blessing. Every inn, where he casually rests on a journey, is enriched by his prayers. The parochial pharmacopoeia is not locked up in the dispensary. Purgatives are not hideous in bottles, or sickly in powders, but blow in white, or blush in damask roses, along the parson's grounds. Salves and poultices are not made of outlandish gums, but are brought in from his lady's garden—a wealth of odorous, yet home-bred names—valerian, yarrow, St. John's wort, alder, chamomile, mallows, comfrey, and smallage. When he assays to cure, his prayers "raise the

action from the shop to the Church." So walks the parson in the midst of his parish, bringing a heavenly influence into common things—not a monk, yet not a worldling—not austere, yet gently sad, for his heart is nailed to his master's cross; and when he looks from it round his little world, he sees two sad sights, sin and misery, God dishonoured and men afflicted. By Herbert's picture in prose there is only one similar delineation in verse worthy to be placed. It is the draught of the character of a good parson dashed off by the rough but powerful pencil of Geoffrey Chaucer, and re-touched by the master hand of Dryden:

"A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,  
An awful, reverend, and religious man;  
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,  
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity.  
Mild was his accent, and his action free;  
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;  
Tho' harsh the precept yet the people charm'd.  
He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell,  
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;  
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.  
He taught the gospel rather than the law,  
And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.  
Wide was his parish, not contracted close  
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;  
Yet still he was at hand, without request,  
To save the sick, to succour the distressed.  
All this the good old man perform'd alone,  
Nor shared his pains, for curate he had none."

There are those who think that all this savours of "church and state, and that old-fashioned sort of thing;" that it deserves to be ranked with the amiable feebleness of the patriarchal theory in political science. There are those who would supersede it by a gigantic system of chapels and preaching-rooms; by a great company of interesting-looking very young gentlemen shaking their perfumed locks in vehement declamation. They prefer the stimulant of revival-preaching to the plain, wholesome food of the parochial system. We are far from denying the use of the former in its own measure; but our reason and our hope are with the latter.

Waiving, however, all argumentative discussion of this question; assuming our present parochial arrangements, and starting from the point of view presented by the very title of Bishop Fitzgerald's Charge,

we wish to say a few words on the following *parochialia*—churches, sermons, liturgies, and a resident ministry. We shall illustrate these points from the other works which head this article; and as we shall keep Ireland in view especially throughout this paper, so we shall conclude it by some *bona fide* extracts from the note-book of a working Irish clergyman.

As for *churches*, were we writing to Englishmen we should, perhaps, find it necessary to warn them against an exaggerated mediæval symbolism. In this country we must protest against the opposite extreme. Recent experience would not, unhappily, enable common sense to echo the exquisite strain of imaginative regret in Wordsworth's sonnet:—

“Would that our scrupulous aires had dared  
to leave  
Less scanty measure of those grateful rites  
And usages, whose due return invites  
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;  
Giving to memory help when she would  
weave  
A crown for Hope.”

But when we pass from the occasional eccentric ornament of English, to the occasional barrenness and cold neglect of Irish parish-churches, we are reminded of some coarse, but valuable, strokes in Swift's “Tale of a Tub.” “Surrounded by candlesticks, ciboriums, faldstools, lecterns, antependiums, piscinas, roodlofts, and sedilias, one is tempted to remember how Martin, getting abroad in his mad fit, looked so like Peter that many of the neighbours could not distinguish one from the other.” In the ancient cathedrals, or amid the grave and chastened beauty of those edifices, whose simple magnificence is unsullied by the frippery of Italianized art, one recalls with pleasure how, “when Martin observed the embroidery to be sewed so close to his coat as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or when it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, he concluded the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury.” But in our own churches, too often shabbily kept and scantily repaired, we are sometimes reminded

how Jack exclaimed, “Oh, good brother Martin, do as I do, strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all.”

Every Christian man's house ought to be a house of prayer; it ought to be a church. “Aquila and Priscilla salute you much, with the church that is in their house.” But this, indeed, is little realized. Our houses become associated with thoughts of worldliness. The leprosy of sin seems to rot into the very walls of our chambers. Hence, according to that principle of our nature which makes certain places the means of recalling certain thoughts, it is not unimportant to have one place set apart to the one work of communion with God. It has been stated on a very public occasion by a successor of Bishop Butler in the living of Stanhope, that the great philosophic divine felt this so strongly that as he was unmarried, had no family, and his household was not large, he had set apart one room in the house, and even called it an oratory; and every one knows the importance which in his famous charge the same great man attributes to the very sight of a church. If, indeed, devotion be, in Butler's language, “retirement from the world God has made to him alone;” if, according to a very similar passage in Cousin, the end of worship be to withdraw ourselves from a world in which the presence of God is unfelt, because it is unobtrusive, to another world where it shall breathe through every pore;—a church is involved in the conception of worship.

And the foundation-rubrics on which all questions of adornment and ritual should hinge are not hard to be discovered, where piety, good sense, and good temper, are brought to bear upon the task. God's own creation has impressed upon it the law of beauty as well as that of utility. The peacock's feathers, the fantastic work of the frost, the gorgeous hues of the shell-fish, who live and die unnoticed by mortal eye in their coral caves, who—

“Stand at a diamond door,  
Dress'd in a rainbow frill!”—

the shapes of the clouds at sunset, the rich colour of the ruby and the quick water of the diamond, and the great army of flowers and waves,

testify that the things which God has made are beautiful as well as good. It is the folly of a Quaker, or of an ascetic, to refuse to smell a rose, or to listen to the discourse of a lute. Therefore, within due bounds, our houses of prayer should be tasteful and beautiful. Those who fancy that the conclusion is in any degree inconsistent with evangelical principles should listen to the most philosophical thinkers of Continental Protestantism. They should hear Vinet pouring out a flood of eloquence in a magnificent cathedral, and saying that the broken box of alabaster, with the precious spikenard, was its best defence. They should read the passage where Tholuck asks, with a kind of gentle despair, how your good kind of people, who think a mediæval cathedral an unmeaning mass of magnificence, can possibly expect to understand the rich symbolism of the Epistle to the Hebrews. If the church be constructed merely on the type of the lecture-room, we lose one of the impressions for good which Taste and Art are capable of making. But if, on the other hand, the church be overloaded with vain frippery and tawdry decorations, it becomes a theatric spectacle. The "goings of God" are in the sanctuary. It is real irreverence to bring a meretricious tinselling into His awful presence. Nor should it be forgotten that while rites and ceremonies are often equivocal, and may be applied to very different doctrines, they are also sometimes so closely connected with one doctrine as to be hardly applicable to another. The ceremony and the doctrine fit, like hand and glove. To teach the doctrine is, in some sort, to teach the rite, and conversely.\* Therefore, there are some ceremonies which no artistic or æsthetic claims can legitimatize. A higher law than the law of beauty exiles them from the sanctuary. There is a verse in a Psalm which seems to give us one great rubric of public worship in a symbolic shape—"The singers go before, the minstrels follow after." Instrumental music, which appeals dimly and vaguely to the emotions and sensibilities, is there. But singing,

which acts on the intellect through the heart, is awarded a higher place.

The subject of *sermons* is one which demands a place in any paper on *Parochialia*. We are sorry that Bishop Fitzgerald's charge contains nothing on a subject which he is so well calculated to illustrate, both by precept and example. From Mr. Emerson's dreary and worse than Socinian address we extract one clever and instructive passage:—

"I once heard a preacher, who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go, else had no soul entered this temple in the afternoon. A snow-storm was falling around us. The snow-storm was real; the preacher merely spectral; and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then out of the window behind him into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not yet learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he yet imported into his doctrine. The man had talked, and bought, and sold; he had read books; he had eaten and drunken; his head aches; his heart throbs; he smiles and suffers; yet was there not a surmise, a hint, in all the discourse, that he had ever lived at all, not a line did he draw out of real history. The true preacher can always be known by this, that he deals out to the people his life—life passed through the fire of thought. But of the bad preacher, it could not be told from his sermon what age of the world he fell in; whether he had a father or a child; whether he was a freeholder or a pauper; whether he was a citizen or a countryman; or any other fact of his biography. It seemed strange that the people should come to church. It seemed as if their houses were very unentertaining, that they should prefer this thoughtless clamour."—Address, p. 82.

We leave this suggestive passage for a moment, and proceed with our sermon upon sermons. Sermons are of two great types, the regular and irregular, the edifying and the revivalist, the congregational and the

\* *Bolingbroke's Works*, vol. v., p. 241, quoted by Warburton. Warburton, however, maintains that the proposition is not convertible. *Divine Legation*, Book v. Appendix.

monster-gathering. Of the former almost exclusively we speak at present.

The inward, most solemn, and most efficacious preparation for the work—the preparation of prayer and of the heart—wereverently placefirst. This is not the occasion to say more about this.

Of other and more earthly qualifications we cannot hesitate to place *real scriptural knowledge* in the highest position. The preacher must not exhaust his biblical learning in one or two sermons. There should be plenty of stubble-grass at least when the harvest is in. The minister of the most retired rural district has his own peculiar perils. There may be little danger of his being betrayed into affectation of style, or extravagance of sentiment; of his mistaking exertions, which have been prompted by the desire of popular applause, for the work of faith, and labour of love. But there is some risk of his being lulled into a deplorable indolence; of his forgetting that if the echoes of his voice do not pass over the mountains which separate him from popular observation, they are heard by One ear that is never closed. There may be none of a man's flock who can appreciate learning, or who can discriminate real eloquence from misty and bombastic fustian, though country people are shrewder critics than we suspect. But they will feel, in the long run, with an unerring instinct, whether his sermons are simple and searching, sensible and Scriptural; they will feel whether he speaks because he has believed, or drones over the effusions of other men, or has contracted a habit of dribbling out wretched and meaningless sentences—the washings of a used-up clerical teapot—the dregs of a verbal diarrhoea. No long series of sermons can be simple without the exactest thought; nor searching without that practical knowledge of the varieties of human nature, which can only be learned by constantly keeping the finger on the pulses of the hearts of men; nor Scriptural without daily exercise in the Book of God. Without this, too, the analogy of Scripture cannot be preserved. It is real irreverence to force more Gospel on the Gospel than its Divine Author has placed there, or to make the truth, as it were, truer than itself. Preaching on various parts of Scripture teaches

this secret. When this is neglected, a sort of spiritual lopsidedness is the result. For instance, a pious lady hears a sermon from an admittedly pious and earnest man on the character of Samson. He treats it honestly as he finds it on the sacred page. The lady bitterly and flip-pantly remarks, "too much Samson—too little Christ." The notorious Bardt used to say that he could pass for orthodox amongst folk of this kind, simply by dragging in the Saviour's name often. The Scriptural variety of which we speak does not promote a superficial popularity. In the pulpit, as elsewhere, systems command acquiescence by the appearance of universal knowledge which they carry with them; and Scripture is too vast a body of water to be forced into the artificial sheet of any system. Read one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and you have no dark shadows, no mountains—all is glaring light and macadamized road; but can Divine and eternal truth be cramped into the brown paper-parcel symmetry, and yard-of-tape neatness of divisions, like those of the "bottle of smoke," and "hills round Jerusalem" sermons?

*Unity* is another very important element in the success of sermons. Those who have heard Mr. Melville will understand this. The whole sermon is a progress from point to point, and rolls towards a catastrophe. Those discourses will be best heard and best remembered in which the text forms a single proposition; in which the whole sermon is, as it were, a flower naturally expanded from the bud of the text or proposition; and will fold back again into the sheath from which it has been developed. The logic of "immediate inference" will here be of the greatest service to the student, as exhibiting the various lights in which a single proposition can be placed.

*Locality* is an important element of success in parochial sermons. It may be questioned whether that is a thoroughly good sermon which can be preached without any alteration in another place. Circumstances, scenery, besetting sins and vices, ought to enter into the original draft of the sermon.

*Personality* is another important ingredient. By this we do not, of course, mean the objectionable prac-

tice of pointing at individual offenders. We allude to the deficiency which Mr. Emerson found in the snow-storm sermon. We mean that the sermon should be characteristic of the man, that it should be cast in the mould of his own soul. The difficulty is to hit the medium between the lifeless, impersonal essay, and the auto-biographical small-talk which has acquired a temporary popularity. "My birthday" is not a theme which would interest one's parishioners, after the first time. Mr. Guinness says:—

"Ah! I think my memory can tell me of a mother who had a reckless son, who was treading the path to hell, when his mother was upon her knees, little knowing oftentimes, God has delivered that child from sinking in the sea. That child can remember the time when the vessel, staggering beneath the load of water on her deck, well-nigh sank. He can remember, when the vessel trembled, when the helmsman loosed the wheel, and all despaired. He can think of the time when God, by his own power, delivered him from sinking. *That child stands before you to-night.*"—Three Sermons, p. 22.

We can see the young preacher placed in a country parish. We can fancy the impression which would be made by his long, pale face, with masses of dark hair, by his streaming eyes, and the tremulous earnestness of his honest voice. We can see him also five years afterwards; and the dry, quiet smile, which would then greet a passage so personal as this. We may be allowed to quote an illustration of the kind of *personality* which we think advisable, and which we ourselves recollect to have heard used. The preacher was speaking on Sunday of a funeral which had taken place in the course of the previous week, and which had been attended by most of his auditors. "Only last week the funeral bell tolled. As we walked by the coffin, I heard a bird singing overhead loudly in the branches. That natural little voice of joy jarred upon my heart then. But there was nothing to jar upon our hearts in that other voice, 'I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me: Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

*Originality* is another *sine qua non*. We all recollect how Sir Roger de Coverley selected sermons for his chaplain to preach, and thus enjoyed the pleasure of hearing in long succes-

sion, the majestic Barrow, the fluent South, the elegant Tillotson, the seraphic Taylor, and a host of other preachers; but sure we are, that the poorest sermon, which is indeed a man's own, will produce a greater impression than the ablest which is borrowed. The trade which advertisements tell us is now being carried on in sermons between unscrupulous poverty and unprincipled indolence is a melancholy thing. If an absolute necessity for borrowing ever arises, let the preacher select some discourse of recognised soundness and ability, and fairly make it his own; without this, extraordinary mistakes will sometimes occur. It is but a few weeks since the inhabitants of a small bathing village in Ireland were astonished by being asked, "How many persons in this great metropolis have deprived their hair-dressers of the privilege of attending public worship, by claiming their services during the entire morning."

*Pictorial language* in some degree or other is, we think, very nearly a requisite. Never was there a more mischievous sentence in reference to pulpit oratory than that of the old college tutor to his pupil, to which Dr. Johnson gave currency, and Archbishop Whately authority: "Read over your composition, and when you meet with any passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out." While avoiding very long or hard words, we do not, with the Hares, see the necessity of sedulously seeking out those of Saxon origin. Instead of avoiding a poetically coloured diction, we think it should be admitted to an extent which severe correctness of taste might possibly repudiate. Our reasons are those which the great philosophical poet, Wordsworth, has assigned for his choice, both of incidents and language, in the Preface to his Lyrical Ballads. While Mr. Guinness' sermons are deficient in logical exactitude, and feeble in scriptural exposition—while his divisions are merely pins sticking a whole series of coloured pictures to the pulpit cushion—he is in this respect rich and luxuriant to a degree that is absolutely wonderful.

Mr. Emerson says, on the whole, well and eloquently: "What a cruel injustice it is to that law whose fatal sureness the astronomical orbits

poorly emulate, that it is travestied and depreciated, that it is behooted and behowled, and not a word of it articulated. The faith should blend with the light of rising and of setting suns, with the flying clouds, and the singing bird, and the breath of flowers." There is a sense in which this thought is true, alas! beyond the writer's thought. Have not our preachers erred, and missed the example of the great Preacher, in interdicting the *romantic* completely, the *picturesque* almost completely, from their preaching? Some of the Swiss preachers—for instance, Vinet and Monod—have made the most tender and beautiful use of nature.

*Strong sense* is a quality with which an English or Irish audience will never dispense. This it is which gives those short and adamant *gnomæ* for which Archdeacon Gregg is so deservedly famous. This it is which just saves the preacher in his most excited and freest moods, from crossing over the boundary line into rant and nonsense. It is no ill-will or ill-nature which makes us point to Mr. Guinness here:—"A gentleman said to me, the other day, pointing out a little dog in his house, 'Sometimes I look at that dog, and I feel a warm love for it.' I said, 'How so?' 'The fact of it is,' he replied, 'I look upon that dog as being made by the Lord Jesus, and I love it for his sake.'" Strong sense would have revealed, like a flash of lightning, the unfortunate absurdity of this anecdote. For, if I should love my dog for this reason, *à fortiori*, should I love the bug, the flea, and the shark, which have so few to love them.

Let a preacher, then, be in earnest; and let him possess in a considerable degree one, and in a moderate degree several or all of these requisites, aided by a tolerable manner; and, whether he preach written or unwritten sermons, we will promise him an attentive audience, not merely once in a way, but week after week. We may give advice; he must give study, and thought, and, above all, prayer. That affection of St. Paul's is beyond all trick of rhetoric, "I desire to be present with you and to *change my voice*," The voice admits of inflection and intonation, according to the impulse of the heart; not so the lifeless letter. It is the impulse which lends music to the accents and attunes them to an

exquisite variety. The minister's whole week of study, experience, teaching must blossom into his sermon; and he must remember that he, after all, is but as the finger pointing at the star.

A *liturgy* is intimately connected with our English and Irish notion of *parochialia*. We think that there is at present rather a disposition to underrate this precious possession, occasioned, perhaps, in some measure, by the affected and half-inaudible monotone in which some young gentlemen murder the litany.

Controversy is out of place here. We would just point to a remarkable "Chapter on Liturgies," by the Rev. C. W. Baird, an American Presbyterian, reprinted in London by Mr. Binney, an Independent. This work is well worthy of perusal. It appears that the use of liturgies was never originally a question as between Churchman and Presbyterian, between High Church and Low Church. Calvin and Knox were for set forms in prayer and sacraments, equally almost with Luther, Cranmer, and Ridley. In Calvin's Church of Geneva, and the French Calvinistic churches, there are forms at commencing service. The illustrious Vinet complains that these are not more numerous. He has even gone so far as to say that while the Roman Church has no *word*, the non-liturgical evangelical communions have no *worship*, for public worship and liturgy are, in his opinion, convertible terms. The Scotch only learned their present practice from the English Presbyterians. Knox, writing from Geneva, directs the Scotch to follow as a model the Genevese liturgy: "Your beginning should be by confessing your offences and invocation of the Spirit, and then let some place of Scripture be read. I would ye should join some book of the Old and some of the New Testament together, as Genesis and one of the Evangelists." It is curious that Knox should be urgent in directing confession first; so the Directory; yet all Presbyterian congregations commence with singing. Calvin approved of forms of prayer. Knox prepared an order for public worship sanctioned by the General Assembly. It is remarkable that in his last moments prayers were read to him from a book. The most extreme of

later nonconformists, previous to the reign of Charles II., do not seem to have objected to a liturgy as such. This is the gist of this instructive book; while we are compelled to add that the chapter in Mr. Baird's book, on "Calvinistic forms in the Book of Common Prayer," is quite full of inaccuracies. But the facts and arguments which we have alleged above are worthy of all consideration. In connexion with Irish parochialia and the Liturgy we have a few wishes to express. First, we hope that as one party in England have gone into a galloping gabble, so another here may not fall into a long, slow, spouting declamation of the prayers. Next, we echo Bishop Fitzgerald's desire, that those who teach in our Sunday and weekly schools may "have really sufficient knowledge of the Scriptures and of the *formularies of our Church*, to discharge efficiently the solemn task they have undertaken." (Charge, p. 19). And, lastly, we hope that at an early date the ecclesiastical commissioners may abolish the useless and mischievous incumbences called parish clerks, and save the church some thousands a-year, while they restore the long silenced responses to the people.

There remains one, and the most important characteristic feature of the parochialia—the resident minister. This has been expressed by the Bishop of Cork, with all his wonted elegance and acuteness:—

"Constant residence upon your curacies lies at the foundation of our ecclesiastical system. Our clergy are not a movable set of missionaries, sent to make, from time to time, visits for preaching and praying among the people of a district; but fixed pastors, dwelling among their own people, and making themselves an example to the flock. It is not enough that you should reside in a place where you can easily have access when you please to your people, but you should be in the spot where your people can, when they wish, have access to you, can send for you on emergencies, may see and know you, not merely in your pulpit ministrations and official visits, but in the intercourse of daily life, as their friend and counsellor. And even in those cases, where the mass of the population may appear so alienated from the Protestant faith as to leave little apparent hope of your direct usefulness as their spiritual guide, that circumstance will afford no licence for

absenting yourselves from your parish. It is your duty to be on the spot. You can never know, except you are there and on the watch, when a favourable opportunity of doing something for your master may arise. Besides, regarded only in a temporal point of view, it is plainly the design of our constitution that the endowments of the church should furnish to each parish at least one resident gentleman, who, according to his means, should keep some decent hospitality, maintain the example of a sober and well-ordered household, afford some support and direction to the poor, and be a centre of intelligence and civilization in his own neighbourhood. The revenues, small or great, of each parish were designed to be spent in that parish. The benefits, small or great, which the residence of a pious and intelligent clergyman can confer were designed for that locality, and not for others; and it is a plain defeating of the intention of the church, when this duty, which the law of the church regards as *essential*, is wholly evaded or imperfectly complied with."—Charge, pp. 11-12.

This, indeed, hits the right nail on the head. We have, in truth, small patience with those who would institute a comparison between our *extra-parochialia* and *parochialia*, to the detriment of the latter. No doubt the age requires both. There is room for the Boanerges, who rolls the thunder of his eloquence over the sleeping sinner; who wields the masses, and "fulmines o'er the fierce democracy;" who finds a way to the heart with his darts of fire and polished arrows. But there is room also for the humble, laborious minister, of the class whom Mr. Spurgeon contemptuously advises to burn their sermons; who may have no fluent eloquence such as the crowd admires; who hollow the stone, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*; yet who write the purpose of their honest souls, and stamp it on the fleshy tables of men's hearts as with the finger of God; not by the rhetoric of rounded periods, not by a stamping foot and flashing eye; not by a species of canine eloquence, consisting in length and strength of howl, but by the simple rhetoric of a holy life. What, indeed, is the centre of the parochial system, but the settlement, in a given spot, of a minister of religion. Few greater blessings are there to many districts. It is not as in days when an exaggerated



idea of the priesthood pressed upon the free spirit of Christianity. Then, the great object was to rear the chantry or the chapel; and the numerous brotherhood of the neighbouring monastery supplied one who could say Mass. But now we look to the moral effect of a visiting and laborious ministry, as well as to its sacramental and official performance. Never has this idea had more beautiful fulfilment than in the Protestant clergy of Ireland. England has had, perhaps, more learned divines, preachers not less eloquent: the routine of schools and institutions has had apt instruments in the patient and indefatigable genius of her consecrated sons; but the quick adaptation to individual character, the ready word, the sunny cheerfulness, the overflowing sympathy, necessary for him who visits a parish well;—these are found in a pre-eminent degree in the Irish parochial ministers. In their work we see Christian friendship sublimed by a special commission. The idea thus gains in moral beauty what it loses in factitious authority. It is plain that the full conception of the priesthood in our ordinal is that the presbyter should be the model family man of his cure. Hence, the question, "Will you apply your diligence to frame and fashion your lives, and the lives of your families?" Had we space and ability, we should rejoice to trace the quiet picture of ministerial usefulness, with colours not borrowed from imagination but from the homely scenery of many an Irish parish. We would show the minister greeted in the school with the shy smile of simple pleasure. We would show him communing with the humblest, as man with man—a friendship which does not degrade, but ennobles, because it is so like Christ's. We would show him by the bedside of the dying; perhaps, it is one visit out of many which he pays in the course of a protracted illness; and as he reads those favourite texts in the Epistle to the Romans, or in St. John's Gospel, happy tears, such as the angels rejoice to witness, trickle through the wasted fingers. We would show him again by the gloomy portals of the grave, pronouncing those words that seem to flow down evermore from heaven, and to bathe the hearts of mourners in their stream of refreshment—in the

course of that glorious ritual of hope and memory, which is alike removed from the torpor of unbelief, and the galvanic rapture of fanaticism. We would show him, finally, returning to his old friends after the lapse of years, and greeted with smiles that money could never purchase—with tears that flow from the fountains of hallowed thoughts and associated reminiscences. "Not too anxious," says Mr. Emerson, "to visit periodically all families, and each family in your parish connexion—when you meet one of these men or women, be to them a divine man; be to them thought and virtue."—"Address," p. 87). The aims of the Irish parochial clergymen are at once much higher and much more humble. He is anxious to visit all and each of his people; he does not aspire to be "a divine man," much less, "thought and virtue." Wordsworth's exquisite sonnet, "The Pastoral Character," is nearer the mark—

"A genial hearth, a hospitable board,  
And a refined rusticity, belong  
To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,  
The learned pastor dwells

Though peace be on his tongue,  
Gentleness in his heart. Can earth afford  
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,  
As when, array'd in Christ's authority,  
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand,  
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can  
For re-subjecting to Divine command  
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man."

And here we may fittingly notice the second book which appears upon our list, Mr. Price's "Sick Calls." Mr. Price is a Roman Catholic priest, and the work contains a record of visits to sick people, chiefly Irish, in his "missionary" district in London. It does, indeed, bring the contrast between the presbyter of the Established Church and the Romish priest to the sharpest point. While the object of the former is to influence the living essentially, not indeed declining to "anoint the dying with the golden oil of God's mercy in Christ," (as old Jewel says,) the earnest Roman priest seems to concern himself with the living only *accidentally*, with the dying perpetually and essentially. This book is not without interest, and Mr. Price seems to be a kind and hard-working man; and while his teachings to his penitents are often such as a Protestant can only read with a sigh of pity, there are occasionally passages which speak

of better things, almost in the language of a purer faith. In its literary aspect the book is a kind of compound of the "stronger" passages in the "Diary of a Late Physician"—such as the dying scene in the "Man About Town"—and of the Journal of a Methodist preacher, with a good shake of the Romish pepper-box, to give pungency to the composition.

We suppose the stories to be in the main true; and they afford but another proof of that which we should *a priori* have conjectured to be the practical result of the teaching of Rome. With us religion is a vital principle, a leaven working in the nature until the whole lump is leavened; a light, kindled in the inner being, whose radiance streams over all the consciousness. With Rome it is a lamp, flickering before an altar, and liable to go out at any gust; a precious stone, which has been dropped on the strand of humanity by the kind hand of a sacrament, and is liable to be sucked back by the swirling tide of passion; a robe, that may, at any moment, fall away and leave us naked; a brilliant, that may at a moment drop out of our crown. It is something outward, temporary, precarious. Hence we have the penitent coming for "about two years, regularly once a month, to confession," yet "continuing the same drunken, unfeeling brute, intent only on his sordid self, and the indulgence of his sensual inclinations," winding up by killing his wife, and then, after becoming a maniac, and being held down by "six strong men," and "biting a door-key with a crunching noise;" "giving a long, terrible howl, and expiring." And then we have an angelic, beautiful, almost sinless girl, all love and gentleness, and purity and piety, suddenly metamorphosed into a Magdalen, the inmate of a low brothel. We quote a few sentences, premising that poor Margaret is visited by Mr. Price, in her sickness, at the vile establishment of an old hook-nosed Jewess, and turns out to be the daughter of an old friend.

"In that terrible recognition I saw before me the daughter of an old and valued friend! Once the cherished inmate of a happy Christian home; once beautiful, innocent, and good; with all the charities of life budding forth in her

young and sinless heart; but now the diseased, and blighted, and wretched inmate of a brothel! Some five years had elapsed since I had seen her last. She was then sixteen, bright, blooming, and beautiful. Then she loved her God, and served him faithfully. Her days were passed in the perfect discharge of duties light and easy of fulfilment. Religion in its sweetest form sanctified the innocent tenor of their daily life; a devout and regular attendance at the distant chapel, frequent communion, family prayer, and the morning's meditation, made without fail, showed they were in earnest in their duty to God. But the hour came—the solemn mysterious hour of death—that sets free the immortal spirit from its frail and worn-out tenement of clay. She awoke from a long slumber. It was a lovely morning in May. Fresh scents of beautiful flowers wafted their odours through the opened windows of that sick room: and the dying Magdalen awoke cheerful and happy. "Oh, mother," she said, in a low, sweet tone, "I have had such happy dreams. I have heard such strains of heavenly music, and I saw such beautiful forms." And then she lay silent awhile with closed eyes, and her lips moved softly, as if in quiet prayer. And then the grey shadows of approaching death stole gently over that angelic countenance. And then I read the consoling prayers for a departing soul; her mother, and her sister, and Mrs. Williams, kneeling by the bedside of that dying saint. And when those prayers were over, that have winged so many souls to heaven, she once more opened her eyes—and then the dear child slept with God."—*Sick Calls*, pp. 144–164.

This is just what Father Newman has told us. "The poor Protestant adds sin to sin; the Catholic wipes off his guilt again and again; and thus, even if his repentance does not endure, he is never getting worse, but ever beginning afresh. Let death come upon him, the whole tenor of his past life, his very oaths, have been overruled, to create in him a habit of faith. And thus, even one who has been a bad Catholic, may have a hope in his death, to which the most virtuous of Protestants are necessarily strangers." How accurately Mr. Price's story fits into Dr. Newman's doctrine!

We must now conclude by extracting a few pages from the "Note-book of the Rev. Timothy Rural, Rector of Worldsend, in the north of Ireland,"

which has been placed at our disposal to illustrate the present article, and which may serve as a balance to Mr. Price.

A secluded spot that parsonage is. In five years we had not as many morning calls. It stands five miles from the next little country town, and fourteen from civilization generally. Just below our little pleasure-ground runs the high road. This is little traversed except by carts. Sometimes, in the sleepy hush of a hot summer's evening, when Mrs. Rural happened to be away from me, and I sauntered up it, I could hear the sound of a cart-wheel half-a-mile away; and there was something quite oppressive about the loneliness. Sometimes, again, as I walked along it in winter, after evening Church or a late visit, the wind that swept over it made my cheeks ache; and it was quite a relief to find the shelter of a hedge. Below the road, separated only by the length of a single field, was the river. It came from a wild lough some six or seven miles away. How often have I stood on the bank, and watched it seething through the arches of the bridge, chattering over the pebbly bottom; or in the deeper pools, scarcely pulsing the flat, smooth leaves of the water-lilies. After the winter storms, it came rolling down, stained a dark claret-red, like a drunkard's cheek, with the turf mould which it carried away: and as my water-dog leaped nobly into the hubbub of the torrent, he was whirled down a hundred yards, and scrambled up the bank panting and exhausted. Dark stream! its waters have served alike to slake the thirst of the pilgrim and of the smuggler—of the pilgrim, maddened with itch and vermin, in his long watch on the purgatorial chapel in that desolate little isle—and of the smuggler, but lately a pilgrim, hiding his still from the keen gaze of the old revenue policeman under the hanging "brew" of the river. But in summer, as I sauntered on the grassy slopes, the midges clustered round in a way that gave one a vivid conception of mosquitoes. The water rippled over the stones where the stream was shallow with a pleasant, sleepy chime, like murmurous bees; and in the deeper pools, the blue sky was per-

fectly mirrored, except when some trout, with his red-spotted side and yellow belly, broke the surface into lazy circles. Beyond the stream again, eastward, and fronting the windows, was a range of hills, with a little straggling village planted upon their base, and at one end thereof my poor, dear, ugly little church. Really, churches in Ireland, in the last generation, were built as if intended to combine the *maximum* of expense with the *minimum* of beauty. If you could mount the hill of which I speak, and gaze round you in every direction, you would think the scene rather peculiar. The country seems to surge up into innumerable rocky elevations, not quite entitled to the lofty appellation of mountains; and two rivers wind along, glittering in the sunlight like silver bracelets, or dark in the shower like long black snakes. There are a great number of houses visible. There seems, on the one hand, to be little of the wretchedness which distinguishes "the mere Irish," and on the other hand, even less of the snugness and quiet beauty which characterise the rose-clad or grape-trellised farmsteads of the south of England. They are large, respectable, ugly, white-washed buildings. Their tenants are a race perhaps peculiar to Worldsend. They are not, to speak generally, the wild-eyed, short-set, frieze-coated fellows whom one meets in Donegal, in the streets of Letterkenny, or on the shore of the blue "Lough of Shadows." They are not the industrious, but somewhat "dour" and republican-looking men—the Yankees of the North—with a tinge of *Scotchism* in feeling, in appearance, in personal peculiarities, in religion—who, with all their want of the picturesque and romantic, are the glory of Ulster. Intermixed with one or both of these elements, in the lapse of generations, the genuine Worldsend farmers are descendants of English settlers, dating as far back as the wild days when Sir John Davies was deputy. The amalgamation of races—the effects of climate and position which, since Montesquieu's time, all have admitted to be important co-efficients in moulding character—the prolonged isolation from the outer world, and the absence of a resident gentry—have left traces in the accent

and expression,\* in the modes of thought and feeling which are prevalent in Worldsend. The poorer class of dwellings are not, except the very most wretched, the habitations of cottiers—those ryots of Ireland—but of small freeholders. Mr. John Stuart Mill has pronounced the very apotheosis of peasant-property, of its tendency—when the holdings are not infinitesimally subdivided—to excite almost superhuman industry, and to foster the thoughtful spirit of manly independence. On this vexed question of economics, a country rector will not be considered the most decisive authority. Known principles of human nature might seem, *à priori*, to justify Mr. Mill's theory; but what I saw of this class in Worldsend would lead me to qualify what that generally cool writer has written with unwonted enthusiasm of peasant proprietorship, even to the amazingly cool proposition of "doing the thing outright" by act of Parliament, making the whole land *the property of the tenants*, subject to the rents now really paid as a fixed rent-charge. I saw enough to afford a presumption against the theory of "valuation and perpetuity." A more indolent, do-nothing, unimprovable, tobacco-smoking, whiskey-drinking, "lane-end parliament" set of men, I have never seen anywhere.

At my usual hour, on the day when the news of my promotion came, I put on my parochial hat and boots, and went out for my parochial walk.

The first person whom I saw was Father M'Gilligan, upon the bank of the river, whipping the stream for trout. Slowly he stalked along, with that dignified air which is usually to be observed in the better class of the Romish priesthood, and which, I suppose, they have been taught by an ecclesiastical posture-master, to produce a more imposing effect in the discharge of their functions. He was, indeed, as mild-mannered, and, I verily believe, as mild-hearted a man as that unhappy place, Maynooth, ever bred. Against *Shebeening* and Ribbonism alone was he relentless.

Never, except on these topics, had he been known to "scould" in the chapel—save, indeed, when "crazy Kate Connel," an itinerant vendor of tape and lace, did battle with big Thady Byrne, who insulted a flaunting bonnet which Katie put on for the first time that particular Sunday. Dire was the warfare, loud the mutual reproach of the combatants, until the *soggart more* (big priest) with unusual excitement, turned them out of the building. In politics he had never taken any active part, beyond recording his own vote for the tenant right candidate. Father M'Gilligan threw his line over the nice crisp ripple of the river with a majestic air, as who should say, "Here am I—but I will spare enough trout to keep up the breed for another season." Yet that irreverent rogue, Dick Simple (the same who told me, one night, that the road was living with ghosts) once affirmed, that the "*soggart more* never caught a throut bigger than a wean's thumb."

And here let me speak of the terms on which we stood. That the rector should stand far aloof from the whisky-jug and punch-bowl convivialities with the priest, unhappily to be heard of in a few instances in the last generation, is his duty as a Christian, and will, doubtless, be his inclination as a gentleman; but would it not be well, if our clergy were to look upon the Roman priest a little more under the "form" of man, and a little less under the "form" of wild beast? Surely that view is deficient, not less in Christian charity than in enlightened knowledge of human nature, which regards every Popish priest as a villain of hypocrisy and sensuality, fit to rank with Lewis' Monk—which sees in every member of that wonderful corporation a Torquemada, who wants the power, and not the inclination—a Wiseman in cunning, if not in subtlety of intellect—which sternly represses every temptation to think more kindly, constantly repeating in a sepulchral whisper the epithet, *Jesuit*. Surely it is well for us to

\* I have observed one curious parallel between an expression peculiar to Worldsend, and one which occurs in the Greek of the New Testament. When a Worldsend man wishes to express his astonishment, especially at something which he thinks unkind or undeserved by him, he says, "I *strange* it greatly." Compare with this, "Wherein they think it strange" (*ἐξωίζονται* "strange it"). "Beloved, think it not strange."—1 Peter, iv. 4, 12.

remember that every professor of a creed, even though he be a bigot, is not personally to be charged with every consequence, which, in a logical point of view, is fairly deducible from it. The intellect of a creed, so to speak, is of iron rigidity. In especial, dogmas is attached to dogma in the Roman Church by the adamantine link of a necessary development; but the heart of the individual Romanist, priest or layman, is of a softer stuff, and in many cases, will break before it can be impressed with the stiffness and consistency of his creed. Doctrines are not written on the spirit of a man as they are printed down the columns of a book; there every letter is marked with equal distinctness; there are no degrees of projection; but doctrines are differently marked upon the marvellous page of man's moral nature. In some cases, they are but lights and shadows, playing over the restless sea of thought—in others, they resemble the substances upon which certain insects feed, and stain every fibre of the inner being with the colour of their juices.

I confess I always admired that beautiful story of Archbishop Leighton, of whom his servant told a visitor that "he had borrowed a horse from the Romish priest to visit the Presbyterian minister who was sick." On this principle I had acted with Father M'Gilligan. No circumstances had occurred to suspend our friendly relations. Such individual Roman Catholics, as I could engage in conversation, I had endeavoured to point to those great fundamentals which their system holds in solution, as it were; I remembered Butler's fine distinction between their "religion" and their "superstition;" and it seemed to me more judicious to throw out into relief the "religion," which, to some extent, we had in common, than to begin by attacking the "superstition" which was peculiar to them. Suffer me to mention a case in illustration.

Mrs. Rural was in the habit of attending the sick-beds of Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, and obtained admission where I would not have been received. No controversial tract peeped out of the corner of her reticule. No other book did she read than one, the New Testament. She had on one occasion been

reading with a poor old woman, a Romanist. Shortly before her death, the old woman told my wife that she had had a beautiful dream: Shure, she was in a lovely Church, that the chapel couldn't hold a candle to—and it had a great altar, all shining with gold and jewels—and sorrow a candle was there on it, but a light far beyond the sun. And there were people in white robes, playing upon goulden harps, and singing *psalms*, that made her cry with joy. And then, as she looked, the altar turned into a throne; and the blessed Saviour was seated on it, not cold, and with white lips, and bleeding, and crowned with thorns, as she seen him on the big cross in the chapel. No! but glorious, and sweet, and beautiful. And He looked at her, and said quite plain, "Come to me! Come to me!" And on she walked up to the altar rails. But up came a priest, and he said roughly, "You won't pass here till I let you." And up came the Holy Virgin, and she said, mildly, "I'm sorry for you, but I fear you're not fit for it." And up came a blessed angel, and he said, with his voice trembling, as if he was crying, "I'm sorry for you, poor woman, but you're not fit to pass, and I can't help you." And her heart went up to the top of her throat. But the Lord Himself came down from the throne. With his own hand He opened the gate, and said, "Come in here, poor sinner." And then all the harpers to their harping, and all the singers to the singing—and she awoke.

Poor old Biddy! I have read much less theology in a thick octavo. It was not controversy that taught you this.

In Worldsend the public preaching of controversy would, probably, have sown the seeds of feuds that would have germinated in a social convulsion. Change of religion is the result of causes operating from within, not of interference from without. Romanism is a boil which cannot be broken healthfully until its own corruption ripens it for the lancet. I apprehend that in most cases in Ireland where movements from Popery upon a large scale have taken place, oppression, tyranny, and neglect, on the part of the priesthood have been the immediate predisposing causes. When Romanism is modified by the presence of Protestantism, and made

earnest by the tacit opposition of a competing system, it will present its least repulsive features; and, *therefore*, as it is less vehement it will be more inveterate.

But I have run away from Father M'Gilligan. In very much less time than it has taken me to write these rambling sentences, I found myself by the edge of the river. The big priest stuck his fishing-rod by the butt into the soft grass. There was a look of regret on his manly countenance. He held out his hand. "So you are going to leave us, Mr. Rural. A wild people up here, sir, but kindly. I wish you well wherever you go, and Mrs. Rural too, and your big son. God bless you, sir! You will not take the words ill from a priest."

"No, indeed, Mr. M'Gilligan. Thank you, thank you."

"But how did you hear that I was going?"

"Oh, I heard it from old Bob MacLeary."

I made my way to the road, and saw old Bob shuffling along. He was just opposite a part of the road which possessed considerable claims to the picturesque. A glen ran up a narrow gorge into the heart of the hill. It was thickly set with wild alder, birch, and hazels, hanging over a rivulet that tossed round jet-black stones, and effervesced as gaily as the scented bubbles of a glass of champagne. Sometimes when the sun came out after one of the violent showers for which Worldsend is celebrated, I had seen this glen filled with great swathes of silver-coloured mist; and once, on a summer evening, I saw it steeped in a haze, half crimson, half purple, while the sunset hung as if some of its rays were entangled here or there, or as if some angel had been scribbling with a great golden pencil upon the wild trees that fringe the brook; and the sight gave me a glimpse into the soul of Turner, such as Ruskin himself could not have opened. There was a large smooth stone up there which some old men could remember had served for a Roman altar in Priest O'Donnell's time. He was one of the old school, had sipped claret in Bourdeaux, had known the old French clergy, whom Burke has portrayed with so masterly a hand; had attended classes

in the Sorbonne with the good Abbé Edgeworth, who accompanied Louis XVI. to the guillotine; had saved his life by shouldering a musket in the National Guard, and finally settled at Worldsend. I was not long in overtaking old Bob. Bob was something of a character, very plain and outspoken. When the chief landlord of our parish once asked him why he did not weed his turnips, his answer was, "Hout, man! If ye maun talk, talk sense. Wad they not come up with the next rain?" Once, when Mrs. Rural was visiting him, his eye was attracted by a gold locket that dangled from her neck.

"And what will ye have in that?"

"Some of the Rector's hair."

The old man laughed until the tears streamed down from his eyes.

"What! ye carry a 'snag' of his hair, and he no deed yet!"

Now, the old man was a Methodist, and Methodism so plays upon the strings of the feelings in youth that they are often out of tune in maturer life. He was rather hard and forbidding, and I had even imagined that he did not much like me. Bob at first said nothing. Then—"And so you're going to leave us, man. Right sorry am I to loss you. Well I mind how often you were with poor Tom, and how he liked to hear your prayer, and how, the morning he died, he raised up his poor hands and said, '*glory! glory! glory!*' three times, and so died." I was more affected than I cared to show; but on inquiring how he came to hear the news, he referred me to old Jack, the sexton.

It was not far from the church now, and there was old Jack, himself, looking up the road. Jack was a very old man, somewhat stooped, with iron-grizzled hair. He might have sate for his portrait to those two great word-painters, Scott and Wordsworth. He was a living chronicle of the parish. He "minded" a great squire's house, standing on the hill-side; the squire lived, as squires did when "Bumper Squire Jones" reigned in Moneyglass; he hunted, he shot, he kept dogs, he kept badgers, he kept idlers, he kept fiddlers. Now, not one stone of all his state is left upon the other, and the wind shakes the bog cotton-plant mournfully on the spot that once

echoed with so much music and revelry. He "minded" a great fight down in the village in '98, and how the sogers fired on the Irish, and three women were killed. He "minded" twenty worshippers on a fine Sunday in the church, when there would be three hundred now. He "minded" the rector, and priest, and Presbyterian minister, and half the "payrish" going out hunting Shan Crossagh, or some great robber, on Saturday. All, I am sorry to say, got drunk on their return. On Sunday, only the curate went to church, and as there were but three, he said it was not worth his while to hold service, and so went his way. He "minded" people who had heard John Wesley preach in the district. Jack was a religious man, an enthusiastic Protestant, and dearly loved a sermon which "cursed the Irish," as he not "dyslogistically" termed a violent controversial effusion. He was deeply read in "Fox's Book of Martyrs," in the Homilies and Latimer's writings, and in the "Life of Bishop Bedell." The wild tales of the massacre of the Protestants in 1641, legends of O'Neill and Sir Cahir O'Doherty, traditions of Derry, Enniskillen, Anghrim, and the Boyne, made stirring music in the old man's memory. Cromwell, next to William, was his ideal of a ruler; and the massacre of Drogheda was as sacred an act as the destruction of Ai. His old wife has often told me, that he started up in his sleep, imagining that he was about to be led to the stake, or to charge up to the culverins of the Irish, in the same host with the glorious grey horses of William, which he devoutly believed to have been a legion of angels. His father's father was intimate with a hero of the Boyne. The old man's quaint but pious fancy was to have close by his bed-side the old sacramental chalice, whose scanty gilding had long since been worn off the curious bunches of grapes with which it was chased, in order that it should meet his eye when he waked, and remind him of the many children of God who had touched it with their lips, who were now drinking new wine in their Father's kingdom. It was true that I was no Orangeman; it was true that Jack, who theoretically hated Papists as well as Popery, but practically was the kindest friend and best neighbour to them—darkly

hinting that his intimacy with these children of Belial was partly in the hope of unravelling the tortuous mazes of some conspiracy—was somewhat tormented and scandalized as I used to point out to him the happy inconsistency between his theory and his practice. Yet, Jack certainly was greatly attached to me, and his first observation was, "Surely the people would never let me go. Only let him go round the hearers, and every family would make up a shilling. He wouldn't mind asking—no, the Priest himself, and that would make up the odds to me." Jack's son, John, soon appeared. He was parish clerk, and one of the most honest, intelligent men I have ever met. The same theoretical hatred which his father had of the "Romans," he expressed on all occasions towards the "Methodys," who were numerous in Worldsend. I recollect once, shortly after I came to the parish, remarking that the congregation, on some particular occasion, was unusually small. "Fat geese is in, Reverend dear," was John's deliberate exclamation. Upon inquiry, it appeared that the meaning of the mysterious connexion between my scanty flock and the birds that saved the capitol was simply this: Geese are fattened in Worldsend upon the stubbles, after the corn is off the field. This enables the farmer to give cheap and exquisite dinners, such as Tickler, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, delights in. The Methodist preachers choose, for their meetings, this festive season, in hopes of certain hospitality and pleasant fare; and their first preaching always attracts an unusual number of listeners. Having mentioned the subject, I must say, in justice to John's prejudices, that whilst the elder Methodists impressed me most favourably, the younger seemed to have the letter of the system without its spirit. In consonance, too, with Butler's teaching about "passive emotions," and "going over fine theories of virtue," and Burke's fine saying, "Hypocrisy delights in the most sublime speculations; for, never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent." I have found that the inflated preaching and lofty pretensions so prevalent in that body are accompanied by a less than average amount of vulgar honesty and morality. But, once more, let it be re-

membered that I speak exclusively of Worldsend, and in Worldsend of the young, and not of the old.

But from John I discovered how my secret had been revealed. He had been sitting in my kitchen when the post-boy arrived. My man, James, had overheard our conversation, and of course retailed it in the lower regions, and John had just gone down the road before me.

It would be tedious to detail more of these and similar conversations. The time sped on swiftly, until at last the Rector's last Sunday in his old parish arrived.

O blessed Sunday! there are those who would represent it as a Judaic burden. Believe them not. It appears to me to be capable of illustration from a familiar object. When we see an empty bird's nest, our imagination may lead us on from the melancholy-looking little structure; it may show us the fledged bird; it may picture him to us with his wings quivering and glittering in the sunlight; it may repeat the golden music that he is chanting in the branches. And so, the Sabbaths of the law may be dead; but the spirit, which they sheltered, is waving its pinions, and singing its notes of praise, in the light and liberty of the Christian Lord's Day. Since the dawn of a Sabbath morning first lay with its golden hush upon the brim of the purple mountains, the Creator of the light and of the hills has never been without his witness. It is the *historian* of finished creation, and of perfected redemption. It is true, a sad historian would it be, if it only reminded us of the Eden which we have lost: it is the *prophet* of future rest to our wearied nature. Every seventh wave that breaks upon the shore of time flings a pearl of hope at the pilgrim's feet. The pencil of inspiration can write nothing sweeter, or grander, or holier, over the jasper wall and the gates of pearl than this: "There remaineth, therefore, a keeping of Sabbath to the people of God."

But now my last Sunday was come. How quietly it broke over the eastern hill! The few trees round the parsonage were beginning to put forth their buds. The snow-drops had wreathed their delicate coronals beside the deeper tinted anemones in the little wood. The lustrous crocus, so

nobly called by the Greek tragedians "golden-rayed," burned on the ground, like a deep spot of intense orange in the dull clouds of some unlovely sunset. The heather began to weave a purple raiment for the hill and the bog, as rich as the evening of an Eastern sky. The furze began to unfold its sea of soft, yellow, odorless fire, billowing out in high tide upon the mountain's breast, and rippling down in tiny wavelets into nooks, and crannies, and soft green mossy coves, like the starry spray of Dante's river, each drop of which became a flower upon the bank. The sweet leaves of the willow began to exude their fragrance upon the air. The river that so often had kept music to the language of my heart went babbling and singing, lipping over the pebbles, shouting down the tiny waterfall, sobbing down the dell, dappled with fox-glove, laughing round its many windings. And many feelings seemed to blend strangely with its silver chimings, joys, and sorrows, and immortal hopes, and anthems of adoration!

As I walked along to the Sunday-school, the multitude passed me going to chapel. Now I am at my destination.

I know nothing better, either for teachers or taught. Nothing better for the teachers than to rise higher by stooping down to those little capacities, to be obliged to ask oneself those "forethoughtful queries," (thanks, O rare Sam Coleridge! for that translation of Plato and Bacon) which are the best half of knowledge. Nothing better for the taught, as it needs no laboured demonstration to prove.

Do not be discouraged, if education, secular or religious, does not seem at once to do its work. It is not the beginning of improvement in any community which attracts the superficial observer. Far from it. People seem to lose the partially agreeable characteristics of savagery, without acquiring in return the amenities of civilized life. It reminds one of the appearance of a patch of land which has been reclaimed from the sea: in its earlier stages, it is a dull spot of brown, contrasting disagreeably with the purple grandeur of the heathered mountains, and the silver gleaming of the adjacent sea. But let a few seasons pass, and you shall see the sun-lights and shadow casting an excellent beauty on the fine pale yellow of the



corn, or the redder gold of the wheat. The spot will be as lovely in a pictorial as it is interesting in an economic point of view. The man of taste may join in the exclamations of the man of figures. So we must not be impatient if education does not complete the work of a century in the course of a decade, if low cunning takes the place of a picturesque superstition. When the soil has been long enough reclaimed, when it has held intercourse with the sun of Scripture, and the free air of liberal education, it will produce a beautiful and abundant crop of public virtue and public spirit, of private happiness and prosperity.

But I return to my Sunday school. The last collect is said. The last verse is repeated. A hundred little faces look wistfully. Why? Why does it cost one so much to say those little words, "Good bye, my children! God bless you?"

Another ordeal is before me—the church and the sermon.

When was that little church so full before! There they were—all whom I knew so well—all whose sorrows I had striven to console—all whom I had known in those moments which strip away all that is adventitious, and leave our human hearts naked. There they were. I distinguish them by those nicknames, embodying aptly their idiosyncracies, in which Worldsend is so ingenious.

There was Dick the Dabber, whose mode of labour was just to turn or "dab" the clay with his spade. There was Will the Wild-duck, whose local habitation was a quaking bog by a river side. There was Property Bob, who boasted much of his landed property. There was Gentleman Willy, a dapper, conceited little man, whose grandmother had been a live "Church clergy's" daughter. There was Doctor Willy, whose father had once studied medicine for a single term. There was Harry the Hoker, who in his youth had been suspected of stealing potatoes. There was Sam the Singer, whose father had been a renowned fiddler. There was Simple Sammy, who was the shrewdest fellow in the parish. There was Clatty Dick, whose house and children were always filthy. Then there were lasses with clock-work stockings and hobnailed shoes, and others with ostrich feathers in their bonnets, and others with white handkerchiefs in their hands, and others

with dingy white kid gloves on their fingers. Worldsend is, to be sure, the only place in the world where young ladies make themselves ridiculous. And there were Methodist class-leaders, and quiet, sensible, devout-looking fathers and mothers, and large groups of little children. The wise arrangements of our chief landlord and his agent enable me to say that there were hardly any beggars, independence being, unquestionably, a characteristic of Worldsend under their fostering care.

This is no fitting place to speak of the sermon. Suffice to say that I chose for my subject some of our Saviour's words to His disciples, in the latter part of St. John's Gospel, which occurred in the service of the Sunday. There is something so touching about all those parting words, that I had scarcely ever chosen any of them for an address before, feeling that there was something in them on which I was scarcely capable of entering. But, under the circumstance of that Sunday, I felt that there was in them a refinement of tenderness, under which I was sure that, without much direct allusion to the painful subject of parting, both I and those simple hearts could shelter our grief. How, after the traitor goes forth, those words pour out like the waters of a fountain that have been pent up by some obstacle; and, as they hurry on, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in shadow, but giving greenness and refreshment wherever they flow, so the stream of that discourse is sometimes darkened by the thought of approaching separation, sometimes brightened by the thought of seeing them again, more truly than before. But whatever colour it takes, bright or gloomy, it still leaves behind it a heavenly consolation. But enough. I could not say much then. The death-beds which I had stood by; the words of love, or warning, or instruction which I had addressed to the young; crowded back painfully upon my memory. There was not much eloquence, I think, but there were abundant tears. And as I could not say much of it then, so I do not like to write much now.

Mrs. Rural! as little Eliza caught your hand, and covered it with kisses, I know it was too much for your woman's heart.

## TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

It is high time that the thoughtful attention of our readers should be directed to the condition of Trinity College, Dublin. The quickening and purifying influence of public opinion is far more needed in the case of that institution than it is in either Oxford or Cambridge; for those great universities have been thoroughly reformed: the governing power has been taken out of the hands of the irresponsible and obstructive cliques that so long abused it, and lodged in those of elective councils, by which every university interest is represented, protected, and advanced. But nothing of this kind has been done for the University of Dublin. She has still her hebdomadal Board, her provost, and seven senior fellows, governing in their own interest, auditing their own accounts, evading the most just and reasonable demands for reform, and witnessing with apathy the decline of every other college interest but their own. A parade, indeed, is made of carrying out the educational improvements recommended by the Royal Commissioners; but the financial changes which can alone give those any efficiency are studiously neglected. An elaborate scheme for enlarging and improving the fellowship examination is devised; while the value of a fellowship itself is allowed to fall to such a point that no undergraduate of promise now regards it as a prize. New scholarships are made out of old exhibitions. The calendar is decorated with new professorships, lectureships, studies, and prizes; but the "common chest" on which all these improvements must be charged is not replenished, but impoverished, on every opportunity, to the benefit of the governing body.

Grave charges these; but before we lay down our pen our readers will judge whether they are unfounded. It is not without reluctance they are made; but the title which this Magazine bears forbids us to pass over evils that imperil the interests and

compromise the character of the University of Dublin. Nor, even if we were willing to do so, would such reticence on our part be now of any avail. The scandals have got abroad, and are not to be hushed up. Complaints of misgovernment, and of self-seeking in high places, are rife within the walls and without. A general relaxation of discipline is witnessed, which argues a want of moral weight on the part of the constituted authorities. At the parliamentary election of 1857, and again at the election of 1858, university professors and junior fellows bring the internal affairs of the College under the notice of the constituency, and their statements are received with the most marked approval. The meeting of the senate at the spring commencements reveals an organized opposition to the proceedings of the Board; an opposition headed by the most conservative and the most influential men among the junior fellows. A reverend professor preaches before the University for his doctor's degree; and in doing so administers a solemn castigation to the Board. The Board demands a copy of the sermon; but, having perused it, with the note which accompanied and enhanced it, they do not venture to punish the preacher even to the extent of withholding his degree. The public press enters the arena, and unanimously and menacingly demands reform. In vain the Board attempts to silence, by their official reprimand, two junior fellows for connecting their names with the agitation; two of their colleagues come forthwith before the public, and claim the same censure as an honour; and the Board, seeing how the tide of opinion runs, overlooks their offence.

The Board have entirely mistaken the remedy for the existing evils. They have endeavoured to suppress complaint instead of removing the grievances complained of. The true policy for persons in their situation is quickly, willingly, largely, to redress

the wrongs they have permitted and profited by, and to surround their future government with such a light of publicity that neither will abuses be possible on their side, nor misconception on the part of others. The strong pressure of extern opinion will soon set their government to rights for the present; but measures should be taken that this opinion should be as permanent as the evil tendencies which it has to control. Publicity, in a word, must be henceforth the rule in all educational endowments; and if, on the one hand, the discipline of a university is to prevent the juniors from bringing their grievances before the bar of public opinion, on the other, a system of secrecy must not be tolerated, which shields self-seeking and maladministration from the criticism of the press. Convinced that this system of secrecy and irresponsibility lies at the root of all the present discontent, we shall address ourselves, firstly, to the question of a public audit of accounts, and then make a few remarks on the grievance which is most complained of, and the existence of which certainly reflects most discredit on the government of the Board: we allude to the insufficient salaries of the non-tutor fellows.

The Board, indeed, affect to have no real objection to publicity, and only to resist it on the grounds that the demand implies an affront. The public, however, have learned enough of boards by this time to know that, however plausible such statements may be, they are not to be relied on. Conscious fraud is, of course, very rare among respectable men. But what can be more common than one-sided views and exaggerated estimates of one's own claims? and when those are accompanied by the opportunity of satisfying these supposed claims, serious abuses will not be slow to arise. It is idle to object that the Board is not irresponsible—that an appeal to the visitors will obtain redress for misappropriation of college revenues. If the misappropriation escape notice for a few years, usage is pleaded in its defence; and it is certain to escape notice under the present *regime* if introduced gradually. The Royal Commissioners of 1851 had excellent means of judging whether such an audit was requisite or not; and we find them laying a greater

stress on this reform, and recurring to it more frequently than to any other of the measures which they recommend. We find them, first, asking the questions (Evidence, page 270):—

“By what officer are the accounts examined? By whom is the auditor appointed, and from what body is he usually selected?”

To which the registrar answers:—

“The provost and senior fellows usually select the auditor from their own body, in conformity with the powers vested in them by the statutes.”

By the word *usually* we opine the registrar means invariably; as the office of auditor, with its salary attached, travels round the circle of senior fellows, like the senior lectureship, the proctorship, the bursarship, &c. It would have been satisfactory to hear from the registrar what exceptions ever occurred to the rule of the auditor being selected from the Board. But the registrar's answer is peculiar in another respect. He volunteers the observation, “in conformity with the powers vested in them by the statutes.” This strongly suggests the thought, *qui s'excuse, s'accuse*. The excuse, however, does not seem to have been held good by the Commissioners; for in their report (page 9) they observe:—

“The office of auditor has been also usually held by a senior fellow, although the Board seem to have been empowered by the statutes to elect any one to that office; and it appears to have been the intention of the framers of the statute that the auditor should not be a member of the Board.”

Indeed, on looking into the statute in question, one is at a loss to understand how the registrar could have so entirely misconceived its intention. To return, however, to the evidence, the Commissioners ask (page 271):—

“Is the annual balance sheet and statement of the income and expenditure of the college published to any officers or members of the college or the university, except the provost and senior fellows?”

*Answer.*—“The annual statement of accounts is not published. No information on this subject is ever withheld when applied for on proper grounds.”

Another rap on the knuckles to the prying Commissioners. The registrar might have informed them, however,

what the Board considers "proper grounds" on which one might apply for information. Is a natural curiosity to know what is done with the public money an admissible motive? Or suppose an honor lecturer humbly represented to the Board that £20 Irish was too slight a remuneration for his labours, and was answered that there were no funds available to raise the salary, would he be entitled to ask, what, then, becomes of the moneys in the common chest? or of the moneys *not* in the common chest, but which ought to be there? Would he be considered to be on "proper grounds" in putting this question? We fear not.

Under the head of "Expenditure from the Funds of the College" (page 88), the Commissioners remark that—

"The management of the greater portion of the expenditure is intrusted to the provost and senior fellows, which large powers," they advise, "should be continued in the Board, provided that publicity be secured as to the manner in which they are exercised. For this purpose we recommend that the office of auditor should be placed on a new basis; and instead of that officer being a member of the Board, or appointed by them, that the visitors of the College should be empowered to appoint an auditor, who should annually examine the College accounts in detail. The balance sheet and statement of income and expenditure, when audited by him, should be published. The Board have given such full information with respect to the College revenues, in answer to our inquiries, that the continuous publication would not lead to any greater disclosure of the affairs of the College, whilst it would mark, in a very distinct manner, any progress that was from time to time made in the improved management of its financial arrangements."

This last passage is worthy of attention; but the full force of it only appears when we come to look into the disclosures that *were* made, from which we will also see what great room there was (and still is) for improvement in the management of the finances. We cannot help thinking, however, *pace* the Commissioners, that the proposed audit would be still more useful in marking a retrograde movement in the financial arrangements than in signaling improvements. We admire the courteous tone uniformly

adopted by the Commissioners; but courtesy sometimes may interfere with sincerity.

It might be supposed, however, that in the above extracts, and in others which we might make from the Blue Book before us, the Commissioners were influenced by a pedantic desire to assimilate the financial affairs of the College to those of ordinary public companies, or, perhaps, by an over-solicitude to guard the members of the Board from undeserved imputations, rather than by any conviction that a public audit was really necessary to secure an honest or a useful distribution of the funds. This hypothesis, unfortunately, has nothing but its amiability to sustain it. The broad fact which stared the Commissioners in the face throughout their inquiries was, that the emoluments of the members of the Board had steadily and rapidly increased through every fluctuation of public and College affairs, and had even done so at epochs of national calamity, and when every other College interest was retrograding. Less than a century ago (1761), a senior fellow, named Brabazon Disney, resigned his fellowship for the professorship of divinity, worth then £500 a-year. In 1790, another senior fellow, named James Drought, resigned his office for the same professorship. As the senior fellowship had increased in value during the interval, great difficulty was experienced on the latter occasion in filling up the professorship, which could only be held at that time by a senior fellow. The Board got over the difficulty by adding about £200 to the professorship. This clearly determines the value of a senior fellowship in 1790 to have been *not much over* £700. Now, it is matter of history that the interval between this date and 1814 was one of public trouble and private suffering. In this Trinity College had its full share. The election for fellowship in 1798 was postponed, with the concurrence of the visitors, until the rebellion should be quelled. Then succeeded the French war. Perhaps the very darkest period of this calamitous series of years was the year 1813. Well, in this year, the professor of divinity was superannuated; and we learn from the evidence in the Blue Book (p. 15), that in 1814 the emoluments of the office were

increased, and the office was thrown open to junior fellows. It will be interesting to learn that this increase, which failed to induce any of the senior fellows to resign his place on the Board, was one which raised the professorship to £1,200 a year. The professor appointed was the eminent Richard Graves, afterwards Dean of Ardagh. A living was subsequently conferred on him, but whether it was a College living or not we cannot say. In 1850, however, when the professorship of divinity fell vacant, the Board were desirous that it should be accepted by Dr. Singer, then as now one of the most popular men in the Irish Church. Dr. Singer was, however, a senior fellow, and could not be expected to resign his place on the Board for so small a prize as £1,200 a-year. The living of Raymochy was accordingly thrown in, being an addition of £500 a-year. Even in accepting £1,700 a-year, Dr. Singer was considered to have made a sacrifice. It was not so, however, in reality, as the position of professor of divinity was justly regarded as materially improving his prospects of being placed on the episcopal bench. This event took place in less than three years afterwards; but notwithstanding the encouragement thus afforded, no senior fellow could be induced to accept the professorship on equally advantageous terms. It was given to its present respected occupant, Dr. Butcher, who was at that time five steps distant from the enjoyment of a seat on the Board.

While the emoluments of the senior fellows were thus advancing by rapid strides, it has been otherwise with all other College incomes. These have, with few exceptions, fluctuated according to the circumstances of the College, and in cases of any permanent increase in the revenues, additional offices have been (and very properly) founded out of the increase. A remarkable example of the first-named law occurred within the short period occupied by the labours of the Commission. The three years, 1850, 1851, 1852, were years of great distress in Ireland. In this short period, the tutorial fund, out of which the bulk of the incomes of the twenty tutor fellows is paid, decreased no less than 10 per cent. (*vide* Report, p. 89). As to the increase that has taken place from

time to time in the number of junior fellows, we need only remark that these offices are now twenty-eight in number, instead of nine, the number existing in the time of Charles I., and down to 1698—the senior fellows being then as now seven in number. The scholars of the house are allowed, at the present day, exactly the salary enjoyed by the thirty native scholars in 1758—an epoch at which £20 (Irish) probably went a long way in maintaining a young man and furthering him to his profession. There has been, we admit, a considerable increase in the number of these prizes, but this might have been accompanied, we think, with an increase in the value of each place without overtaxing in any degree the revenues of the College. Besides, the Board ought to remember that a just and liberal consideration of the scholars' interests would lead to large bequests and benefactions, while the evidence of a monopolizing policy on the part of the governing body chills the fire of charity and shuts the purse of the munificent. Again, several professorships, once well paid or overpaid, have been from time to time considerably cut down. The late Dr. Whitley Stokes had a salary of £900 a-year as lecturer in natural history. This excessive remuneration has been duly diminished. The professorship of botany was worth £600 a-year in the time of Dr. William Allman, while his successor, a most eminent man in his science, received but £200 a-year, and a Scotch university now enjoys the benefit of his high talents and reputation. The professorship of oratory was £100 a-year in 1762, but was reduced in 1847 to £60, and in 1850, to £35 (Irish). Its salary was, indeed, somewhat restored in 1855, in consequence of the great increase in its duties; and the same must be said for the professorships of Greek and experimental physics, while some new lectureships and professorships have been founded. In a word, the professorships like the tutorships have risen and fallen, multiplied or died out, according to the wants of the age and the circumstances of the College. But the seven senior fellows have held their ground. The College estates have vastly increased in value, but they support no eighth senior fellow.

The consequence is what we see, an abnormal growth in the income of the members of the Board; an arrested development in the salaries of the scholars; a famine-fever among the non-tutor fellows.

Beside the evidence contained in this general state of things, the Commissioners brought to light certain particular incidents which rendered assurance doubly sure, concerning the necessity of a public audit of accounts. In the year 1828, the Board paid £14,000 out of the funds of the College for the advowson of the living of Clogherny. What the precise value of Clogherny was in 1828, we are not able to tell; but one thing is certain, it was better than a senior fellowship of that day. After all the reductions made on it, in the form of tithe composition, ecclesiastical tax, &c., it is still worth upwards of £1,000 a-year. It may have been worth the purchase-money: that is not the question we care to raise; but was this the best thing that could be done with the college funds, or was it merely a *job*, the senior fellows purchasing a promotion for one of their own number with the funds of the institution? Suppose the Board could purchase the nomination to the next bishoprick, it might be very wise, as a commercial speculation, to pay £20,000 or £30,000 for it; but would it be tolerable that the college funds should be employed for the purpose? What would the junior fellows, and the professors, and the scholars say to it? What would a public auditor say to it? It is not every year we can have a Royal Commission to say: "When so much might be done for the advancement of education by the endowment of additional fellowships, professorships, scholarships, and exhibitions in the college, we think the purchase of advowsons an injudicious application of the college funds." (Report, p. 22.) The Commissioners wrote "injudicious," but they probably meant something more. In the case of Clogherny, indeed, it turned out an "injudicious" speculation in every sense; for the incumbent outlived all the speculators, and the senior fellowships had so thriven in the meanwhile, that Clogherny, itself reduced in value, fell to the lot of a gentleman high among the juniors.

But the Commissioners found some uglier spots than Clogherny. In page 12 of the Evidence, we find some very clear and compendious tables relating to the distribution of the fees on degrees, as this distribution existed in 1851. The information here supplied to the Commissioners saw the light for the first time in that year.

The *amount* charged for each degree was ascertainable by anybody, on looking into the calendar, or inquiring from the proctor; but how the fees thus received were apportioned among the different officers and departments of the university, the graduates, masters, and doctors who paid them had no means of knowing. Let us be thankful, however, that the information did come at last, and let us turn to the statute-book to see whether the distribution in 1851 is in accordance with that authority. On turning, however, to Mr. Hercules Mac Donnell's edition of the statutes, we are doomed to be disappointed. The information we seek is not given in it. There is a short table of the sums total; but these sums do not tally with those furnished to the Commissioners—the latter are in all cases higher. We have recourse to Dr. Lloyd's edition, and with as little success. We bethink ourselves of a certain scrubby little green statute-book presented to ourselves on the eventful day of our matriculation, and after a rummage among the top shelves of our library, we find it. But no table of distribution! "How stupid," we think, "of Mr. Hercules Mac Donnell and Dr. Lloyd, and all the other editors not to give us this interesting information, which was printed on the same page as the sum totals which these gentlemen present to us. At last we get a gleam of light. A statute-book of the date of 1741 turns up in the college library; another, dated 1791, is brought to us by a friend, and this book bears internal evidence of having been the property of James Wilson, who got fellowship in 1800, and who entered one or two trifling corrections in it in 1801. Both these editions contain the long-looked-for table of distribution; and they agree with each other. Both disagree with the table printed in the blue book, and the disagreement deserves the marked attention of our reader,

DEGREES OF A.M.	Distribution in	
	1801.	1851.
Trinity College, or "common chest,"	£2 10 0	£1 2 6
Vice-Chancellor,	0 5 0	0 5 0
Library,	1 0 0	1 0 0
Cheirotheca,	1 7 6	Nil.
Bedell and Janitor,	0 5 0	0 4 0
Proctor,	2 6 0	2 10 0
Registrar,	0 5 0	0 5 0
Provost and Senior Fellows,	Nil.	4 10 0
	£7 18 6	£9 16 6
DEGREES OF LL.D., M.D., or MUS. D., including LL.B. and MUS. B.		
Trinity College, or "common chest,"	£12 0 0	£2 15 0
Vice-Chancellor,	1 3 0	1 10 0
Library,	5 5 0	6 0 0
Professor,	3 0 0	3 0 0
Cheirotheca,	3 0 0	Nil.
Bedell and Janitor,	1 4 0	0 15 0
Proctor,	3 0 0	3 0 0
Registrar,	0 12 0	0 15 0
Provost and Senior Fellows,	Nil.	16 0 0
	£29 4 0	£33 15 0
DEGREES OF B.D. and D.D.		
Trinity College, or "common chest,"	£15 0 0	£2 15 0
Vice-Chancellor,	1 10 0	1 10 0
Professor,	3 0 0	3 0 0
Library,	6 15 0	7 10 0
Cheirotheca,	3 0 0	Nil.
Bedell and Janitor,	1 10 0	0 15 0
Proctor,	4 10 0	4 10 0
Registrar,	0 15 0	0 15 0
Provost and Senior Fellows,	Nil.	19 0 0
	£36 0 0	£39 15 0

Whether a public audit is superfluous, let this table alone decide.

It is curious to observe that the original distribution appears to have been planned with a reference to every department with which the candidate was concerned. The Cheirotheca (*anglice*, gloves), was the head porter. This item has been abolished, and that officer is paid by a fixed salary, charged on the common chest. The bedell and janitor are the two inferior servants. The professor represented the special teacher, under whom the candidate was prepared. The vice-chancellor is the acting head of the university, and the common chest is the general fund on which all the material and many of the educational wants of the institution are charged. The vice-chancellor has always devoted his share of the fees to prizes for the students, a circumstance which explains the increase which that dignitary has permitted to take place in his own share of the fees. The proctor superintended the candidate in his performance of the exercises for the degree (once a reality): the registrar recorded the proceedings. Both proctor and registrar were senior fellows, which body was therefore already provided for

without the monstrous addendum which brings up the rear of each of the tables of 1851.

Referring to this table, the Commissioners ask:

"By what authority is the method of distribution regulated?"

And we feel something like admiration for the coolness of the reply:

"The distribution of the fees is made by the authority of the provost and senior fellows."

The Commissioners, however, are not to be daunted. In page 87 they report that—

"The decrements, the fees on degrees, and those payable to the registrar and other officers, are now imposed and regulated by the Board, without the intervention of the visitors, and without any express provisions of the statutes on the subject; whilst the fees payable by pupils to their tutors are regulated, as to the principle of their imposition, by royal statutes, and as to their amount, by decrees of the Board and visitors. *The latter mode of regulating the fees should, we think, be extended to all fees payable in college.*"

Finally, in the conclusion of their report (page 93), they recommend—

"That the fees paid on the higher degrees should be abolished, except the degree of master of arts, for which a payment should be made to the funds of the college."

Shortly after the Commission had concluded its labours, the Board, anxious to rectify the irregularity into which they had fallen, obtained from the venerable and aged visitors of the university their sanction to the condemned fees! The foundation being thus firmly laid, their next proceeding was to raise the superstructure as high as possible. A sum of £511, paid by government into the common chest for the increase and endowment of minor professorships, afforded a convenient means of increasing the degree fees thus secured in perpetuum. An arrangement was made with the government whereby this sum was resigned by the college, in consideration of the government remitting to the college the taxes on degrees. Nothing could look fairer on the surface. The government could not suspect that the transaction would injure any educational interest, as the increase that would

be sure to take place in the number of degrees taken out would fully compensate for the £511 removed. Unfortunately, however, the word "college" in the above unaudited arrangement was used in two senses: where the college resigns the money, it is the "common chest" is meant; when the college receives the compensation, it is the "provost and senior fellows," mainly that is meant. The "compensation" thus accruing to the provost and senior fellows in the two years since the remission of the taxes, amounted each year to £706, and it promises to be more for 1858.

At the time this arrangement was effected, six of the non-tutor fellows and junior tutors were, and are still, obtaining a livelihood by extraneous employments. The *spes collegii*, the young men on whose exertions in science and the higher walks of literature the reputation of the college depends, are occupied in "grinding," in superintending schools, and in writing for newspapers.

It is hardly necessary to say that we do not disapprove of the abolition of the tax on degrees. The tax had become an injustice, inasmuch as the degrees of the Queen's Colleges were exempted from it; and it was always an absurdity for the government to be paying with one hand, in the form of treasury allowances, what it removed with the other in the form of a tax. But the duty of the Board was to take good care that the arrangement entered into between them and the government should not trench on that "common chest," which was already unable to cope with the growing demands of education, and the empty condition of which was their own constant theme when asked to increase useful prizes, and to improve the position of confessedly underpaid college officers. They appropriated to themselves the increase thus produced in the fees, and thereby lost to the common chest a sum sufficient to save all the non-tutors from the necessity of neglecting their public functions.

In a passage which we have already quoted, the Commissioners class the decrements with the degree fees, as levied by the Board without the requisite sanction either of the visitors or the statutes. The amount of income received by each senior fellow from these "decrements," in 1851, was

£229 15s. 8d. The meaning of the term is a portion or per centage taken off the tutor's fees for general purposes. The whole fee is £15 for pensioners, and £30 for fellow commoners; out of which sums, respectively, £1 12s. and £2 6s. are paid to the provost and senior fellows. The information given to the Commissioners respecting the history of these acquisitions is of the vaguest. We are only told that—

"The charges payable to senior fellows from the decrement fund, have been fixed by the authority of the provost and senior fellows, as exercised from the earliest period"—(page 119).

The earliest period! Does this mean before that remarkable year, to which we have already adverted, 1801? It is somewhat curious that in the answers of the tutors, respecting their share of the tuition fees, they state (page 134) that—

"The fees were fixed at their present amount of eight guineas for pensioners, and sixteen guineas for fellow-commoners, in the year 1800."

To guard against misapprehension, we must observe that in the answer of the senior fellows, quoted above, the omission of the provost's name, when the senior fellows are first mentioned, does not imply, as one might suppose, that he acted as a visitor in sanctioning the imposition of fees in which he did not himself participate. The provost is not entitled so to act; and we find in the provost's own answer (page 117) that his share of the decrement fees is precisely the same as that of any senior fellow. It was merely a case of mutual audit.

Whether the decrements rest on any better foundation than the degree fees, or than the compensation for the treasury allowances, we are unable to say; and it seems that the registrar of 1851 participated in the inability.

Having now shown, at perhaps unnecessary length, the necessity of a public audit of accounts, we shall only add that the same arguments hold with respect to the publication of the Board's official proceedings. The registry of the Board ought to be accessible at least to every member of the University. On this point the Commissioners observe (Report, p. 7)—

"All such matters as can be safely intrusted to the College Board, without in-



terference, should be absolutely intrusted to them, only requiring *immediate publicity* of the acts of their legislation, so as to secure the most efficient control upon their conduct, the opinion of the other members of the University."

The Commissioners proceed to point out three classes of subjects, which cannot be safely intrusted to the Board; of which the first consists of—

"Those branches of the College affairs in which the members of the Board, from their position or their emoluments being connected with such affairs, may have a personal interest."

It is worth while observing that, small as is the reliance placed by the Commissioners in the government of the Board, their reliance was greater than the Board have justified. Every one knows that one of the greatest anomalies and practical abuses in College is the miserable scale of remuneration adopted for the most laborious and important educational offices. The honor lecturers, as they are called, and honor examiners, do the heaviest work, as teachers, in College, yet their remuneration hardly covers the price of the books they have to buy. Adverting to this the Commissioners (Report, page 13) observe—

"With respect to the duties of junior fellows as examiners we have only one recommendation to make—that the scale of payment for honor examinations should be higher than that for ordinary examinations. This is a matter, however, which may be safely left to the provost and senior fellows to regulate."

Five years and more have now elapsed since this gross and easily rectified abuse was thus brought prominently before their notice; and it remains in *statu quo* at the present day. Was it because the honor lecturers were mostly junior men to whom the loss of justice was a serious one? or were the provost and senior fellows too busy with other matters; getting the degree fees secured, for instance, and making their game with the treasury, and devising the "Venetian Constitution," so effectively exposed by Professor Haughton?

With respect to the grievances of the non-tutor fellows, the facts of the case are simply these:—The seven senior fellows, according to their own evidence to the Commissioners (page 88), divided, in 1851, a sum of £13,100

between them, being an average of £1,870 to each. In this same year, the seven most junior of the fellows (omitting the fellow just elected) divided £1,137 between them, receiving an average of £162 each. As one of this number was a tutor in full classes, who should not have been included if the six non-tutorships had been filled, it would be right to subtract this gentleman's income (£372) from the total, and say that the six juniors of the fellows received this year £765 between them, being an average of £127 each.

This is, however, not the whole of the case. It is not even the principal part of the case. The contrast between the senior fellows of 1851, or of the present day, and the non-tutors of this, and for many years to come, is even more striking in point of promotion than in respect of income. The senior fellows now on the Board stepped into an independence the day they got fellowships, and the average time they took to rise to the Board was but seventeen and a-half years. The non-tutors of late years may reckon on being fifteen or seventeen years, from the date of their election, before they are even *junior* tutors in full classes. The origin of this wondrous inequality, past, present, and to come, between the fellows on the Board or near it, and the fellows near the bottom of the list, is easily explained. In the year 1840, the Act enforcing celibacy on the fellows of Trinity College was repealed, and the tenure of a fellowship thereby converted from a temporary one, during celibacy, into a tenure for life. This was, of course, a vast advantage to those already in possession, especially to the fellows at the top of the list, for they had all the benefit of permanence, without any of the drawback of slower promotion. For this sudden increase in the value of the fellowships, somebody, it is evident, must pay. Now this somebody was the public. Vacancies would be henceforth diminished in number, just in proportion as the place of a fellow was increased in value. The particular section of the public that were at that day most interested in the question were the fellowship candidates in Trinity College, and these appealed to the government, as representative of public interests, to refuse

the repeal of the celibacy statute. We all know how keenly the contest was waged for some months, and how a compromise was at length effected. It was conceded that measures should be taken to provide for the occurrence of so many vacancies for fellowships as would keep up the class of candidates to its usual number, and it was calculated that this would be effected by adding ten to the sixteen existing junior fellowships. This arrangement satisfied the public, the government, the fellowship candidates on the one side, and the Board and existing junior fellows on the other. The former were to have their usual number of vacancies and promotions; the latter were to have their title permanent. These were, of course, to pay for this advantage by a corresponding reduction in income. The tutors admitted four of the ten new fellows to divide with them the tutorial fees. This was the contribution of the existing tutors to the price of the life-tenure of their office. It was an inadequate one, except from the junior portion of them, who paid also in the slowness of promotion. But inadequate as it was, it was better than that of the Board. *The senior fellowships paid nothing.* How, then, was the contract carried out? The answer is simple enough: it was not carried out. The remaining six new fellowships were only such in name; they were allowed the old statutable salary of £40, Irish, commons, chambers, some odd guineas for examinations, and, *perhaps*, a £20 lectureship. No outcry was raised against this gross breach of faith, because the first two or three non-tutors became tutors tolerably quick, owing to accidental circumstances (MacCullagh's lamented death among the number), and all the fellowship candidates who had taken part in, or who even remembered the agitation of 1840, obtained excellent fellowships and were contented. By the time the failure of the Board to realize its part of the compromise began to tell, there was a kind of prescription had grown up round the unreduced incomes which the senior fellows had secured for themselves for life; and the poverty of the "common chest" was the only thing to blame for the miserable provision that was given to solace the arrested promotion of the non-tutors. But will

offices thus remunerated continue to excite competition among the best intellects of the University? Supposing that, by any infatuation on the subject, such candidates continue to come forward, is it judicious to place them in this position for all the working years of their life? Will a man who has been occupied in the deadening routine of "grinding" up to the age of forty-five, or even of forty, then begin to open up new paths of research, and strive to win a name in philosophy, in letters, or in science? Far more likely he will say, "I have toiled out my youth; I will now enjoy my rest. It is too late in the day to begin the long ascent that leads to Fame."

But, it is said, genius will force its way through all difficulties. There is some truth in this; and even fair talents, with industry, will overcome great difficulties. But there must be some limit to this. A certain amount of difficulty calls forth the latent energies of a man: another amount depresses and crushes them. The candidate for fellowship wrestles with difficulties sufficient to develop the highest powers. But if he succeeds, only to find himself engaged in an ignoble and more protracted contest with poverty, his only resource to eat his heart out till his seniors drop under the load of their spoils, will that man ever rise superior to his hard destiny? If it be asserted that he is likely to prove a useful College officer, or to labour successfully in the fields of original research, then all we can say is, that such places as senior fellowships must be even a greater waste of the funds available for education and learning than we hold them to be.

"But, after all, his case is not so bad as that of hundreds of learned and clever men—the curates namely of the Established Church, who struggle to exist on £75 a-year; and yet no one proposes to enrich *them* at the expense of the bishops."

A notable objection. The position of the curates, and of too many of the rectors of the Established Church is a scandal to the religion we profess; and the scandal is heightened by the contrast between their incomes and those of the higher orders of the clergy. Bad as matters are, however, they were once worse. Fifty years ago the bishops' incomes were more princely: the curates' pittance more

beggarly. Public sentiment has been curtailing and docking the former, and making some attempts, too ineffectual as yet, to place the latter in the circumstances befitting gentlemen and men of education. This double process would have been carried much farther than it has gone, were it not for the notorious fact, that even if all the bishoprics were handed over bodily to the Curates' Aid Society, they would form but a very slight addition to the income of each curate. But the case of the College is the reverse : here the endowments are ample for all the legitimate purposes of the institution. And we allow a system of administration to go on which engenders and inflames in the College all the abuses which every right-minded man desires to allay and reduce in the Church. The collective sum paid to the fellows, senior and junior, in the year 1850-51, amounted to £30,400. This noble endowment would give to each of the twenty-eight fellows an average income of £868. Yet, in or about that very year, a junior fellow was ejected from his chambers for non-payment of the deposit money required by the authorities. Moderate as the sum was—it was only £12—his non-tutor's income did not enable him to pay it; and the Mæcenases, who foster science and throw the segis of their protection over learning in the University of Dublin, turned him out of his pair of rooms, with about as much compunction as that with which a College porter might chase away a strange dog from the gate. Here was an instance in which the authorities forgot the fundamental purposes for which the College was founded. And when a warning voice is raised, and the damage certain to accrue to science and learning, is pointed out, the apologists of wrong unblushingly reply that matters are not yet as bad with us as with the Church; and that we must not think of checking the tide of corruption until it has risen to a height that defies remedy and passes endurance. And for what object is this amazing toleration to be practised? In order that some seven gentlemen may accumulate large fortunes for their heirs, or spend in splendid superfluities the funds that were intended to advance the education of the country, and to confer on scholars, and writers, and public teachers, a learned

leisure, and a mind unharassed by pecuniary cares.

"But the most junior of the fellowships in Trinity College is as valuable a prize as many an Oxford fellowship, and yet we hear no complaints from the English University." What are the duties of the Oxford fellows who are worse remunerated than our non-tutors? Are they compelled even to residence, or are they free to enter any profession, and pursue it in any place that suits them? Is this Oxford fellowship, in fact, a profession like our own, or only a college prize? The difference is wide, and it is clearly put by the Commissioners (Report, p. 10.)

"From the emoluments of a junior fellowship with the certainty of promotion to a senior fellowship, and the prospect of other appointments, to which junior fellows are usually or occasionally promoted, it is a very valuable prize for a successful student; but as residence is compulsory, and as active duties are attached to the office, a fellow cannot engage in any non-collegiate pursuit. A fellowship in Trinity College is, therefore, to be considered not so much as an endowment for rewarding the exertions of students during their collegiate course, as a public office with important duties and responsibilities attached to it, on the proper discharge of which the character of the College and the University must in a great measure depend. Hence the importance of the manner in which fellows are elected."

We have quoted the whole of this passage, although the preamble no longer holds true; and although the fellows have now found out not only that they can, but that they must engage in non-collegiate pursuits, unless they possess private means. The latter sentences, however, sufficiently dispose of the argument founded on the Oxford fellowships; and we shall add, that the mode of election is as different in the two cases as is the nature of the office. At Dublin it is by an open competitive examination, between the most distinguished graduates of the university; at Oxford the minor fellowships are obtained sometimes by relationship to founders, sometimes by distinctions gained at Eton or Harrow, previous to matriculation.

"Oh, but those non-tutors were purchasers with notice; they knew what fellowship had sunk to when they read for it, and have no ground

of complaint, now that they have got it!"

Who is it urges this argument? One of the outside public? Are the public, then, indifferent to the policy of the question? Do they desire to see the fellowships of Trinity College sink so low in the estimation of the students that none will read for one but those who despair of any measure of success in a professional career? Or is it a senior fellow who would, by such an argument, divert attention from the real points at issue—the spirit in which the College is governed, and the system on which its revenues are distributed. No non-tutor accuses the Board of having defrauded *him*, the individual non-tutor. He accuses that body of having sought and secured for themselves advantages which were inconsistent with the health and vigour of the College. He accuses them of regarding with apathy and neglect a state of things which impairs the usefulness of the junior men, bars them out from an honourable career, and threatens to bring back on Trinity College the opprobrious name of Silent Sister, which the talent and industry of the present generation of fellows had well-nigh effaced. This is an accusation not to be met by telling the non-tutor that he is a purchaser with notice. The true purchaser in the case is our Alma Mater. They did not give her notice that they would so administer her affairs as to bring them into the present confusion, impoverish her younger sons, and help themselves "not wisely, but too well." She purchased them on the opposite understanding, conveyed in the *Juramentum Socii*, and a very indifferent bargain she had in some of them.

But is it altogether true, that the present non-tutors were purchasers with notice? What appearances, let us ask, did fellowship present to them when they were induced to *begin to read for it*? They saw those who got fellowships at that time, obtain at once a reasonable independence. The old prestige, also, hung round the thing. The signs of decay had not yet appeared. A mystery, broken in upon first by the Commission of 1851, floated over the subject of College finance. The depth of the "common chest" was unfathomed.

How could they believe the occasional whisper that reached them, that the wealth of Old Trinity was forestalled; that there was no longer any room for talent at her table; that some legerdemain had emptied the "common chest?" No. They were purchasers *without* notice.

Those who come after the first sufferers will indeed purchase with notice; and we know what effect this notice will have on the class of candidates which may be looked for. But that the public, who wish the University of Dublin to be a first-rate place of education and seat of learning, will tolerate the conclusion drawn from that premises, we will not believe till we have further evidence. They will be more likely to agree with the Commissioners (page 90, Report) that—

"The effect of having so many as six places of this kind, through which fellows, after their election, must pass in succession as vacancies arise above them, is to diminish the value of fellowships in a most injurious way, by making the whole diminution fall within the first few years of holding the office."

The word "few" meant seven, in the case of the gentleman who last rose to the tutors. After becoming a tutor, four years more elapse before he gets into what are called "full classes," i.e., before he receives the moderate income of a tutor of the junior grade. The gentlemen who are now at the bottom of the list of non-tutors cannot expect to attain this income sooner than fifteen or seventeen years from the date of their election to fellowship.

This looks like an exaggeration, but we have calculated it carefully from *Inwood's Life Assurance Tables*. The statement seems open to the objection that, at such a rate of promotion as is assumed, the present non-tutors would never get to the Board, which, nevertheless, they ought, in probability, to do, seeing that they are somewhat younger than the fellows above them on the list. The difficulty is removed, however, by observing that the rate of promotion will begin to be much accelerated at the end of eighteen or twenty years from the present time. Most of the fellows are now middle-aged. There are but few old men even

among the senior fellows. On the other hand, there are not any very young men among the juniors; there is none of them under thirty. Six of them are exactly thirty-seven. Now, it is very unlikely that the junior of these six will ever see the Board. Eleven of them are between forty and forty-five. The lowest two or three of these, in standing, will certainly die junior fellows, or, at least, will only rise to the Board to accept a retiring salary. One of the present members of the Board is considerably under fifty; another scarcely over it. On the whole, the inequalities of age among the existing fellows is much less than the inequalities of standing. It is beside our purpose to inquire what was the origin of this unnatural equality. It is partly explained by the rapid filling up of the ten new fellowships founded in 1840. Six of the successful candidates were taken out of one College class. As long as this equality lasts, the value of the fellowship will undergo violent oscillations from one generation to an-

other. In about twenty years from the present time fellowship will recover the high value it had in 1840. Whether it will recover its prestige then is very doubtful. We have seen that it did not lose its prestige until many years after it had lost its value as a prize; and similar causes will operate in an opposite direction twenty years hence. It is as in the mutual actions of the heavenly bodies. The effects of a disturbing cause do not attain their maximum, often are not visible at all, until after the cause has declined in force or ceased to operate. These things ought to be taken into consideration in discussing the impending University reforms. It will be a great mistake to institute such reforms as will only begin to come into play when reforms will not be wanted. The existing non-tutors and the existing fellowship candidates are the men whose positions ought to be kept mainly in view, if reforms are to be effected in the interests of learning, and in the spirit of justice.

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#### THE FISHER GIRL.

I sketched her with her tresses whirled about  
Her white neck by the wind. The freshening sea  
Fawned on its mistress; streamed the windy clouds  
Across a sky Italian; and the murmur  
Of summer waves was like the song of sleep  
Upon the mystic lotos-isles of old.  
I sketched her gazing on that laughing sea,  
Where small white sails were flashing to and fro  
In the blue mist afar. A fisher-girl!  
Why, whence came all that beauty? Was it kissed  
Into her red cheeks by the reckless wind?  
Brought to her by the ever-living brine  
Which woos the Hesperian isles, and twinkles brightly  
About the shelving shores where Circe dwelt?  
For Aphrodite on the yellow sands  
At Cyprus, when the Midland Sea was calm,  
Made not a footprint half so delicate.

All ranks have beauty for a heritage:  
Like the fresh air and water—like the joyance  
Which summer casts upon the woodland glades.  
They whom the world deems happier—what have they  
But gold—coined hatred—and such luxuries  
As stupify the faculties, and make  
The unseen spirit a gross material slave?

## OUR FOREIGN COURIER.

## NO. V.

I. "A tout Seigneur tout honneur." We have lately received a French translation of a theological and philosophical treatise by Abd-el-Kâder,\* to which, both from its intrinsic merits and from the position of the author, we feel bound to give precedence in this first section of our *Foreign Courier*, which deals, *pro more*, with theology and philosophy. The illustrious Emir who traces his descent to Mahomet through Fâtima, the daughter of the prophet, sent the original manuscript to M. Reinaud, president of the *Société Asiatique* (of which body Abd-el-Kâder was elected a member, on his quitting France for Brousse), by whom it was deposited in the Bibliothèque Impériale, in the year 1855. The translation now before us has been executed by another excellent French orientalist, M. Dugat, and is illustrated with copious notes. The very mention of such a work is sufficient to excite great curiosity as to its contents; and assuredly the reader will not return empty away. It is entitled, "A word to the wise and a hint to the thoughtless," and might, therefore, have borne as a superscription the words of—nobody knows who:

"Indocti discant et ament meminiisse periti,"

if the translator had not addressed himself rather to the author than to the work, by prefixing the motto, "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*" The first chapter is entitled "De la suprématie de la science et des savants," and embodies the metaphysical tenets of the author—tenets which, in more than one particular, exhibit a very curious resemblance to those of Kant. For example, the Kantian classification of the human faculties, under the three heads of Sense, Understanding, and Reason, is arrived at independently by the Emir. Then, again, the division and description of the four

virtues, Prudence, Justice, Courage, Temperance, tally with what we meet with in the *De Officiis* of Cicero. As we are assured that these coincidences are undesigned, they are sufficiently remarkable to be insisted on. Still more curious is the resemblance of many passages of this work to Pascal's *Pensées*, and to the four doctrinal "Articles on Reason and Faith," put forth by the Congregation of the Index, in 1855, and quoted by us in the *Foreign Courier* for January. Abd-el-Kâder has some truly noble thoughts on this head. But we are anticipating the contents of the second chapter, which is entitled, "Prophétie ou Révélation." In defending his faith and the faith of his fathers, the Emir remarks, that the Mussulman can retort upon the Christian the same answer as that with which the Christian endeavours to silence the Jew: "Ce que le Messie a dit, Mahomet l'a dit: je ne suis pas venu pour abolir l'Evangile et la Bible, mais seulement pour les compléter"—p. 103. He seems to regard Mahomedanism as the synthesis of the Mosaic and the Messianic, the ritual and the spiritual dispensations. It has thus put a coping-stone upon the religions of the world, which shall not be removed till Messiah shall a second time come to judge the earth. The passage next following is not very redolent of a spirit of toleration. The author declares that if the Christian and the Mussulman would be guided by him he would bring them both into the same common path; but this they will not do, for it is foreordained of God that they shall keep apart till Messiah descend upon the earth; and then he will reunite them, not by that word of power which raised the dead, gave sight to the blind, and made the leper whole, but by the sword and the battle. The translator informs us that this is an opinion universally

\* *Le Livre d'Abd-El-Kader intitulé: Rappel à l'intelligent, avis à l'indifférent. Considérations philosophiques, religieuses, historiques, &c., par l'Emir Abd-el-Kader. Traduites par Gustave Dugat, Membre de la Société Asiatique. Paris: Benjamin Duprat. Libraire de l'Institut. 8vo., 1856, London: Williams and Norgate.*

held by Mussulman writers. We think we have occasionally heard of its being both entertained and acted on by nations of a different persuasion. The two chapters of Part II, on Writing, Speech, and Ethnology, are of inferior interest; for on such subjects originality of thought cannot avail to shore up the very rickety erudition possessed by the author. This is the weak side of the book. Like the majority of Eastern writers he takes the Syriac as the primeval or mother tongue, a statement which he clothes in the following metaphor:—"La langue Syrienne s'est infiltrée dans toutes les autres comme l'eau dans le bois"—p. 130. We would call particular attention to a most interesting note, by M. Dugat, on the Arabian translations of Greek authors, p. 282-289. Indeed it is impossible to speak too highly of the manner in which he has executed his task; so far, at least, as the instruction and entertainment of the general reader are concerned. Of the merits of the translation in point of accuracy, we are not competent to form an opinion—our only guarantee is M. Dugat's high reputation as a student of Arabic. Those who are both willing and able to look more closely into the matter will soon have an opportunity, for M. Dugat proposes publishing the original text. That text, when confronted with the notes, furnishes some curious illustrations on the influence of life in the Desert on the modes of thought and forms of speech of the inhabitants. For example, at p. 21, we find that the perfection of a horse is made to consist, not only in harmonious proportions of limb, but in its faculty of comprehending the "signs of the rider," when he wishes the *kerr*, the *ferr*, the *hamladja*, the *h'ad'r*, or the *takerib*, all of them paces more or less peculiar to the training of the Arab horse. Then, again, we learn from page 35 (comp. Note), that Reason, in Arabic, is called *akl*, a word derived from *akal*, the noose which ties together a fore and hind leg of the camel, to tether it within certain bounds, just as reason keeps man from wandering from the right way. On the whole,

this book amply redeems the charge brought against his countrymen by Aboulfaradje, in the thirteenth century, "that, as to philosophy, God had taught them nothing, and they were naturally unfit for it." (*Specimen Historiæ Arabum*. Pococke. Oxford, 1650, 4to, p. 7).

Some five years ago the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques proposed, as the subject for one of their prizes, the "Philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas." The appeal was responded to by four writers, and the prize was awarded last year to M. Charles Jourdain, a gentleman who is at the head of the finance department in the Ministry of Public Instruction, and son of the famous author of the *Recherches sur l'âge et l'origine des traductions d'Aristote*. The work\* thus honoured has just been given to the world by its author, with all the additions and improvements suggested by M. de Rémusat, the *rapporteur* of the Academy. On opening the first volume we meet with a most interesting sketch of the rise and progress of scholastic philosophy up to the time of the Angelic Doctor, p. 1-67. This is succeeded by a critical inquiry, full of interest, erudition, and acumen, on the authenticity of the various works attributed to Aquinas, p. 67-130. Many of our readers will not need to be told that the great *Summa* itself has not been free from suspicion on this head. M. Jourdain, however, places its authenticity beyond the reach of any further cavil. The third section or analysis of the tenets of Aquinas, fills the remainder of the first volume, (p. 130-435), and treats successively on—1. The general drift of his Philosophy; 2. His Theodice; 3. His theory of Universals; 4. His Psychology; 5. His Moral Philosophy; 6. His Political Philosophy; and 7. The sources from which each and all of these tenets are derived. On this last head, M. Jourdain maintains that, however largely Saint Thomas may have borrowed the details of his *Summa* from the Scriptures, the Fathers and Aristotle (of Plato he knew nothing but Chalcidius's trans-

\* *La Philosophie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin*. Par Charles Jourdain. Agrégé des Facultés des Lettres. Chef de division au Ministère de l'Instruction publique et des cultes. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut Impérial de France. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Hachette, 1858. London: Jeffs.

lation of the Timæus), a margin sufficiently large yet remains for undoubted originality and power in the consummate art, or rather the genius with which these details are fitly framed together, and cast into a mould of deep rich thought, to which no mere compiler, had he the hands of a Briareus, the eyes of an Argus, and the stores of a Vatican, and the life of a Methuselah, could ever attain. Besides, the originality of a work is best approved by the spirit with which it leavens the thoughts and guides the inquiries of succeeding generations. Now, it cannot be doubted that Aquinas has engraved a line in the history of the human race which will only perish with the race itself. The very name of the great Dominican is by turns a source of terror and of attraction alike to those who have read, and to those who have never so much as opened, his works. "That dumb ox, as you call him, will one day make his bellowing heard throughout the length and breadth of Christendom," was the rebuke which Albertus Magnus addressed to the co-disciples of his pupil Aquinas. The second volume of M. Jourdain's work illustrates the truth of this prophecy—the first half of it (p. 1-276) being devoted to tracing the vicissitudes through which the Thomist doctrines passed in their collision with those of the Scotists, and of other disputants, down to the close of the seventeenth century. The remaining half is occupied with a philosophical discussion on the bearings and soundness of the tenets of Aquinas, arranged in the order we have already enumerated. We cannot better close this notice than by quoting a passage (ii. p. 484), which proves that M. Jourdain is no blind idolater of the great man whose memory he has endeavoured to revive:—"Selon nous sa méthode, très-salutaire pour développer certaines qualités de l'esprit, telles que la sagacité, la finesse et la précision, moins favorable à cette lumière de l'imagination et du cœur qui devance la réflexion, qui souvent la supplée, et qui sera toujours d'un grand prix dans la recherche de la vérité, sa méthode fait

une part trop large au raisonnement, une part trop faible à l'expérience psychologique si profondément consultée par l'école de Descartes. En théodicée Saint Thomas montre une préférence trop exclusive pour la preuve de l'existence de Dieu qui se tire du mouvement, et il n'estime pas à sa vraie valeur la démonstration de Saint Anselme fondée sur l'idée même être parfait, contemporaine des premiers développements de l'intelligence. En psychologie il ne marque point assez fortement ni le rôle propre de la raison dans la formation de la connoissance, ni la volonté et du désir. Enfin à propos de l'individuation, quand il croit toucher le but, il n'aboutit, à travers de graves inconséquences, qu'à des théories arbitraires, d'autant moins fondées que la question qui donne lieu à ses efforts de logique est une difficulté toute artificielle grossière à sort par l'Ecole." Such are the principal defects pointed out by this most intelligent and learned author in the purely philosophical teaching (for his dogmatic theology he does not meddle with) of the Angelic Doctor. When he turns from these defects to the sterling merits observable in the writings of Aquinas, he feels bound to assert that not Descartes, not Leibnitz, not any or all of the modern schools and systems of philosophy, have dived so deep, or seen so far, or gone so fearlessly into the innermost penetralia of those mysteries which shroud the Deity and environ man. We know not what may be thought of this book by others; for ourselves we can only say, we have laid it down with a tolerably strong resolution to take the first available opportunity of making ourselves more intimately acquainted with the writings of the great disciple of Aristotle and Dominic in one.

The importance of the two works, which have here been laid before the reader, has betrayed us into a length of detail which leaves but scanty room for the remaining works which we had noted down for the first section of our *Foreign Courier*. Among the most important of these is a volume of *Essays*,\* by M. Waddington, on the method and objects of Logical

\* *Essais de Logique*. Leçons faites à la Sorbonne de 1848 à 1856, par Charles Waddington, Agrégé de la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. 8vo. Paris : Hachette, 1858. London : Nutt.



and Psychological Studies. We recommend this work more particularly to the attention of the literary executors of the late lamented Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, Sir William Hamilton. A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with a discussion of what Sir William Hamilton called his New Analytic; the principles of which were so ably embodied in an essay by one of Sir William's pupils, Mr. T. S. Baynes, the translator of the Port Royal Logic. With the contents of that Essay we venture to conjecture, that M. Waddington has only, as it were, a bowing acquaintance. He has seen it referred to in Sir William Hamilton's *Discussions*, but has not perused it himself. We submit that a closer acquaintance would have dispelled some of the difficulties against which he stumbles in the New Analytic of Logical Forms. Whatever may be his hesitation in accepting all the doctrines laid down by the illustrious thinker, whose death made an irreparable blank among the worthies of Europe, M. Waddington is not slow to admit that Sir William Hamilton must henceforth rank side by side with Aristotle, as the most original of his fellow-labourers in the same field of thought, and as the inventor of weapons which are not to be found in the logical arsenal of the Stagyrite. Once more, then, we urge Messrs. Veitch and Mansell to cast their eye over these Essays. Perhaps their general purport may best be understood by saying, that M. Waddington endeavours to press into the service of logic all those processes of thought and reasoning which belong to psychology. At p. 38, &c., the reader will find a kind of résumé of the benefits which have already accrued to the study of logic from that quarter, and we think he is shown in the volume before us, that yet greater progress has to be achieved in the same direction. The long Essay on Induction, and the Inductive Method (p. 195-300) will interest the student of Bacon, and serve to

check, as it were, the results arrived at independently by M. Kuno Fischer, in Germany, M. de Rémusat, and the editors of Bacon in our own country. The essay next following on Method in Psychology, strikes us as a very remarkable and lucid exposition of a most intricate subject.

The name of Bacon reminds us of his French editor, M. Bouillet, who has just published the first volume of a translation of the *Enneads*\* of Plotinus, which will be completed in three. The one before us contains the two first Enneads. It is accompanied with all manner of critical and elucidatory apparatus, with one most grievous exception—to wit, the original text. This, however, has recently been printed in the Teubner Classics, in a cheap form, so that any one will be able to confront M. Bouillet's translation with the original text, without going to the expense of the Oxford edition. At the head of the *Notes et Eclaircissements*, which fill a third of the volume, the translator gives us a summary of the fundamental principles of Plotinus. We cannot pause to enter into any discussion of details. We content ourselves with urging the reader to have by him not only the standard histories of the Alexandrian school, by Jules Simon and Vacherot, but also the third part of Zeller's excellent *Philosophie der Griechen*. Thus accoutred, it will be his own fault if he does not thoroughly master one of the most interesting epochs of ancient Philosophy, and unsphere the spirit of one of the most conspicuous of its teachers. The three successive stages of the Neo-Platonic School are identified with the names of Plotinus, Jamblichus, and Proclus respectively. Though the second of these is more interesting to us, in this our day, from the antagonism to Christianity there manifested in the attempted resuscitation of polytheism, it cannot be duly appreciated without a thorough comprehension of the more purely scientific movements of Plotinus and Proclus. On every account, therefore,

\* *Les Ennéades de Plotin, chef de l'Ecole Néo-Platonicienne*, traduites pour la première fois en Français, accompagnées de Sommaires, de notes et d'éclaircissements, et précédées de la vie de Plotin et des Principes de la théorie des Intelligibles de Porphyre. Par M. N. Bouillet, Conseiller Honoraire de l'Université, Inspecteur de l'Académie de Paris. Tome 1, 8vo. Paris: Hachette, London: Williams and Norgate.

we thank M. Bouillet for this fresh contribution to the literature of philosophy. His editions of the philosophical works of Bacon, Cicero, and Seneca have met with a reception at the hands of the public, which we trust may be extended to the work before us.

The same publishers have conferred a lasting benefit upon all students of modern philosophy, by adding to their excellent *Bibliothèque Variée* Jouffroy's *Cours de Droit Naturel*.<sup>\*</sup> Under that term, Jouffroy comprised all the rules of man's conduct in his relation—1, to God; 2, to himself; 3, to the creation; 4, to his neighbour. But here he is met *in limine* by shoals of systems which either imply the impossibility, or misapprehend the nature of any such binding obligation on human conduct. Accordingly, after rehearsing the cardinal facts of man's moral nature, he proceeds, by way of prolegomena, to confront with those facts divers and sundry bodies of adverse opinion which have been brought to bear in various ways upon the existence of a moral law. Indictments are thus preferred against pantheism, mysticism, and scepticism, on the one hand; against Hobbes, Bentham, and Smith, on the other. As interest and instinct, egotism and moral sentiments, are thus alike unavailing to maintain the integrity, and make fast the foundations of the moral law, one other course is open to the inquirer—let him take reason as his guide. This is what M. Jouffroy does; and before proceeding to lay before his readers the results at which he arrives, he passes under review the so-called "rational" systems of Price, Wollaston, Clarke, Malebranche, Wolf, the Stoics, and Kant. Unfortunately, it is with these historical prolegomena that the work stops short. Jouffroy died, and was unable to carry out the plan he had proposed to himself, which was, to divide the whole subject into four parts, answering to the relations above enumerated, in which man is placed, and entitled—1. *Religion naturelle*; 2. *Moralité personnelle*; 3. *Droit*

*réel*; and 4. *Moralité sociale*. It would, however, be churlish to look slightly, on that account, upon the splendid fragment which has been preserved to us, and which, after all, is complete as far as it goes. There is one lecture called "*Du scepticisme actuel*," which is full of the most lively interest as a picture of the condition of France during the eighteenth century, and subsequent to the great revolution. Let us only hope that the remainder of Jouffroy's works may be given us in the same form. For purity of style and vigour of thought he will ever be numbered among the foremost writers of the nineteenth century.

We must not close this section of our *Foreign Courier* without calling attention to an exquisite little volume on the "Philosophy of Art," by M. Mazure.<sup>†</sup> What are the relations which exist between landscape scenery as it came forth from the hands of its great Creator, and the same scenery as depicted on canvas by the painter? How is nature to be modified, transformed, idealized by art? Such are questions to which M. Mazure addresses himself; and he endeavours to answer them in a truly noble spirit. The first chapter, "le paysage de Dieu," sets forth in a general way the grandeur, sublimity, and beauty of natural scenery, and all the wealth of wonders which God has lavished on the world. When we consider the heavens the works of His fingers, the moon and the stars which He has ordained, we find ourselves exclaiming with the Psalmist (viii. 4), "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" or with Job, "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?" (vii. 17). But, as M. Mazure finely observes, "Man is greater than they all. The very fact that he knows, and understands, and feels, as a sentient and reasonable being, that all this grandeur, and sublimity, and beauty, are designed to kindle his admiration, gratitude, and love; and that in his measure and degree he ministers to the fulfilment of that design, is a proof that

<sup>\*</sup> *Cours de Droit Naturel professé à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris*, par Th. Jouffroy, troisième édition, 2 vols. 18mo. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs.

<sup>†</sup> *Paysage. Dieu, la Nature et l'Art*, par M. A. Mazure. 18mo. Paris: Jules Tardieu, 1858.

they are to him as stepping-stones to yet higher things wherein they themselves have neither part nor lot. "L'homme seul admire : à lui seul a été donné d'interpréter et de comprendre." Our author proceeds from God's landscape to the painter's landscape, and shows by virtue of what principles of ideal beauty the artist endeavours to compass in due sort a kind of reproduction, or rather transformation, of the wonders and beauties of the visible world. To show how those principles are trampled under foot, and how God and nature are outraged by the servile and soulless transcription of nature familiar to the disciples of Realism, is the object of the third chapter. In the fourth, we are told that nature is a book; and that, as in other books, in order to be read, we must know the language, and be able to decipher the characters full of symbolical import in which it is written. Subsidiary to this aim are the succeeding chapters, in which our author, with a poetic feeling and chasteness of diction which we cannot too highly praise, sets forth the beauties of the sky and the changing glories of celestial light—the richness of vegetable life, the harmonious undulations of hill and dale, the stern majesty of the mountain brow, the silvery fall of water, the transparent bosom of the broad lake, and all the countless varieties of animal life, "all sheep and oxen, yea! and the beasts of the field," which give motion, and reality, and animation to the whole scene. M. Mazure then goes on to show after what fashion these wonders of creation are reflected in creation's lord, that is, what are the feelings and moods of thought—what the love, joy, sorrow, and emotions of every kind which the scenery of nature is wont to kindle in the breast of man. We cannot follow him through the remainder of the volume, in which he traces the symbolism of line and colour, and examines generally the relations which exist between landscape on the one hand, and poetry and art on the other. We can only state, in conclusion, that we have

read his book with exceeding zest and instruction, and can but regret that so keen and sagacious a judge of the beauties of landscape should betray such deplorable ignorance of the landscape painters of England.

II. We shall dispose very briefly of the second section of our *Foreign Courier*, having only two works before us which can be classed under the head of Politics and Education. The former,\* though written by a German, is of especial interest to Englishmen, and bids fair to add to the literature of politics a work of substantial and enduring value. It is a history of the constitutional and administrative systems of England; and the first volume, now before us, treats of the history and actual condition of the public departments or offices of the country. In Part I. that history is followed up from the time of the Norman, through Stephen and Henry III. to Richard III., through the time of the Tudors, the Reformation, the Stuarts, the Republican interlude, up to the fuller development of the constitution, after the accession of William III., and concludes with a sketch of the royal prerogative as constituted in the present day. We look in vain for any thing to warrant Mr. Disraeli's harebrained crotchet of transferring the appointment of an executive body from the crown to the suffrages of constituencies. In Part II. we have a most able *aperçu* of all the public offices of every kind now in existence, ministers of state, war and navy departments, parliamentary boards, and all manner of civil and ecclesiastical functionaries. Part III. treats of the political and social bearings of the English administrative system, as exhibited both in the country and the metropolis. On the whole, this is a work which fills up a lacuna in our literature, and ought, without delay, to be translated into English. Dr. Gneist is not the first foreigner to whom we are indebted for a standard work on the constitution of Great Britain. The history of many of our public offices is a matter of such perplexity that we are not sorry to have as a guide through the labyrinth one

\* *Gneist Das heutige Englische Verfassungs- und Verwaltungsrecht, erster Theil: Die Königliche Prerogative. Die Aemter.* Berlin: 1858. London: Williams and Norgate. 8vo.

who, like Dr. Gneist, has devoted so much labour and learning to its investigation.

"Parents and guardians" will read with instruction and profit a handbook of "Education, Moral and Physical," by Dr. Clavel,\* which has, for some time, met with very high favour at the hands of the French public. The author, who is evidently a practitioner of no small sagacity and experience, takes up the matter from the very earliest infancy; and although we do not profess to be a competent judge of the art of making babies thrive, there is an air of practical good sense in the advice and directions offered by Dr. Clavel which disposes us to think well of his book. Be this as it may, we can only repeat that the work is considered in France to be a great authority; and those who wish to compare the French and English systems of training, not with the predetermination of running down the former at all cost, but with the view of adhering to whatever is excellent in either, cannot do better than get the treatise before us. The first volume is devoted to physical nurture up to years of maturity; the second, to moral education, which is considered under the two heads of the Intellect and the Conscience. The two together are intended to compass that greatest of all earthly blessings—the *mens sana in corpore sano*. We wish to make it understood that the book is emphatically intended for the use of the supervisors, rather than of the recipients of Education.

III. From this unavoidably meagre notice of "Politics and Education," we pass on to our third section, which, we trust, will yield us a richer harvest. Foremost on the list must be named the fourth† and concluding volume of Humboldt's *Kosmos*. From the very distribution of the subject adopted by the illustrious author, the last two volumes of his immortal work will exercise inferior attraction on the general reader, when compared with the two by which they were preceded. These, it will be remembered, approached the consideration of Na-

ture as a whole, both taken objectively *per se*, and yet more as reflected in the imagination and feelings of man at different ages of the world. Such a survey, conducted with all the genius, and clothed with all the grace for which Alexander Von Humboldt has acquired a reputation second to none in Europe, possessed fascinations of no ordinary kind for a class of readers who would have some difficulty in following the writer through the researches which occupy the two concluding volumes. For there the author enters into special details on the Heavens and Earth, or as he styles it, the Uranological and Telluric Phenomena of the Universe, which require a special scientific training on the part of his readers. It is with the last and more complicated order of facts that the fourth volume deals. In the case of Astronomy, or "the theory of movable luminous bodies," sight is the only sense exercised; optical and analytical science, the only departments of knowledge called into play. The heavenly bodies are considered as nothing but homogeneous gravitating matter, regardless of elementary differences in the component particles, and of *specific* heterogeneity of constitution. With the earth, on the other hand, we stand in much closer contact. The enchantment which distance lends to astronomical researches, gives way to a very shoal of intricate facts and details, which have to be unravelled from each other, and arranged in due sort under the control of general laws. Sciences, physical and chemical—to abide by a long-established distinction, of which the interconnection is, at first sight, somewhat obscure—have here to be marshalled, as it were, abreast of each other, and so conducted, under the auspices of a mind at once keen and sober, to the conquest of truth and the unravelling of Nature's mysteries. Such is the expedition on which this veteran of science sets out in the present volume, which is divided into two parts. In the first, he discusses the size, shape,

\* *Traité d'Education Physique et Morale*, par le Dr. A. Clavel. 2 vols., 18mo. Paris: Victor Masson.

† *Kosmos. Entwurf einer physischen Weltbeschreibung*, von Alexander von Humboldt. 4<sup>te</sup> Band. Stuttgart, 1858. London: Nutt.

and density of the earth, its internal heat, and magnetic processes or constitution. In the second, he investigates the reaction of the earth against its surface, under which head are comprised the theories of earthquakes, thermal and gaseous springs, and volcanoes. The completion of this work constitutes an epoch in the ever-increasing lustre of that long and honoured career, every phase of which excites the admiration and interest of men of science in every quarter of the globe. We lately saw a translation of this volume announced, but cannot state whether it has yet appeared.

We invite the attention of the mathematical students and Professors of the Dublin University to a somewhat remarkable treatise on the Theory of Functions, and of the Infinitesimal Calculus, by M. Cournot,\* Rector of the Academy of Dijon, translator of Herschell's *Astronomy* and Lardner's *Mechanics*, and author of numerous other works which betray a mind of more than average calibre. The originality of the work appears to consist in the pains with which the author begins by asserting the substantive existence of a theory of continuous functions, independently of any application of that theory to algebraical functions. This idea not only seems to the author to be the only philosophical basis of this branch of mathematics, and to be especially serviceable as a means of solving and reconciling the discrepancies which at various times have prevailed between mathematicians on the very principles of analysis. Lagrange, it is contended, would never have written a book for the express purpose of reducing the differential calculus to algebraical analysis, if he had eliminated from that calculus the pure theory of continuous functions, whether expressed or not by algebraical signs, and subsisting independently of the applications of which it was susceptible. Some excellent remarks on the "metaphysical paralogism" of which Lagrange was guilty, are found in a subsequent part

of the first volume, *à propos* of Taylor's Theorem, p. 178. Compare p. 81. The whole work, we may mention in passing, is interspersed with philosophical reflections. The first volume treats of all that is ordinarily comprised under the head of Differential Calculus; while the second treats of the Integral. We must not omit to mention that at the end of the second volume is appended a very important Memoir, by MM. Briot et Bonquet, on the functional Theory of Imaginary Quantities, which embodies results towards which M. Carschly and other eminent analysts have, of late years, been directing their efforts. The leading idea of this memoir is to consider the imaginary value of a variable as the normal value, and the real value as a particular case or form in which the coefficient  $\sqrt{-1}$  vanishes. We trust we have said sufficient to commend this work to the notice of men of the *Fach*, as the Germans style it.

If the reader will turn to the *Foreign Courier* for January he will meet with an account of the second part of the second volume of the important work on Physiology, by Milne Edwards, now in course of publication by M. Victor Masson, whose catalogue, we may observe in passing, is a valuable repertory of standard works on Physics, Physiology, and Medicine. It was then stated that the third volume would treat of the circulation of the blood, and, accordingly, the first part of that volume,† now before us, opens with an account of the discovery of the phenomenon in question. All the preliminary steps which, from the earliest times, led up to the discovery which has immortalized the name of William Harvey, are traced with that lucidity and interest for which French writers on science are so remarkable. Harvey's own researches are recounted at great length. We looked with some curiosity to see if M. Milne Edwards countenanced what we must call the somewhat carping tone in which M. Flourens speaks of Harvey's discovery: we allude to that disposition, not so much to depreciate

\* *Traité Élémentaire de la Théorie des Fonctions et du Calcul Infinitesimal*, par M. Cournot. 2 vols., 8vo. Paris: Hachette, 1858. London: Nutt.

† *Leçons de Physiologie et d'Anatomie Comparée de l'Homme et des Animaux faites à la Faculté des Sciences de Paris*, par H. Milne Edwards. Tome 3, première partie. Paris: Victor Masson, 8vo, 1858. London: Williams and Norgate.

Harvey as to exalt his predecessors at his expense, and so to diminish his relative, if not his absolute pre-eminence. The following passage (among many others) set us at rest on this score :—" *Lorsque Harvey parut, dit ell, Flourens, tout, relativement à la circulation, avait été indiqué ou soupçonné, rien n'avait été établi. J'ajouterai : Oui ! tout avait été indiqué ou soupçonné, mais rien n'avait été compris. En effet si Michel Servet avait compris ce qu'est la circulation du sang, il n'aurait pas imaginé que les artères en se terminant, deviennent des nerfs, disposition qui aurait rendu toute circulation impossible : et Césalpin qui faisait aller la chaleur des artères dans les veines, supposait que les veines portent le sang au foie et aux intestins*"—p. 37. We apprehend this volume will be found to offer peculiar interest to physiologists from the numerous proofs and illustrations which M. Milne Edwards takes occasion to advance respecting a peculiar system of circulation among the lower orders of animals (such as Mollusca and Crustacea), with the discovery of which his name is, in a great measure, identified. We allude to the system in which the veins are represented by interspaces between the organs of the body, and the blood, accordingly, is moved without being enclosed within vascular walls. M. Milne Edwards styles this system the "circulation lacunaire." Dealing, as he does in this volume, with the circulation of invertebrate animals, he has, necessarily, frequent opportunities of making good his theory ; and at p. 232-238 the reader will meet with an interesting *résumé* of the *pros* and *cons* of the case. If, as stated by Professor Clark in a note to his invaluable translation of Van der Hoeven's Zoology, this structure of the interspaces was first observed by Hunter, the fact in no way impairs the credit of M. Milne Edwards, for Hunter's manuscript was not published by Professor Owen till some years after the French Physiologist had committed to print the researches of himself and M. Audouin on the circulation of Crustacea. We ought to bear in mind Professor Owen's observation that the

system of circulation in question presents no essential functional difference from that of the closed vessels, but is only a morphological departure from the typical structure of the circulatory organs. See Professor Clark's translation of Van der Hoeven, vol. i., p. 710.

It is not without a feeling of pain that we approach the next work we have to notice. At the very moment that we are writing these lines, its author is being carried to his grave, the descendant of a family which for two centuries has adorned medical science. Professor Chomel was one of the greatest, if not the *facile princeps*, of those distinguished practitioners of whom Paris has so much reason to be proud. He had for a long time been ill, and the treatise on Dyspepsia\* now before us, was, in fact, written from a bed of sickness. It bears no traces, however, of the unfavourable conditions under which it was composed. For vigour and clearness of composition, it is fully equal to any thing Chomel has ever penned ; and we doubt not this sick man's legacy will meet with as great favour as the *Elements of Pathology*, by the same author, now in its fourth edition. Nor will it be welcomed only by men of the craft : the public generally will find their account in the perusal of a work from which they are shut out by few, if any, of those bristling paraphernalia with which men of science frequently mask from the gaze of profane curiosity the esoteric mysteries of their pursuits. Professor Chomel found that all the disorders which come under the head of dyspepsia had been, by their very nature, excluded from partaking in the forward movement to which other maladies have been subjected through the instrumentality of pathological anatomy. As Chomel has always looked with suspicion, not to say hostility, upon that instrumentality, it was only natural he should direct his attention to a quarter where he had less chance of coming into collision with it, and thus make some amends for the comparative neglect with which the disciples of the physiological school had treated a whole

\* *Des Dyspepsies*, par le Professeur Chomel. 8vo. Paris: Victor Masson. 1858.

department of nosology, in which they had small scope for their favourite tenets. Such were the motives which induced this distinguished man to write a treatise on dyspepsia, that is, on dyspepsia sharply defined, or as he calls it "*dyspepsies essentielles*, c'est à dire celles qui ne les symptômes ni l'effet sympathique d'aucune autre maladie appréciable chez l'individu qui digère mal." Such essential dyspepsias he divides into two groups, of which the former occupies but a seventh part of the volume, namely—accidental dyspepsias, or indigestion and habitual dyspepsia, arising from the continuous action of those causes which in accidental dyspepsias are but casual and momentary. These last are treated at great length, and with an ability which has elicited a universal acknowledgment from those most competent to judge, that the author has given to the world a work which will henceforth be the great fountain-head of authority on the particular class of maladies therein discussed. Professor Chomel passes in succession from the causes of habitual dyspepsias to their symptoms (chap. iii.), and thence to their special forms, which he enumerates as follows:—1. Flatulent dyspepsia; 2. Neuralgic; 3. Boulimic, or ravenous (of which he has never known but one case); 4. Acid; 5. Alkaline; and 6. Fluid dyspepsia, one of the most remarkable and least known forms. The stomach digests solids with apparent regularity, but cannot away with fluids. We then come to the "march of dyspeptic affections," which is essentially remittent or intermittent (chap. v.), next to the Diagnosis (chap. vi.) distributed according to each of the special forms above named. The seventh chapter offers some suggestions on the Prognostic of dyspepsia, that is, on the method of determining the probable duration and ultimate issue of the malady, while the eighth, which fills nearly half the volume, is devoted to the most important subject of all, the treatment to be adopted in each particular case or form of the disorder. The ninth and last chapter is on the convalescence of dyspeptic

patients, which is generally more tedious and more liable to relapses than in any other complaint. Such is a brief summary of this remarkable work, which ought to be carefully conned by every one whose office it is to cure, or whose curse it is to feel any of the forms of dyspepsia.

Those who are engaged in the study or the amendment of the law may possibly be interested in making themselves acquainted with the forms of procedure in use at the *Cour de Cassation*, or Court of Appeal, which, in 1790, supplanted the *Conseil des Parties* of the old Regime, though it must be remembered that this had only some of the functions which belong to the modern tribunal. Such persons will do well to consult a kind of practical hand-book to the *Cour de Cassation*,\* which has just been published by its *Greffier en chef*, or principal registrar, M. Bernard. The whole subject is far too technical and perplexing to admit of our attempting an analysis of it in these pages. No one, however, can master its contents without gaining a great insight into the practice of French jurisprudence. That the book is not utterly dry, as its subject might lead one to suppose, may be gathered from the following anecdote which is put into the mouth of Heurion de Pausey, who was president of the court in the time of the First or Great Napoleon. On one occasion the court was called on to consider a sentence passed on some soldiers who, after plundering a mill, were going to set it on fire. One of them pleaded, in extenuation, that when the pillage was over, he prevented his comrades from proceeding to any further extremities; and this plea the court accepted. "I am not going to open up again your decision, gentlemen," said the Emperor; "but I think the chances are, you have pardoned the real culprit: the man who had influence enough over his comrades to stay the excesses was, probably, the very man who initiated the commission of the crime." De Pausey came to the conclusion that "*ce fêre homme*" was a better judge than they all. A very interesting memoir might

\* *Manuel des Pourvois et des formes de procéder devant la Cour de Cassation en matière Civile*, par M. Bernard, Greffier en chef de la Cour. 8vo. Paris: Benjamin Duprat. 1858. London: Nutt.

be concocted out of this book to be read at the meetings of a law society.

As every thing connected with Celtic ethnology must necessarily be of interest to the Irish reader, we are anxious to call attention to some fragments of an unedited work on *Climates and Races*, which have recently been printed apart by M. Perier,\* principal physician of the *Invalides*. The first of these fragments treats of the remains of the Celtic element in Great Britain and France. M. Perier is of opinion that the difficulties attending the vestiges of the primitive populations of France and other countries in which the Celtic was the dominant element, are much enhanced by the conflicting accounts respecting the colour of the hair of such primitive populations. Accordingly, in his second "fragment," he addresses himself more especially to the inquiry as to what that colour really was. After an examination of the testimony collected from ancient authors, he arrives at the conclusion that it was the Cymri who were blond, and that the Celts or Gauls must have been brown, like their descendants. This conclusion is followed out to its legitimate conclusion in the third *étude*, where Dr. Perier endeavours to establish the non-fraternity of the Gaels and Cymri. His conclusions are thus stated:—

"Nous croyons donc, avec toute certitude scientifique, pouvoir inférer de ces études, que les Cymris et les Gaels n'étaient point originairement de même sang gaulois; et que, par conséquent, la fraternité ethnologique entre les uns et les autres, entre la race des anciens possesseurs du sol et celle des conquérants, loin d'être prouvée, est infirmée au contraire par des faits et des autorités sans nombre."—p. 111.

The question is one which we leave to the decision of the great Celtic scholars of Ireland. Perhaps M. Perier may carry home to the minds of others a conviction which he has failed to impart to ourselves.

IV. We had hoped that it would have been in our power to head our

historical section with M. Guizot's *Memoirs*, but owing to some mistake the English translation of the first volume of that work made its appearance before the original, which, at the time we are writing these pages, has not yet issued from the press. We must, therefore, take as a substitute, two other sets of memoirs which are now in course of publication. First, then, we would invite the reader's attention to the first of six or eight volumes of memoirs and letters of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, the son of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, who on the death of her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, became the wife of Général Bonaparte. The part which Eugène played as Viceroy of Italy, and as General in the wars of Empire, was sufficiently illustrious to invest these volumes with no small interest, which will probably increase as the publication proceeds. We cannot pause to relate how these memoirs have grown into their present shape, or to show the grounds on which their authenticity rests. Ample details on these points will be found in the preface of the Editor, M. Du Casse, whose name will be familiar to our readers as editor of the *Memoires du Roi Joseph*, a work which, in every respect, resembles the present as far as the getting up is concerned. This is after the similitude of a pie; first we have a layer—unfortunately layer—of memoir proper from the pen of the prince himself; on the top thereof comes a rather insipid resumé of the historical events which ensued from June to September, 1805, the year when Eugène was made viceroy; then we have a layer, somewhat more spicy and palatable, of correspondence, during the same period between the Emperor and his adopted son; another resumé from September to December of the same year, followed by another batch of correspondence, fill up the remainder of the volume. M. Du Casse is not the most lively of editors; but he serves as a foil to the letters which, as might be supposed, are highly charac-

\* *Fragments Ethnologiques*, par J. A. N. Perier. 8vo. Paris: Victor Masson, 1858. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Mémoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Prince Eugène*, publiés, annotés et mis en ordre par A. Du Casse, éditeur des *Mém. du Roi Joseph*, Tome 1. 8vo. Paris: Michel Levy, 1858. London: Jeff.



teristic of their authors. Eugène's autobiography from 1781 to 1805, is extremely amusing. He expresses himself as having been greatly averse to his mother's marriage with Bonaparte. It was through the son that Bonaparte was first brought into contact with the mother. After the 13th Vendémiaire, a decree was issued forbidding the Parisians to keep arms in their possession. Loath to part with the sword which had been left him by his father, Eugène got speech of Bonaparte, who was so taken with the spirit and feeling of the lad, that he called himself next day to bring the necessary dispensation. It was then he saw Josephine, and was so taken with her that he asked permission to renew his visits. The most interesting portion of the autobiography is that in which Eugène relates the part he played in the expedition to Egypt. A feeble attempt is made to palliate the admitted massacre of the eight hundred prisoners at Jaffa; but the writer is evidently a sad bungler—to his credit be it said—at glozing over such nefarious and dastardly atrocities.

Seldom have we read two volumes of memoirs\* more thoroughly entertaining, and written in a more pleasing spirit, than the *Memoirs of Count de Melito*, composed from notes which the author jotted down day by day from 1788 to 1815. The second volume comes down to 1808, when the author rejoined his friend and patron, the Emperor's brother, Joseph. A third volume will complete the work. When the Reign of Terror was brought to a close by the events of the ninth Thermidor, the author was named "Commissaire des relations extérieures," and shortly after was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. About a year after his appointment he received a letter from Nice, signed Bonaparte, who was on his way to take command of the army of Italy. His testimony to its contents is interesting:—

"Je reconnus dans son style concis et plein de mouvement quelque inégal et incorrect, dans la nature qu'il m'a-

dressait un homme qui ne ressemblait pas aux autres. Je fus frappé de l'étendue et de la profondeur des vues militaires et politiques qu'il indiquait et que je n'avais aperçues dans aucunes des correspondances que j'avais jusque-là entretenues avec les généraux de notre armée d'Italie. Je prévis donc ou de grands succès, ou de grands revers. Cette incertitude dura peu."—Vol. i. p. 81.

No less interesting is his account of his first interview with the young and victorious general, p. 89–92. These interviews occur very frequently throughout the two volumes, and in every case we find our wonder, if not our admiration, increase higher and higher as we contemplate the masterly views and strong will put forth by Napoleon. To one order of feelings he seems to have adhered with the greatest constancy, and that was the most withering contempt for Joseph, and the most cordial hatred of Lucien. At p. 133, &c., we have a curious picture of society at Florence. "On trouva nos femmes," says Miot, "d'une pruderie insoutenable." He adds: "Mais si les dames de Florence étaient peu scrupuleuses sur la fidélité conjugale, elles l'étaient d'autant plus sur les pratiques religieuses, et telle femme qui en sûreté de conscience, manquait à des devoirs partout ailleurs regardés comme les plus sacrés, n'aurait pas consenti à manger de la viande un jour maigre." At the commencement of the fifth chapter we find Miot starting for Corsica, as "commissaire extraordinaire," for the purpose of bringing about submission to French rule, and to conciliate the hostility of opposing parties. At p. 163 we find an account of a most curious outbreak of Napoleon's in an interview he had with Miot at Montebello after the return of the latter from Corsica, where he accomplished his arduous mission with success. See, too, in the same chapter, pp. 179 and 193. In the eighth chapter we find him back at Paris (1798). "Quel changement," he exclaims, "s'était opéré pendant une absence de trois années," p. 228. The whole page is a most graphic picture of the state of Parisian society. After de-

\* *Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito, Ancien Ministre, Ambassadeur, Conseiller d'Etat et Membre de l'Institut (1788-1815)*. Tomes i. ii. 8vo. Paris: Michel Levy. London: Jeffa.

scribing how the grossness of revolutionary manners had fined down, he shows that he was not blind to the rottenness which lurked beneath the artificial veneer, for he adds, "Une seule idée, commune à tous, occupait et réunissait tant d'êtres d'origine et d'éducation si différentes : le désir de gagner de l'argent, et tout moyen était bon pour réussir à s'en procurer." We would gladly follow the author, *seriatim*, through the interesting vicissitudes and anecdotes which fill up the remainder of these two volumes, but our limits warn us to be brief. We can but allude to the passages between England and France, the scenes between Lord Whitworth and Napoleon, previous to the rupture which followed the peace of Amiens (vol. ii. chap. ii.), and to a curious account of a conversation between Joseph and Louis Napoleon, respecting the proposed adoption by the Emperor of Louis, son by Hortense Beauharnais. On the whole, these memoirs are evidently penned by a gentleman and a scholar: his qualifications, in the latter respect, are evinced by his translations of Herodotus and Diodorus—and in the former, by his unassuming modest bearing whenever he has to recount events in which he himself bore a principal part. We recommend them most warmly to the attention of our readers.

M. Chérnel has recently given to the world a most interesting history of the relations between France and Scotland\* during the latter half of the sixteenth century, backed by a considerable number of very valuable and hitherto unedited papers. The circumstances under which he was induced to write the book may best be stated in his own words:—"Ayant trouvé dans les archives de la famille d'Esneval, conservées au château de Pavilly (Seine Inférieure) de nombreuses lettres d'ambassadeurs Français en Angleterre et en Ecosse, j'ai cru qu'il serait utile de les publier, et d'éclairer à l'aide de ses documents l'histoire de la diplomatie Française

dans la seconde moitié du seizième siècle. Presque toutes ces pièces étaient inédites." It is added in a note: "Ces archives viennent du Baron d'Esneval, qui chargé d'une mission en Ecosse avait reçu de son beau-père, le secrétaire d'Etat Pinard, les mémoires et correspondances nécessaires pour le guider dans ses négociations." So much for the sources from which this work is drawn: their importance in number and bulk may be inferred from the fact, that while M. Chérnel's narrative of the events which ensued from the marriage to the death of Mary Queen of Scots occupies 174 pages, the *Pièces Justificatives* extend from 174 to 400. They are principally composed of unedited letters to Catherine de Médicis and Henri III. from De la Mothe-Fénelon (p. 177-226) Michel Castlenau (p. 226-355) and other French Ambassadors in England and Scotland. M. Chérnel is of opinion that these important documents justify the belief, that France was not at that period a mere "annexed Espagne," but that, on the contrary, under the auspices of the ambassadors above mentioned—and of whom the two last are scarcely so much as named by modern historians—she played a not unworthy part in one of the greatest tragedies which history unfolds. Henri III. and Catherine de Médicis do not, in M. Chérnel's opinion, deserve the odious imputations of treacherous connivance at Mary's death, which have been cast against them by numerous writers. We should be disposed, *à priori*, to attach great weight to his opinion on such a subject—his familiarity with historical literature being of the closest, and his reputation as a conscientious editor of the highest. Perhaps on a future occasion we may look more closely into the matter.

Didot's *Biographie Générale* continues, with undiminished success, its useful career. Since we first called attention to it (F. C., November) three more volumes† have been added to the twenty then noticed. As we

\* *Marie Stuart et Catherine de Médicis; Etude Historique sur les Relations de l'Ecosse et de la France dans la seconde moitié du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle*, par A. Chérnel maître des Conférences à l'Ecole Normale supérieure, Professeur Suppléant à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. 8vo. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, publiée, par Firmin Didot Frères. Tomes xxi., xxii., xxiii.—GOERTZ—HENNEQUIN. 8vo. Paris: Didot. 1858. London: Williams and Norgate.

turn over their well filled and yet well printed pages—a manual exercise to which we find ourselves perpetually having recourse, so valuable is the work as a book of reference—we meet with some excellent articles which at once mark the high standard of the publication. Such, for example (taking them at random), are the biographies of Goethe and Gregory VII, by MM. St. René Taillandier and Amédée Benée respectively; of Gouville-St. Cyr, by M. de Barante; of Goldoni and Gower, by Alexander Pey; and of Grattan, by M. Leo Joubert. The writers, it will be seen, are all of them men who hold a very high place in the literature of France. One great advantage of this *Biographie Générale* is that it takes in contemporary and living persons. We turn with some interest, for example, to the name of Granier de Cassagnac; and when we find him blaturating from week to week, with a ludicrous mixture of cant and pomposity, in the columns of his new journal, *Le Réveil*, we can scarcely forbear a smile when we compare the present tone of this imperial hack with the infamous antecedents recounted of him by M. Louvet. We must not pass over, without a word of commendation, the very erudite articles by M. Aubé on the two Gregories, *scilicet* of Nazianzen, and of Nyssa, any more than those on Grævius and Grotius, by M. Ernest Gregoire. We are glad to find that all the articles on the schoolmen, as far, at least, as our survey has reached, are from the pen of M. Hauréau, whose history of scholastic philosophy carried off the institute prize a few years ago. The two gems of the twenty-second volume are the article on Guizot by M. Lerménier, who must be thoroughly well up in his subject, and the long and elaborate *étude* on Gutenberg from the pen of M. Ambroise-Firmin Didot. On a former occasion we pointed out the valuable contribution to the history of typography which the same author had made by his articles on the Estiennes; still higher praise, however, is due to that on Gutenberg, just in proportion as the subject was involved in greater obscurity. That

obscurity no living writer was so well qualified to dispel as M. A.-F. Didot; and if he has not altogether succeeded, it may be safely asserted that his conscientious investigations, backed by all the professional knowledge which he is able to bring to their aid, have placed very many matters in a new light, and refuted objections to Gutenberg's which by many were deemed unanswerable. The first name we happen to stumble on in opening the last of the three volumes before us is that of Gaspard Hauser, the mysterious foundling of Nuremberg, as he was called, who was murdered at Anspach, in 1833, and whose history is to this day enveloped in the most impenetrable darkness, in spite of the most active researches of the police. "L'enigme de cette vie attend encore une solution." At the end of the article nearly twenty publications are quoted concerning him; for it should be stated that one of the best features of this Biographical Dictionary is the richness of the "indication des sources à consulter." Among other remarkable articles in this volume we may mention those on Harvey by the editor, Dr. Höfer; on Hegel, by Wilm, the French historian of German Philosophy, and on the President Henaut, by L. Louvet. To show how the notices are brought down to the most recent times, we may mention the sketch of Sir Henry Havelock. It is a mystery to us how these volumes, of nearly a thousand columns each (for every column is numbered) can be sold at such a ludicrously low price as three francs ten sous apiece. It is true that the price will be doubled as soon as the work is completed.

Among the books of the day and of the hour, as connected with Indian insurrections and African expeditions, may be mentioned two works, by M. de Lanoye, entitled *L'Inde Contemporaine* and *Le Niger*, respectively. The first\* is a second edition of a work which had already met with considerable success, and which is now supplemented with a narrative of the revolt, written in a fair enough spirit, considering that the author is a Frenchman. M. de Lanoye gives a

\* *L'Inde Contemporaine*, par F. de Lanoye. 18mo. Paris: Hachette. 1858. London: Jeffs.

very entertaining account of men and manners in India, as gathered both from the best written sources and from the personal experience of a voyage in India in 1852. In the early part of the volume, we have a delicious story of a Frenchman who played the Grand Seigneur—and what is more, played it with eminent success—on board the steamer from Suez, on his way to India; talked very big about London routes and parties; dropped out hints about Lord Dalhousie waiting for him at Calcutta, became the pet of his lady fellow-passengers, the chum of Lord H— (as M. de Lanoye styles him), recently appointed Governor of Madras, and who eventually proved to be Lord Dalhousie's cook! From the way he discussed politics and *panatellas*, every one thought him the *crème de la crème* of Parisian grandees. The *Niger*\* is a very industriously compiled account of all the African expeditions which have taken place from the foundation of the African Society to the most recent times, exclusive of Livingstone, a translation of whose work is, we believe, in course of publication by MM. Hachette, so that M. de Lanoye will serve as a kind of vestibule or *vestibulum*. He passes in succession from Mungo Park to Denham, Oudney, Clapperton, Lander, Richardson, Overweg, and Barth. We imagine that any one who wishes to make himself master of the progress of geographical discovery in Africa will, with difficulty, meet with any other work which contains such a mass of well condensed materials ready to his hand. M. de Lanoye is not slow to admit the noble part of protagonist which England has played in advancing the cause of freedom and civilization on the banks of the Niger.

V. That lying jade, Rumour, relates that at the beginning of the present century, a certain tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, shut up his books with a bang at the close of a lecture, and exclaimed to his aston-

ished pupils, "Now, my lads, who's for Newmarket!" It is with a somewhat similar feeling of relief from the tension to which the four first sections of our *Foreign Courier* always subjects us that we approach the concluding department of Belles-Lettres. The reader little knows what we have to go through for his instruction and entertainment, and perhaps miss the mark after all. We are perfect martyrs, and, what is worse, *vide* Chomel, dyspeptic martyrs; for if there be one thing more than another calculated to generate dyspepsia, it is the task, *experto creditur*, of extracting from a score of works, and perhaps threescore volumes, the pith and marrow, or as Rabelais styles it, "par curieuse leçon et méditation frequente, rompre l'os et sugeer la substantifique moelle," which is precisely the process we have to put into execution every time we indite our *Foreign Courier*. If the reader think it a small thing to be done off-hand between breakfast and luncheon, we only recommend him to try. It is not till we get to the "light literature" department that we feel thoroughly at our ease like Mr. Tutor aforesaid and his pupils scampering to Newmarket.

As poetry, Plato tells us, is a light and winged thing, we think we cannot better indulge our present vein than by dipping into one or two volumes of poetic effusions by way of dessert after the "pièces de résistance" we have been trying to digest. First, then, let us take up the *Fleurs de l'Inde*,† a collection of Hindoo poems. It was a good idea of the anonymous editor (whom we conjecture to be M. Soupe) to publish the text along with his admirable translations into French and Latin; but we are scarcely prepared to approve of the policy of printing that text in European, instead of Sanscrit characters. These are so easily mastered with a moderate amount of attention and application, as the editor himself admits,

\* *Le Niger et les Explorations de l'Afrique Centrale*, par F. de Lanoye. 18mo. Paris: Hachette. 1858.

† *Fleurs de l'Inde*, comprenant la mort de Yaznadate épisode tiré de la Ramalade de Valmiki, traduit en vers latins et en vers français avec le text Sanscrit en regard; et plusieurs autres poésies Indoues, suivies de deux chants Arabes et de l'Apologue du Derviche et du petit corbeau. On y a joint une troisième édition de l'Orientalisme rendue Classique. Paris: B. Duprat. 1858. 8vo.

that it was almost to sacrifice to the fear of alarming his readers the real good which might ensue from inducing them manfully to face difficulties which would vanish before a bold front. It is true that he prefaces the text with an able analysis of the Sanscrit alphabet. But we doubt whether he will find many students who will be at the trouble of *putting back* the European characters into Sanscrit. If he really wished to facilitate what he calls the *lecture matérielle*, he ought to have printed the *Europeanised* text interlinear with the Sanscrit, or have thrown it into a foot-note, as Bopp has done in the *Sprachprobe*, at the end of his smaller Sanscrit grammar. We would not, however, be understood to speak in a censorious tone of so laudable an effort to propagate a taste for Sanscrit literature, a subject which to all Englishmen must be one of especial interest. We hold it to be a scandalous shame that in the Indian civil service examinations the same number of marks is assigned to Sanscrit as to French! *Risum teneatis!!* The editor of the *Fleurs de l'Inde* has made a wise selection in choosing for this principal "flower" of his anthology the glorious episode of the death of Yaznadati, in Valmiki's great epic. The translations are admirably executed, the notes are of invaluable assistance, and the appeal at the close of the volume on the expediency of encouraging the study of Sanscrit literature is one to which we cordially respond.

M. Autran's *Millianah*\* is a noble poem. Some of our readers who are not well versed in the Fasti of the French army, may need to be told that the blockade of Millianah, a small town on the slope of the Zaccar, about sixty miles from Algiers, was one of the most memorable and most tragic episodes in the Algerian campaigns. Never has army been subject to greater privations, or honoured by greater fortitude, than the gallant force which held out, under Colonel Illens, against the

assaults of Abd-el-Kader, from June to November, 1840, when Changarnier came to their relief. It is this episode which M. Autran, one of the foremost of modern French poets, has undertaken to commemorate in the little volume before us. It is divided into four cantos, entitled respectively—1, *Les travaux*; 2, *Les douleurs*; 3, *Les Angoisses*; 4, *Les Morta*. The rising tide of horrors which follow in the wake of famine, disease, and death, is painted with a power which does M. Autran the highest credit. We confess our sympathy with his poem is indebted for much of its ardour to the somewhat analogous scenes through which our own heroic countrymen have passed in what we must persist in calling, in spite of the *Gazette de France*, our Indian empire. Let us trust that some English Autran may arise to immortalize the memory of a Lawrence, an Inglis, and a Havelock, in verse as noble as that which is here offered up to the heroes of Millianah.

To the two volumes of *Thèses de Grammaire*, and *Thèses de Littérature*, already published, M. Jullien has added a third, entitled *Thèses de Critique et Poesies*,† to which we give a hearty welcome, so far at least as the first half of the volume is concerned, for, to be honest, of the *Poesies* we have not read a line. M. Jullien is an exceedingly entertaining and "spirituel" critic, notwithstanding the somewhat pedantic tone in which his criticisms are touched. His reading is so extensive, that on every subject he handles he is able to bring to his aid a fund of illustrative matter, which gives great zest to his pages. His "*coup d'œil*" on the history and rules of literary criticism contains some admirable suggestions, which we recommended to the notice of men of the craft. In the second *Thèse*, on "The Conditions of Poetry," he handles with great but not unmerited severity the leading poets, the Lamartines and Victor Hugos of the day, for bad grammar, loose metaphor, and lame comparisons. As a specimen, we

\* J. Autran. *Millianah. Episode des Guerres d'Afrique*. 18mo. Paris: Michel Levy. London: Jeffs.

† *Thèses de Critique et Poesies*, par H. Jullien, Docteur ès Lettres. 8vo. Paris: Hachette. London: Nutt.

extract a short passage on the following verses of Victor Hugo in the *Orientales* :—

“ Mais surtout quand la brise  
Me touche en voltigeant,  
La nuit j'aime être assise,  
Être assise en songeant ;  
L'œil sur la mer profonde,  
Tandis que pâle et blonde,  
La lune ouvre dans l'onde  
Son éventail d'argent.”

Whereupon M. Jullien makes the following remarks :—“ Que de fautes dans ses vers ! La brise ne touche, pas et surtout ne voltige, pas. J'aime être assise et pour j'aime à être assise que demande la grammaire. On dit avec raison que la lune est pâle : on ne peut pas dire qu'elle est blonde. Enfin l'éventail d'argent ne signifie rien : ou les mots n'ont aucun sens, ou l'éventail ouvert veut dire que la clarté de la lune réfléchie par l'eau de la mer a une forme serublable à celle d'un V., d'un triangle, d'un secteur circulaire : et c'est impossible. M. Victor Hugo n'a peut-être j'amaï vu un reflet de lune ni sur un bassin, ni sur une rivière, ni sur la mer. Alors pourquoi en parle-t-il ?” Perhaps the reader may think some of these remarks are hypercritical. Possibly ; but they are humorous and amusing.

To turn to some criticism of a higher order, we take up a volume\* by the young French Hegelian, M. Taine, full of some admirable and ingenious reflections, in a series of articles on Macaulay, Fléchier, Dickens, Guizot, Thackeray, “Young Athens,” as portrayed in Plato, Saint-Simon, Madame la Fayette, Michelet, and Montalembert plus Troplong. At the tail of our *Foreign Courier* our limits will not permit us to examine this volume with the attention due to its very remarkable merits. We can only state that M. Taine is one of the most rising writers and most original critics of whom France can boast. The series of articles he has recently been publishing in the *Journal des Débats* on Balzac, will, we hope, be collected

into a volume like the present. It cannot but be an object of interest in this country to see how our great historian and novelists are estimated by so sagacious a critic. The general defect we find, and that most people find, in M. Taine's criticism, is that he endeavours to wall up that “sujet divers et ondoyant,” called man, in the narrow limits of a formula. It is this tendency which has induced us to style him a Hegelian.

We have kept for the conclusion a gem of a work† which every one should put into his carpet bag when bound on a *villegiatura* during the ensuing summer. Its author is one of the most illustrious ecclesiastics of the day, being no less a person than the Abbé Bautain, sometime Vicar-General of Paris, and author of several very remarkable works on Philosophy. We allude especially to the *Philosophie du Christianisme*, and *Psychologie Expérimentale*. These beautiful *conseils spirituels* on the right use of a séjour in the country are couched in the shape of a series of letters to one Eugènes. Of course there are many passages and strains of thought here and there in the volume, which can only be duly relished and cordially approved by readers of the same persuasion as the author ; but he must indeed be an ill-conditioned churl, and a sorry Christian, who will allow these occasional blemishes—we would gladly use a milder word if we could hit on it—to interrupt the flow, or cool the warmth, of that hearty admiration which the book deserves as a whole. M. Bautain's object is to enable his “readers in the country” to reach a frame of mind, and to acquire habits of life most congenial to the scenes by which they are daily surrounded. He passes over in succession all the usual round of occupations for each day, and endeavours to draw from them lessons which we doubt not—so *truthful* is the book—he is the first to practise himself, and the last—so modest is his tone—to allow that he does so.

\* *Essais de Critique et d'Histoire*, par H. Taine. Paris: Hachette. 1858. London: Jeffs.

† *La belle saison à la Campagne, Conseils spirituels*, par L'Abbé Bautain. Paris: Hachette. 1858. London: Jeffs.

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GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

[*The Author reserves the Right of Translation.*]

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE POET'S HOUSE.

It was late on the evening of the same day whose doings in the way of justice we have described that Gerald received a message to say the Count desired to see him. No little jealousy was occasioned amongst his companions by this invitation. The Babbo deemed that, as "Impressario" of the company, he ought himself to have been selected. Donna Gaetana was indignant that a mere Giovane was to occupy the responsible station of representing their dramatic guild; and even Marietta felt her eyes to swim, as she thought over this mere passing separation, and in her heart foreboded some ill to come of it. She, however, did her very best to master these unworthy fears. She washed the bloody stains carefully off his forehead. She combed and oiled his long silky hair. She aided him to dress in the one only suit that now remained of all his wardrobe, a page's dress of light blue, with a little scarlet mantle, embroidered in silver, and a small bonnet surmounted by an ostrich feather. Nor was it without deep shame, and something very like open rebellion, that Gerald donned these motley habiliments.

"The Count has not said that he wants me to exhibit before him—why am I to masquerade in this fashion?" Alas! poor boy, there is one answer to this question, whose force has overwhelmed more stubborn

obstacles—necessity. There is no choice for you between this "tinsel bravery," and the tattered rags, all blood-stained and torn, you wore last night. There they lay, scattered about, the crushed and crumpled hat, the doublet torn to ribbons, the rapier smashed—all a wreck. No, no, he could not appear in such a presence in rags like these. Still was he irritated and angry; a sudden sense of shame shot through him as he saw himself thus alone, which, had the others been joined with him, he had, doubtless, never felt; and, for the first time, his station suggested the idea of humiliation.

"I will not go, Marietta," said he, at last, as he flung himself upon a chair, and threw his cap to the end of the room. "So long as thou wert with me, sustaining the interest of the scene, replying to my words, answering every emotion of my heart, I loved Art—I cherished it as the fairest expression of what I felt, but could not speak. Now, alone and without thee, it is a mere mockery. It is more, it is a degradation."

She knelt down beside him, and took his hands in hers. She turned her full, moist eyes towards him, and in broken words besought him not to speak slightly of that which bound them to each other, for, "If the day comes, Gherardi mio, that thou thinkest meanly of our Art, so surely will

come another, when thou wilt be ashamed of me," and she hid her face on his knees and sobbed bitterly. With what an honest-hearted sincerity did he swear that such a day could never come; or if it did, that he prayed it might be his last. And then he ran over, in eager tones, all that he owed to her teachings. How, but for her, he had not known the true tenderness of Metastasio, the fervour of Petrarch, or the chivalry of Ariosto. "How much have we found out together we had never discovered if alone!" Ay, Gerald, there was truth there, and the source of some sorrow too!

And then they dried their tears, he kissed her twice, and set out on his way.

It was with a look of haughty meaning, almost defiant, Gerald ascended the marble stairs, and passed between two lines of liveried servants, who smiled pitifully on the strolling player, nor put the slightest restraint upon this show of their contempt. Fortunately for him and them he had no time to mark it, for the folding doors suddenly opening, he found himself in a large chamber, brilliantly lighted, and with a numerous company assembled. Before the youth had well crossed the door-sill, the Count was at his side, and having kindly taken him by the hand, expressed a hope that he no longer felt any bad effects of his late ill-treatment.

Gerald stammered out his acknowledgements, and tried to make some excuses for his costume, which ended, at last, by the blunt avowal: "It was this or nothing, sir."

"The mishap is not without its advantage," said the Count, in that calm voice which, but for a peculiar expression on his mouth, when he spoke, had something almost severe about it. "It was the resemblance you bear to a certain portrait was the reason of my sending for you to-night; your dress assists the likeness, for, strangely enough, it is of the very same style and colour as of the picture. Come forward and I will present you to a lady who is curious to see you."

"Madame La Duchesse, this is the youth," said the Count, as he bowed before a lady, who was seated in a deep chair, at either side of which, some ladies and gentlemen were standing. She closed her fan, and leaned

forward, and Gerald beheld a countenance which, if not beautiful, was striking enough to be remembered for years after. She was a blonde of the purest type, with full blue eyes, and masses of light hair, which in long ringlets descended to her very shoulders; the features were youthful, though she herself was no longer young; and the same contradiction existed in their expression, for they were calm, without softness, and had a fixity almost to sternness, while their colouring and tint were actually girlish in freshness. There was in her air and demeanour, too, a similar discordance, for, though with a look of dignity, her gestures were abrupt, and her manner of speaking hurried.

"He is like," said she, scanning him through her eye-glass. "Come nearer, boy. Yes, strangely like," said she, with a smile, rather indicating sarcasm than courtesy. "Let us compare him with the portrait," and she gave her hand languidly, as she spoke, to be assisted to rise. The Count aided her, with every show of deference, respectfully offering his arm to conduct her; but she declined the attention with a slight motion of the head, and moved slowly on. As she went, the various persons who were seated arose, and they who stood in groups talking, hushed their voices, and stood in respectful attitude as she passed. None followed her but the Count and Gerald, who, at a signal, walked slowly behind.

After traversing three rooms, whose costly furniture amazed the boy's inexperience, they reached a small chamber, whose two narrow windows opened upon a little terrace. A single picture occupied the wall in front of these, to either side of whose frame two small lamps were attached, with shades so ingeniously contrived as to throw the light at will on any part of the painting. The Duchess had seated herself immediately on entering, with the air of one wearied and exhausted, and the Count occupied himself in disposing the lamps to most advantage.

"Stand yonder, boy, and hold your cap in your hand, as you see it in the portrait," and Gerald turned his eyes to the picture, and actually started at the marvellous resemblance to himself. The figure was that of a youth somewhat older, perhaps,



than himself, dressed in a suit of velvet, with a deep lace collar, and hanging ruffles: the long ringlets which fell in profusion on his neck; the expression of the eyes, a look of sadness not unmingled with something stern, and a haughty gathering of the lower lip, were all that a painter might have given to Gerald, if endeavouring to impart to his likeness some few additional traits of vigour and determination.

"It is wonderful! said the Duchess, after a long pause.

"So, indeed, it strikes me," said the Count. "Mark, even to the flattening of the upper lip, how the resemblance holds."

"What age are you—are you a Roman—what is your name?" asked the Duchess, in a hurried but careless manner.

"My name is Fitzgerald. They call me here Gherardi, for some of the race took that name in Italy."

"So that you talk of blood and lineage, boy?" asked she, haughtily.

"I am of the Geraldines, lady, and they were princes!" said the boy, as proudly.

"Came they from Scotland?" she asked, eagerly.

"No, madam, they were Irish."

"Irish! Irish!" muttered she twice or thrice, below her breath; then, as her eyes caught sight of his features suddenly, she started and exclaimed: "It is nigh incredible! And how came you to Italy?"

With that brevity which distinguished Gerald, when speaking of himself, he told of his having been a scholar with the Jesuits, where some—he knew not exactly which—of his relatives had placed him.

"And you left them; how, and wherefore?"

"I know not by what right, madam, I am thus questioned. If it be because I wear such tinsel rags as these, I'll soon part company with them."

"Bethink you in whose presence you stand, boy," said the Count, sternly; "that lady is one before whom the haughtiest noble is proud to lay his homage."

"Nay, nay," broke she in, gently, "he will tell me all I ask, in kindness, not in fear."

"Not in fear, I promise you," said he, proudly, and he drew himself up to his highest.

"Was not that like him?" exclaimed the Duchess, eagerly. "It was his own voice! And what good Italian you speak, boy," said she, addressing Gerald, with a pleasant smile. "The Jesuit Fathers have given you the best Roman accent. Tell me—what were their teachings—what have you read?"

"Nothing, regularly—nothing in actual study, madam; but, passingly, I have read, in French, some memoirs, plays, sermons, poems, romances, and such like; in English, very little; and in Italian, a few of the very good."

"Which do you call the very good?"

"I call Dante."

"So do I. Go on."

"Sometimes I call Tasso, always Ariosto, so."

She nodded an assent, and told him to continue.

"Then there is Metastasio."

"What say you of him?" asked the Count.

"I like him: his rhymes flow gracefully, and the music of his verse floats sweetly in one's ear; but, then, there is not that sentiment, that vigorous dash that stirs the heart, like a trumpet call, such as we find, for instance, in Alfieri."

The Duchess smiled assuringly, and a faint, very faint tinge of red coloured her pale cheek. "It appears, then, he is your favourite of them all?" said she, gently. "Can you remember any of his verses?"

"That can I. I knew him, at one time, off by heart, but somehow, in this ignoble life of mine, I almost felt ashamed to recite his noble lines to those who heard me. To think, for example, of the great poet of the Oreste declaimed before a vile mob, impatient for some buffoonery—eager for the moment when the jugglery would begin."

"But you forget, boy, this is true fame! It is little to the great poet that he is read and admired by those to whose natures he can appeal by all the emotions which are common to each—lasting sympathies, whose dwelling places he knows—the great triumph is, to have softened the hearts seared by dusty toil—to have smitten the rock whose water is tears of joy and thankfulness. Is not Ariosto prouder as his verses float along the dark canals of Venice, than when they are recited under gilded ceilings?"

"You may be right," said the boy, thoughtfully, as he hung his head; "am I not, myself, a proof of what the bright images of poetry have cheered and gladdened, out of depths of gloom and wretchedness? Not that I complain of this life of mine!" cried he, suddenly.

"Tell us about it, boy; it must present strange scenes and events," said the Count, and, taking Gerald's arm, he pressed him to a seat beside him. The Duchess, too, bent on him one of her kindest smiles, so that he felt encouraged in a moment.

Oh, ye, who out of obscurity and humble station have first in life tasted the insidious flattery of being listened to by the great and gifted—having your feelings consulted, your remarks noted, your very prejudices weighed—acknowledge frankly have ye ever, in all the successes of your afterlife, known such an ecstasy of triumph! It is the very first step upon that ladder by which we aspire to fortune. Then, for the first time, do we know what courage self-esteem can lend us; then, do we sign a bail bond with our own hearts that we will not loiter nor idle by the way, but toil manfully, and work hard, to gain that goal whose bourne is fame and credit!

And now Gerald talked away, as only the young can talk about themselves and their fortunes. Their happy gift it is to have a softly tempered tint over even their egotism, making it often not ungraceful. He sketched a picturesque description of the stroller's life: its freedom compensating for his hardships; its careless ease recompensing many a passing mishap; the strange blending of study with little quaint and commonplace preparation; the mind now charged with bright fancies, now busy in all the intricacies of costume; the ever watchful attention to the taste of that strange public that formed their patron, and who, not unfrequently wearying of Tasso and Guarini, called loudly for *Punch* and his ribaldries. The boy's account of the Babbo and Donna Gætana was not devoid of humour, and he painted cleverly the simple old devotee giving every spare hour he could snatch to penances for the life he was leading; while the Donna took the world by storm, and started each day to the combat, like a soldier mounting a breach. Lastly, he came

to Marietta, and then his voice changed, his cheek grew red and white by turns, and his chest heaved full and short, like one oppressed. He did not mark the looks of intelligence that passed between the Duchess and the Count; he never saw how each turned to listen to him with the self-same expression in their features, he was too full of this theme to note these things, and yet he could not dilate upon it as he had about Babbo and the Donna.

"I saw her," said the Count, as Gerald came to a pause. "I noticed her at the court, and she was, indeed, very handsome. Something Egyptian in the cast of features."

"But not a gipsy!" broke in the boy, quickly.

"No, perhaps not. The eyes and brow resembled the Moorish race—the same character of fixity in expression. Eyes, that carry—"

"*I tesori d'amore e i suoi nasconde.*"

There was a sly malice in the way; the Count led the boy on, opening the path, as it were, to his enthusiasm, and so artfully, that Gerald never suspected it.

No longer restrained by fear, or chilled by shame, he launched out into praises of her beauty, her gracefulness, and her genius. He told how that to read for her once over a poem of Petrarch or Metastasio, and she could repeat it word for word. With the same facility could she compose music for words that struck her fancy. The silvery sweetness of her voice—her light and graceful step—the power of expression she possessed by gesture, look, and mien—he went over all these with a rapture that actually warmed into eloquence, and they who listened heard him with pleasure, and encouraged him to continue.

"We must see your Marietta," said the Duchess at last. "You shall bring her here."

Gerald's cheek flushed, but whether with shame, or pride, or displeasure, or all three commingled, it were hard to say. In truth, many a hard conflict went on within him, when, out of his dream of art and its triumphs he would suddenly awake, and bethink him—what humble estimation men held such as he was; how closely the world insisted on associating poverty with meanness; and how

hopeless were the task of him who would try to make himself respected in rags.

As these thoughts arose to his mind, he lifted his eyes once more to the portrait, and in bitterness of heart he felt how little resemblance was there in the condition of the youth there represented and himself.

"I see what you are thinking of," said the Duchess, mildly. "Shall I show you another picture? It is of one you profess to admire greatly—your favourite Poet."

"I pray you do, madam. I long to know his features. It is a face I have painted in fancy often and often."

"Tell me, then, how you would portray him," said she, smiling.

"Not regularly handsome; but noble-looking, with the traits of one who had such vigour of life and mind within, that he lived more for his own thoughts than the world, and thus would seem proud to sternness. A high, bold forehead, narrow and indented at the temples; and a deep brow over two fierce eyes. Oh! what wildly flashing eyes should Alfieri's be when stirred by passion and excitement."

"And should you find him different from all this—a man of milder mould—more common-place and less vigorous—will you still maintain that faith in his genius that now you profess?" said the Count, with slow and quiet utterance.

"That will I. How could I, in my presumption, doubt the power that has moved the hearts of thousands?"

"Come, then, and look at him," said the Duchess, and she arose, and moved into a room fitted up as a library. Over the chimney was a large picture, covered by a silk curtain. To this Gerald eagerly turned his eyes, for he already marked that the gilded eagle that surmounted the frame held in his beak a wreath of flowers, interwoven with laurel leaves.

"One whose enthusiasm equals your own, boy, placed the wreath there, on the 17th of January last. It was the festa of Vittorio Alfieri," said the Duchess, as she gently pulled the cord that drew back the curtain.

Gerald moved eagerly forward—gazed—passed his hand across his eyes, as if to dispel a fancy—gazed again and again—and then, turning round, stood steadfastly staring at the Count

himself. A faint, sad smile, was on the calm and haughty face; but, as it passed away, the boy dropped down upon his knees, and seizing the other's hand, kissed it rapturously, as he cried—

"Oh! that I should have ever known a moment like this. Tell me, I beseech, Signor Conte, is my brain wandering, or are you Alfieri?"

"Yes, boy," said he, with a slight sigh, while he raised him from the ground, laying one hand gently on his shoulder.

"It is with reason, boy, you are proud of this event in your life," said the Duchess. "The truly great are few in this world of ours; and you now stand before one whose memory will be treasured when we are all dust."

The Poet did not seem to heed or hear these words, but stood calmly watching the boy, who continued to turn his eyes alternately from the picture to the original.

"I suspect, boy," said he, with a smile, "that your mind-drawn picture satisfied you better—is it not so?"

"Oh! you who can so read hearts, why will you not interpret mine?" cried Gerald, in rapture; for now to his memory, in quick succession, were rising the brilliant fancies, the splendid images, the heart-moving words of one whose genius had been a sort of worship to him.

"This, too, is fame!" said the Poet, turning to the Duchess. "But we are taking you too long from your guests, madam; and Gherardi and I will have many an opportunity of meeting. Come up here to-morrow in the forenoon, and let me talk with you. The youth is more complimentary to me than was the Cardinal yesterday."

"What was it that he said?" asked she.

"He wondered I should have written the tragedy of 'Saul,' since we had it already in the Bible! To-morrow, Gherardi, about eleven, or even earlier—a rivederlo!"

As with slow steps—half in a dream, and scarce daring to credit his senses—Gerald moved down the stairs, the Poet overtook him, and pressing a purse into his hand, said—

"You must have some more suitable dress than this, and remember to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A LOVER'S QUARREL.

WHEN Gerald found himself once more in his little room at the Porta Rossa, it was past midnight. He opened his window and sat down at it to gaze out upon the starry sky, and drink in the refreshing night-air; but, more than even these to calm down the excitement of his feelings, and endeavour to persuade himself that what he had passed through was not a dream. It is not easy for those who have access to every grade they wish in life—who, perhaps, confer honour where they go—to fashion to their minds the strange, wild conflict that raged within the youth's heart at this moment. Little as he had seen of the great Poet, he could not help comparing him with Gabriel, his acquaintance at the Tana. They were both proud, cold, stern men—strong in conscious power—self-reliant and daring. Are all men of genius of that stamp? thought Gerald. Are they who diffuse through existence its most elevating influences—its most softening emotions—are they hard of mould and stern in character? Does the force with which they move the world require this impulse of temperament, as rivers that traverse great continents come down, at first, from lofty mountains? And if it be so, is not this a heavy price for which to buy even fame? Then, again, he bethought him, what a noble gift to bestow must be the affection of such men—how proud must be they who owned their love or shared their friendship! While he was thus musing, a round, warm arm clasped his neck, and Marietta sat down beside him. She had waited hours for his return, and now stole gently to his room to meet him.

"I could not sleep till I had seen you, Caro," said she, fondly. "It seemed as if, in these few hours, years had separated us."

"And if they had, Marietta, they could scarcely have brought about any thing stranger. Guess where I have been—with whom I have passed this entire evening."

"How can I. Was he a prince?"

"Greater than any prince."

"That must mean a king, then."

"Kings die, and a few lines chronicle them; but I speak of one whose

memory will be graven in his language, and whose noble sentiments will be texts to future generations. What think you, child, of Alfieri?"

"Alfieri!"

"Himself. He was the Count who rescued us from the mob; and with him I have passed the hours since I saw you. Not that I ever knew nor suspected it, Marietta; if I had, I had never dared to speak as I did about ourselves and our wayward lives in such a presence. I had felt these themes ignoble."

"How so," cried she, eagerly. "You have ever told me that art was an ennobling and a glorious thing, that after those whose genius embodied grand conceptions, came him who gave them utterance. How often have you said, the poet lives but half in men's hearts whose verses have not found some meet interpreter; with words like these have you stimulated me to study, and now—"

"And now," said he, sighing drearily, "I wake to feel what a mere mockery it is—"

*'Tra l'ombra è bella  
L'istessa stella  
Che in faccia del sole  
Non si mirò.'*

Ah, Marietta mia, he who creates is alone an artist."

The girl bent her head upon her bosom, and while her long waving curls fell loosely over him, she sobbed bitterly. Oh, if you who now deign to read these lines, can bring to mind the hour that robbed you of a first illusion in life, tore it from your heart as it clung there like an infant to its mother—have pity upon her who now wept so sorrowfully! It was that heart-whole grief no consolation can lessen, nor did Gerald essay one word of comfort. He clasped her closer to his heart, but never spoke a syllable.

"I ever thought it would be so," murmured she, at last: "I felt that in this sense of birth and blood you boasted of, would one day come a feeling of shame to be the companion of such as me. It is not from art itself you turn away, it is the company of the strolling actor that you shun."

"And who or what am I that I should do so?" said Gerald, boldly. "When, or where have I known such

happiness as with you, Marietta? Be-think you of the hours we have passed together, poring over these dear old books there, enriching our hearts with noble thoughts, and making the poet the interpreter between us. Telling, too, in the fervor we spoke his lines, how tenderly we felt them; as Metastasio says—

'And as we lisped the verse along,  
Learning to love.'

"And now, it is over," said she, with a sigh of deep despondency.

"Why so! Shall I, in learning to know the great and the illustrious—to feel how their own high thoughts sway and rule them—be less worthy of your love? The Poet told me, to-night, that I declaimed his lines well; but who taught me to feel them, Marietta mia." And he kissed her cheek, bathed as it was and seamed with hot tears. Again he tried to bring back the dream of the past, and their oft-projected scheme of life; but he urged the theme no longer as of old: and even when describing the world they were about to fly from, his words trembled with the emotion that swelled in his heart. In the midst of all these would he break off suddenly with some recollection of the great Poet, who filled every avenue of his thoughts: his proud but graceful demeanour, his low deep-toned voice, his smile so kind and yet so sad withal; a gentleness, too, in his manner that invited confidence; seemed to dwell in Gerald's memory, and shed, as it were, a soft and pleasing light over all that had passed.

"And I am to see him again to-morrow, Marietta," continued he, proudly: "he is to take me with him to the Galleries; I am to see the Pitti and the Offizzi, where in the Tribune the great triumphs of Raphael are placed, and the statue of Venus too;—he is to show me these, and the portraits of all the illustrious men who have made Italy glorious. How eager I am to know how they looked in life, and if their features revealed the consciousness of the fame they were to inherit. And when I come back, at night, to thee, Marietta, how full shall I be of all these, and how overjoyed if I can pour into your heart the pleasures that swell in my own. Is it not good, dearest, that I should go forth thus, to bring back

to you the glad tidings of so many beautiful things—will you not be happier for *yourself*, prouder in *me*? Will it not be better to have the love of one whose mind is daily expanding, straining to greater efforts, growing in knowledge and gaining in cultivation? Shall I not be more worthy of *you* if I win praise from others? And I am resolved to do this, Marietta. I will not be satisfied to be ever the mean ignoble thing I now am."

"Our life did not seem so unworthy in your eyes a day or two ago," said she, sighing. "You told me, as we came up the Val D'Arno, that our wandering wayward existence had a poetry of its own that you loved dearly. That to you ambition could never offer a path equal to that wayside rambling life, over whose little accidents the softening influences of divine verse shed their mild light, so that the ideal world dominated over the actual."

"All these will I realize, but in a higher sphere, Marietta. The great Alfieri himself told me, that a life without labour, is an ignominy and a shame. That he who strains his faculties to attain a goal is nobler far than one whose higher gifts lie rusting in disuse. Man lives not for himself but for his fellows, said he, nor is there such incarnate selfishness as indolence."

"And where, and how, and when is this wondrous life of exertion to be begun?" said she, half scornfully. "Can the great Poet pour into your heart out of the fulness of his own, and make you as he is? Or are you suddenly become rich and great, like him?"

The youth started, and an angry flush covered his face, and even his forehead, as he arose and walked the room.

"I see well what is working within you," said the girl. "The contrast from that splendour to this misery—these poor bleak walls, where no pictures are hanging, no gilding glitters—is too great for you. It is the same shock to your nature, as from the beautiful Princess in whose presence you stood to that humble bench beside me."

"No, by Heaven! Marietta," cried he, passionately, "I have not an ambition in my heart wherein your share is not allotted. It is that you may walk with me to the goal—"

A scornful gesture of disbelief, one of

those movements which, with Italians, have a significance no words ever convey, interrupted his protestation.

"This is too bad!" burst he in; "nor had you ever conceived such distrust of me, if your own heart did not give the prompting. There, there," cried he, as he pointed his finger at her, while her eyes flashed and sparkled with a wild and lustrous expression, "your very looks betray you."

"Betray me! this is no betrayal," said she, haughtily. "I have no shame in declaring that I, too, covet fame, even as you do! Were some mighty patron to condescend to favour me—to fancy that I resembled, I know not what great personage—to imagine that in my traits of look and voice theirs were reflected—it is just as likely, I should thank Fortune for the accident, and bid adieu to you, as you intend, to-morrow or next day, to take leave of me!"

She spoke boldly and defiantly, her large, full eyes gazing in his with a steadfast and unflinching look, while Gerald held down his head in sorrow and in shame. When some rude shock has riven our heart, how rapidly ooze out the precious illusions it has taken years to store up there! Golden visions—the treasured wealth of many a long day's thought, disappear like morning's mists, and all the preconceived plans of a future life vanish into empty air. What misery ever equals the solitude of a heart thus desolate! the home of a thousand affections, now solitary and deserted! Into those empty temples of our nature, the first guests who enter are the masters for evermore, and we are proud or humble, vengeful or forgiving, long-suffering or impatient, just as this moment of our destiny decides us!

Nor was it alone with himself that Gerald was at war, for Marietta had shocked and startled him by qualities he had never suspected in her. In her passion, she had declared that her heart was set upon ambitions daring as his own; and, even granting that much of what she said was prompted by wounded pride, there was in her wildly excited glances, and her trembling lips, the sign of a temperament that knew little of forgiveness. Ah, these lover's quarrels are strange conflicts, wherein our own hearts oft play us treason! The sentiment of affec-

tion that dwells within, rebel-like, allies itself with the enemy, and we have not the self-confidence that gives vigour to a real struggle. If Gerald was then amazed by discovering Marietta to be different from all he had ever seen her, he was more in love with her than ever.

She had opened the window, and, with her face between her hands, gazed out upon the silent street. Gerald took his place at her side, and thus they remained for some time without a word. A low, faint sigh at last came from the girl, and, placing his arm around her, Gerald drew her gently to him, murmuring softly in her ear—

*"L'onda che mormora,  
Tra sponda e sponda;  
L'aura che tremola,  
Tra fronda e fronda.  
E meno instabile,  
Del vostro cor."*

She never spoke, but, averting her head still further from him, screened herself from his view. At last, a low soft murmuring broke from her lips, and she sang, in accents scarcely above her breath, one of these little native songs she was so fond of. It was a wild but plaintive air, sounding like the wayward cadences of one who left her fancy free to give music to the verse, each stanza ending with the words—

*"Non ho più remi,  
Non ho più vele,  
E al suo talento  
Mi porta il mar."*

With a touching tenderness that thrilled through Gerald's heart, she sung, with many a faltering accent, and in a tremulous tone, the simple words—

*"Like a lone barque, forsaken,  
I float on a nameless sea,  
No oars nor sails remaining,  
I go where the waves bear me."*

*"I look not up to the starry sky,  
For I have no course to run,  
Nor eagerly wait, as the dawn draws nigh,  
To watch for the rising sun."*

*"For noon is dark as the night to me,  
To-day is the same as to-morrow,  
As, forsaken, I float on the nameless sea,  
To think and weep over my sorrow."*

"Oh, Marietta, if thou wouldst not wring my heart do not sing that sad air," cried Gerald, pressing her tenderly to him. "I bore it ill in our happiest hours, when all went well and hopefully with us."

"It better suits the present, then," said she, calmly; then added, with a sudden energy—"at all events, it suits my humour!"

"Thou wouldst break with me, then, Marietta?" said Gerald, relaxing his hold on her, and turning his eyes fully upon her face.

"Look down there," cried she, pointing with her finger: "that street beneath us is narrow enough, but it has two exits: why shouldn't *you* take one road, and *I* the other?"

"Agreed; so be it, then," said Gerald, passionately; "only remember, this project never came from *me*."

"If there be blame for it, I accept it all," said she, calmly. "These things come ever of caprice, and they go as they come—as your own Poet has it—

"Si sente che diletta  
Ma non si sa perché."

And with a cold smile and a light motion of the hand, as in adieu, she turned away and left the room. As for Gerald, he buried his face between his hands and sobbed as though his heart was breaking. Alternately accusing Marietta and himself of cruelty and injustice, his mind was racked by a conflict, to which nothing offered consolation. If, at one moment he thought to justify himself and his own conduct, at the next he took Marietta's part, and inveighed against his own cruel desertion of her. As is ever the case in such quarrels, no distinct cause existed, the conflict growing out of the very words they were uttering, half in attempted justification, and thus all thought of reparation was impossible. "And is she not unfair," cried he, "to deny me the very road to that ambition by which I would make myself of more value to her love. Should not the proud notice of the great Poet have awakened in her heart a sense of triumph equal to that within my own? Why this jealousy of *my* success, when it is equally *hers*? Or is it," cried he, bitterly, "that out of this thing we call Art spring rivalries that poison every nobler sentiment." No sooner did these thoughts flash across his mind, than he seized upon it as a

great discovery, fancying that by it he had reached the explanation of all that had hitherto puzzled him. "Yes," cried he, "the mystery is solved at last. In this unreal world, wherein we imbue our hearts with sorrows and joys not born of ourselves, we soon grow to be factitious as the passions we personate. All wide and generous views of life come to be regarded as treason to the cause of that feigned existence of the stage, where nothing is real but the jealousy." And while he reasoned thus, there arose to his memory the teachings he had oft received from Gabriel; the dark scepticism of all good in woman, that formed a favourite theme with him, and he recalled the bitter sarcasm with which, speaking of girlhood, he had said,—  
"Fidelity is not natural to the sex—the young are always false."

Thus was it, that a poison long latent in his nature began to work, when unsoundness seized him, and each thought that had never seen the light came flaunting forth in noonday.

He tried to compose himself to sleep; he lay down on his bed, and endeavoured in many ways to induce that calm spirit, which leads to slumber; he even murmured to himself the long-forgotten litanies he had learned, as a student, in the College: but the fever that raged within defied all these attempts, and foiled in his efforts, he arose and left the house. The day was just dawning, and a pinkish streak of sky could be seen over the mountains of Vall' Ombrosa, while all the vale of the Arno and Florence itself lay in deep shadow; the great "Duomo" and the tall tower at its side not yet catching the first gleam of the rising sun. Gerald left the gates of the city, and strode on manfully till he gained the crest of the "Bello Sguardo," whence the view of the city and its environs is peculiarly fine. Here he sat down to gaze on the scene beneath him; that wondrous map, whose history contains records of mingled greatness, crime, genius, noble patriotism, and base treachery such as all Europe itself cannot equal; and thus gazing, and thus musing, he sank into deep sleep.

## THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY—DR. WILDE'S CATALOGUE.

As in the history of nations, so in the history of Irish antiquities, there are two periods—the fabulous and the authentic; and as in the pre-historic period some truth will generally be found mixed up with the mythe, and, in the authentic period, some error interspersed amongst the records truly trustworthy, so, likewise, do we find it in the instance of our insular archæology. The representatives of the old, or heroic, element, may be said to have been Dr. Keating and General Vallancey, and, more recently, Sir William Betham. To the new, or scientific, era belong most of those distinguished names which appear, or have of late years appeared on the list of the Committee of Antiquities in the Council of the Academy. Between the two may be placed the learned and accomplished Dr. Petrie—the inherent poetry and artistic sentiment of his mind bending him towards the mythic side—the weight of his learning and natural sagacity inclining him in the direction of rationality and enlightenment. There is no severer test of history than that of material relics. Brick and stone, iron and bronze are, like facts, stubborn things. Assertions had been confidently repeated, even long after the Charter had been granted to the Royal Irish Academy in 1785, that the origin of the Hibernian race was Phœnician, or, if not Phœnician, Egyptian or Cretan. The superior, or dominant, class was a colony from Spain. But enlightened men scarcely liked to accept these facts on hearsay—or, at best, on the dubious interpretation of obscure records; nevertheless, how were they to test their value? Mr. Cunningham, himself a member of the Academy, formed a collection of Irish antiquities to satisfy his own mind. This collection—the earliest, it is believed, made in this country, with a scientific object—has, we regret to say, been lost. It passed into the hands of Mr. Austin Cooper, and has disappeared. A stimulus was, however, given, by Mr. Cunningham's example, to others, who saw what benefits might result

from the preservation of ancient relics from destruction; and, by-and-bye, several persons began to put together and classify such objects of interest as they were able to pick up. Dr. Tuke, Dr. Petrie, Major Sirr, and Dean Dawson, each formed for himself a museum; and although, in this isolated state, the objects of antiquity could only be made imperfectly available for the purpose of confirming or overturning a received theory, yet, so far as these tributary streams tended to feed a main reservoir they were one day destined, with more or less intermediate abstraction, to reach, so far they were each of them instrumental in solving the historical and ethnological problem which lay at the bottom of the inquiry.

Attempts were made, at the very outset, to establish a repository for national antiquities within the walls of the Royal Irish Academy. Donations were presented to the Society, in the first year of its existence, by the celebrated Lord Charlemont and various other individuals. But they were premature; interest languished. These gifts became fewer, and ceased. From 1815 to 1839, not a single donation appears to have been entered upon the books; nor was there a meeting of the Committee of Antiquities between the years 1810 and 1839. It was during this period that the *tributary* museums, as they may be called, were swelling their streams; and then the sluice-gate was removed, and the tide began to pour into the Academic basin. A subscription was set on foot, with which the collection left by Dr. Dawson, Dean of St. Patrick's, at his death, was purchased and presented to the Academy. The gold "torques," found at the historic hill of Tara, had been likewise bought by subscription, and similarly bestowed. In the same year that this accession was made, the late Professor M'Cullagh presented his donation of the magnificent Cross of Cong, ever since the pride of the Museum.

From the year 1839 a double advantage was secured for Irish archæ-



ology. Not only was a national collection set on foot, and a nucleus formed, round which might gather what still remained of material relics of the past, to form the foundation, or at least the corroboration, of enlightened theories, but the destructive process was arrested, which had been going on for so many ages, and had increased, instead of diminished, with the progress of civilization. Year after year, as agriculture spread, and larger and larger sweeps of the waste lands of the country were reclaimed and ripped up by the drain and the plough, increasing quantities of antique remains were brought to light, to be, as a general rule, broken up if they consisted of clay and such worthless materials, and melted down if composed of gold or other valuable metals. We may judge of what has been lost in this way by the profusion of the treasures still exhumed in all parts of Ireland, but especially in the south and west, even after the work of demolition has been going forward so long and so steadily. Happily, much as there is to regret, there is much also to congratulate ourselves upon. The Museum, which forms the central dépôt whither the peasant of the Provinces knows he may transport the relic he has turned up in cutting his turf or sinking his drain, and obtain its value for it, is itself, as we have already observed, but the public and authorized centre of a group of subsidiary collections, all, or nearly all, probably destined, sooner or later, to fall into the principal depository, and make it as rich in the number of its specimens as it already is in their character and variety. There is scarcely a part of Ireland where it is not now understood that a specimen of antiquity *fetches a higher price* for its owner at the Museum in Dawson-street than it does anywhere else: if that owner be a pauper, in hard cash; if of a grade to which the pecuniary equivalent is valueless, in that pleasing and creditable notoriety which the appearing as a donor in the Catalogue of the Museum so readily affords; and, as a consequence, every year brings in its accessions with one hand, and stays the progress of destruction with the other. The feeling, originally partial, and perhaps superstitious, has become general and enlightened. Relics, in

an unobjectionable sense, are now sacred. The conservating principle has extended to architectural monuments. Cabins and boundary-walls are no longer built out of the wilful dilapidations of "kills" and "cloghteachs." The "rath" and the "cromlech" are left inviolate, or, if touched, examined with the scrupulous hand of science, which knows how to discriminate between spoliation and exploration. In a word, though what had been got at before the Academy era was irrecoverably lost, what remains is safe. Henceforward we may feel some confidence that the Past of Irish history, in its material antiquities, as well as in its literary chronicles, will continue to come forth with increasing lustre, year by year, under the eye of the ethnologist and archæologist.

But, in the meantime, in proportion as the treasures collected in the public repertory increased, the necessity of reducing them to some degree of order became more manifest. This was early felt by those individuals, both donors and students, who had taken an interest in the formation and augmentation of the collection. In order to obtain a base for any sound theories or arguments, an arrangement of the medley of curiosities heaped together on its shelves was indispensable. *Who* was to do this? was the first question. *How* it was to be done, was another and a subordinate one: The tastes, talents, experience, and achievements of Dr. Petrie pointed him out as the man for the task. He had been one of the earliest and most enlightened private collectors in Ireland. He had lent himself, with unflagging zeal, to the establishment of the Academy's Museum. He had adorned its Transactions, and finally done credit to his country, by the publication of a volume, which, in setting at rest the long-vexed question of the origin of the Round Towers, had contributed, perhaps more largely and completely than any previous work had done, to establish the true principle of archæological research. To such a man it was natural to turn when the object was to arrange and methodize a Museum of national antiquities. The task of preparing a Catalogue was assigned him by the Royal Irish Academy some years ago, and was accepted. Some preliminary steps

were taken by him, we believe, in fulfilment of this duty ; but, from one cause or other, the work was not proceeded with ; and, until lately, there was little hope of having the treasures contained in the new and commodious repository in Dawson-street made intelligible to the general or even the scientific visitant. We are as far from pretending to know as from attempting to explain for what cause the hopes of the Academy, as connected with Dr. Petrie, were doomed to disappointment. This is a matter on which we confess our ignorance, and on which we would, if informed, not consider it becoming to say a word. With the reasons we have nothing to do ; with the result we are alone concerned. But it will not do to quit the topic without, at least, recording our conviction that the eminent and amiable archaeologist who, in his declining years, was induced to accept an office which was certain to entail upon him no small amount of labour and anxiety, would not, without good and sufficient cause, have neglected or abandoned a task once undertaken, or, by any deliberate remissness, have constituted himself an obstacle to the prosecution of those studies it had been the main object of his life to foster.

Consequent, however, upon the constructive violation of the understanding according to which the formation of a catalogue was placed in the hands of the antiquary in question, a new arrangement was made, and the task was committed to Mr. Wilde, a gentleman of large experience in literature and archaeology, as well as in his profession, and—what was, perhaps, under the circumstances, as strong a recommendation—of resolute will and prompt action.

The fruits of this step were not long in making themselves seen. We have this moment before us a book, containing a catalogue of the antiquities, in stone, terra cotta, and vegetable material, belonging to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, executed in a manner which makes us vehemently to hope that the work may ultimately be completed by a further part or parts classified and illustrated as this is, and conversant with the many magnificent objects, and especially the ecclesiastical objects, composed of the precious metals, existing in

the Museum. Into the details of this volume it is not our intention—nor, indeed, would it profit the reader—to enter. The Catalogue is designed for two classes of readers—the visiter of the Museum and the student of archaeology, not merely of Irish archaeology, but the general student. It must, in fact, form a necessary volume of reference for every one who is engaged in excavating for himself into the pre-historic past of his own country, whatever that may be ; for it is by analogies and contrasts, even more than by identification, that science is able to feel its way through the chambers of obscure ages. At the same time, we repeat, for the class which will turn over our pages, a lengthened enumeration would be intolerable. A catalogue, even with its full accessories of explanatory introductions, illustrations, and so forth, is a dry affair. An index to a catalogue would defy the most resolute magazine reader. The leaves would, in all probability, never be cut. To draw an eye upon our pages at all, we must restrict ourselves to a specimen or two of the objects delineated, and of the style of the work, so as, in exciting those who interest themselves in such things to commit themselves to the guidance of the volume itself, to amuse the many who do not, by any bits of information or scraps of curiosity we may meet with, suitable to less sophisticated tastes.

A word or two, however, before we begin, on a preliminary point, which, it must be recollected, had to be maturely considered by the author before he could lay pen to paper. The principle of arrangement is one on which opinions differ much, and it is extremely hard to speak confidently. In natural objects, the principle ought to be the natural one, that is, it ought to follow the law which has governed their production. In Art, likewise, in cases where all the circumstances are known, and the history of the objects is accessible, little difficulty need be experienced. There may be an arrangement according to uses, or according to the dates of the several objects—each of them a true arrangement. But, where knowledge is imperfect, and history silent, or only partially available or intelligible, then, in the absence of the true principle, the selection of the best

approximative method may become a matter of serious difficulty. The problem is to find that known ingredient best adapted to group objects in the largest possible divisions in the first instance. Then, of each of those groups, to select in like manner a second known ingredient, constituting the broadest subdivisions, and so on. The advantage of this system is, that though it is in one respect arbitrary, it is permanent, that is, no new light thrown upon the subject can disturb the general plan. Whereas, where a true system, so long as our knowledge is imperfect, is adopted, then each accession to our knowledge may unsettle the original arrangement, and render a new disposition necessary.

Now, Mr. Wilde, in the Catalogue of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, of which the first part is before us, has, in the absence of complete knowledge, acted upon the principle we hold to be the true one, and taken certain known ingredients as the basis of his system. The history, meaning, and age of much of what he had to arrange are doubtful, or wholly unknown. He has therefore wisely refrained from adopting the suggestions of the archæologist on one side, and the ethnologist on the other; and has pitched upon Material as the first grand division of the objects before him. Here he cannot be mistaken. There can be no room for after-revision. The arrangement must remain as complete, in this respect, under any increase of knowledge, as it is at this moment. For other purposes, things might be more profitably viewed and described with reference to their chronology or other characteristics: for this—that is, for a general and permanent catalogue of these miscellaneous illustrations of Ireland's past history—no other plan could possibly answer equally well. Accordingly, instead of dynasties, dates, and designs, we have wood, stone, and clay. The *material* of each article is clearly indicated. We have the entire collection of relics formed out of stone, for instance, grouped together in the catalogue, as they are in the Museum itself, so as to be found and recognised at a glance by the observer,—who, at the same time, for his own purposes, is not precluded from freely forming out of them such a re-arrangement as may square with the know-

ledge he has acquired, or the theories he may advocate. This is, as we have said, one of the advantages of the arbitrary system adopted. It is not disturbed by, nor does it disturb, any other arrangement.

Subordinate to this primary division, a classification, adopted with a view to convenience, arranges the objects according to use. This, it is manifest, does not admit of such certainty as the first. Information is here imperfect. A more complete knowledge may hereafter necessitate revision. It is likewise more complex; but, nevertheless, it fulfils the conditions. It is the *most certain* and the *least complex* secondary disposition that could be made. Under it, the objects range themselves into twelve species. We have announced that it is not our intention either to take a regular survey of the Museum, or to attempt a methodical summary of the Catalogue. A few random objects, as specimens of the contents of the one and of the style of the other, may be brought before the reader's notice. It is sure to be useful, and may possibly be entertaining, to show how collections of this sort ought to be arranged and explained.

We feel tempted, however, so far to follow the prescribed order, as to dwell a moment on the very first compartment we arrive at, as we enter the northern gallery of the Museum in Dawson-street. It may be premised that, extending over the original divisions, the *terms* of classification and arrangement employed in Natural History, have, for the sake of convenience, been adopted—namely, Class, Order, Species, and Variety. Here, then, in Class I, Order 1, we observe a tray of specimens in stone, consisting of flint weapons, and weapon-tools. These articles owe their preservation to the durability of the material of which they are composed. They stand forth alone. No history or tradition helps us in ascertaining their use, or the habits and manners of the people who used them. No material to which they might have been attached, or on which they might have been employed, remains to assist our inquiries. They must tell their own story, if it is to be told at all. There is something curious and impressive in their utter isolation, which lends even to these rude relics an interest of their own,

and takes them out of the category of mere clumsy barbarous make-shifts. Here is a row of sharp, hatchet-edged weapons, or tools, bearing a sort of common resemblance, and grouped round a certain type. How were they formed? What were they formed for? To the first question Mr. Wilde replies as follows :

"If an ordinary oblong flint nodule be broken across in the middle, the fracture is conchoidal or shell-shaped, and if one of the portions of that flint were set on end, the artist could chip off with a hammer, or with a chisel and mallet, a number of fine flakes, running the length of the sides of the mass; more or less thin and long, or broad and thick, according to the natural purity of the flint, and perhaps the dexterity of the worker. Each scale or flake, no matter what its outer shape or outline, will always present the conchoidal fracture. The outside flakes, bearing the usual rough cortical silicate of lime investiture, were generally valueless, and consequently cast aside. In striking off these flakes the tool used must have been a stone or flint; but of what precise nature we have as yet no definite information. In chipping or scaling a mass of flint, the artist appears to have struck it on the end, and as he passed round the block, striking in the centre of the angle made by the junction of any two chips, the scale must always have presented more or less of an obtusely triangular figure in its section; and, owing to the tapering nature of the flint mass, a leaf-like outline; while, from the peculiar fracture or cleavage of all flint, it was curved in the longitudinal direction, and also slightly convex from side to side upon the under surface. This under surface is invariably smooth, and to a certain degree polished; but from the deficiency of lines upon it, and its invariable curvature, it can easily be distinguished from the smoothing and polishing produced by art. The edges of nearly all these flakes are sharp, and generally meet at a point at the extremity, while the butt, or portion to which the tool was applied, is usually chipped and broken, as if it required repeated blows to get it off. Each surface on the convex aspect is smooth, though occasionally presenting the wave-like appearance of broken glass. This was the first attempt at a weapon or tool of stone. The artist, it would appear, chipped off as many scales or flakes as the mass would afford, and then threw aside the

core or spud when it ceased to be any longer useful."

The description is intelligible. It is still further illustrated in the Catalogue by vignette wood-engravings.\* But enough is here given to show that a good deal of sagacity has been brought to bear upon the details of the work. These explanatory passages, we may remark, are found interspersed all throughout, among the more technical details of the Catalogue itself. From the simple cutting-edge, obtained by the process described, the next advance was to the weapons and tools obtained by splitting, chipping, and polishing. The mode in which these operations were performed is detailed, so far as it can be known, in the text. The uses to which the articles so formed were applied, are likewise, with the same limitation, indicated. The greater part of the articles of this kind in the collection are manifestly arrow-heads. Of this weapon the varieties are numerous, and the characteristics very curious and interesting. We are quite at a loss to understand by what skill the ancient artificers were enabled to fabricate such nicely adjusted and curiously designed specimens, without having had access to metallic tools. Even with them, we, at the present day, should be puzzled to model the flint nodule into some of the shapes figured among the illustrations of this class. The arrow-head, or "Elf-stone," as it is popularly called in the country, is found everywhere, and under every variety of circumstance. In its more rare and delicate forms (such as Fig. 26, No. 860) it argues a considerable degree, not of skill alone in the people who made it, but of civilization in the people who made use of it—the sense of *beauty* seldom being found co-existing in a nation with barbarism and degradation. The use of weapons and implements of flint and stone among the Scandinavian aborigines of the North of Europe is altogether prehistoric. Not a trace of allusion to them, "even of the most remote and traditional character," has yet been discovered in the Irish Records. They belong to no known people. They can with difficulty, now and

\* The engravings, which add much to the interest of the book, are designed by Messrs. Du Noyer and Wakeman, and executed by Messrs. Hanlon and Oldham.

then, be classed, chronologically, with other relics. The race which fabricated and used them may be said to be indicated in the sands of the Past by this single ichnite. But we may, as the geologist has done in the case of animal foot-prints, gain something from the evidence of the track and pressure itself. The race was not merely a warlike race; it understood and practised some of the arts and employments of civilized life. Still, a cloud rests upon it, here, as in Denmark, and indeed in the whole of North-western Europe. It is only when invaded by the colonies of other nations that the countries it occupied found means of conveying their history to after-times; and they are silent as to that pre-existent and primæval people. Of Egypt, of Assyria, possessing an equal or higher antiquity, the present age is disinterring the past. Manners, customs, literature, religion, all are revealing themselves to the labours of the antiquary. Here, a few stones remain—stones on which no characters will ever be found traced—which will stand but little chance of being transferred by the profoundest archæologist from the place they occupied in virtue of their material, to an historical or chronological arrangement.

We have dwelt upon this particular order, principally for the purpose of exhibiting, by way of example, the method adopted, and the style made use of throughout the Catalogue. Those stone implements, so well known as Celts, must be disposed of more summarily. They are stated to be the most widely distributed stone implements in the world. Their name, in its derivation, probably implies their original use—a chisel. But they have doubtless been used as weapons as well as tools. One circumstance goes far to prove this. The Commissioners for improving the navigation of the river Shannon have presented to the Academy more than one-half of the large collection of celts in the Museum. Sir Richard Griffith, the Chief Commissioner, thus describes the discovery of these celts:

“The fords of Keelogue and Meelick, on the river Shannon, are the first points of the river passable, except by boat, above the falls at Killaloe, and consequently the main pass between the counties of Clare and Galway with Tipperary and the King's county. For the im-

provement of the navigation it was necessary to deepen the river at Keelogue ford, by excavating its bed to the depth of six feet below the bottom. The contractors dammed off a portion of the river, 100 feet in width, and 700 in length. The material to be excavated consisted, at the top, of two feet of gravel, loose stone, and sand; and at the bottom, of four feet of a mass composed of indurated clay and rolled limestone, which in some parts was found to be so solid and compact that it became necessary to blast it with gunpowder. This is a part of one of the Eskers which cross Ireland, and intersect the river at this point. In excavating in the loose material of which the upper two feet was composed, a considerable number of ancient arms, consisting of bronze swords, spears, &c., were found. Towards the lower part of the upper two feet were discovered a great number of stone hatchets (celts), similar in many respects to those which have been frequently met with in different parts of this country. The greater number of them, which are black, are composed of the siliceous rock called Lydian stone, which is abundant in the neighbourhood of Keelogue and Banagher; but the others are composed of a sub-crystalline and apparently igneous porphyritic rock, none of which occurs in the neighbourhood, or, possibly in the south of Ireland. Hence it is probable that the latter, which are much more perfectly executed than the black, were brought from a distance. These antiquities are evidently the relics of very different and probably distant periods. Owing to the rapidity of the current at Keelogue Ford, the annual increase of deposit must have been inconsiderable; hence, though not more than one foot of silty matter may be found between the stone weapons of a very remote age, and the swords and spears of another period, still remote from us, yet centuries may have intervened between the periods of mortal strife which must have taken place in the river, probably between the Leinster-men and Connaught-men of old, disputing the passage of the river, at two distinct and, no doubt, very distant periods.”

In corroboration of this presumptive proof of the celt having been used as a weapon of war, we have some evidence of a documentary nature, derived from ancient Irish writings, which, if we interpret the expressions, “a champion's hand-stone,” “the semi-flat stone of a soldier champion,” and other similar ones occurring in the Book of Ballinmote, in an ancient record of the Battle of the Ford of Comar, in the Book

of Lismore, &c., as applying to the celt, seems to show that they have been used, on various occasions, as a naked weapon thrown by the hand.

But, on the other hand, there can be as little doubt that the celt was used as an implement, or tool, and especially for cutting wood. To this day a similar instrument is employed among some uncivilized tribes for such a purpose among others. Indeed, it is to be expected that in the more advanced stages of society alone would tools and implements be manufactured expressly and exclusively to be employed in any particular way. It is when arts are approaching perfection that they are assisted by a class of instruments, invented and adapted with a view to those particular arts exclusively. Barbarism will avail itself of what comes to hand ; and a type, once in general use for one purpose, will be adopted and perpetuated for another.

Hence it is, that, under the class of "use," it is so difficult to assign its true place to the celt. We are of opinion, that the form of implement thus designated, was early adopted into a variety of economic, as well as warlike and woodland operations ; and that the thing, in all its applications, dropped into a dead letter, as soon as the use of metals became in any degree prevalent.

The next article of stone we shall refer to as we pass along is the Drinking Cup. Some of these, says Mr. Wilde—

"Beautifully decorated, and of the most costly substances and workmanship, were in use in very early times in the British Isles, of which examples are afforded in the Dunvegan Cup of the Mac Donalds of Skye, and also in the Kavanagh Horn, preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin. Cups or goblets were placed beside most of the public or roadside wells of Ireland, even in Pagan times ; and it is related that, in the reign of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and of his grandson Cormac Mac Art, who flourished between the years 123 and 266 of the general Christian era,—so great was the wealth of this kingdom, and such the virtue of its people, as well as the administration of the ancient Brehon Laws, that silver cups were placed at each roadside well for travellers to drink with. Brian Boroinne, about the year 1000, revived this ancient custom, and put in force the law which sustained it ; and it is to this

golden age that Moore's lines of ' Rich and rare were the gems she wore ' refer."

We can only enumerate, and pass by, some of the other objects fabricated out of stone, with which the Collection is enriched. There are "touchstones," for testing the purity of gold ; moulds for arrow-heads ; "querns," or the stones of the hand-mill ; amulets ; urns ; and—perhaps most curious of all—what are called the Ogham Stones, or inscribed monumental pillar-stones. We say, most curious of all : for these alone can boast inscriptions from which their history and use may be partly gathered. The inscriptions are not in any known alphabet or character, but consist of certain combinations of rectilinear chisellings, struck out to each side from a stem line, or the edge of the monolith on which they are found. Until a few years ago, the interpretation of this writing upon the wall of the Past was the favourite problem of our National Magicians. We have ourselves heard a noble strain of poetry attributed to one of these "Ogham Stones" by one who was at that day the leader of the heroic and fabulous section of Irish Archæologists. Professor Charles Graves, not feeling inclined to be carried away by the romantic renderings of the antiquary, and desirous of making sure of what he was called upon to admire, set himself about a scientific scrutiny of the Ogham character ; and, proceeding upon the principle of *tabulation*, so successfully employed upon the arrow-headed writing of Nimroud and Kouyunjik, obtained at last a key to these inscriptions, which, in revealing to us their true purport, overthrew with unseemly disrespect the imaginative meanings by which they had been hallowed. If the inscription was intelligible, it was certainly prosaic in the extreme. The usual form was "The stone of So-and-So, the son of So-and-So." In most cases, it is proved to have belonged to the Christian period. The character was, it may be conjectured, made use of by the Ecclesiastics of the earlier ages of Christianity to record the decease of members of their own body. Dr. Graves says—

"Almost all those which have been deciphered present merely a proper name with its patronymic, both in the genitive case. The monuments appear,

for the most part, to have been sepulchral in the first instance. But there is reason to suppose that they were used to indicate the proprietorship of land, either standing as boundary stones, or buried in crypts, as evidences to be referred to in case of disputes arising.

"By far the greater number of the Ogham inscriptions discovered in Ireland have been found in the counties of Kerry and Cork. A few have been noticed in Wales and Scotland, and one in Shetland. Though several of the proper names occurring in the Irish Ogham monuments are to be met with in our annals and pedigrees, we doubt whether any of them have been yet so positively identified as to fix the time of the individuals whose memory it was intended thus to preserve."

Passing from stone objects to those in earthenware, we have to step back across the boundary which separates Christianity from Paganism. The mortuary urns, of which such a vast number and variety have been discovered in every part of Ireland, are invariably associated with cremation, "a purely Pagan rite." This rite was of course superseded by the Christian form of earth-burial; so that although the burning of the dead may have been practised long subsequently to the introduction of Christianity among the more barbarous population of the country, it may safely be concluded that the great majority of the relics of this kind,—we mean vessels of baked clay in which bones subjected to the action of fire are found—are older than the middle of the fifth century. The Academy contains a number of these, all of them curious—some of them not without elegance of design and finish—one in particular really beautiful, considered the most perfect specimen of the class hitherto met with in the British Isles, and possessing an interest of its own. It is small, standing but 2½ inches high, by 3½ across the outer margin of the lip; and bears, both in shape and ornamentation, so strong a characteristic resemblance to the Echinus or Sea-urchin, that we are led to the belief that the artist took his design from the shell of that animal. It was discovered in the year 1847, in a small stone chamber at Knocknecoura, near Bagnalstown, in the county of Carlow; and, we are informed, "contained portions of the burned bones of an infant, or very young child." It

was placed within a much larger and ruder urn, filled with fragments of adult human bones; they have probably been the remains of mother and child. There is something startling in obtaining this solitary trace of a society and a semi-civilization utterly passed away. How the island was then peopled—how governed—how circumstanced physically and politically—is a mystery which will probably never be resolved. Here we have one incident sketched, as it were, before our eyes,—speaking of a two-fold death—of a family affliction—of the pious regard of survivors—of delicate and refined taste, exhibited not only in the chaste and elegant depository for the ashes of the child, but in the very mode in which the calamity was figured forth—the offspring included within the remains of the mother. The book is then shut: centuries intervene; and when it opens next, we find comparative barbarism.

One of the most curious of the specimens of urns which the Academy possesses is that numbered 27, Figure 132. Not so much in itself, as from the circumstances under which it was discovered, and from its having formed what may be considered the nucleus of the present collection of antiquities in the Museum. It was presented, in 1838, to the Academy, by Lord Mulgrave, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The discovery was made in the Phoenix Park, on the occasion of the removal of a Rath, or Tumulus, which stood on a slope commanding the river Liffey. The urn lay within the mound, along with three others, each contained in a stone kist; and at some little distance was a cromlech, beneath which—

"Two perfect male human skeletons were found, and also the tops of the femora of another, and a single bone of an animal, supposed to be that of a dog. The heads of the skeletons rested to the north, and as the inclosure is not of sufficient extent to have permitted the bodies to lie at full length, they must have been bent at the vertebræ or at the lower joints. Immediately under each skull was found collected together a considerable quantity of small shells common on our coasts, known to conchologists by the name of *Nerita littoralis*. On examination, those shells were found to have been rubbed down on the valve with a stone to make a second hole—for the purpose, as it appeared evident, of being

strung to form thin necklaces; and a vegetable fibre serving this purpose was also discovered, a portion of which was through the shells. A small fibula of bone and a knife or arrow-head of flint were also found."

The bone pin lay along with the shell necklaces, under the skulls. It was probably used for twisting the hair upon. No trace of fire is to be detected upon these skeletons, nor upon the shells and fibula connected with them.

From clay we pass on to wood. Gladly would we extract Mr. Wilde's clear and concise descriptions of the single-piece boat, the spades, dishes, bowls, tables. A barrel found in a bog, and *still containing butter*, ought not to be passed over. Neither should the Mether—the two-pieced vessel out of which the poetic mead, or metheglin, used to be quaffed by Ossianic heroes. It is, of course, only in bogs that articles in wood are found; by no other means could they have been preserved, in this humid climate, than by the operation of bog-water. Vast quantities of timber underlie the surface every where throughout the country where peat bog prevails, affording proof of the breadth of land anciently under forest. These bogs connect themselves with the natural history of animals not less strikingly than they do with archæology. In this light they form, in fact, a sort of link between the historic and recent geologic periods. There was something "to give us pause," in looking down—as we did only a year or two ago—into a deep trench cut by workmen along one of the most crowded of our Dublin thoroughfares, and beholding at some ten feet beneath the surface, the peat-moss, with the included fragments of oak and yew protruding on either side of the excavation, or cast up to the surface, and lying upon the heap amidst the glare and glitter of modern civilization. It is probably at least 1500 years since the surface of that ground was wild moss. How many centuries previous was it, that the forest, buried beneath that bog, stood and flourished?

But every thing relating to the past of Ireland is peculiar. In being without a history, indeed, it but resembles other countries, far more celebrated. Egypt, Assyria, Central America, are equally unchronicled. But of these

not one is hopelessly silent. The researches of the antiquary and philologist have already read much that was previously mystery on the inscribed monuments of the two former countries. Much more will come out in the converging focus of modern inquiry. But here, from the dim antiquity of our own island, no voice can be evoked. No trace of a written language, alphabetic or hieroglyphic, has been discovered, referring to the remote periods of the Pagan era. The material remains, abundant as they are, receive no explanation from written or symbolic language. They underlie the Present everywhere, but refuse to render up their secrets. The inhabitants of ancient Ierne sealed themselves against the curiosity of future ages by dying "and making no sign."

These remarks, however, cease to apply as we arrive, in our examination of the Catalogue, at a description of those remarkable stockaded forts, called Crannoges, which have lately come to light in various parts of Ireland, but particularly in the county of Roscommon, since the progress of drainage has lowered the level of the surface waters over extended areas. This class of antiquarian objects claims a conspicuous place in the Catalogue, on account of the large amount and singular variety of the relics discovered within such structures, which have found their way, through various successive proprietors, at last to the Museum of the Academy, which they have helped more than any other discovery to enrich. These crannoges owe their preservation, as do the other remains in wood, to their immersion in water. They are circular or oblong inclosures, supported at their circumference by wooden piles, floored with logs, and filled in with stones or other material. They are raised for the most part upon small islets, existing in the lesser lakes of the country, and have been used as the retreats of outlawed chiefs, and other refugees, within the historic period. Take a description of one, to serve as a specimen. The Lagore crannoge, near Dunshaughlin, in the county of Meath, was the first which was discovered; and an account of it was read at the time (1839) to the Academy by Mr. Wilde himself. It differed in one point from all others since discovered

"In not being then either submerged



or surrounded by water; it consisted of a circular mound of about 520 feet in circumference, slightly raised above the surrounding bog or marshy ground, which forms a basin of about a mile and a-half in circuit, and is bounded by elevated tillage and pasture lands. The lake in which this crannoge was situated has been drained within the memory of man. To the labours of the chemist making known the value of bones for manuring purposes, we are indebted for this ancient habitation being brought to light. Some labourers, when clearing the stream-way which surrounds a portion of it, having found several large bones, the fact became known to the usual collectors of such articles, who resorted there in numbers, and above 150 cart-loads were thus obtained. 'The circumference of the circle was formed by upright posts of black oak, measuring from six to eight feet in height; these were mortised into beams of a similar material, laid flat upon the marl and sand beneath the bog, and nearly sixteen feet below the present surface. The upright posts were held together by connecting cross-beams, and [said to be] fastened by large iron nails; parts of a second upper tier of posts were likewise found resting on the lower ones. The space thus inclosed was divided into separate compartments by septa or divisions that intersected one another in different directions; these were also formed of oaken beams in a state of great preservation, joined together with greater accuracy than the former, and in some cases having their sides grooved or rabbited to admit large panels driven down between them. The interiors of the chambers so formed were filled with bones and black moory earth, and the heap of bones was raised up, in some places, within a foot of the surface.'

"The animal remains found therein consisted of those of several varieties of oxen, also swine, deer, goats, sheep, dogs, foxes, horses, and asses. With these were found a vast collection of antiquities; warlike, culinary, personal and ornamental, of stone, bone, wood, bronze, and iron, &c., several of which are preserved in the Academy's Museum, and consist of swords, knives, spears, javelins and dagger-blades, sharpening stones, querns, beads, pins, brooches, combs, horse-trappings, shears, chains, axes, pots, and bowls, &c. Some human remains were likewise discovered there, a specimen of which may also be seen in the Museum."

Here written history at last comes to our aid. The annals of the country have yielded, even to the limited researches as yet made for the purpose, authentic records of the existence and

occupation of some of these fortresses. They are occasionally spoken of up to the commencement of the seventeenth century. We are, in one sense, on firm ground.

Having arrived so far, we must finish our hasty sketch. Perhaps we could not close the enumeration of the contents of the Catalogue before us with a more appropriate object than the "ancient wooden book," described by Dr. Todd in the twenty-first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. This book was found in a bog at Maghera, in the county of Derry, and consists, in its present state, of one cover and four leaves. But what constitutes it a curiosity of high order is, that the tablets, or leaves, which are, like the cover, of pine wood, are waxed for the reception of characters traced by the stylus. Upon the wax letters are still to be discerned, traced by a sharp point. They form Latin words, and are in the Irish character.

With the articles composed of vegetable materials this, the first, portion of the Catalogue concludes. There is no expressed resolution, so far as we are aware, on the part of the Academy, to continue and complete it. Possibly the success or failure of this publication, in a pecuniary point of view, may influence their ultimate decision. Unfortunately there is not the same encouragement offered in this country to works such as this, as there is in England, or, we may add, in Scotland, or on the Continent; while the public bodies from which they emanate are not, in general, rich enough to afford to lose by their publication. Should our conjecture be correct, we would take this opportunity very earnestly to urge upon the public, including the British public, but more particularly on the members of the Academy, the claims of this really creditable national work. It is conceived in a scientific spirit, and executed with a conscientious care and happy perspicuity which reflect the highest praise on the Antiquary who has undertaken it. It is more than a Catalogue—it is a history;—a history, too, which confines itself to facts—an inestimable blessing in national records. With regard to the continuation of the Catalogue, we do sincerely hope that nothing may interfere to prevent Mr. Wilde and the

Academy from carrying forward between them the laborious task they have so ably initiated. The most interesting and important, as well as precious, contents of the Museum are yet to be illustrated. The metallic treasures which attract the notice of visitors from every nation—the ecclesiastical relics, so characteristic of the Island of Saints—these lie before the compiler as a task which, to one so earnest and so accomplished, must prove a labour of love. The armoury of bronze weapons—for their numbers are best represented by the term; that mysterious group of bent blades, turned up in the field of Kilmainham, sole record of some forgotten fight; the massive torques of virgin gold, which graced the necks of chiefs of a still earlier race; the strange looped discs, of the same precious metal, of every size, from that of a signet ring to the dimensions of a pair of cymbals; the chased and jewelled shrines of early copies of the gospels and sacred relics; the crowning ornament of the whole strange collection—that masterpiece of national mediæval art—the Cross of Cong;—such are a few of the objects which await the pen of Mr. Wilde. Already, we understand, he is provisionally engaged in the continuation of his task. Let us venture to counsel him—and this we do without any thing approaching a hinted suspicion that he may need the caution—to carry rigorously into the new field he will have to enter upon, the simplicity and business-like self-restraint which distinguish him in that he has just quitted. What he has already done is marked by a moderation of colouring which commends it, more than any other quality an Irishman could have exhibited upon an Irish subject, to the notice of English and foreign readers. There are no superlatives—no fanciful flights—no prostrations before favourite idols. The Vallancey style is utterly eschewed. Irish Antiquities are made respectable, by being approached without superstitious genuflection. He is now about to enter upon still more dangerous details. He has rich trea-

sures to exhibit—objects of traditional reverence to describe. National pride and prejudice might combine to mislead. The pride could scarcely be called an improper one—the prejudice, a silly impertinence. Yet, an exhibition of either would be fatal to the value of the work in hand. It is a Catalogue, and nothing more. As such, it is tied down to facts, and shut out from the slightest freedom of fancy. A ray of light from any other source than science or history would dim the lustre of the costliest materials in the collection. These hints, we repeat, are rather thrown out as an anticipated commendation than as a timely warning. Judging from the past, there is little danger for the future; and we may leave to Mr. Wilde the enviable task of following in the steps of Dr. Petrie, and executing a work upon Irish Archæology, calculated to command the attention and respect of *those who are not Irish, as well as of those who are.*

A hope may not unreasonably be indulged, that a Catalogue such as this may produce its effect in swelling the roll of members of the Academy. That institution, flourishing as it is, has been at no time supported as it should be by the enlightened classes of the country. Its utility may possibly neither have been thoroughly appreciated, nor its advantages and the treasures it contains fully understood. Should such be the case, the work before us is well calculated to dispel such ignorance:—but it must at all events tend to enrich the collection it illustrates. This, we take it, will follow, as effect from cause. Every effort should be made by the Academy to increase its circulation, with but a secondary aim at pecuniary profit, or even reimbursement. The return may not be in cash, but it is sure to come in, sooner or later, under the form of archæological gems and masterpieces, the legitimate success which should be expected to crown the labours, in its particular branch, of an institution established for such purposes as the Royal Irish Academy.

## THE TIMES AND "THE TIMES."

WHEN galvanic spasm is elevated by statesmen to the dignity of LIFE, and the despot replaces volition with the string of the puppet, we are apt to inquire into the sanity of the former, and the honesty of the latter. Numbers and Antiquity are the little household gods to which men bow down. Not the less are they the great gods of entire nations. There, they usurp the hallowed throne of Truth. If man be taught by advancing from the known to the unknown—if the organs of sensation form his stepping-stones to the edifice of knowledge—if he thus proceeds from the concrete to the abstract, and, by the aid of the former, at last rears the temple of science, that is no reason why he should obstinately confound the scaffolding with the solid masonry of the towering structure. Still less is the blindness of that individual to be eulogized, who can mistake the freedom of the oak for the rigidity of the column. We cannot stunt the growth of men nor of states by the bare assertion that the one is a marble statue, the other a gorgeous building. Each must expand, or it dies. At this very moment, England is an evidence of the fact, in her commerce, her government, and, above all, her parliament. Wherever free men live, free institutes will arise. These, like the offspring of man, or that of the forest, grow without legislation. The law of growth lies in their very being—it is not impressed from without. The soil is free—the sap is strong. The plant, alike human and vegetable, upshoots not at the military word of command. It grows—it is not built. How strangely, then, do statesmen think of England's state! Her constitution is not, can never be, a pile of building. It is the forest oak ever growing the more mightily, ever spreading its branches the more widely, ever striking its roots the more deeply from the shades of distant ages forward, down through sun-lit glades to that expanse of verdure which now allows the breath of heaven to play around its branches, and exhibits beneath its majestic shelter the elastic step of the Freeman. In a word, it is

the man that makes the state, and not the state the man. The might of Great Britain is but the aggregate moral power of each single individual. In England, then, policy has not arisen from politicians, nor institutions from institutes. No doctors of the Sorbonne have squared her constitution; no salaried legislature has struck out its decorous length, and breadth, and depth, and height; no communists have laid down on paper trim and elaborate schemes for its formation. It is just what it has grown to be, and it is nothing more. Let us not, however, forget that it will continue to grow. Before we can stop that, we must root up the tree itself.

Perhaps there is no stronger instance of this vitality in our constitution, energizing, leavening, and leading the masses, than the power of the Press. Here we behold the singular spectacle of a body of men gradually forcing their way into the Commons' House, and there sitting as the censors of an ancient body of legislators. This is the new Parliament of Publicity, in contradistinction to the parliament of closed doors—the rising physician called in to feel the pulse of the aged practitioner. Our parliamentary proceedings are often painfully tortuous and methodical. Words are weighed, and precedent reverently worshipped. Cooped up within the arena of this national colosseum, our classical gladiators, alternately the *Retiarii* of the government, and the *Secutores* of the Opposition, are intent only on the petty conflict of the hour. Meanwhile, the mighty flood of life without is pursuing its grand course in freer tides of existence. Voice rises upon voice—wave rolls onward upon wave, an ocean of life and of sound. On the margin of this multitudinous deep, stands the true national Canute. It is the Press. His power, like that of his great prototype, lies not in listening to flatteries, but in the enunciation of Truth. The free press is the viceroy of a free people. To be faithful, or to fall—such is his destiny. Treachery would ensure his deposition. While England presents us with this

noble spectacle of an independent corrective of the deficiencies of our statesmen and legislators, we cannot but be curious to ascertain that law which has produced so remedial a publicity in our own land and its colonial offshoots: so compulsory a silence in nearly all others. In France, the press has been alternately the exponent of anarchical licence and of abject submission. Throughout the whole of Europe it is, at this moment, either silenced or muzzled, as though it were some wild beast and not a reasoning power. Spurious civilization has tamely endured this ignominy; not so genuine enlightenment: for the latter consists not in the gloss of the exterior, but in inward purity of principle. Let us face the plain facts of the case as honest men should do. And here we would inquire, as we have done elsewhere, what that is which has given a superior moral tone to our press generally? We cannot deny that it is genuine Christianity, in its uncorporate, individual, abstract form. All the decorative holiness of substance or of sound—of robe or of reverend—of altar or of music, which make up the religion of the Papal continent—have done nothing for the freedom or moral dignity of the English press. Had they done so, the evidences would have also appeared in that of Italy, of Spain, of France, and of Austria. We are, then, thrown back upon the fact, that the morality of our press has been raised, because a purer Christianity has raised it. In fact, a free Bible has produced a free press. Possessed of this "GREAT CHARTER," no country can be permanently a slave; despoiled of it, none can be permanently free; its holiest sympathies flow in the life-blood of the enfranchised. The free press of England dates its real origin from Wickliffe and his Bible, Cobham and his Lollards; from Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, and Jewell, and Knox;—know we that Milton, and Bunyan, and Baxter, and the seven bishops in the tower, and Cameronian, and Covenanters, and Puritans, and Non-conformists, and Independents, and Baptists, and Wesleyans—these were founders: these builders of our free press. None but Christians could weary out oppression with the copious offering of their lives. They conquered when coward

intellectuality had fled the field. Let our statesmen never lose sight of the fact, that the free policy of England has arisen out of its pure Christianity. That constitutes a moral grandeur which all the cabinets of statesmen, and all the autographs of princes, can never equal. It is in this point of view that we cannot but regret the cheap religious flippancy of the principal political organ of the day.

It is in this spirit that the Metropolitan of the Press informs us, in one of its leaders, that though "the letter killeth in some cases, we do not think it does in the case of the Bank of England note;" or, in another, that such and such a one is like "the son who had his allowance of fatted calves so regularly, that he thought it a matter of course;" or, in a third, that "there are men who have their names down not only in the Book of Life, but also in the Peerage." In fact, discreditable levities of this stamp are of continual occurrence, constituting grave blots on the great mirror of public intelligence. Nor has this peculiarity been unobserved. That a part of the press, that is so strong an advocate of the union of the Church of England with the state, should descend to flippant remarks upon that Book, which the articles of our own Church declare to be "HOLY SCRIPTURE," is surely a strange mode of defending her. Such a line of conduct cannot convey to foreign nations a very exalted opinion of the moral self-respect felt by writers who are dignified with the title of Protestant gentlemen and scholars; still less will it raise their character as Christians among the reflecting portion of their fellow-countrymen. To desecrate the volume of Revelation by using it as a reference book for cheap witticisms, shows alike poverty of invention and bad taste. It does worse than this: it virtually countenances the Bible-burnings of papalized Italy, Austria, and Spain. Nay more, we have seen it, like the mediæval noble, take into its service the cap and bells of the professional jester; while, with a taste peculiarly its own, and more cannibal than Christian, it has esteemed the hunch of the buffoon as flavoured as that of the buffalo. We quarrel not with the poor de-

formed heathen who submissively does the will of his master,

'And thinks, admitted to some equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.'

Well would it be, however, if the misshapen creature would attire himself more decently in this Christian land, dressing his canine companion with a cleaner frill. He might then joyfully exclaim with Gloucester—

'I'll be at charges for a looking glass,  
And entertain a score or two of tailors  
To study fashions to adorn my body :  
Since I am crept in favour with myself  
I will maintain it with some little cost.'"

But what, we proceed to ask, are the special aptitudes which have made England the great colonizing power of the world? What has made her the great Mother? What is that which has given to Great Britain a healthy, surging vitality unknown to the dead sea of continental politics? We answer. It is, primarily, the mighty maternity of Revelation. Barrenness—utter barrenness, is the sentence passed upon the great despotisms of Europe. Effete of offspring—clad in armour, beneath whose ponderous weight they are well-nigh borne down, like the "Giant Despair" of Bunyan, they are ever ready to fall into one of the giant's fainting fits. What a moral for the statesman, the legist, and the Christian, is presented by the colonial history of Europe! Why is it that the great military powers of the West have been stript of their vast outlying possessions? France, overborne in a death struggle in the East, and expelled from India, to make way for England and her mighty sovereignty over two hundred millions of human beings—Canada, and the greater part of her island possessions torn from her grasp, with little more than the barren savagery of Algiers to console her for her losses; Spain, with her once vast empire of South America and the Netherlands lost to her for ever, with Cuba gasping under the pressure of the United States; Italian Genoa and Venice, with their former extensive commerce in the Black Sea and the East, long since decayed; and Austria, with the grasp of the Papacy

upon her gorge, bidding her "deliver or die;"—what, and why are all these great facts in the world's history? Let the reflecting individual ponder deeply upon them, for they constitute the mirror of the future. Let the *Univers* meditate upon the singular spectacle, and honestly consider if such an array of remarkable facts harmonize with its own fond vaticinations of England's decay and proximate downfall. What a magnificent progeny shall, ere long, have sprung from these little islands! In less than fifty years, there will be a larger number of our race speaking the English tongue than any other throughout Europe; and with one or two exceptions, throughout the world. With the population of North America trebled, and its teeming multitudes crowding downwards to its southern regions; with the Canadas swollen with a vigorous and industrious people; with Australia, India, and the Ocean Isles wondrously replenished with our great Anglo-Saxon stock; what a grand spectacle will there not be presented to the philanthropist and the Christian! And let us, above all, remember that this free race will not fail to take with it its own free institutions and its own free literature. Of the latter, what a mighty pabulum already exists for the intellectual nutriment of these energetic myriads! What nation is so rich as Great Britain in works of sterling, practical science; of wondrous travels; of interesting biography; of earnest and profound theology; of independent thought; of maritime discovery; of manly enterprize; of lofty Christianity? Here is an ample store for the mental aliment of England's world-wide progeny. Let us not wilfully ignore the fact, that the true germ of policy in every land lies in the purity or impurity of its religion—in the unshackled independence of soul, of intellect, of moral action. Let us not forget that when we talk of "social questions", we are, in fact, standing upon higher ground and breathing a purer atmosphere than belong to society. We cannot even talk of "morality," without perceiving that this "morality" is not a

parent but a child—not a master but a servant. Impartial history has taken the measure of these two stunted dwarfs of Rome and Greece, and has handed down to us no very laudable tales of their conduct. We have no desire to drink from a scoured pig-trough, when we can have access to a CRYSTAL FOUNT. Poor Mungo Park had no choice—he was dying of thirst, and he shared the liquid life with the swine. How long shall the masses of what is pompously called "Christendom" remain in a similar or even worse category? All freedom must begin from within. It is not a parasitic, but the tree. "What," it has been asked, "but the free spirit of the Reformation founded, Bible in hand, the majestic array of the American Colonies?"

"Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came—  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums  
Nor the trumpet that sings of fame.  
Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;  
They shook the depths of the forest gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

The golden proverbs, alike of national piety and national enterprise, are co-relatives. There are, indeed, great things which have produced but little results; there are glorious things which have but tended to inglorious effects. The pomps of art and the gorgeousness of an hierarchic array may shed their magnificence over the dazzled senses—they may produce a delirious day-dream, but they have never yet produced a nation of FREEMEN. The spirit of commercial enterprise, and the national distinction of grand mechanical agencies, are diametrically opposed to superstition. The one flourishes by inquiry, the other exists by monotony; the one is the creature of light, the other of darkness. The former gratifies taste and gilds corruption; the latter grows mighty from judgment. The first clears the intellect of communities; the latter soothes by a narcotic. The one imparts to its offspring a giant mould; to the other is born a stunted progeny.

"The railway, the steam-engine, the vast mechanism of the factory, the widening glories of our English constitution,

and, finally, the free life of a world in the west—all these are the offspring, not of form, but of life—not of mendicant fraternities, but of the free brotherhood of Christians; not of Loyola, but of Luther;—in one word, not of superstition, but of Christianity. A nation that can exhibit results so grand can well afford to endure the taunt of gross materialism. But let it be remembered that it was intellectual freedom that called into existence the ministering agency by which these wonders were produced, by which the sustenance and the intelligence of myriads were stimulated and insured."

But let us ask if these agencies have produced their natural effect. Let us listen to the same authority. He thus writes:—

"We have lived to behold, even beneath the blaze of freedom's sunlight, the leperous progeny of mediæval priestcraft and mediæval tyranny, scorning to hide the ghastly whiteness of their taint, by robes empurpled by the blood of Christianity and Freedom. We have lived to see barbaric force and fraud struggling to realize the mad dream of universal empire. We have lived to see artificial nationalities made to order, and the soul of a free people made an inflated toy for the sport of imperial childhood. We have lived to see, unexcused by the gloom of the dark ages, ecclesiastical corporations stretching between the Christian and his sun the flimsy tawdriness of curtains, stained by the blood of martyrs; but the LIGHT still shines. We have seen them vainly banded together to arrest the revolution of the intellectual world—'e pur se muove,' we exclaim, with Galileo. Yes! it still moves; and it moves with increasing majesty and momentum. We have lived to see the power, wealth, and dignity of a whole people deliberately laid low, on the very vestibule of nationality, as a mere mat for the cleansing of the pontifical shoe. We have lived to see, in our own Protestant Church, ecclesiastical arrogance enthroned on the dais of priestly caste, exclusive as its own brazen gates, and as narrow-minded as its phylacteries are broad. In lieu of living for souls, priests have connived at the sale of souls for a living. When Christianity is baptized with the pagan waters of Lethe, the national godfather is apt to confound the golden shower of Danæ with the sprinklings of regeneration. The scandal, however, is a genteel one, and it befits a people of caste like the English.

"Chapman of souls! that from fair Isis' banks,  
Bring'st with thy purchase-price of flock  
and fold,  
The way genteel to heaven—accept Rome's  
thanks  
For thy new mercy-seat of purest gold—  
For daily floral sacrifice for sin,  
Where SELF, man's great high-priest, the  
Holiest, enters in."

These are hard things; but after Mr. Osborne's letters, we fear they must be pronounced to be "proven." Meanwhile, we cannot but deem the great political organ of the day essentially wrong in its almost dishonest system of Compromise. This compromise is its paradise of truth. But compromise has never yet produced great poets, great statesmen, nor great Christians. We cannot laud that slavish servitude that waits on the chariot-wheels of success—that represses earnestness — earnestness, which is the very life-blood of British enterprise. Nor can we admire that singular idiosyncrasy which expects all mankind, Mr. Spurgeon not excepted, to be borne in the arms of its dry nurse, Mrs. Punch, to the baptism of its own leaden font. The impartial monkey who nibbled off the cheese of the litigant cats was certainly not a very respectable judge-in-equity; nor can we attach much greater judicial dignity to those astute simiæ of the Press, whose simulated gravity now passes sentence on the Protestant, now on the Catholic; anon jauntily takes its judicial seat on the Bible, and anon holds out its friendly paw to Christians. England does not want an overgrown Chimpanzee for its mentor, but an honest man. Somewhat more than versatility, time-serving, and simulation, is in requisition. A higher tone of morality is also demanded for our public men; nor will capacity be tolerated instead of steadfast integrity.

It is impossible not to be struck with the frequent collisions increasingly occurring between what is called the Executive and the Commons. It has become increasingly difficult to carry on the government. What does this show but that we have entered upon another phase of the so-called "constitution." That constitution may not fully answer the requirements of

this great country. No nation is less inclined to change for the sake of change than ours. We are not naturally fickle-minded, but rather apathetic, phlegmatic, and contented. The nation will tolerate much from its professional statesmen, but it will not tolerate national degradation. Increased publicity in diplomatic affairs will be insisted on.

If the isolation of England has been complained of by foreign writers, let it be remembered that it is the isolation of the Freeman from the bondage of the Slave. Nay, more, it requires no great forecast to perceive that that isolation will be increased by the increase of national morality and a more simple Christianity. Publicity cannot be made to chime in with Secrecy—a closed press with an open one—light with darkness—communities of religious harlequins with a people of rational piety. Whatever may be done by the rulers of France and England, we may rest assured that the bulk of either population will never harmonize until the first great principle be harmonized from which the legislation of each has sprung up. Congresses have been fashionable of late years; materialities and "material pledges" have been dealt with pretty liberally; but we have as yet had no notice of a *Congress for securing the freedom of conscience* for the entirety of Europe. We respectfully invite the Pope to the presidency of this conference. Before statesmen take one step in any direction, statistic or political, it behoves them publicly to lay down this great principle; and we beg of France, "the first of civilized nations," to see it carried out. There is no half-way house to TRUTH. That is the only promontory which has ever commanded one unbroken prospect over the tide of time. From anything short of this, there is no prospect at all. The lightnings of the political heaven may play around its summit—the popular billows may thunder at its base; but the PILGRIM of TRUTH, and the mighty pedestal upon which he stands, remain alike unscathed by the elemental war and the red artillery of the skies.

## THE COBBLER AND THE ROUND TOWER.

BY W. ALLINGHAM.

On a certain wayside stands a very old Round Tower,  
 Split well-nigh in two by a rent in the wall :  
 It was stately for ages ; and many a sound tower  
 Has perish'd while this has been threatening to fall.  
 The wind murmurs keens over long-forgot scenes,  
 Faint rumours of battle, thin quiring of psalms,  
 Where, winter and summer, it patiently leans,  
 Like a poor old blind beggar expecting an alms.

"When the Wisest in Ireland," says ancient tradition,  
 Shall touch it, then tumbles the magical Tower :"  
 And a Cobbler at one time, by neighbours' decision,  
 Was fully endued with this perilous power.  
 Indeed, he kept wide to the road's further side ;  
 For who better versed in ould sayings than he,  
 That in argumentation the parish defied,  
 Upon learning of every sort, shape, and degree ?

He had science to puzzle a college-professor,  
 The best theologian he fear'd not a fig,  
 He'd chat, so he would, Lady Leinster (God bless her),  
 Or argue the law with a judge in his wig.  
 He could take a command by sea or by land,  
 Could regulate Ireland, besides the Hindoos,  
 Or sew up the Tenant-right question off-hand,  
 Or hammer the Church, like an ould pair of shoes.

One night my brave Cobbler was grander than ever,  
 Disputed a schoolmaster clane off his feet ;  
 And while talking so clever, still did his endeavour  
 To empty his glass, nor good company cheat.  
 But liquor and praise put his brains in a maze,  
 He forgot how to walk to his humble abode,  
 And a pair of good lads propt him up at his aise ;  
 With his back to the Tower, and his heels on the road.

He slept and he snored till the sun in his face shone,  
 Then open'd his eyes and look'd stupidly round,  
 Observing at last, to his great consternation,  
 A row of broad grins, and himself on the ground.  
 But sharpening his view, the Tower he well knew,  
 So pick'd up his legs and was off like a hare ;  
 With shouts of delight all the children pursue,  
 Till, chased to his cabin, he vanishes there.

This pleasant adventure made wing like a swallow,  
 The loungers incessantly show'd where he lay,  
 Some climb'd to the Tower-door, and peep'd in the hollow,  
 Some glanced up the wall and went laughing away.  
 For Himself—he took flight for New York the next night,  
 With his goods in his apron, for want of a trunk ;  
 Being a land where no ancient Round Towers can affright  
 Any Cobbler, no matter how wise, or how drunk.



## FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

WE must confess that we find considerable difficulty in doing justice to a work like the present. As regards his critic, Mr. Froude might justly say with an illustrious writer, that to judge his book is a task which can, with perfect propriety, be undertaken only by the man who is able to execute a similar performance. We are sensible of an apparent want of modesty in attempting to look down upon Mr. Froude from a vantage ground which he himself has supplied, with only such additional points of view or correctives of the sight as are afforded by very obvious sources of information. As regards the work itself, one of its principal merits cannot be adequately represented in a brief review. A meagre and sketchy analysis of the twelve years, from 1535 to 1547, covered by these two volumes, could convey little conception of that *proportionality* (to borrow a word of the elder Scaliger's) which adapts all the parts to the analogy of the whole, which, in modern times, has been termed historical perspective, and which, in poetry, the older critics would have attributed to judgment. A skilful painter, in representing a house, will introduce a window through which we can gaze on a noble park or a lofty mountain. The history of the reign of Henry VIII. requires such windows, that through England we may see Ireland and Scotland, Spain and Germany, France and Italy. In these respects we can bestow almost unqualified approbation on Mr. Froude. The numerous threads which he has to interweave never become entangled. Enormous as are the masses of the composition, they are so finely balanced that the mind can move them with perfect facility. In this work we have another proof that the historical student should eschew little books. Compendiums, catechisms, and abridgments only add to labour in the long run. After reading a great history, details, no

doubt, evaporate; but the memory can afford to lose some of the grosser particles, while the substance remains. Some of the colours may fade, but the great outlines are indelibly engraved. Let us cite an instance from one passage in the reign of Henry VIII., as handled by Hume and Mr. Froude. The great insurrection, called the *Pilgrimage of Grace*, is despatched by Hume in five hurried pages. We will venture to say that most readers of Hume remember little of this transaction beyond its name—the fact that “one Aske, a gentlemen,” headed the rising; that it was suppressed; and that, of course, certain executions followed. Mr. Froude, who justly lays much stress upon the new materials which he has contributed to this chapter in English history, and bids us distrust Hall and Holinshed, devotes not less than a hundred pages to the *Pilgrimage of Grace*. Here, by the way, is a picture of the lighting of the beacons in Yorkshire, October 13, 1536, very much in the style of Clytemnestra's description, in the Agamemnon, of the beacon fire, which, fed by heath, and flickering on the long, rolling back of the sea ridges, sped from Ida to the palace of the sons of Atreus the news of the taking of Troy.

“As Aske rode down at midnight to the bank of the Humber—the clash of the alarm-bells came pealing far over the water. From hill to hill, from church-tower to church-tower, the warning lights were shooting. The fisherman on the German Ocean watched them flickering in the darkness from Spurnhead to Scarborough, from Scarborough to Berwick-upon-Tweed. They streamed westward—over the long marches across Spalding Moor; up the Ouse and the Wharf to the watershed, where the rivers flow into the Irish Sea. The mountains of Westmoreland sent on the message to Kendal, to Cockermouth, to Penrith, to Carlisle; and for days

and nights there was one loud storm of bells and blaze of beacons from the Trent to the Cheviot Hills."—Vol. iii., p. 123.

We can only say that the hundred pages of the one writer are more easily remembered than the five pages of the other.

We shall not, then, attempt an analysis, which must necessarily be bare and uninteresting, of the events recorded in these volumes. But we shall indicate Mr. Froude's view of some of the leading characters of the time; we shall glance at a few pictures of the age in its social, moral, and religious developments; and we shall examine some main characteristics of Mr. Froude's style and mode of thought.

I. The characters of the great Churchmen of the era of the English Reformation are especial favourites with Mr. Froude. Abject in their prostration to the Papal See, and foreigners rather than Englishmen in their political tendencies: sometimes infinitely subtle, sometimes passionate and vehement—veiling personal ambition under the guise of devotion to "the Bishop"—not seldom exhibiting a sensuality whose human coarseness is almost a relief to their deep-eyed scheming and white-lipped hatred—they give ample scope to the caustic and relentless humour, to the compressed sentences worthy of Tacitus, which Mr. Froude delights to utter. No reader of his second volume will have forgotten Pope Clement VII. twisting his handkerchief, weeping, flattering, or wildly waving his arms in angry impatience—honest only in the excess of his dishonesty—endowed with one solitary virtue—that of not pretending to be virtuous.

In the present volumes the two great contemporary cardinals, Reginald Pole and David Beton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, are executed at full length and in extraordinary contrast.

The points of contact between Pole's life and the present segment of the history are easily traced. In 1535, France, the Papacy, and the Empire, were in close alliance. But the withdrawal of the offer of Milan

to his son stung Francis to fury. He suddenly declared war against Charles. D'Annebault, who afterwards commanded the force destined for the invasion of England, swept like a torrent over Piedmont: Charles invaded France. Then followed that terrible summer campaign, which cost him De Leyva and thirty thousand veterans, and literally tainted the languid breezes with an intolerable stench from the unburied bodies of the soldiers whom the Emperor left behind him.\* "Wild beasts," De Leyva had said, "must be fought in their dens." The brave, but covetous and bloody commander had not calculated the strength of the hug.† Under these circumstances it was that the Pope began to bid again for Henry. The news of the execution of Ann Boleyn was, of course, received with exultation at Rome. The sorceress who had bewitched the English monarch was dead, and the spells that she had woven were rendered impotent by her guilt. Just at this point, Reginald Pole, of whom we have previously heard as a young kinsman and favourite of Henry, and as one who was consulted on the question of his divorce, began to come prominently forward. It may have been, as Mr. Froude says, that "the white rose was twining pure before his imagination, with no red blossoms intermixed, round the pillars of a regenerated Church." But henceforth his career is darkened by treason. The winter of 1536 was glorious summer at the Vatican with the news of the rising of the English commons in the north. A sword, and cap embroidered with a dove, were blessed in the midnight mass on Christmas-eve at St. Peter's, to be sent to James V. of Scotland, with many a prayer that his hand might be strengthened by the sword, and his head protected by the cap, through the might of the Holy Spirit, figured by the dove. Pole was made cardinal, and received legatine commission. But the able policy of Henry had stamped out the northern rebellion, and only a few smouldering embers remained under ashes too thin to be deceitful. Pole was utterly disappointed. At Paris,

\* *Lord Herbert's Life and Reign of Henry VIII.*, p. 459.

† *Lord Herbert*, p. 458.

where Francis was naturally gravitating towards England, he was not received; at Cambray and Liege his retreat was hardly secure from the long arm of Henry's vengeance. The arrest of the heroes of the "Pilgrimage of Grace"—the brave and able Aske, the astute and venerable Darcy—is obscurely connected with his correspondence. At Liege, he endeavours to unravel the tangled skein of his intrigues, but grows confused, and in August, 1537, is recalled. So things passed, until in January, 1539, Paul III. launches his bull against Henry, and at the same time Pole flings forth his famous book, *De Unitate Ecclesie*, on the troubled waters of Catholic Europe. This work had been written so far back as 1536, but had been receiving the finishing strokes of ingenious and vigilant hatred ever since; in particular, it was enriched by the story of Henry's intrigue with Mary Boleyn, sister of Ann. By a careful examination of the original copy of the MS. book, apparently in Pole's own handwriting, Mr. Froude has established the important fact that in the original the Mary Boleyn story is neither mentioned nor alluded to, and opens the way for the inference that the cardinal had heard the calumny in the interval between composing and publishing the work. He also, with much sagacity, traces the story through friar Peto, Sir George Throgmorton, and his brother Michael, to Pole. From this book of Pole's is derived that view of Henry's character which has passed through Lingard to Roman Catholic writers. It is a contrast of almost incredible virtues with almost incredible vices; the former exclusively Catholic, the latter exclusively Protestant, and the evil love of Boleyn the bridge from the land of light to the land of the shadow of death. Look on this picture, and then on that. In youth, the fairest cedar in all the garden of God; possessed of a heart in which was clustered a galaxy of moral virtues, justice, clemency, liberality, prudence beyond his years, piety, the foundation of all happiness: in maturer years, an incestuous profligate, a rebel against Christ and his vicar—of a wickedness that dwarfed all human comparison by its diabolical grandeur, leaving him only the form

of man—a deeper dyed offender than Uriah, than Saul, than Dathan and Abiram—aspiring, like Lucifer, to the stars of God—a thief and a robber. Then, his voice rising in volume, a wild shriek of delirious rage rings across the British Channel, the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and the rolling billows of the Bay of Biscay. He calls upon the King of France to be up and doing. He invites the Emperor to compose his differences with Francis. Let Barbarossa ride the waters with his seawarp corsairs. Henry is worse than the Great Turk, let him be the object of a new crusade. The faithful in England will rally round the banner embroidered with the five wounds of the Redeemer, and avenge the desolated monasteries. The wrongs of Catherine of Arragon will ring like a trumpet-blast in the ears of the haughty and chivalrous Spaniards. Such was this renowned book, in which, as Cromwell says to Throgmorton, "one lie leapeth in every line on another's back."

All this has a disastrous sequel. We hear of the Exeter or Plantagenet conspiracy, and of a projected Cornish rising. From the stock that had produced some of the fairest ladies and bravest gentlemen in England, there rises a coward, traitor, and liar, in the person of Sir Geoffrey Pole, the cardinal's brother. On the 9th of December, 1538, Exeter, Montague, and Sir Edward Neville, are brought to the scaffold. There is a still more tragic result. After a delay of some weary months, the Countess of Salisbury, Reginald's mother, is brought out through the Traitor's Gate, and lays her head, white with seventy years, upon the block. It was the saying of Henry himself that Lady Salisbury was the most saintly woman in England; and Pole might boast with pardonable pride that he was the child of a martyr. We can excuse Lingard for the reverence with which he dwells on the execution, in spite of Mr. Froude's somewhat contemptuous note. The Catholic England of that day presents few sublime spectacles.

Pole's subsequent endeavours to mitigate the ferocity of the Marian persecution might lead one to wish that we could think better of him. Such, however, is he in Mr. Froude's

true and vigorous delineation ; the stormy petrel of the Catholic party, ever boding shipwreck ; the domestic Até of his own noble line ; the fateful presence, who brings ruin to the cause he revered, and crashing desolation on the heads that were dearest to him.

Cardinal David Beton is the second great portrait of a Roman ecclesiastic. His intellect, much finer than Pole's, was a keen weapon of intrigue, moulded and fashioned in the Italian forge. He possessed the cunning and ferocity of the tiger. He had a foot of velvet and a hand of iron. For a time he seemed to have crushed the progress of the Reformation, and to have secured the triumph of the anti-English party in Scotland. At last comes the closing scene ; the great Churchman's mistress slinking through the postern—the pan of burning charcoal laid against the panels of the door—the cry, “I am a priest ! ye will not slay me”—the solemn words and deadly stabs of James Melville—the lifeless form wrapped in a pair of sheets, and hung over the wall of the episcopal palace of St. Andrew's by an arm and a foot.

“Cardinal David Beton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, approached nearly to the ideal of the Romanist statesman of the age. Devoted to the Pope and to the Papacy, he served his master with the unswerving consistency—with the mingled passion and calmness—which, beyond all other known institutions, the Roman Church has the power of imparting to its votaries. The sensual pleasures of which his profession as an ecclesiastic deprived him of the open enjoyment, he was permitted to obtain abundantly by private licentiousness ; his indulgences were amply compensated by a fidelity with which they never interfered ; and the surrender of innocuous vices was not demanded of a man to whom no crime

was difficult, which would further the interest of his cause. His scent of heresy was as the sleuth hound's, and, as the sleuth hound's, was only satisfied with blood. He was cruel when the Church demanded cruelty ; treacherous and false, when treachery and falsehood would serve the interests to which he had sold himself. His courage was as matchless as his subtlety, his accomplishments as exquisite as his intellect.” —Volume iv., p. 211.

In these delineations of character Mr. Froude exhibits peculiar power. There are historians who excel him in a philosophical grouping of the facts of history under general laws ; but, in this respect, he is almost without a rival. He is at the very antipodes to the positive school of Comte, with its excessive systematism, its rigid classifications, its tentative hypotheses. He reads men instead of spinning out generalizations. There are many other characters, handled with scarcely less power than those which we have cited, each as individual and distinct as a creation of Shakespeare. James V. dying broken-hearted under the influence of the Papal charms, and moaning out his lamentation for Solway Moss over the cradle of the newborn babe, who was afterwards known as Mary Stuart ; the gigantic industry and resolute will of Thomas Cromwell, hewing its way stubbornly through the rock of adverse circumstances, and surrounding itself with graves ; the bravery of Leonard Grey degenerating into robbery and rebellion under the deteriorating influence of Ireland ; Hugh Latimer, the impersonation of dogged English honesty ; the good Sir William Paget, lying so dutifully for the love of “his Highness,” and with such touching lamentations over the falsehood of the world ; Ann Ascue,\* on the rack, contrasted, in her noble

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\* We must quote a sentence or two from Fuller:—“John Bale registers this Ann Ascue amongst the number of his English learned writers, for her examinations, letters, and poems, written with her own hand ; though the Jesuit jeers him for his pains, as if no works, save those of the needle, became her sex. I have seen a manuscript of her verses, and must confess I rather approve her charity in the four last than her poetry in all the rest :—

‘Yet, Lord, I thee desire :  
For that they do to me,  
Let them not taste the hire  
Of their iniquity.’

However, those that have drank deeper than she of Helicon would be loath to pledge her in the bitter cup of martyrdom. So I take my leave of her memory.”

endurance, with the worldly and brilliant Sir William, who tries to persuade her that religious faith is not a thing to die for; Bonner's questionable amusements, bad as they were, actually redeeming the hideousness of his cruelty;—here are the names of a few portraits in this great gallery. There yet remain two master shapes which must be specially pointed out.

The reign of Henry VIII. can scarcely be understood without that of Charles V. Henry's foreign policy was of the true English meddling stamp. He was ever busy in continental complications. His agents in foreign courts cost his exchequer an enormous sum, though they kept him better supplied with foreign intelligence than any other European monarch. Few series of political and military entanglements have ever been a greater puzzle to historians than those which ended with the peace of Crêpy in 1544. One is dizzy in following the separate tracks of the allied armies of Henry and Charles in the invasion of France. And the duplicity of Charles in making separate terms for himself with Francis, contrary to his express stipulation with England, has generally appeared to be not more base than incomprehensible.

"Charles V. was a singular mixture of the statesman, the soldier, and the devotee. The spirits of the three professions alternately took possession of him; and his periods of superstition, as he grew older, recurred more frequently, and were more tenacious in their hold. In the letters of ambassadors from his court, during the last years, the Emperor was repeatedly said to be 'in retreat.' For a day, or for a week, he would relinquish public business, and retire into a monastery for meditation, and, although as a politician, he was impelled into toleration of the Protestants, and urged into alliances which the Church could neither encourage nor excuse, yet heresy as such was every day becoming more hateful to him; and he had flattered himself, perhaps really, that, in connecting himself with England, he might recover the king to the faith. The Diet of Spire must have taught him both the strength and the obstinacy of the Lutheran states. His experience of Henry in the closer intimacy which had followed the treaty, could not have been more reassuring; it is easy to understand, therefore, that his position must have been more than painful, and that

his inward thoughts and the language which he was obliged to affect may have been, unavoidably, at considerable variance. If this be a true account of the state of his mind, we may imagine how he was likely to be affected by a letter which, on the 25th of August, immediately before those movements which there is so much difficulty in explaining, he received from the Pope. To the arguments of this letter no one who desired to retain the name of a Catholic prince could reply; and arriving at a moment when the admonitions which it contained coincided with the suggestions of interest, it may well have persuaded the Emperor that he might lawfully pursue a line of action which worldly honour might condemn, but which religion would emphatically approve. The Pope and the Catholic ministers by whom Charles was surrounded, would have replied, if interrogated on the point of conscience, that, as it was a sin to enter an alliance with England, so it was a duty to break from it, even at the expense of perjury. The Catholic world must have united in the same conclusion in proportion to the earnestness and consistency with which they adhered to their faith; and though Charles may have left St. Dizier's with no settled resolution, he may have arrived at conviction before he reached Chateau Thierry. At any rate, this is indisputable, that, from the peace of Crêpy onward, the Emperor's conduct towards the Reformation on the continent became consistently hostile; and, although under fresh provocation from France, he again coquetted with England, and even renewed the treaty which he had broken—he allowed the differences with Henry which followed his present desertion to be pressed to the very edge of a war."—Vol. iv., 359.

The other shape to which we must point is that of Henry himself. The contrariety of the characters which have been given to this monarch is, as we all know, very great. Pole's view we have already seen. In Lingard, similarly, he is a Solomon, with two divisions of his life: in youth, generous, elegant, learned, virtuous; in age, lustful, morose, suspicious, and cruel. Sanders, Rich, and Hall go only a little further, telling us how, in the pangs of death, he called for a great bowl of wine, and drank it off, saying, "We have lost all;" how his last words were "The monks! the monks!" how a black dog licked up his blood, whilst the stench of his corpse could be charmed away with no embalming. Much more favour-

able is the construction of Fuller, who, while he admits Henry's covetousness, cruelty, and wantonness, yet considers that they were almost over-poised with his virtues of "valour, bounty, wisdom, learning, and love of learned men, scarce once a dunce wearing a mitre all his days." But Lord Herbert's character of Henry is the fairest and the ablest in our language—indeinitely nearer the truth than Pole and Sanders at the one extreme, or Mr. Froude at the other.

There is nothing new under the sun. Herbert tells us that one William Thomas, clerk to the Council of Edward VI., defended Henry, in an Italian book, printed in 1552; but adds, "it hath not availed." No future student of English history will require to be reminded of the name of the able apologist who finds that "records leap to light" which work Henry—not shame, but glory. Horace Walpole has remarked on the strangeness of the influence which makes every biographer in love with his hero, whereas one would think that familiarity would rather engender dislike. But we suspect that Mr. Froude has found a tacit conviction of the hopelessness of his cause deepening upon him in the course of his researches, and that he would be better pleased if he had not committed himself irrevocably at the outset. On coming to the close of the fourth volume we were much struck with the consummate art of the management for the defence. It was natural to expect one of those general summaries which are so usual in all modern historians, and which give such scope for elegant writing, and instructive ethical reflection. But we found only a few sentences. The apologist of Henry VIII. is right. It is prudent in those who maintain a paradox to be as brief as possible. An elongation of their lines makes the weakness of their position too manifest. The character of Henry is distributed piecemeal through the volumes. Bit by bit, it does not seem to be so much exaggerated; but when all are put together, the colouring is extravagantly splendid. When an act of peculiar atrocity, in reference to religious belief, is sanctioned by Henry, we are adroitly reminded of the intense conviction of all Englishmen in that century, that it was the

duty of the magistrate to maintain truth as well as to execute justice; that toleration was neither understood nor desired; that Henry might, indeed, be wrestling against the law of progress, which is, in other words, the advancing manifestation of the will of God in endeavouring to secure unity by the punishment of heresy, but that he was simply guilty of a wrong application of the great truth, that "not variety of opinion but unity—not the equal licence of the wise and foolish to choose their belief, but an ordered harmony, where wisdom prescribes a law to ignorance, is the rule which reasonable men should most desire."—(Vol. iii., p. 66-246.) The recommendation of the Privy Council on the very day of Queen Jane's death, that he should immediately undertake a fresh marriage, affords fresh occasion for deploring Henry's unhappy doom, which compelled him so often to attempt this arduous task of begetting heirs, this duty in which he had so little interest; and for sneering at the interpretation which popular tradition has given to his repeated marriages.—(Vol. iii., 286.) All acts and public documents which exhibit kindly feeling or ability are attributed to the king, but "the bloody Act of the Six Articles," "the whip with the six strings," was not, "in its extreme form, the work of the king, nor did it express his own desires."—(Vol. iii., p. 394.) When Cromwell was condemned, we are told that "even if Henry had desired to shield the fallen minister, he could not have done so in the face of an *exasperated parliament*."—(Vol. iii., p. 496.) When Henry found Anne of Cleves as distasteful as George IV. afterwards found another German princess, and addressed his attendants in language yet coarser and more expressive than "Bloomfield, bring me a glass of brandy!" when offensive insinuations against the lady's character alternate with stories of some "feminine impotence;" when, finally, the matter was laid before the assembled convocation, he added an earnest abjuration, which, says Mr. Froude, "*it is not easy to believe to have been wholly a form*, that having God only before their eyes, they would point out to him the course which justly and religiously he was at liberty to

pursue." We really are more suspicious than guileless, Mr. Froude.—(Vol. iii., p. 504.) Henry's cruelty to his ministers and nobles is disposed of by the remark, that "justice was the ruling principle of Henry's conduct, but justice without mercy;" and, as if apologetically, we are told that a disposition naturally severe had been stiffened by the trials of the last years into harsher rigidity. "Familiarity with executions, as with deaths in action, diminishes alike the pain of witnessing and of inflicting them."—(Vol. iv., p. 117.) True. But the Ex-Fellow of Exeter College cannot have forgotten the third book of the Nicomachean Ethics. The drunkard may have coiled round himself so thick a cord of habit that he can no longer refrain; but he is still the subject for moral reprobation, because the beginning of the habit was voluntary, and in his own power. Henry may have acquired a passion for the taste of human blood which became uncontrollable; but we cannot, like Mr. Froude, excuse him on the plea of the hardening effect of familiarity with executions, when that familiarity was his own deliberate choice. The execution of Catherine Howard is passed over very lightly. But it is made another peg, from which to hang more lamentations and apologies. The king's disposition was naturally cold. He had no time to give to the delicate little attentions which make marriages happy. He was not loose or careless in act or word; but there was a startling absence of reserve on certain subjects, a businesslike habit of proceeding where the coarsest of men generally weave a silver veil of romance and mystery, to cover the nakedness of their very thoughts.—(Vol. iv. p. 132.) In the summary which closes the volume, Henry is defended from the charge of religious inconsistency and of intolerance. His ability as an administrator, and his merits as a constitutional monarch, are proved by his treatment of Ireland, of Wales, and the Palatinate: by his practical revival of the dormant influence of the House of Commons: and by the industry, of which Mr. Froude has seen so many specimens, in the handwriting, corrections, and erasures, which remain in an enormous mass of documents.

Yet, after all, the character of

Henry surely "writes itself off" in the same lines which we find traced in Lord Herbert, and other moderate historians. The verdict of history on individual character is a solemn, almost an awful thing. It is the faint and far-off echo of that other and sublimer verdict which will be pronounced by the just Governor of the universe, when the great tragedy of history shall close its varied scenes in the judgment-fires. It is this which makes history a great moral educator: which teaches kings and statesmen, and the great men of the earth, that they who forget, or do not believe, that they are a spectacle to angels, may, at least, know and remember that they are a spectacle to men. Up from the mists of time there arise faces, white with a noble agony of struggling or suffering, or distorted with selfish and evil passions. It is a crime to belie those calm, grand faces of thinkers, martyrs, and doers, that look into our own with such a passionless majesty of duty and of love. It is no less a crime to set down as wise and good those bad men, the darkness of whose moral being has thrown a shadow over their intellectual nature. Even Mr. Froude's eloquence, therefore, cannot reconcile us to his plausible falsification. Judas Iscariot has had his extenuators, even among evangelical divines; the accusers of Socrates, according to some, have been misused by posterity; the Prince of Darkness has had a kind word or two from Origen and others: it is not so surprising, that a character like Henry's, redeemed by a few good, and some great, qualities, should have found an admirer. We are willing to admit that the present work has brought into the fullest relief—that it has given new and unexpected indications of Henry's ability; of his patriotism, his penetration in choosing men for civil and military offices; his vast and unwearied industry; of that peculiar contexture of mind, so wonderfully adapted for the era of the English Reformation, which placed him sufficiently in advance of his contemporaries, to act as the pioneer of Church and State, while yet it did not carry him so far forward as to make him unintelligible, or to startle the age into reaction. But can Mr. Froude be serious in supposing that

the world will accept Henry's official or semi-official apologies, or those of his ministers, for his most questionable doings? Can he be ignorant that Henry's most thoughtful admirers—men who had spoken with the actors in his reign, and who had access to documents, public and private, some of which do not remain, considered that his English roughness was but as a fringe round an illimitable abyss of dissimulation? He was the most specious of men, his apparent bluntness adding plausibility to his representations. He never wanted colourable pretexts, probably to deceive himself, not less than to mislead others. Like Sir Epicure Mammon, his flatterers must be the purest and gravest of divines, whom money could purchase, office allure, or punishment terrify. When he repudiated Catherine, he would have had Pole's opinion to justify him, and an archbishopric was the retaining fee. Universities must be found to endorse his conduct. Parliaments must authorize decapitations. When he became anxious to avoid the charge of heresy, mere brute force would not suffice. He must argue with Lambert in person the length of a day. Few heavier voices of accusation sound about his memory than the words which have never ceased to ring round England—"None but Christ! None but Christ!" His ear was open to every breath of slander. He was a proverb of cruelty in a proverbially cruel age. He left bloody tokens among many of the noble families of England that he could kill, few, indeed, that he could spare. Men who had the intensest conviction that the overthrow of the monasteries was the echo of the voice of God, crying "cut it down," have been scandalized, that a man of Henry's belief should have involved all in one common doom; and the paltry pretence of founding additional bishoprics has only added new elements of suspicion. He was at once enormously lavish, and yet enormously covetous. As for lust, it can only be said that he preferred that it should be legitimized. That his constant reference to parliament did, in point of fact, stimulate the growth of its constitutional influence, is quite

true. That the nominal freedom of debate was practically neutralized by the restrictive epithet *decent*; that any attempt at remonstrance was put down by threatening messages to the "whoreson varlets;" that Henry's intention was simply to give a constitutional air to his most tyrannical acts, all this is equally true.\* He reigned "impetu magis quàm consilio," says Lord Bacon. Yet, whatever he did, he did with a certain royal grandeur. As Lord Herbert finely says, "His most irregular actions represented such a type of greatness as crooked lines drawn every way, which, though not so compendious and direct as the straight, seem yet to have in them somewhat more of the infinite. With all his crimes, he was yet one of the most glorious princes of his time. But what this prince was, and whether, and how far felt excusable, a diligent observation of his actions will better declare, than any factious relation on what side soever. To conclude, I wish I could leave him in his grave."†

II. Mr. Froude's delineations of the general characteristics of the age, social, moral, and religious, are scarcely less striking than his isolated pictures. In a conversation with Robertson, on "Henry's History of Britain," Dr. Johnson is reported to have said, that "he much wished to have one branch well done, and that the history of *manners*." Most historians are too intent upon pompous and ponderous authorities to trace out the subtle lines of manners woven into the great web of history. They forget that not only a satire (to cite Bacon's admirable thought), but a letter may be a richer quarry than many an entire history. With much sagacity and research, Mr. Froude has selected, from a vast mass of unpublished MSS., chiefly in the State Paper Office, such as let us feel how the hearts of men of all parties in England were then beating. When one looks at an ancient castle upon a hill, hanging over the ocean, upon a fine summer morning, it is sometimes enveloped in a hot mist from the water, so that its stern shape is but a darkening mass in the rolling gloom. But as the faint breeze freshens a little, and the sun strikes

\* See authorities quoted by Lingard, v. 109.

† Lord Herbert. *Life of Henry VIII.*, p. 463-496.



the fog, it shifts and waves, and the old castle comes out, as in a dissolving view, through the lifted curtain; and the spirit of olden days seems to look upon us, and we expect to see the gleam of armour upon the drawbridge, and to hear the bark of the angry culverin. Such is the confusion through which we regard the history of olden times. We see vague and meaningless outlines. But these contemporary letters are like the finger of the sunlight, or the fresh breath of the summer breeze from the living ocean. The age stand up over us, as, through the lifted curtain of the mist, we feel and see the spirit of the past.

Thus we are introduced to a friar mendicant, who will live as his fathers have lived; who bewails those perilous days, without fast, or pilgrimage, or saint. Then we have a hot-brained Protestant, who, on being taunted with his father's faith, utters the sentiment which so vexed the gentle soul of Hooker, that "his father was burning in hell." Next, the Church of Woodstock appears. The Court is there at the time. A crowd is collected. The sun of an August day streams through the great east windows, painted with the story of Becket. The blood of the martyr throws a crimson dye upon the marble figures in aisle and nave, and falls warm and soft on flushed and eager faces. And there a king is painted with his crown off, and the penitential lash of self-discipline in his hand at the martyr's shrine. The priests whisper their obvious application through the crowd. Suddenly a groom lifts his voice—perhaps the rough fellow was thinking of stories he had heard among the deer-stealers of Woodstock, or the pricklers of the Ranger of Cornbury—"Becket was no more a saint than Robin Hood." Then the groom is sent to the Tower; he appeals to Cromwell, and there is much discussion at the council table. Or at Wincaston, "the unthrifty curate" enters his pulpit on Good Friday, and saith, "If any man will preach the New Testament, I am ready to fight with him incontinent." Or at Langham, in Essex, one Vigorous is complained of for calling two gentle maidens unsavoury names for saying their matins upon an English primer. Or a letter of one Thomas Wylley, fatherless and for-

saken, writes to Cromwell about a play which he has made against the Pope's councillors, Error, Collyclogger of Conscience, and Incredulity. All this is in 1537. Gleams, too, of bravery and nobleness are flung upon the dying faith. It was so even with expiring heathenism; much more with Catholicism. There were those who saw in the progress of the Reformation the Redeemer's presence exiled from His altar throne. The faith, they thought, was expiring which had written its meaning in the colossal lines of the Norman and Gothic architecture; which had filled the windows with blazonry and the aisles with music, and heaven with saints, and earth with memories, and every church with gentle-pictured faces; which had carved the cross-legged crusader upon the chancel floor, a marble parable of the life and death of the soldier of Christ. A great glare of naked, unbelieving light was burning in the sky. Angels and saints were vanishing from the apostate land,

"And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen  
Of harmony, and weeping Magdalene."

Mr. Froude, the most Protestant of historians, does not fail to do full justice to such noble Catholics as the brave abbots of Stratford and Woburn, the latter of whom died upon the scaffold.

"So went the world in England," says Mr. Froude, "rushing forward, rocking and reeling in its course. What hand could guide it? Alone, perhaps, of living men, the king still believed that unity was possible—that these headstrong spirits were as horses broken loose, which could be caught again, and harnessed for the road. For a thousand years there had been one faith in Western Christendom. From the Isles of Arran to the Danube, thirty generations had followed each other to the grave, who had held all to the same convictions, who had prayed all in the same words. What was this that had gone out among men that they were so changed? Why when he had but sought to cleanse the dirt from off the temple, and restore its original beauty, should the temple itself crumble into ruins?"

Among the pictures of the age in these volumes, those of the several theological parties are executed with peculiar distinctness. Most historical students must have been struck with

the apparent inconsistency of persecution, and somewhat perplexed as to the position of many of the actors upon the scene. To divide the then religious world of England sharply into Protestant and Catholic, is to form a conception which simplifies only to confuse. There were, at least, four separate parties, and these again running into and blending one with another. There were the Romanists, traitors in England, slaves of the Papacy; and at present rather on the decline. There were the high Anglicans, in doctrine verging towards orthodox Romanism; content, however—at least for the present—to assert the political and ecclesiastical independence of church and state. There was the Lutheran party, of which Cranmer was the leader, in some respects sympathizing with the Reformation, even to a Puritanical iconoclasm, but holding elevated notions of sacramental grace. And finally, there were the Zuinglians, Anabaptists, Sacramentarians, and others, for the present disowned and persecuted by the rest. And then, a party in himself, was the king, mediating between the Lutherans and the Anglicans.

Though the topic be of the most different character, we must here mention that the rise of the naval power of England is well traced by Mr. Froude. Here are two fine sea-pieces:—

“Looking now through the eyes of Knox, let us imagine ourselves at Edinburgh, on the morning of Saturday, the 3rd of May, 1544. Soon after daybreak, strange ships were reported inside the Bass Rock. As the sun rose the numbers appeared more considerable, the white sails passing in from seaward, and coming up the Forth in a stream of which the end was still invisible. The good citizens went out upon the Castle Hill, and Arthur's Seat, and to ‘craggs and places eminent,’ to gaze on the unintelligible spectacle—the silent vessels, countless as a flock of seabirds, appearing from behind the horizon, and covering the blue level of the water. What were they? What did they mean? Mid-day came, they drew nearer in the light air, and keen eyes saw on the leading ships the flutter of St. George's cross. But ‘still sate the cardinal at his dinner, showing as though there had been no danger appearing.’ ‘The English were come,’ was the cry. ‘The

English were come to destroy them.’ ‘The cardinal skrippit, and said it is but the Iceland fleet; they are come to make us a show, and to put us in fears.’ It would soon be known what they were. The first line, as they came off Leith, rounded up into the wind, dropped their anchors, and lay motionless. One by one, as the rest followed in, they took their places in the floating forest. While the sun was still in the sky, the anxious watchers counted two hundred sail. No message came on shore. There was neither signal nor offer to communicate, only in the twilight boats were seen stealing out from under the shadow of the hulls, taking soundings, as it seemed, under Grantoun crags and round the eastern edges of the harbour. The brief May night closed in. By the dawning of Sunday the whole sea was *alive* with life. The galleys and lighter transports were moving in towards the land. Soldiers were swarming on the decks of the ships, or passing down over the sides into the barges. It was the English army come indeed, in its might and terror. The port was open, and the undefended town could attempt no resistance. The inhabitants fled up into Edinburgh, entering at one gate as at another Arran and the cardinal were dashing out at the best speed of their swiftest horses. Before noon ten thousand men had disembarked in the leisure of overwhelming strength. The owners of the desolate houses had saved nothing. The merchants' stock was in their houses, and everything which was found was tranquilly appropriated. The joints of meat which had been provided for the Sunday dinners, were cooked and consumed by the English men-at-arms.

Edinburgh, deserted by the court and thronged with fugitives, was filled with confusion. The Provost rallied the city guard, and called the citizens to arms. There was no lack of courage. Six thousand men came forward as volunteers, and even marched out towards Leith to attack the enemy; but they had no competent leaders. For unorganized citizens to seek an army twice their strength was madness; their only hope was to make a tolerable defence and secure terms for their property. The English were quiet till the following morning. On Monday, the 5th, they came up from the sea in three divisions. The Provost and the corporation met them with a flag of truce, and offered to deliver the keys to Lord Hertford on condition that all persons that desired might depart with their effects, and that he would engage for the safety of the town. ‘The Scots,’ Hertford said, briefly, ‘had broken their promises confirmed by oath and seal,

and certified by their parliament, and he was sent thither by the king's highness to take vengeance of their detestable falsehood, to declare and show the force of his highness' sword to all such as would resist him.' They must yield at discretion, and he would promise them their lives. If they refused, the consequences would be on their own head. He gave them a day to consider their answer; and in the afternoon, to assist their decision, ominous clouds of smoke were seen darkening the sky towards Haddington and Lammernuir. Lord Evers, with his four thousand horse, came in from Berwick, having marked his advance by a broad track of desolation, where abbey and grange, castle and hamlet, were buried in a common ruin."—Volume iv., 319-323.

Here we have another sea-piece, from the projected French invasion of England:—

"The whole serviceable fleet remaining in the English waters was collected, by the end of June, at Portsmouth—in all, a hundred sail and sixteen thousand hands. In England itself party animosities were, for the time, forgotten. The counties vied with each other in demonstrations of loyalty. The Duke of Norfolk, after a general survey of England, reported that 'he found both gentlemen and all others very well-minded to resist the enemy if they should land'—the most part saying, 'My Lord, if they come, for God's sake, bring us between the sea and them.' The martial ardour had even penetrated to the highest places of the order who were generally exempt from military service—the Archbishop of Canterbury desired to have a battery of light artillery placed at his disposal for the defence of the coast of Kent. But the best blood of England, if we may judge by the list of names, was seeking, in preference, the more novel glory which might be earned in the fleet. Berkeleys, Carews, Courtenays, St. Clairs, Chichesters, Clintons, Cheyneys, Russells, Dudleys, Seymours, Willoughbys, Tyrrells, Stukeleys, were either in command of king's ships, or of privateers equipped by themselves. For the first time in her history, England possessed a navy which deserved the name; and in the motley crowd of vessels which covered the anchorage at Spithead was the germ of the power which in time was to rule the seas. The westerly gales delayed the opening of active operations. One only enterprise was projected by Lord Lisle in an interval of fair weather—he proposed to convert thirty merchantmen, which had been brought to the Downs as prizes, into fire-ships, and to send them in with the tide upon the

enemy's anchorage at Havre. The prizes, unluckily, escaped in a storm; but Lisle, not choosing to be disappointed, sailed without them, and ventured himself into the Seine within shot of the French. The galleys came out to skirmish, but the weather became more dangerous, and the admiral, as much in fear of a lee-shore as of the enemy, returned to Portsmouth.

"The king was at Portsmouth, having gone down to review the fleet, when on the 18th of July 200 sail were reported at the back of the Isle of Wight. The entire force of the enemy which had been collected, had been safely transported across the Channel. With boats feeling the way in front with sounding-lines, they rounded St. Helen's Point, and took up their position in a line which extended from Brading Harbour almost to Ryde. In the light evening breeze fourteen English ships stood across to reconnoitre; D'Annebault came to meet them with the galleys, and there was some distant firing, but no intention of an engagement.

"The morning which followed was breathlessly calm. Lisle's fleet lay all inside in the Spit, the heavy sails hanging motionless on the yards, the smoke from the chimneys of the cottages on shore rising in blue columns straight up into the air. It was a morning beautiful with the beauty of an English summer and an English sea; but for the work before him Lord Lisle would have gladly heard the west wind among his shrouds. At this time he had not a galley to oppose to the five-and-twenty which D'Annebault had brought with him; and in such weather the galleys had all the advantages of the modern gun-boats. From the single long gun, which each of them carried in the bow, they poured shot for an hour into the tall stationary hulls of the line-of-battle ships, and keeping in constant motion, they were themselves in perfect security. According to the French account of the action the 'Great Harry' suffered so severely as almost to be sunk at her anchorage; and had the calm continued, they believed that, they could have destroyed the entire fleet. As the morning drew on, however, the off-shore breeze sprung up suddenly, the large ships began to glide through the water, a number of frigates, long narrow vessels, so swift, the French said, that they could outsail their fastest shallops, came out with incredible swiftness, and the fortune of the day was changed. The enemy were afraid to turn lest they should be run over. The main line advanced hardly in time to save them; and the English, whose object was to draw the enemy into action under the guns of their own for-

treasures and on the shoals of the spit, retired to their own ground. The 'Mary Rose,' a ship of six hundred tons, and one of the finest in the navy, was among the vessels engaged with the galleys. She was commanded by Sir George Carew, and manned with a crew who were said all of them to be fitter, in their own conceit, to order than to obey, and to be incompetent for ordinary work. The ports were open for action, the guns were run out, and in consequence of the calm had been imperfectly secured. The breeze rising suddenly, and the vessel laying slightly over, the windward tier slipped across the deck, and as she yielded further to the weight, the lee ports were depressed below the water line, the ship instantly filled and carried down with her every soul who was on board. Almost at the same moment the French treasure ship 'La Maitresse' was also reported to be sinking; she had been strained at sea, and the shock of her own cannon completed the mischief. There was but just time to save her crew and remove the money chest when she too was disabled. The day had as yet lost but a few hours, and D'Annebault, hearing that the king was a spectator of the scene, believed that he might taunt him out of his caution by landing troops on the island. Detachments were set on shore at three different points, which in Du Bellay's description are not easy to recognise. It was by this time evening, and the day had produced little, except remarkable evidence of incapacity in the French commanders. In the morning a council was held. The English fleet to avoid exposing themselves a second time to the attacks of the galleys, had withdrawn into the harbour or under the shore; and D'Annebault, confident in numbers and French daring, proposed, since they would not venture out, to go in and attack them where they lay, and, if possible, carry Portsmouth. The crews, brave as lions, desired nothing better. The pilots, when consulted, declared that it was impossible. Imagining that the reluctance might arise from cowardice, D'Annebault, as soon as night fell, sent in boats with muffled oars to try the soundings and measure the passage into the harbour. They returned with more than a confirmation of the unfavourable reports. It remained, therefore, to decide whether the army should land in force upon the island and drive the English out of it. D'Annebault, however, had received discretionary powers, and, for some unknown reason, he determined to try his fortune elsewhere. A desultory attack on Seaford was his next effort. A landing was effected, and the village was pillaged and set on fire; but in an over

confidence that the country was unguarded, the French remained too long. Every wall and hedge became alive with armed men; the boats were destroyed at the piers, and but a small fraction of the invaders recovered the fleet. Encouraged by these successive failures, Lisle now ventured out into the channel. The hot weather had returned. August brought with it its light easterly winds and calms; but, if we may judge by the constantly recurring complaints, it was sultry beyond the ordinary heat of an English summer. After a fortnight of ineffectual cruising, the two fleets, on the morning of the 15th, were in sight of each other off Shoreham. An indecisive battle lasted till the evening, when the French retreated behind their larger ships, and by that time the whole line had drifted down within a mile of the English. Lisle cast anchor to show that he was ready for them. As darkness fell the enemy appeared to be imitating his example, and a general engagement was confidently expected in a few hours. As day broke the space which they had occupied was vacant, and the last vessel of the fleet of D'Annebault was hull down in the horizon, in full sail for France. Disease had given a victory to the English which they had no opportunity of winning with their cannon. The admiral had been a month at sea; his soldiers were cooped together in multitudes in the holds of ill-ventilated vessels. Their meat was putrid, their water was foul, the plague had broken out among them, and they had perished by thousands. The English despatch boats which followed them to the mouth of the Seine, watched the wreck of the army lifted out upon the shore; and 'there was no manner of courage, or gladness, nor appearance of comfort in them. Such a number of sick and miserable creatures they never saw.'—Vol. iv. pp. 420-34.

III. It remains that we should say something of Mr. Froude's tone as a thinker and style as a writer.

Mr. Froude is not like Thucydides, whose delineations are not merely powerful individualizations; who does not represent men as men, but simply as political actors. So, as has been well remarked, the piety of Nicias, the chivalry of Brasidas, the extravagance of Alcibiades, the splendour of Pericles, are not introduced as interesting episodes, but as bearing directly on political developments. Little is indulged to the mere curiosity of the reader. Phormio disappears in silence from

the scene. Lamachus, the gallant soldier, melts away, like a snow-flake upon the whirling tide of battle. There is not much direct praise or blame. The noble tragedy of the Peloponnesian war orbs out into its consummation. Its heavy masses are ever and anon relieved by the speeches, which bear the same relation to them as the chorus to the dialogue. Once or twice only the writer's mind is overcharged with awful earnestness, and darkens the page with an ethical shadow. And to pass from the Greek, our more eminent historians have had generalizing tendencies. They have traced the great horizontal layers of *laws*, traversing the whole soil of history, and ascertained their *dip* and direction. They have followed out the growth and development of constitutional politics, finding, like Montesquieu, perhaps, the cradle of the beautiful system of the English constitution among savages in the woods. They have written in a dignified and an unimpassioned style. Their chief picture-pieces have been battles, and their only gay colours and florid decorations have been reserved for their summaries of character. Hence it is that it has been said of our English historians, that they deserve every epithet of praise but—interesting. Charles Lamb used to say that he had read most English books, except Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, and in general all books which no gentleman's library can be without. Mr. Froude is the reverse of all this. He is not afraid of describing the pageants, which Lord Bacon considers too gaudy and too trifling for the severe muse of history. He is of the pictorial and romantic, not of the old classical or modern positivist school. He is not of the French systematists, who, with Cousin, find a law of humanity in the face of Phidias; or in the regulation of Pericles about the pay of an Athenian *hoplite*; or with Comte, plan out universal history as coolly and confidently as they would arrange a kitchen-garden. The personages whom he evokes may address him in the language which the spirit of Samuel addressed with such grand and reproachful sorrow to the enchantress who disquieted him. Out of mouldering manuscripts and dusty records, by the aid of cross-lights thrown from contemporary letters, and acts of par-

liament, with unwearied labour and far-reaching insight into the springs of human action, Mr. Froude has reconstructed the epoch of the English Reformation. He has shifted the kaleidoscope, and we view old faces under different combinations, and with other tints thrown upon them. We become intimate with the men of the time. We know how they dined, what their prejudices were, and all about them.

There is something about Mr. Froude's intellectual and moral history which has given him the assimilative and unitive tendencies so necessary when we would do justice to men of contending and opposite principles. His mind has passed through various eras. The founder of the Positive Religion tells us that the history of the human race—its fetichist, polytheist, monotheist, metaphysical and positive stages—should be reproduced in the education of the individual. This is an insane exaggeration. But there are minds unquestionably in which we may trace, in a compendious and abbreviated form, the mental revolutions of ages or generations compressed into a few years. Mr. Froude's mind is one of these. It has passed through various eras. It has had the mediæval training of St. Mary's, and Littlemore. It has been haunted by the faces, sweetly and austere, feminine, whose semblances we see surmounted by the aureole in emblazoned windows. It has wandered in the peculiar region of religious fiction, which is represented by the Littlemore "Lives of the Saints," of one of which, if we mistake not, the historian of England was actually the author some fourteen years ago! It has heard even in the beautiful roll of the English Liturgy, but the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies; in the Communion Office but the faint and broken echoes of an angust ritual. Then it discovered that Newman was not the only greatly-gifted man in England; that Carlyle had something else to say to the age; and the fascination of the author of the essay on "Development" was successfully rivalled by Emerson and Parker. Then came the "Nemesis" of a "faith" too sternly taxed; the laceration of religious doubt; the oscillation from a beautiful superstition towards a bare unbelief; and, finally, it would seem,

that with some alight undulation still remaining, it has felt the calming influence of a simpler religion than the romance which stirred its waters in youth. A transitional and progressive mind in some respects suits an age so transitional and progressive as that of the late Tudors. Hence Mr. Froude's power of sympathising with, and understanding, the most different characters and the most opposite views. In this respect he is superior to Lord Macaulay, who throws himself with fervour into a congenial spirit like Williams, but is cold and stiff to the others; who treats Puritan and non-juror with equal contempt and equal injustice: and so Lord Macaulay delineates admirably the outward characteristics of his figures; but the form and fashion of their minds escape him. A few less obvious instances occur to us as we write. He has occasion to mention Swift in connexion with Temple. The gossiping story of Alderman Faulkner—how King William taught the young man to cut asparagus and eat the stalks, is recorded; but little is said which would give us a real insight into the growth of that wonderful character. Mr. Froude would have shown us some subtle line, woven into the woof of the secretary's mind, which reappears in the texture that was afterwards so darkly celebrated. In George Fox, Lord Macaulay can only see a vulgar and illiterate fanatic; in Barclay, a dull and pedantic commentator; in the Quakers, a stupid and unmeaning sect. Mr. Froude would have done justice to a fanaticism, whose earnestness at least partook of the sublime. The justices and parsons who were bearded by Fox would have been made to give ample witness of the social and religious hollowness of the time. The ardent Protestant, who in recording the distinction of relics, is not ashamed to speak of "the beautiful piety" which originally decorated them, ossified as the natural instinct of veneration afterwards was into idolatry, would have understood the sublime truth underlying the mistakes of Quakerism, and have been just to the mysticism which extorted the admiration of a Roman Catholic like Moehler. Edmund Bohun is mentioned. Lord Macaulay had access to his beautiful autobiography, which has been so exquisitely edited by Mr.

Wix. He makes no use of it, save to extract the only unpleasant reminiscence of the saintly Ken. Mr. Froude would almost have rebuilt the religious history of the revolution from this ample quarry.

It is to be confessed that this power of sympathy has been bought at a great price. It does not seem to be given to the human mind to be at once broad and firm, sympathetic and definite. The power of seeing round and round contested questions, of understanding what adversaries say, of throwing ourselves into different sets of feelings and associations, is purchased by an apparent wavering and inconsistency. Most men are narrow thinkers. The stunted tree of their intellectual life leans into prejudices that quench the broad blaze and noble sunlight of truth. But the narrow thinker may console himself by the reflection that, if he does not see so much, at least he sees more clearly and more strongly so far as his vision extends—that he is not confused by a multiplicity of points of view.

The lines, then, which Mr. Froude draws in ethics and religion are wavering and indefinite. The same semi-scepticism, even about the validity of moral obligations, which helped to project the character of Markham Sutherland in the *Nemesis of Faith*—which threw such impassioned interest into the Anglican clergyman who became, in succession, a rector in the Establishment, a Deist rejecting the Bible on moral grounds, a refined adulterer, a Roman Catholic, and an Atheist—appears here and there in the History of England. The apology for persecution, whose "defence is impregnable to logic;" the singular vindication in the second volume of Dalaber's "Lie," and comparison of him to "Rahab of Jericho, who did the same thing, and on that ground was placed in the catalogue of saints;" the assertion that the ordinary rules of conduct will not and cannot act as a restraint upon minds possessed with religious passion, whatever be their religious opinions, the higher obligation superseding and dispensing with the lower, and the subsequent palliation of assassination, as a prelude to the murder of Cardinal Beton (vol. iv., 315, 316); the devotion to a hero like Henry—which sees in his cruelty but the strong spirit of the age—in his

odious coarseness but a want of delicacy—in the haste with which he changes from wife to wife, but a statesman's anxiety to discharge an imperative duty; the almost invariable reference to circumstances as the efficient rather than the colourer of character, the principle rather than the subject-matter of action;—all these indications are rather unhappily significant, while they are mingled with a noble vein of ethical sentiment with which they are utterly at variance, and refuse to coalesce as absolutely as oil and vinegar. And this inconsistency follows Mr. Froude throughout. He seems to praise and blame according to his temper; and his point of view shifts from chapter to chapter. Thus, in his sketch of the features visible in the Scotch character, where, as he finely expresses it, "the course of this history turns aside from the broad river of English life to where the torrents are leaping, passion-swollen, down from the northern hills," he tells us that "the Scotch vices are the vices of strength;" yet the history of the Scotch race, from 1524 to 1537, is, in great measure, the history of its nobles; and the vices of the Albanys, the Anguses, the Methuens, are assuredly not the vices of strength. In the earlier portion of his work he expresses an aversion not simply from the High Church School, but from the whole English Reformation. Like his brother, Mr. Richard Hurrell Froude, the real founder of the Newmanite School, he considers the Reformation in England to be a limb badly set, and which requires to be broken over again, but for the opposite reason. He laments that "the Tudors should have preferred the incongruities of Anglicanism to a complete Reformation, and a *midge madge*" (Lord Burleigh's word for the constitution of the English Church) "of contradictory formularies to the simplicity of the Protestant faith" (vol. ii. 406). But, before concluding the fourth volume, he changes his glasses. He dwells with delight upon the "beautiful roll" of the language of these formularies. In a passage which reminds one of Wordsworth's ecclesiastical sonnets, he admires the chaste ceremonial with which the English Church follows us from the side of the font to the edge of the grave, while admitting that it

has some remnants of opinions which, perhaps, hardly find a place in our present convictions. He perceives that, next to the Bible, the Liturgy has more deeply than any thing else affected the character of the modern English. One or other of these views must be true; but, at least, they are not *antinomies*, but contradictions.

We find that we have omitted two extracts under the first head of this review of singular power and point—the sketches of James V. and Thomas Cromwell; but we can find no space for their insertion. It remains that a few words should be said upon Mr. Froude's style.

On a recent occasion we ventured to express our high admiration of the writing in these volumes. Hume, as Dr. Johnson has observed, writes in a style which is not English; the structure of his sentences is essentially French. Robertson has faults which the burly dictator of literature modestly and justly ascribed to his own example, too many words, and those too big ones. Gibbon's style, as Coleridge said, is detestable. His early essays in literature were written in French. To this we may attribute the sort of luminous haze or fog spread over his landscape, his florid and gaudy rhetoric, his scenical and candle-light magnificence, his monotonous splendour and brilliant obscurity. Lord Macaulay is too invariably sustained, too elaborately felicitous. But Mr. Froude's style is an instrument of many notes and of great compass. His thought weaves itself an appropriate vestment. Conception and expression suit, like music and words. He has no one bed upon which every thought must be stretched; no one or two moulds in which every sentence is cast. His style is an *Æolian* lyre, which is loud or low, long or short in its utterance, as it is swept by the varying wind.

We shall not, then, be accused of insensibility to the beauty and nobleness of Mr. Froude's writing, if we venture to remark upon the extraordinary carelessness of which he is frequently guilty. Repetition of favourite words and images, broken metaphors, jingling termination, careless and ungrammatical constructions, often break the flow of his most splendid passages. We have marked

about thirty places in which the word *attitude* occurs to express political position. Mr. Froude has many images and comparisons at once original and expressive. Why will he so often use the stale and hackneyed ones of the wave, the storm, the stream, the cloud? Let us turn over the leaves of the third volume. "Henry hushed the *waves* of heresy" (p. 4). "Cromwell, with the angry *waters* lashing round him, brooding over the *storm*" (p. 56). "The king and Cranmer fought against a *stream* which was too strong for them" (p. 62). "The peers were hurried along a *stream*, sweeping they knew not where" (p. 87). "Sir T. Percy becoming a rebel, plunged into the *stream*" (p. 132). "Aske's craving pardon was a fine scene, yet as we see sometimes on sudden clearance of a *storm*" (p. 177). "When hopes of peace had finally *clouded*" (p. 186). "When the pilgrimage of grace was over, the *storm* had sunk down into silence" (p. 224). "On the successful close of the rebellion, a *cloud* followed closely" (p. 259). We have marked *nine* other passages, upon a cursory perusal of this single volume, in which one or other of these common-place images occur. The "beautiful roll" of the language of the Liturgy is spoken of (iv. p. 481). It mars our pleasure in the fine expression to remember that we have before had the "beautiful roll" of the language of the English Bible. "His advances had been *slighted*, his hopes had been *blighted*" (iv. p. 485), "He refused to believe that Charles would stain his reputation with so *sustained* duplicity" (iv. p. 303), were surely never read over by the writer. Noble passages are often seriously injured by loose repetition and careless grammar. The fine description of the English fleet entering the Firth of Forth has this ugly little blot: "The sea was *alive* with *life*." Again: "James V. is sick at *heart* with *heart*-burnings." The twentieth chapter opens with a monster sentence, containing fifteen semicolons, four colons, and sprawling over three pages. We have repeatedly observed the loose oratorical construction; a nominative case crowded with so vast a flock of attributes and subsidiaries, that by the time the writer comes to the verb he has to repeat the subject.

We conclude by stating one important inference from these volumes, which we would respectfully commend to our readers. If there are any who are discontented with the position of the Reformed Church, and looking wistfully back to the Roman system, let them carefully read this book; let them learn from the language of the men themselves what were the fruits of Rome; whether the balance of virtue and holiness was with the friends or the enemies of the Reformation. But if there be any of an opposite school, who are scandalised by the amalgamation of men of different views, and who brand it by the name of *fusionism*, they may here learn that the English Reformation itself was a gigantic *fusionism*. We can trace the marks of the sutures upon every page of the Prayer Book. The great contemporary historian may sneer at our Church as a compromise. The Romaniser may taunt us with ambiguous formularies. The Romanist may contrast the cast-iron logical precision of the dogmas of Trent with the modest utterances of the Articles of Religion. An opposite school may object that our ministers are restricted to none of their hair-splittings on the Divine decrees, and on the apparent order of succession in the really indivisible work of grace. We may translate these epithets of censure into a different language; we may find in them the modesty of truth and the moderation of wisdom. For every institution which is not formed for a *clique* or for a day—which is to comprehend large masses of men, and to last through the vicissitudes of successive time—must take account of two principles, the principle of *order* and the principle of *freedom*. Our civil constitution gives scope to both. Without freedom, there would be a perpetuation of antiquated abuses; without order, there would be no bulwark against the mutations of ignorant caprice. Without the one, our government would congeal into a tyranny; without the other, it would dissolve into an anarchy. Now the English Reformation managed to contain within its bosom a sufficient representation of these two—one clinging to the past, one looking to the future. Occasionally they have come into fierce collision. Occasionally one



or other has rent the body until it has almost split. Are there not signs that this is passing away? is not the conciliation of these opposite tendencies going on with accelerated pace? Men no longer blame the mountains for being of different outlines and varying hues, content if the one light of heaven falls upon their uplifted brows. Impossible schemes of

comprehension from without are being succeeded by efforts after possible union within.

We look with real impatience for the continuation of this extraordinary fragment. With all its faults, it is a noble monument of the English Church and State—a noble apology for English Protestantism—a beautiful historical shrine to encase our English Bible.

## MYRRHA.

"What! Myrrha married!" cried our comrade John,  
A friend of fifty summers, on whose brow  
Strong manhood shone in summer fulness still,  
Though on his locks, a little scanted, fell  
The first faint moonbeam of life's changing day :

"What! Myrrha married!" cried he, as along  
The shoulder of a seaward-stretching hill  
We homeward wander'd ; "'faith, this news is strange.  
I never dreamed that love would plume a shaft  
Against fair learned Madam ;—'Madam' we  
Have called her ten years fully, and not 'Miss,'—  
From courtesy, and so she would be called,  
For, verging forty summers, and unwed,  
She took the matron rank : well, I have known  
Those large blue eyes of hers from childhood's day,  
And watched her grow through bibs and tuckers up  
To graceful, conscious, stately maidenhood,  
When throngs of lovers sought her in the dance,  
The conversazione, the parade,  
And theatre, where white-gloved cavaliers  
In rivalry thronged round her chivalrous,  
Moved less by the choice drama than her smile ;—  
And such a smile ! From lip, and eye, and brow,  
It shone full-orbed and beauteous as a star,  
And made her gentle face a paradise :—  
Oft have I watched her, from a place beneath  
Among the critics :—when the drop-scene fell,  
We used to turn and gaze upon her oft,  
Smoothing her brow contracted with the plot ;  
And all forgetting, as we sought her face,  
Kean's lightning bursts, and Kemble's dignity,  
And even the matchless art of fair O'Neil :—  
Ah me ! had critics hearts to lose, even I  
Like others might have been a bankrupt then."  
And here he sighed, and stumbled o'er a stone,  
And sighed again, and asked us if the night  
For late October was not wondrous warm.

"Come," said a student, "you that have beheld  
All charms of Art in marble or in paint,  
Laocoons, Apollos, Naiades,  
Venuses, Virgins, and Saint Catherines,  
Unparagoned perfections of the world,  
That Grecian chisel or the Roman brush  
Have shaped for human study and delight,

Unfold us then, oh critic, master thou  
 Of glorious colours, outlines, attitudes,  
 Shades and expressions, glimpses passing fair  
 From memories mirror of this wondrous face—  
 The cynosure of many myriad eyes ;  
 Let us behold her from her earliest phase  
 Through childhood, maidenhood, and womanhood,  
 That we may quaff, as at some Grecian feast,  
 Rich draughts of beauty mellowing in strength  
 From simple cups of milk and mingled rose  
 To golden chalices of ruddy wine !”

“Stop !” cried our friend, and sate him on a bank :  
 The moon was rising, and a silver dawn,  
 Tinging the ripples with a tender light,  
 Played on the greyish sea :—“’Tis like a dream  
 That happy holiday, long years ago,  
 When I saw little Myrrha first,” said he :  
 “When I arrived her father’s visitor,  
 A boy of scarce fourteen, with head half crazed  
 By reason of the medal I had won  
 From answerings in the *Æneid* ; never sure  
 Did brave Cloanthus show a prouder front  
 Than when my host, the dinner being o’er,  
 Brimmed me a glass, and chatted with me there  
 About the sweet Virgilian world I knew,  
 Its men and incidents, and even its cares,—  
 Tough bits of knotted structure,—chasing up  
 His sometime knowledge to converse with me ;  
 Narrating also, how that even he  
 ‘Though now, alas ! immersed in other things  
 Less noble,’ once had borne away the prize  
 From twenty students armed in prosody,  
 And masters of abstruse derivatives ;  
 And ‘proud he felt again to meet with one  
 Returned victorious from the Latin plains ;  
 None worthier to pass in laureled rest  
 The six-weeks’ summer saturnalia’ :—  
 And here a neighbour entered ; ‘and perhaps  
 My friend would like to range the garden o’er,’  
 He hinted ; ‘There’s a beehive by the stream  
 That may remind you of the Georgic, and  
 You will find Myrrha there.’—So quick I ran,  
 And by the hedges of old lavender  
 And bending apple-boughs that roof’d the walk,  
 Went singing, calling out from time to time  
 ‘Where art thou, little Myrrha’—but no voice  
 Made answer, and, nigh wearied with the search,  
 I turned from out a thicket, when behold !  
 Beneath the drooping willow on the lawn,  
 Where stood the yellow beehives in the sun,  
 And sang the stream through runnels of brown stone,  
 She sate like Psyche, ten years old that morn,  
 With one small hand as white as jasmine buds,  
 Patting a foreign bird of peacock plume  
 Along the ringed feathers, that in the light  
 Glowed like a plenteous heap of golden coin.  
 Had I been older then, I might have drawn  
 An omen from the sight ; from Juno’s bird,  
 That guardian-like stood proudly by her side,  
 A promise of the wealth that would be hers  
 When marriage crowned her life. We sate and read

Together there a rich Arabian tale  
 Alive with wondrous shapes,—a pair of friends  
 Made in a minute by th' ingenuous touch  
 Of innocence and spring :—The love scenes passed  
 As common matter, but the miracles  
 Of great magicians, and the tricks of dwarfs,  
 Battles, and tales of mighty soldans slain  
 For smiles of bright princesses,—these we read  
 With brows together bent above the page,  
 As happy as the roses : Sooth, 'twas sweet  
 To hear her lisp aloud her favourite tale,  
 With silver rippling voice that streamed along  
 Like music from an eastern shell, and see  
 Her thin jet eyebrows raised in pretty pride,  
 While Arab names of rude barbaric rhythm  
 Flowed facile from her lips. That night we played  
 At chess—her father giving us his set  
 Of Chinese ivory traced with opulent carve—  
 Three hours at least : the victory was hers ;  
 And as I saw kings, knights, and towers, all heaped  
 Beside her, I began to doubt my brain,  
 And rising, went discomfited to bed.

Next time we met ;—ah, how young years flow on !  
 'Twas in the old brick mansion of her sire,  
 Old Christmas Hall, on the green suburb road :—  
 Eight years had shed their summers o'er us, eight  
 Bright years of wandering, study, and repose,  
 And we had sailed the seas in storm and calm,  
 Round many memoried shores, and crossed at night  
 The mighty mountains, where we heard in th' blue  
 The icy crackling of the avalanche  
 Dissevering, ere it flung into the depth  
 Its sloping bolt of thunder and of snow ;  
 Had seen the morning break on golden plains  
 And gloried rivers, where the inland boat  
 Came floating heaped with ripest fruits and grain  
 To marble cities crown'd in antique days  
 By commerce, learning, pleasure, peace, and art ;  
 And I had looked on faces bright and dark  
 Of maid and matron by the Orient sun  
 And starlight ; but so rich and soft a face  
 I looked not on through all the east and south,  
 As Myrrha's on that morn of my return.  
 She sate within a summer-house, a book  
 Before her, lapped in listless sweet peruse,  
 The little marker blueely fluttering o'er  
 Her fair fine hand, as came the draughts of wind  
 O'er nodding beds of turban'd tulips round.  
 My step aroused her : in a bright surprise,  
 Half diffident, half kind, she rose, and gave  
 Her hand, which as I held she still withdrew,  
 'Till but a finger lingered among mine :—  
 Her eyes were darker, and the pupil wide  
 Dilated rays of ebony, such as strike  
 Around the pansy's heart : soft beamed her brow,  
 And dipped her fine ear like a crystal shell,  
 And shone her splendrous cheek amid her hair  
 As through sweet summer dusk the half-blown moon.  
 The air was dewy bright, and round her played  
 A shower of winking leaves and netted lights  
 Of laurel and of rose. There sate we chatting

Of friends and scenes, and books, and twenty things ;  
 While from her converse broke in gentle lights  
 The simple sense, affection, fancy, trust,  
 And dainty pride of April maidenhood.  
 Ah there, indeed, was she, the oft-admired  
 Of eyes she brightened, and of hearts she moved ;  
 The petted beauty of a hundred rooms,  
 The golden star and lily of the year."

"How came it then"—the student here broke in,  
 "That such a gem of women 'scaped the touch  
 Of Hymen, and preferred to shine alone  
 Than join the throngs of matrimonial orbs  
 That move in order through the social heavens  
 Girt with their satellites?" "How can I say?"  
 The other answered; "possible it is  
 That she herself could scarce resolve the cause;  
 But certain is it that some ten years past  
 She centred all her soul in study, lived  
 In libraries amid the sage of old,  
 And read, thought, wrote, and thought, and wrote, and read,  
 Till record of her in the spheres of love  
 Had vanished, and her name became a myth  
 And casual echo; much to the delight  
 And mild malevolence of womankind."  
 "Cease, misogynæ," some one sudden cried—  
 "Next time you saw her?"—"Ay, next time," quoth he,  
 "Was some two autumns since: long years had spaced,  
 And she was nigh forgotten by me then:"—  
 "Oh!" cried we all in chorus; "seek the ears  
 Of those who never heard you praise her so,  
 If you would have them credit such a——" "Psha!"  
 John muttered somewhat thickly:—"There you err;  
 I was her friend, admirer; nothing more."—  
 But this we would not hear, so he went on:—  
 "Twas at a learned conversazione I  
 Last saw her then: 'twas late when I arrived;  
 The rooms were thronged with scientific folk,  
 Grey spectacled men, who chatted o'er their snuff  
 In sombre knots; young sons of science too,  
 With mathematic heads, hard grained and dry,  
 Whose intellect had shrivelled up their hearts;  
 Strange folk, well read in structure, who can see  
 A beauty in the Megatherium's bones  
 They miss in Raphael's or in Shakspeare's soul.  
 And, there with one of the assembled wise,  
 Stood Madam Myrrha musing on the steps  
 Of a clear glass conservatory that toward  
 The gardens opened. The September stars  
 Shone brightly on her, and the red vine leaves,  
 Forsaking the rich clusters they had shined,  
 Fell trickling softly round her in the calm.  
 The gentle azure eyes, now grave and cold,  
 Shone steadily beneath her level brow,  
 Where thought held empire like a sapphire orb  
 That bathes some northern summit spired in snow.  
 Little she spoke, and held herself apart  
 Like a dethroned empress who had won  
 All homage; and though vassalage were o'er,  
 Claimed yet some old retainer by her smile  
 That now seemed changed, disdaining its own power,  
 And quenching beauty's charm in thoughtful scorn.

Little she spoke, and then in epigram ;  
 Her judgment, steadied by experience, brought  
 All things to a focus, and with gentle force  
 Touched and dismissed them. I was with cause afraid  
 To take the lists with her—so grave, so fair,  
 With such a mind and mien—the bright coquette  
 Had grown into the sage philosopher.  
 The maids addressed her with respectful air,  
 The aged with a reverend courtesy,  
 The children only, unabashed, approached  
 And made themselves familiar with her hand.  
 But sooth, in spite of the rich shadowing years  
 That calm, clear countenance still was full of charm  
 And sovran grace ; she owned a magic yet  
 To levy homage, faith, affection, trust ;  
 More of the friend, and of the mistress less,  
 Though dower'd with beauty still. For, woman's cheek  
 In rounded forty shows unto the light  
 Its firm camelia curve ; the settled blood  
 Plays on its oval pallor—though the lip  
 Grows wanish as the scant-leaved rose that hangs  
 Its head in rainy Autumn. Yet withal  
 Time touches not the eyes, but rather bathes  
 Those orbs in spirit beauty, as at eve  
 When day sinks down, and crimson shadows fade,  
 Bright Hesperus heralds from the western sea  
 The ranks of stars, and opens heaven through night ;  
 And from her brow an empyrean glow  
 Brake forth, and for all losses made amends.  
 But faith it angered me to hear her speech  
 So dusted o'er with scientific phrase,  
 As though a flower made vocal should discourse  
 Of sines, cosines, curves, angles, problems dry,  
 And pout its Summer mouth of velvet bloom,  
 Bewildered with some grave hypothesis :—  
 Well—whosoe'er she's wedded, will be sire  
 Unto a prodigy, should Myrrha take  
 The culture of the boy upon herself—  
 A consummation I shall ne'er behold !"—

"Haste not to such a climax," some one cried ;  
 "But learn that it was only yesterday  
 We saw Sir Æsculapius Mandeville,  
 The lady's doctor, white cravated, grave  
 As science, charioting the crowded street,  
 And when he came to Myrrha's door, he touched  
 The cheque-string with a white and steady hand  
 And entered, all his body bent in thought."—

"Well," said poor John ; "it were a pity sure  
 The rose-tree that throughout the year hath shed  
 Its charms around, should watch the yellow leaves  
 Fade on the winds, nor own a blossom still  
 In Autumn's close to memorize its spring ;  
 And for the rising race a future loss  
 Should beauty die, nor leave the world its type."

## THE INDIAN RESOLUTIONS.

"PUNCH," a week or two ago, made a political hit on the Indian question worthy of Hogarth. It is a curious fact, by the way, that a first-rate caricature, which knocks off to the life some political mess, and touches to the quick our sense of the ludicrous, comes—like a full moon—not oftener than once a month. During three weeks of the four, our contemporary, *Punch*, is like the moon in its quarters, waxing or waning in wit; but his first-rate joke comes to the full with the "inconstant" moon, though we charitably suppose the connexion is only accidental.

Be this as it may, the fact is so; and a week or two ago *Punch* made a brilliant hit on the Indian Bills, buried, like the babes in the wood. Two robins, spruce and pert, and unmistakably like the leaders of the Ministry and the Opposition, are dropping leaves over their castaway India schemes. Mr. Disraeli's eyeglass hangs over his left wing; Lord Palmerston's feathers are crestfallen—and altogether the two birds look as dismal as those poetical undertakers are supposed to have been, as they dropped their leaves over the bodies of the deserted innocents, and sung dirges, as robins only do in a child's story.

That cruel uncle, the Country, has left these two sweet India Bills to the sleep of oblivion. There is none to weep for them but the cock robin of the Treasury, and the cock robin of the Opposition. We have no leaves at our disposal to drop over these departed Bills; but in the page or two reserved for India this month, proceed to notice Lord John Russell's amendments to the Indian Resolutions.

The first Resolution, "That this House is of opinion that the transfer of the government of the East India Company to the Crown should now take place, in order that the direct superintendence of the whole empire may be placed under one executive authority," has already passed the House. In a year of revolution we have learned a century's experience of our past rule in India. To return

to the *status quo ante* is simply impossible. As far as this Resolution goes, nearly all parties are agreed.

The second and third Resolutions purpose to provide the appointment of a Secretary of State for India, "and that such Secretary of State shall be responsible for the government of India, and the transaction of business, in the same manner, and to the same extent, as any of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State are responsible in the several departments over which they preside." On the subject of this Resolution, there is little room for disagreement, as far as we can see. Whether the Chief Minister for India shall rank as a Secretary of State, or only as a President of a Council for India, is more a dispute about names than things. In either case, it is desirable that there should be *one* responsible adviser of the Crown, to whom the country is to look, and call to account, if necessary. The king can do no wrong. The constitution has wisely ruled that the minister is responsible; but if that minister may screen himself behind a Council-board—if he may be there outvoted, and, either in pretence or in truth, seem to act only as their mouthpiece, the country will be as much mystified now as before about Indian affairs. It will be the old Double Government over again, under another name. We want our Indian Minister—whatever his style and title—to propose his measures, as law-makers once did in early Greece, with a halter round his neck. But we could never hang a whole Council. Queen Victoria interceding, like Queen Philippa of old, for her Indian Council, at the bar of the House, might form a fine historical tableau to decorate some panel in Westminster; but we all know that when a dozen men or more are to blame, the fault is shifted from shoulder to shoulder; and without some projecting peak at which to launch its bolts, public censure plays over their heads, as lightning over a sheet of water, with nothing to strike. On this account our statesmen are right in recommending that the Mi-

nister for India shall rank as a Secretary of State. India deserves to stand as a fourth department of the State. It has interests of its own, peculiar and distinct from either home, foreign, or colonial. Neither the Home nor Foreign department could handle Indian affairs. In spite of all that has been said about colonization, India is not a colony, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies should have nothing to say to it. But it calls for a minister of equal rank with the other three secretaries. It is most important, for instance, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs and our Indian Minister should act in concert. Often has the Company been dragged into wars in India to sustain views of policy adopted at the Foreign Office, the peace policy of the Company being overruled by the war policy of the minister at Teheran or St. Petersburg. These anomalies would be smoothed down by the appointment of a Secretary of State for India, of equal rank in the Cabinet with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. We, therefore, hope that the proposal to which we refer, that the head of the Council for India shall be responsible for the acts of that Council, may pass the House unmutated in its essential parts.

The fourth Resolution is, that "in order to assist such Secretary of State in the discharge of his duties, it is expedient that a Council be appointed of not more than twelve members, including the Secretary of State." In the wisdom of this resolution we entirely agree. In selecting twelve as the number to sit on the Council for India, we feel unbiased by the failure of Lord Palmerston's proposal of a Council of Eight, and Mr. Disraeli's Council of Eighteen. Twelve is a mathematical mean between the two, and, perhaps, it may have occurred to Lord John Russell to "split the difference" between eight and eighteen. Ten months ago, before the subject had been brought up for discussion at all, we recommended a Council of Twelve for India, in an article on the Indian mutiny in the August number of this Magazine, to which we refer our readers for further undesigned coincidences between Lord John Russell's proposals and our own. We there proposed, not so

much to abolish the Court of Directors—a body, on the whole, deserving the highest praise for administrative talent, and a sincere regard for the welfare of India—as to merge the Court of Directors and Board of Control into one body, "like the two single gentlemen rolled into one." In order to do this, we proposed to reduce the Directors from eighteen to twelve; to appoint six of the twelve from members of the two Houses of Parliament, and the other six from returned Indian officials, civil and military, with or without seats in Parliament, this body to be presided over by a Secretary of State, who was always to have a seat in the Cabinet, and to go in and out with the Ministry. We thus hoped to combine the highest Indian experience with fullest parliamentary control over the Council and its proceedings. Lord Palmerston's Bill comes short of our expectations most signally in this. His Council was to consist of only eight members, and these *excluded* from Parliament. The Secretary of State was to be its single mouth-piece; in his bosom were to be locked up the secrets of this Indian prison-house; and, to reverse the brag of Sir Oracle, when he *shut* his mouth no dog should bark. Every note of remonstrance, suggestion, or protest, heard at the council board was locked up in one bosom "of state," and till that bosom chose to thaw, every discordant note heard at the council board would be frozen like the music in Munchausen's trumpet. It was plain, from the first, that such a Council was only a sham; that it would be a degradation to offer a man of mark and position a seat at such a board of dummies; and that, sooner or later, such a council would hang as a useless appendage to the Minister for India, like a train to a court lady when out of the presence chamber. But we do not fight shadows. Lord Palmerston is out of office, and his bill *requiescat in pace*. May the robins of oblivion (we will offer, in old-fashioned style, a sentiment) strew it with the leaves of forgetfulness, till the place of its burial know it no more.

There are two good elements in the present Double Government of India that must be combined in any future scheme of government in equal

or nearly equal proportions. These are—first, local experience ; second, parliamentary control : the Court of Directors represented the one ; the Board of Control, the other. In a council of twelve members, six should represent Indian, and six Home interests ; and thus all that was good in the old state of things would be embodied and repeated in the new.

The remaining resolutions refer to details which call for no particular comment, with the exception of Resolution 12—"That the first appointment of cadets and clerks shall be open to public competition, subject to such an examination only as the Secretary of State shall direct—reserving one-fourth part of all such appointments to the sons of persons who have been employed in the military or civil service of the Crown, or the East India Company in India."

We trust that this excellent resolution will be faithfully adhered to.

Indian appointments were the first thrown open to public competition, now four years ago. Before the disgraceful break-down of "the service" in the Crimean campaign had forced the competitive system on the authorities at the War-Office, Lord Macaulay and others had drawn up a scheme of appointments by merit for the Company's service in India. As the Indian service led the way in this great measure of administrative reform, it should not be left behind now. To return to the old routine of patronage and direct appointments would be intolerable ; and, therefore, we rejoice that Lord John Russell proposes to put it out of the power either of President or Council to traffic in Indian patronage. There must be no more recommendations "to take care of Dowb."

Dowb must take care of himself. The overland route to Indian appointments must in future pass through the Examination Hall in Somerset House.

The thirteen resolutions as amended by Lord John Russell are thus liberal

as well as show "a large, roundabout, common sense"—that quality which is dearest of all to the English mind. We have every desire for their prosperous passage through the stages of parliamentary debate ; and if our best wishes can speed them through Committee into a third reading, and so on to the Upper House, we shall share in the feeling of Pope—

"Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

Before we could have anticipated Lord John Russell's amendments, we sketched out a very similar scheme\*—the best, as we conceive, for respecting existing interests as well as meeting the altered circumstances of India.

We have only one caution to add, in conclusion, which is—not to expect too much from any alteration of the administration either at home or in India. In the race of Reform, the two goals from which we start, and towards which we press, are too often Presumption and Despair. We first expect too much, and then complain it is too little. We must not trust too greatly in the worth of machinery, or, to quote M. Guizot, we shall find it disappoint us, and come to a dead stop. "Measures, not men," may do at home—in India we ask "men, not measures." Routine never gained us India, and routine has not been able to hold it. It has had to send for old Sir Colin Campbell to win India back at the point of the sword ; and to the Laurences, Outrams, Montgomerys, and Edwardes, we must look for its lasting pacification and future tranquil government. Give men like these full, undivided power to hold India for us, and let the President and Council at home confide in their judgment, and act as the interpreters of their policy between the British Parliament and people on the one hand, and the dusky millions of India on the other. If the Council of India are content to do this, we will say of them—if of any human institution—*Esse perpetua*.

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\* *Dublin University Magazine*, August, 1857, p. 245.



## CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE UNIVERSAL LAW ACCORDING TO WHICH THAT PART OF A LANGUAGE WHICH IS DERIVED FROM ANY OTHER LANGUAGE IS NECESSARILY FORMED, AND THE CONSEQUENCES WHICH IT INVOLVES.

It is evident that the indispensable basis of all sound knowledge or speculation with regard to any particular language is a complete inventory or list of the words of which the language consists. This is to the philologist what an exact account of receipts and payments is to the merchant, the banker, or the accountant. It is that without which the wealth or worth of the language cannot be known. Hence the fundamental importance of the subject treated of in our last chapter, the constituent parts, or ingredients, of the English vocabulary. It is a subject that comes naturally next in order after the definition of the language, or rather it is the completion of that. It is the inductive corroboration of the definition or conception deduced from the general history of the language.

Even, however, to make the inventory complete as an inventory there would be wanted, secondly, so much, at least, of explanation as is required to distinguish words that are the same either in spelling or in pronunciation, or in both. Thus, we have really two English words both spelled *league* and both pronounced precisely in the same way, although differing altogether both in derivation and in sense, the one signifying a confederacy or alliance, and representing the French *lique*, the other signifying a measure of length, and representing the French *lieue*, or the Italian *lega* (which last term is characterized by the same ambiguity, or double meaning, with the addition of its standing also for our *alloy*). In any inventory of the English language, therefore, the word *league* ought clearly to be entered twice (as the *lega* of the Italians ought, in any full or fair exposition of their tongue, to be reckoned as making, not one, but three words). So ought also the word *lie*, even although its two senses (to recline or skulk, and to take shelter under a falsehood) may be suspected to be only

modifications of the same idea. The existence of two meanings is as indisputable in all such cases as in the case of *hie* and *high*, or of *lo* and *low* (or, for that matter, of the adjective *low* and the verb *to low*, meaning to bellow). Again, *wound*, the past participle passive of the verb *to wind*, rhyming to *round*, must be held to be quite a different word from what we have in the expressions *a wound* and *to wound*; and even *bow*, the instrument for shooting (pronounced *bo*) and *bow*, meaning to bend, or a reverential bending (pronounced like *how*), *slough*, meaning a mire (which we pronounce so as to rhyme with *plough*) and *slough*, meaning a useless or withered skin (which is sounded *sluff*), are also entitled to be similarly distinguished, notwithstanding whatever probability there may be thought to be that in both cases we have only two modernized pronunciations of the same original term. It is evident that, in order to mark these distinctions, the dictionary of the language, although it should profess to be an inventory merely, would have to be more or less both an explanatory and a pronouncing dictionary.

But, thirdly, it would have also, if it was to exhibit fully the true character of the language, and of the several words of which it is composed, to be to a certain extent an etymological dictionary. It is not only that otherwise it would give us nothing of the history of the language, and of each particular word in it; even the indication of the import of the word would often be left imperfect or obscure. The source whence it has sprung is always an element, if not in the signification, yet in the significance, of a word. Something at least of its applicability and appropriateness, of its harmonious accordance with the other words with which it is joined—in short of all that is called its general effect—frequently depends on whether it is of native or foreign,

of classic or oriental, derivation. But in regard to this matter neither the dictionary-makers nor even philological investigators of higher mark appear to have usually been sufficiently awake to a very obvious distinction.

It is one thing to trace a word in any language to its immediate source; it is quite another thing to hunt it through all the various forms under which it may have appeared in other languages with the view of ascertaining its radical sense. The investigation of the original senses of words, or of the elements of which they are composed, constitutes, indeed, one of the highest departments of philology. But it never can be satisfactorily pursued when it is attempted only for the words of a single language. Or, at any rate, the waste of labour attaching to such a method is enormous. The case resembles that of a *Catalogue Raisonné*, or catalogue of subjects, confined to the books of a particular library. It is plain that if every great library is to have its *Catalogue Raisonné*, there will be precisely the same thing to be done over and over again, it may be a hundred or a thousand times, each performance being distinguished only by a difference in that part of the work which is omitted; whereas one such catalogue in which nothing was omitted would serve for all libraries. So the only scientific examination of the radical meanings of words is one which proceeds not upon the words as they are found in any one language, but upon the roots or elements as to be collected from all the languages into which they have entered. Not to speak of such magnificent attempts (however executed) as Whiter's *Etymologicon Magnum*, or Mr. Guest's examination, in the "Proceedings of the Philological Society," of the vocabulary of the Chinese language—both designed to comprehend the entire extent of human speech—there are, for instance, certain radical or elementary terms which are to be found in the various Germanic and Scandinavian tongues, some, indeed, not in one, some not in another, but by far the greater number either in all or in most. Accordingly, instead of taking up these languages one by one, and so repeating for the greater part the same process and the same labour first for the

Moeso-Gothic, then for the various forms of the German, then for the Dutch, then for the Frisian, then for the English (ancient and modern), then for the Icelandic, then for the Swedish, then for the Danish, and so forth,—to obtain a result very much the same in each case, and yet in no case complete,—the learned Dr. Lorenz Diefenbach has in what he calls a "Comparative Lexicon of the Indo-Germanic Languages" (or, otherwise, "*Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der germanischen Sprachen, or der gothischen Sprache*"), 2 vols., Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 1851, arranged all the roots in question under one alphabet, and given under each the forms which it has assumed in all the languages in which it is found. The work is thus a universal dictionary of these languages in so far as they are Gothic. For so much of them as is Gothic it serves as well as would a whole series of dictionaries, in which each language should have had one to itself almost as large as that which thus includes them all. After the root-meanings have been in this way all ascertained, collected, and registered, they may be simply stated, if it should be thought necessary or desirable, under each word in the dictionaries of the several languages. Its root and its radical signification ought, at least, always to be kept in view in giving the general definition of a word; and the various senses in which it may have come to be employed should all, as far as possible, be arranged and subordinated with a reference to that primary import.

But such an ostentatious linguistic display as we have, for instance, in Webster's Dictionary of the English Language, would, even if the philological learning were of a higher order than it is, be altogether out of place. No light is thrown upon any point of English philology by pursuing every word through the various forms which it may have assumed in all the other languages of which the lexicographer has any knowledge. If this were thoroughly and systematically done, indeed—if an attempt were to be made really to make out the complete history of every word or root, an important service would be performed in the field of general philology. But it only encumbers a dictionary of any single language. If the whole history of

every root is to be thus exhibited in an English dictionary, there can be no reason why the same thing should not be done in the dictionaries of every one of the other languages in any degree connected with English, in those of Irish and Welsh, of German, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish, of French, Italian, and Spanish. The consequence would be, that precisely the same matter would have to be largely repeated in the case of each language, and that, too, matter, with which the proper exhibition of the language has really nothing to do,—which, in so far as that is concerned, is only a superfluity and a nuisance. This would be the result even if the transformations were investigated in the most scientific and masterly way; every history of a root already given in the English dictionary, for instance, would have to be repeated, if it was a Celtic root, in the Irish and Welsh dictionaries; if Gothic, in the German, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish; if Romance, in the French, Italian, and Spanish; to say nothing of the numerous cases in which Celtic roots would be found in the Gothic and Romance tongues, Gothic in the Celtic and Romance ones, and Romance or Latin in those of generally Celtic or Gothic texture. But, as the work has been actually done by Webster, it is worse than merely absurd and useless. His barrowfuls of learned rubbish, shot behind every vocable, completely smother and bury in every instance the one only fact which it is of importance to its proper subject that an English dictionary in its etymological department should distinctly indicate.

The only piece of etymological information which is really wanted in a dictionary of any particular language is that of the *immediate* source from which each word has been derived, and of the form which, if of foreign extraction, it had in the other tongue from which it was thus obtained. This is plainly all that the history of the word as belonging to the language which the dictionary undertakes to expound requires. If we are to go beyond this in attempting to trace the history of the word, there is no point at which we can properly stop. It must be pursued, not through three or four or half-a-dozen languages, but through all languages. Any thing short of that is only a fragment of its

history, and as such worthless for any purpose higher than one of mere idle amusement,—only so much gossip about the word, altogether unworthy of any work pretending to a scientific character. On the other hand, its immediately previous habitat is plainly the very basis of its history after its transplantation. If so much could be ascertained with regard to every word in every language, the entire connexion of languages would be revealed. Any thing more would be not only unnecessary, but embarrassing and bewildering. It would be so much mere iteration, only complicating and confusing the exposition. But this is not all. The fact of the particular quarter from which any portion of the vocabulary of a language has been immediately derived carries with it a special importance which does not seem to have received the recognition to which it is entitled.

For, naturally, the shape and sound which a word of foreign extraction takes in any language are always (except in so far as they may be accidental and irregular) determined exclusively by two things, namely, the analogies of the language by which the word has been adopted, and the form of the word in the other language from which it has been actually obtained. The combined action of these two things, and of these alone, makes the word what it is. All else goes for nothing. For example, if there were a word which had been borrowed by the Latin from the Greek, and by the French or English from the Latin, its French or English form would be regulated simply with a reference to its Latin form, and with no more regard to what its Greek form may have been than to what it may have been in Sanscrit, or in any other preceding language through which it may have passed.

This is undoubtedly the law which governs the transformations of human speech, although I am not aware that it has ever before been formally enunciated. That is to say, it is the natural law. The pedantry of scholars, unaware and unsuspicious of its existence, has sometimes attempted to contravene it, and in particular circumstances their efforts may have had, or seemed to have, a certain measure of success. A natural law is always, here as elsewhere, liable to be

intruded upon and perverted by the element of the artificial. But there is less of this in the case of language than in that of almost any thing else. Language is so essentially a natural product that it cannot be modified by art except to a very limited extent. The artificial, or anti-natural, will scarcely, if ever, be found to affect it permanently except in regard to particular words. A whole class of words can hardly be so affected. And the natural law is consequently almost always clearly discernible notwithstanding and through the exceptions. More especially when any thing that nearly touches the life of a language is attempted to be thus interfered with, it gives unmistakable token of the torture to which it is put. Art may do something here in training and trimming, but that is all. You may pare the nails of the language, but you must take care in doing so to avoid cutting to the quick. You may perhaps evade the natural law or principle in particular instances, but you never can destroy it. The law that has just been announced, at any rate, is demonstrated by a mass of evidence that is altogether overwhelming, and the extent to which it has anywhere been resisted, or even we may say attempted to be resisted, is quite insignificant.

The law could not well have been other than what has been stated. It might have been different if language had been an artificial contrivance, the work of scholars and philosophers. Then, no doubt, we should have had in all cases the most learned and logical form that could have been given to a word. In borrowing or adopting words, we should have always looked carefully for the most correct previous form or edition of the word with which the dictionaries or other records could furnish us. But that is not the way in which any language has in point of fact been constructed. Logic and scholarship have as yet no more been able to make a language than they have been able to make a human being. Historically, languages, like those who speak them, have only been produced, not made. And when one language has, either wholly or in part, sprung from another, it has been always simply the latter in its actually existing state that has constituted the matter of the new modification.

Any other state or form in which that matter may have previously existed has been wholly disregarded. The process being one, not of manufacture, but only of production or growth, this is manifestly the only thing that could have happened, the only way in which the process could have been conducted. It has, accordingly, as we have said, been universally so conducted, in so far as it has not been artificially impeded or interfered with. And nowhere has the attempted artificial resistance succeeded so far as in the least degree even to obscure, far less to obliterate, the natural tendency, or to leave us in any doubt as to what that would have resulted in if it had been allowed free play. Nay, it has rarely or never denaturalized more than a very small proportion of the examples, so that even from their evidence the true rule that governs the case could always be clearly proved and established. But we are never left altogether dependent upon evidence of that kind. The entire voice of the language proclaims what is natural and what is not natural in such cases, what is in accordance with and what is opposed to its essential spirit and character. And the difference is really that between life and death. It is as impossible that the artificial form could be mistaken for the natural one as it is that a wooden leg in a human being could ever be mistaken for one of flesh and blood. For the truth is, that the language has acquired more or less of its peculiar character from the other language whence it has derived part of its substance; if its habit has been to draw upon the Latin, it will have a different character from what it would have had if it had been to the same extent a product of the Greek; both its way of shaping and its way of sounding its borrowed words will be different; and the attempt to substitute a Greek mode either of representing or of pronouncing words for the ordinary Latin one will always create a feeling of incongruity and confusion, will always produce what grates both upon the ear and upon the mind.

It is evident that no suspicion of the law that has been explained had ever occurred to Mr. Grote, when, in the Preface to his great work, the *History of Greece*, speaking of proper names, he committed himself to

the following proclamation of defiance :—

“I have approximated as nearly as I dared to the Greek letters in preference to the Latin; and on this point I venture upon an innovation which I should have little doubt of vindicating before the reason of any candid English student. For the ordinary practice of substituting, in a Greek name, the English *c* in place of the Greek *k* is, indeed, so obviously incorrect, that it admits of no rational justification. . . . Among German philologists the *k* is now universally employed in writing Greek names, and I have adopted it pretty largely in this work, making exception for such names as the English reader has been so accustomed to hear with the *c*, that they may be considered as being almost anglicised. I have farther marked the long *e* and the long *o* ( $\eta$ ,  $\omega$ ) by a circumflex (*Hêrê*) when they occur in the last syllable or in the penultimate of a name.”

Mr. Grote has also followed the example of Bishop Thirlwall and some other preceding writers in speaking of the Greek deities by their Greek names instead of by those under which they were recognised by the Romans, or, as Bishop Thirlwall puts it, “substituting those of the Italian mythology by which they have hitherto been supplanted.”

No doubt it may be proper that, as a matter of mere knowledge, the fact should be stated even to the English reader of Greek history that the names by which the deities of paganism were known among the Greeks were different from those by which the Romans were, and we, after the Romans, have been, in the habit of designating them. For that is really all. The mythology probably would not be found to be in every particular the same in any two authors from whom it might be collected. It is not precisely the same even in the *Odyssey* that it is in the *Iliad*. But to deny that as received by the Greeks and the Romans it was substantially the same system, is surely an extravagant exaggeration. And the correspondence of the two sets of names for the various divinities was as completely established as that of any number of other words in the two languages. Whether we go to Lucretius and Virgil and Horace in verse, or to Livy and Cicero in prose, we find they are all in as perfect agreement here as in regard to any

other point in which the one language can be compared with the other. They one and all translate *Zeus* by *Jupiter*, *Hêrê* by *Juno*, *Hephaistos* by *Vulcan*, &c. Now this is a case in which the names are really of more importance for ordinary purposes to us of the modern world than the things or persons that they designate. Even if the names to which we have been accustomed were in a slight degree misleading (which they are not at all) they would still be better than the new and strange names for which it is attempted to displace them. They would tell us more; they would speak more satisfactorily to our understandings, with more vivifying effect to our imaginations. Although truth is rightly reckoned generally the first quality in historic composition, and that to which every other must, of necessity, be sacrificed, history has also an artistic character; and the truth here is so exceedingly insignificant that it would hardly be worth preserving at the cost of even the slightest injury to any thing else. The very associations that have gathered around the old names make them to us what the new ones never can be. The former have been familiar lights in the firmament of our literature ever since it has had an existence. They illuminate the whole body alike of our most learned and of our most popular poetry—alike that of Spenser and Milton, and that of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Dryden and Pope. Who would lose Chaucer’s “mighty Mars the Red,” or Milton’s

“Ceres in her prime,  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove,”

or exchange them for any thing that could be substituted about *Ares*, and *Demeter*, and *Persephone*, and *Zeus*? Would not such a substitution in any and every one of thousands of similar instances that might easily be referred to, take the whole colour and half the life out of the picture?

The whole colour; ay, and also the whole music. For our English speech has in this part of it been formed from the Romance tongues, and not at all from the Greek; and these Greek names are not in harmony with it as the Latin ones are. It would not be easy to imagine a labour more herculean (or herakleian,

should we say?), or one which a sensible man, not blinded by a fixed idea or the spirit of system, would look upon with more utter despair, than that of ever really planting in our language such forms as even Zeus, which we can manage to write (but which yet the fine ear of Milton rejected), still more names so wholly alien to its genius in shape and in sound as Hephaistos, and Here, and Demeter, which, in order to afford to an English eye any indication of how they are to be pronounced, would have to be written either *Heephaisstos*, and *Heeree*, and *Deemeteer* (unless we prefer *Haiphegestos*, and *Hairai*, and *Daimaitair*), or with a cumbrous apparatus of diacritic marks (than which there is nothing that our system of literal representation more abhors).

Nor can it be admitted that there is any distinction to be drawn as to this matter between proper names and other words. It is impossible, naturally, to have one mode of speaking and writing for the former and another for the latter. Its proper names of all kinds, as was shown in our last chapter, are really as much a part of a language as any of the other words that belong to it. They are all liable to be also used as common names. Common words of all descriptions may be formed from any of them,—adjectives and verbs, as well as substantive nouns. Many of them have assumed all the peculiar forms of the language. The harmony or consistency that ought to pervade a language, and that nature in such a case always demands and strives after, is as much marred by any thing that outrages the spirit of the language in a proper name as it would be by a similar discordance in any other word.

It may be impossible, indeed, altogether to avoid every thing of this kind. It may be best (although the ancients thought otherwise) that it should in some degree be submitted to in the case of such proper names as belong to languages with which our own has no historic connexion, that is to say, from which no part of our own has been immediately derived. Thus oriental proper names may perhaps be in general most conveniently adopted into our English tongue in their unmodified integrity—adopted without being adapted—how-

ever opposed they may be to our English forms. So may all African, Indo-American, and other barbarous names. To a certain extent we have come to treat in this way even the Semitic names of the Bible. And, whether it is that human speech generally has lost its old plastic energy, the power which it had in the youth and early manhood of the world of fusing and moulding and impressing any form it chose upon whatever it touched, or that we have now come to care generally less for form and more for fact, or be the reason what it may, we no longer attempt to anglicise purely modern proper names, whether personal or geographical, even belonging to languages, such, for instance, as the French or the German, between which and our own there is the nearest relationship. Even so recent a name as *Luther* has quite lost its German pronunciation among us and acquired an English one; but *Goethe* and *Richter*, and all other modern German names have been preserved from any such transformation,—as have also the French *Boileau*, and *Racine*, and *Chateaubriand*, and *Talleyrand*, and *Thierry*, and *Cousin*, and hundreds of others, which we all write and pronounce, or try to pronounce, as the French themselves do. So also with modern Italian names. We still talk of *Petrarch*, but hardly of either *Macchiavel* or *Boccace*. In other cases, however, the innovation is much more recent. We never used, for instance, to say any thing else than *Pius the Seventh*; but *Pio Nono* is now the smart and modish style.

Words of these various kinds, however, are hardly to be regarded as incorporated with our language, or as constituting any part of its substance. They are only, as it were, ornaments or articles of curiosity hung up on the walls of the structure. And any artistic employment of them that is practicable is only of a limited kind. For the most part it is only a selection of them, a few that the national ear finds least cacophonous, that could be introduced in verse at all. Many, such as *Richter*, *Goethe*, *Schleiermacher*, *Massillon*, *Poussin*, *Comte*, are wholly excluded from the principal position, the final foot, in rhymed verse.

Mr. Grote especially signalizes the substitution of the English *c* for the

original *k* in Greek names, as an atrocity or absurdity for which there cannot be a word to be said. The simple fact is, that the part of the English language to which such names belong has been all derived from the Latin, either directly or through the medium of the French; with the Greek it had no intercourse, communication, or connexion whatever, during the period in which it was in course of formation, and was acquiring its existing analogies and rules of procedure of all kinds. It was nourished during this period by the Latin, and by the French, the daughter of the Latin; it no more came in contact with the Greek than it did with the Sanscrit. Its formations from the Greek, consisting mostly of technical terms, have all been the work of mere book-men in comparatively recent times, long after the rules and principles governing its procedure in its importations and appropriations from other languages had all been completely established. Now, the *c* of the Latins is merely another way of writing the *κ* of the Greeks. Universally, where we have the one in the one language, we have the other in the other. If the Greek *Κλέων* is written *Cleon* by the Latins, the Latin *Cæsar* is written *Kaisar* by the Greeks. The pronunciation of the two characters was, in all probability, precisely the same, that, namely, of our English *k*, or *c* hard. The English language, then, writes *Cleon*, and not *Kleon*, because it finds *Cleon* in the Latin, which is its sole standard as to such matters, and because of the Greek it knows, historically, nothing (to say nothing of *Kleon* being a mere barbarism, and neither Greek nor Latin). If any other rule than this is to be adopted, the whole language, in so far as it is of classic derivation, must be re-cast and reformed. And that nothing short of this, indeed, is the consistent aim of the new system may be gathered from its extension to such terms as *Celtic* and *Cimmerian*, which we now find converted by many writers into *Keltic* and *Kimmerian*. *Celtic* and *Cimmerian* are as much English words as any others in the language; and, if they are to be thus transformed, there are hundreds and thousands of others that ought to be similarly treated upon the same principle.

It is true that, in the Latin originals of all these words, the *c* was, in all probability, pronounced hard, as it is still pronounced by us before a consonant and the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*. But it is not we who are accountable for the change of pronunciation which the letter has undergone in its other position before the vowels *e* and *i*, in which it now usually takes what is called the soft sound, or that of *s*. That change was made by the French language, through the medium of which the great mass of our words of Latin origin have been received, long before the Romance element found its way into the English. And here we see the operation of our universal rule. In borrowing, for instance, our English *certain* and *civil* from the French words of the same form, our adoption of the soft sound of the *c* (notwithstanding what reason there might be for supposing that the old Romans pronounced it hard in their *certus* and *civilis*) was not only a matter of necessity, but was the only course that could be rationally taken. We could not have gone back to the Latin, except upon a principle which would, in all such cases, have carried us beyond the Latin whenever we could find an earlier form of the word in some other language. In that way our *c* might have turned out to be really a *ch*, or an *h*, or a *g*, or a *gh*, instead of a *k*. And, after all, we should rarely or never have felt assured that we had caught the Proteus in its original and proper shape. The only rule that could be followed was plainly that which has been explained—the rule dictated by nature or instinct, and which has, in point of fact, been universally followed.

And it is equally clear that this natural rule must be held to settle the question for all sorts of words, if for any. We cannot have, in one and the same language, two distinct and contradictory systems of pronunciation: one for ordinary words, the other for some particular class of proper names. If we are to revive what is, probably enough, the old Roman pronunciation, for instance, of the names *Cicero* and *Tacitus*, we seem to be bound to write them also *Kikkero* and *Tackytooce*, or in some such fashion.

But, at any rate, we are bound to be consistent in our rectification of the old usage. In his favourite improve-

ment of writing *k* for *c*, Mr. Grote, while informing us that this is universally done by German philologists, professes to have, in his own practice, made exception for such names as may be considered to be almost anglicised. The necessity of making such exception, or any exception, we submit, is fatal to the proposed reform. It is a proof that it has come too late;—that the condition to which the language has attained is such as to make it impracticable, however desirable. Such a distinction as Mr. Grote lays down could never serve as a guide. But his own practice is even looser and more licentious than his theory. Thus, in his first volume (I quote from the second edition), we have, among many others, the following outrageous inconsistencies:—*Uranos* (which is half Greek, half Latin); *Olympus*, *Tartarus* (which are Latin); *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Aristotle* (which are only English); *Gaea* (which is neither Greek, Latin, nor English); *Crête*, which, so written, one does not know what to make of; elsewhere, again, "*Krête* and *Delphi*" (an equally indescribable form, though apparently intended for Greek, coupled with another which is pure Latin); *Krétan* (which, whatever it may be, cannot possibly be English); *Cilicia*, but *Lykia* (as if *Cilicia* were anglicised, but *Lycia* not); *Mykenae* (which is, again, half Greek, half Latin); *Kooss*, and *Aedos*, and *Aeolus*, but *Boiai* (exemplifying opposite modes of representation in regard to two Greek diphthongs); and so on, in endless confusion.

The truth is, neither the English, nor any other modern European tongue, (unless we are to except those of the Slavonic branch) possesses the means of giving a full and distinct representation of Greek words. And this is the most conclusive fact of all in proof of the radical and thorough non-Hellenism, or anti-Hellenism, of even those of our modern European languages that have more or less in them of a classic element. That element is universally, not Greek, but Roman. Of the languages, I say; not necessarily, therefore, of the literature of any one of them. That is always a much more complex product. In the languages of central, southern, and western Europe, nothing is directly derived from a Greek source. Whatever is not barbarian is Latin. And,

above all, the system of literal representation is Latin everywhere. Even the Germanic and the Celtic tongues have all only a Roman alphabet. Much necessarily follows from this. It follows, among other things, that, in English particularly, where we have not even the burdensome aid of any kind of extra-literal distinctive marks, while we can always represent a Latin combination in at least a perfectly systematic and consistent manner, so to represent a Greek combination is often an impossibility. All that can be done in many cases is to give a mutilated or imperfect representation of the latter, and even that cannot be managed systematically, or upon any distinct or intelligible principle. Mr. Grote writes *Uranos* (sometimes), and *Erebo*s, and *Lindos*, and *Danaos* (in the nom. sing.), and *Daedalo*s, but also *Olympus*, and *Kadmus*, and *Lemnus* (sometimes), thus rendering the Greek *os* now by *os* now by *us*. But that is not all. *Us* is equally his rendering of a totally different element (*ovs*) in *Melampus*. No distinction is made visible between the termination of that name and that of *Eumolpus* (though in Greek the one is *πovς* and the other *πoc*). It was not possible that there should: *Melampus* would have been a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system. Again, Mr. Grote is contented to write *Thucydides* with the rest of the world. But why not *Thukyldides*, as well as *Lykurgus*? Nay, why not a literal restoration of the original Greek combinations, in the one case into either *ouku* or *oyky*, in the other into either *ukou* or *yko*y? Why, except that either *Thoykyldides* or *Thoukudides*, or even *Thoukydides*, would certainly have sufficed to explode the entire fabric of the new doctrine? Only let the thing be tried. It is nonsense to pretend that it is only our prejudice of use and wont in favour of the ordinary form of the name that indisposes us towards these novelties; they would have had no chance against the ordinary form if they and it had attempted to make their way into the language together for the first time. For the ordinary form is Latin, and the language is exclusively Latin throughout, and animated and regulated by a Latin spirit, in that part of it to which such names belong. Could there be a more convincing de-



monstration of the want of correspondence that there is between our English alphabetic system and that of the Greek language than the way in which we are (after the example of the Romans) obliged to deal with the vowel *υ*, rendering it uniformly by *y* when it stands alone, but as uniformly by *u* when it is combined either with *α* or with *ε*, and when, again, it is in combination with *ο*, making our *u* represent both vowels?

In conclusion, we have to remark, that, in such a matter as this, the authority or example of the philologists of Germany cannot count for any thing. The only law that the English language can obey is one founded upon or in conformity with its own principles, analogies, and established usages. Possibly, for various reasons, the German language may be

both more under subjection to and at the mercy of mere philologists than our own, and more easily moulded into new forms. With all its wealth of resources and capabilities, it can hardly as yet be held to be so ripe or so fully consolidated a language as the English. In its existing state, it has not been nearly so long under literary cultivation. In this respect, and also in that of its near connexion throughout so large a portion of its vocabulary with the Latin, the English may be compared rather with the French or Italian than with the German. What would be thought of a proposal to introduce the innovations of the German philologists in the spelling of Greek proper names into either of these languages?\*

G. L. C.

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RICHARD SAVAGE.

A SMALL square at the West-end of great London, part in shadow, part in light, for the moonshine is striking fully on one half of its tall, heavy houses, and its bushes, trees, and colourless grass in the centre; while the remainder of the quadrangle is in deepest shade, the edifices standing, as human beings often do, in the gloom of their own shadows. There is coldness and silence in the air, till suddenly a watchman in a neighbouring street croaks from a throat husky with bronchitis, "Past three o'clock, and a fine morning." His accents, oft repeated in linked hoarseness long drawn out, die tremulously into the distance of interminable streets, and the square is as rigidly still as death, when two figures emerge from the shadow into the

moonlight. They are walking slowly, but conversing vehemently. They are not in argument, but rather in an interchange of sentiment, for both are friends and poets—one the author of a satire, the other of a tragedy. They discuss the wrongs endured by unassisted genius.

One of these persons is a bulky but not ill-formed young man; his age about twenty-eight. His face resembles the mask of an antique statue in its strong outline and massive cast. The ploughshare of hereditary disease has passed across it and left deep furrows. The neck is short; the head inclines to one side; he wears no wig, but the hair as nature gave it, unpowdered, and very stiff, and badly combed. The neckcloth is slovenly;

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\* In chapter iii., at p. 231, col. 2, line 18, for "fifthly" read "fourthly."—There is a matter that may at first sight give rise to some difficulty or misapprehension in regard to the true origin of the ordinary modern forms of a certain class of Greek proper names,—those, namely, ending in *ων*. Of many of these, while the English form is in *o* like the Latin, the French form is in *on* like the Greek. Thus, while the English say *Plato* and *Strabo*, the French say *Platon* and *Strabon*. But these French forms are not the *Πλάτων* and *Στράβων* of the Greeks; they are transformations of the Latin under the same analogy which has converted so many other Latin nouns in *o* into French nouns in *on*; as *natio* into *nation*, *religio* into *religion*, *cento* into *centon*, &c., &c. The *n* is evidently taken from the other cases of the noun, which from their number could not but make a much greater impression upon the new form of the language than the nominative singular, the only case (if we except the vocative singular) in which, in such Latin nouns, the *n* does not appear.

the massive limbs loosely arranged, and shuffling along in an uneasy shambling, as if they distrusted the feet which bore them.

"Lax in his gaiters, laxer in his gait,"

he rolls and heaves along, like a dredging boat in a sea-swell, gesticulating vehemently, talking decisively, and at times, or when excited by the animation of discussion, exhibiting a spasmodic action in his features and his frame so violent that it might be termed an epilepsy of the intellect for the time being, without the danger, though with something of the disagreeableness, of the actual malady.

This man is Samuel Johnson, philomath, and late pedagogue at Edial, near Lichfield; a raw importation from the county of Stafford. Still a thoroughly obscure man, or "not yet deterred," as Pope remarked on reading his "London," the future philosopher; the embryo essayist; the great English lexicographer; the intellectual infant Hercules, who, even from the cradle of his young fame, sought to strangle the serpents of metropolitan vice with the arms of his satire; as afterwards he would have swept the Argæan stables of the age with the besom of his stern morality; the Logomachist of the coterie; the Talus or Iron Man of argument; invulnerable, like the son of Thetis, and never exposing a retreating heel to the shafts of an antagonist; the future pride and pleasure of the coffee-house, the terror and delight of the club, and the charm as well as the fond votary of the tea-table; the greatest of conversationists; omnipotent in colloquial rebuff and conclusive sarcasm, or sophism, if needs be, to secure the victory; one of England's greatest minds; scarred, like his own face, at times, with the hoof-marks of prejudice; and darkly spotted here and there with superstition, but still, we repeat, one of England's finest, noblest minds—clear, robust, healthy; bibulous as a sponge; outgiving as a fountain; rapid in inward creation, rich in outward production; a kind of mental printing press always at work, and which threw off its proof sheets as eagerly as accurately; self-reliant to a fault, and sturdily erect; defiant of knaves and fools, and oak-

like in its rooted doggedness; yet not without a touch of sweet love, like a sunbeam on a cliff, or an ivy tendril hanging over the huge bosses of the unweedgeable and gnarled tree.

And what is Mr. Samuel Johnson doing here, scenting the morning, waking while the larks sleep, and "walking round and round the square" (the words are Boswell's, and appear to our Hibernian ears a bull, unless we suppose the philosopher to have been trying to solve, by a peripatetic diagram, the great geometrical difficulty of the quadrature of the circle?) He is sacrificing his sleep to his friendship; and this night-scene in St. James'-square, as we have painted it—and most of its features are true—may aptly symbolize the two portions of Johnson's life; for here was the dark shadow which wrapped his youth in obscurity; and here was the mellow lustre in which he walked in his elder years, shining steadily around him through after-life.

His companion! Who is he? He looks a little older,\* and is a great deal slenderer, and very much better dressed, that is, his clothes are well made, but, alas! they are also well worn. He has an air of faded fashion about him. There is decision in every line of the lank, and long, and melancholy visage: it is a veritable Quixotic face. Meagre and proud, and high, and pale—an exceeding "woeful countenance"—which sadness and scorn alternately cloud and corrugate. It is mixed up with extreme diversities: the brow and eye are intellectual and bright, while the lower features are sensual and coarse—humour and passion both lurk in the mouth, yet few smiles expand those lips from which laughter seems altogether banished, while the voice is sweet, soft, and lute-like; the pace is slow, and the gait has a certain pretension to importance, which ill harmonises with the rest of his appearance. This person is Richard Savage—a man whose rare talents might have brought him poetic immortality, and a lofty pedestal in the Muses' temple, had not his coarser vices, together with his pride and his ingratitude, dragged him down to the lowest moral depth, and buried the

\* Savage was born in 1698, Johnson in 1709.

many bright things he had in brain and bosom, head and heart, in the same mud heap.

In this picture we recognise one of Savage's bright points of character, in that he was able to elicit, retain, and perpetuate, the affectionate friendship of such a man as Samuel Johnson. They had dined together at the "Pine Apple," in New-street. Supper, probably, they had none. Why were they here so late and lone? We answer only for Savage. He was here because he could be nowhere else; he was in the chill night air because there was no roof to receive him; he was walking because he had nowhere to sit, save on the steps of some hall-door; he was restless because he had nowhere to repose his weary body; and he was but too glad to meet a man like Johnson, a recent acquaintance, yet full of sympathy and intellectual communicativeness—a man nearly as penniless, though not quite so proud as himself—equally independent in his modes of thought, yet with a mind and conscience immeasurably better regulated than that of this poor wanderer and companion, by whose side he walks and talks, as they endeavour to cheat the claims of the stomach, and the want of a bed, by the fascinations of a moonlight ramble, and the charms of a dissertation on Books, Men, and Governments.

Yet, strange as it may seem, this is among the least reprehensible of the scenic features of the strange life of Savage; for here was no furious orgie or tavern brawl—here was no exhibition of pride almost Satanic, of mad, unreasonable stubbornness, or open profligacy—of most arrogant selfishness, or hideously ungrateful recalcitration, flinging the mud liberally on those who had helped him, or kicking and biting at the friend who had yoked himself in the harness of his necessities, and was trying to draw for him part of his burthen.

Another scene, and we have Savage better dressed, and more at ease with himself and the world. Our Stereoscope represents the interior of a

coffee-house at Hyde Park Corner. Here, in a room small and meanly furnished, sit two men who have just arrived in a handsome carriage, which is at this moment driving from the door. One of these is Richard Savage; the other, who is fully twenty years his senior, is a beau and a militaire, being a captain in Lord Lucas' regiment of Fusilier Guards, with a somewhat diminutive stature and a long dress sword: he has laced ruffles in abundance on his shirt sleeves and at his bosom, but not a shadow on his smiling face; with an air at that time styled "genteel," in these days called *distingué*. Around this gentleman's agreeable face and person there is a brilliant atmosphere of life and animation, for the three Celtic characteristics are his—vivacity, volatility, and versatility—by turns the curse and advantage, the obstacle and ornament of his nation:—for he is an Irishman, and his name is Sir Richard Steele.

He is Savage's patron and warm friend, and was steadily so, till the other became his caricaturist. Now he was perhaps drawn to him by a similarity in their tastes and pecuniary sufferings, as well as by the secret sympathy which might have sprung up unconsciously between two characters distinguished by glaring anomalies; for Steele was a moralist in theory, and almost a profligate in practice; in his book,\* a professed Christian—in his bearing, a rake and a spendthrift—practising, as Johnson said of him, "the lighter vices," which means, we may suppose, that he was only not guilty of cutting his neighbour's throat, eloping with his wife, or taking a man's purse from him on the King's highway.

What are they doing? The patron is dictating a pamphlet to the client who sits and writes. Then a shabby dinner is served, to eke out which the client asks and scarce obtains a bottle of wine. The dinner eaten and the wine drank, the author and the amanuensis go to work again. Sir Richard paces the room in a fine frenzy of political inspiration, while

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\* "The Christian Hero," which he wrote to be a check upon his own life. Steele was a keen political Protestant, and his "Romish Ecclesiastical History of late years" contains revelations pungent enough to satisfy the warmest polemic of the present day.

Mr. Richard sits and writes, and bites his thumb for very dulness and impatience. The pamphlet finished, Savage carries it to a bookseller, who gives him two guineas for it—a fair price for a hastily got-up brochure; but probably the commodity was more spicy than the dinner it was meant to pay for. For the knight was without money, and, like Pierre or Dr. Pangloss, “not worth a ducat.”

Such was another phase of Savage's life, and such the companions who must have influenced his morals, and pointed his habits and principles for evil.

Let us shift the scene earlier into Richard Savage's life. It is night—a cold, black, heavy night; the broad Thames reflecting many a light on its surface from bridge, or boat, or window, rolls muddily and swiftly through its many-arched bridges, and past successions of interminable yards and houses which line its banks, onward and onward to meet the green and jubilant sea. In one of these yards stands a brick building, terminated by a high chimney. The place is strewn with cinders, broken bottles, mouldering wood, and other litter:

“Shards and scurf of salt, and scum of dross,  
Old plash of rains, and refuse patched with moss.”

In one corner, beside a shed which juts over the river, is a heap of white soft ashes, which has been recently thrown out from the glass-house, and being still warm, emits a faint smoke.

Down the steep, narrow street which descends from the Strand, and faces this yard, comes a poor, solitary man, with coat buttoned to the chin, and worn hose, and broken hat, and cobbled shoes, and gloveless hands red with cold, “marvellously ill-favoured;” his eyes are staring and lack lustre, and have no speculation; he staggers as he tries to poise himself so as to enter the gate, which done, he makes, as if by intuition, for the river shed, and, pulling his hat over his eyes, the living dust of Richard Savage sinks down, and reposes on the ashes of a glass-house, in the fevered slumber which succeeds a long spell of tavern debauch. A wherry is passing up the river, conveying a happy young party from Greenwich. They are singing as they row. They are returning to their

joyous homes of warmth and light, and the sweep of their oars reaches within a few yards of the prostrate, impoverished form, begrimed with filth, debased with drink, and all whitened and soiled with ashes.

These pictures are facts in the chequered life of Savage. They are history, not fiction. He was a man of whose subjective being we know little. He was reserved and locked up as to the workings of his mind; but sketches like these illustrate the varied phenomena of his outward existence, his dire poverty, his wild, unrestricted habits of dissipation, and the shifts by which he barely existed.

Such was the man who behaved with unaccountable ingratitude to Sir Richard Steele, a cordial and liberal person, when his pocket was not too empty to permit of his heart being full; to Lord Tyrconnel; and, though Savage would not allow it, we fear to Alexander Pope, also.

Richard Savage's friendships appear to have had three stages. The beginning of each was distinguished by sincere warmth, on his part, for the load of benefits received—warmth which, however, he soon got rid of by discharging it in successive salvos of flattery, in which odious and loathsome habit he was a thorough adept. The second stage of his affection for his benefactors consisted in making too free with their homes, disordering their households by his unbridled excesses, and then sulking and huffing at some imagined insult, or resenting some friendly remonstrance. The third and last stage of his treatment of his friends was an angry and scornful retreat, on his part, or a hasty flight on theirs; either act of separation being accompanied by a shower from Savage of sarcasm or personal ridicule, abusive squibs, hissing in prose, or bouncing and blazing in rhyme.

To exemplify this we add another sketch explanatory of his strange life. It is a large and splendid looking house in one of the West-end streets of London. Its back windows open on the Park. It is a summer evening, and the noble and wealthy owners of the mansion are away for a week in Lincolnshire. A few servants in rich liveries lounge at the street door, or pass through the spacious hall, stoved, pillared, and arched, and hung

with picture or escutcheon, or graced with marble plinth supporting bust or statue, and redolent of hot-house plants and flowers, which breathe their sweetness from broad Parian slabs. The dining-room is empty—  
 “The vast and echoing room, the polished grate,  
 The crimson chairs, the sideboard with its plate;  
 The shining tables curiously inlaid,  
 Are all in comfortless proud state displayed.”

But in the library, which is fashionably furnished, and carpeted from looms of Turkey, sit a noisy and a jovial crew around a table strewn with fruit and confectionery, and glittering with glasses and decanters. Some of these men are drunk, and all clamorous. Players are they from Drury-lane; poets from the Strand or Grub-street; or hireling writers at a penny a line from St. John's Gate. Song succeeds chat. Shout follows song. An incessant ringing of the bell is kept going, with a summoning up of servants, and imperious demands for wine—more wine—brandy—Hollands—any thing the cellar will grant, and the water-butt disallow. Then, “as the mirth and fun grows fast and furious,” follow angry chidings, or tipsy ridicule from the guests against the staid and dignified butler (probably a much prouder man than his master), and impertinent personalities on the tall footman, who is in a rage. Then, spilling of wine on the rich carpet and varnished table, fracturing of glasses, oaths, quarrels, blows, and all the filthy etceteras accompanying brutal and vulgar orgies. Around the walls, and gazing down on this scene of riot, as if in mute astonishment, from their oak recesses or varnished shelves, each in his glancing suit of costly binding; each with his honoured name upon his brow, and a viscount's coronet, like a gorget gold-graven on his breast, stand calmly and immovably the mighty dead, with all their minds embalmed in deathless print. Like rows of kings deceased, that lie enshrined in some vast pyramid; or looking down, like Rome's old nobles from the seats of the amphitheatre on the show of wild beasts contending in the circus.

And who is the leading spirit of the party, the *αρχιτρικλινος* of these revels in another man's house, and at another man's expense? Who is the

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owner of the mansion where so much disorder prevails? The man is unfortunate Richard Savage, and the proprietor of the house, John Brownlow, of Belton, Lincolnshire—Viscount Tyrconnel—and nephew of Savage's guilty and unnatural mother, the Countess of Macclesfield.

As these are high and notable names, it will be expedient to say a word concerning them. First, for our poet. He was so named by his father, Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers, a man of high political status in the reigns of William III. and Anne. He was a general officer, an ambassador, and master of the ordnance, and of “that noble family of Savages” whom old Camden speaks of in his History of Cheshire, one of whom founded a college at Macclesfield, and was Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of York. Probably, of this race was John Savage, D.D., the rector of Clothall, Herts, from his ready wit and facetiousness styled the “Aristippus” of the day. Having tarried in his travels for a long time at Rome, he was asked at levee by George I., on his return, why, during so protracted a stay, he had not converted the Pope? “Because, your Majesty,” said he, “I had nothing better to offer him.” This divine published a sermon on Election; but it was on “The Election of the Lord Mayor in 1707.”

Another of these Savages came to Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, and settled at Rheban, in the Queen's County. He was the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Savage, and was an ancestor in the female line of our Earl of Rosse, of scientific celebrity; and likewise a progenitor of the ancient family of Borrowes, of Giltown, now represented by the Rev. Sir Erasmus Borrowes, Bart., one of our best informed and most accurate Irish antiquarians, if his friends could only prevail on him to give the world more of his researches. But the heads of the family are the Savages of Portaferry, in the county of Down, who came into Ireland at her Conquest, and, though Norman in blood and bearing, soon succumbed to the influence of the atmosphere, and became a fierce and dominant race—“*Ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniores*.” The country round Portaferry, and the Ards, and over the sea to Strangford, is all

studded with their ruined castles; and their history contains incident enough to supply materials for half a dozen romances. Of this race was Lord Rivers; and though a guilty father, he acted, at least, generously to his son; for he was sponsor at his baptism, and gave him his own name, inquired for him frequently during his life, supposing him to have been tenderly reared and carefully looked after by Lady Macclesfield, and on his death-bed bequeathed him £6,000, which was cancelled on her ladyship affirming that Savage was dead! Savage appears to have been drawn to his father, and invokes him as "Rivers! hallowed shade!" in a poem he wrote, long after the Earl's death, to his daughter, Lady Rochford.

Let us now pass on to Lord Tyrconnel. This is the Celtic name for Donegal; it means the Land of Connal, "who was son to O'Nial of the nine hostages"—a monarch of Ireland, ancient and famous, from whom descend the O'Donels of Donegal. James I. conferred, in 1602, the title of Earl of Tyrconnel and Baron Donegal on Roderick O'Donel, one of this race; but it was lost to the family for want of male issue. The next Earl of Tyrconnel made by the English Government was Richard Talbot, the unscrupulous general of James II., whom he afterwards created a Duke. The succeeding Earl of Tyrconnel was John Brownlow, Baron Charleville and Knight of the Bath, the patron of Savage, and in whose house we find him now revelling. He was the last earl of his name; but his daughter marrying into the Cust family, and bringing the estate of Belton with her; and her grandson, Sir Brownlow Cust, having incorporated her name with his own, and being ennobled, became an ancestor of the present Earls Brownlow, as *they* are a remote branch of the Lords Lurgan of this country.\*

We must not confuse this unhappy Countess of Macclesfield with the present noble family who enjoy that title. *They* are descended from Thomas Parker, Lord Chancellor of England. The families were not connected—the husband of Savage's mother was a Gerrard, a descendant of that Digby Gerrard whom James I. ennobled as Baron Gerrard of Brownley. He was a Whig (as was his wife's nephew, Lord Tyrconnel); and Burnet tells us that William, of "pious and immortal memory," selected him to take over to Hanover the Order of the Garter to the Elector, and a copy of the Act of Protestant Succession to the Electoress. His two nieces were married to the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, and a dispute concerning their property produced that famous and tragical duel. He was divorced from his guilty wife on the shameful occasion of her infidelity with Lord Rivers and Savage's birth; yet, from their lofty rank and their great wealth, as well as the publicity consequent on their profligacy, it must have been a sore vexation to them when Savage avouched his intention of lampooning his mother, and giving to the public, in broadest detail, the record of her infamy, and her want of natural and womanly feeling.

To avert these disclosures, which would have come recommended by the undoubted genius of the writer—disclosures for which the gossiping world were sighing and languishing—to hinder so shameful a revelation of family matters, and shield his aunt from such an aggravation of her dishonour, Lord Tyrconnel invited Savage, his cousin-german, though with a bar sinister on his shield, to make his house his home, and added to this benefit a pension of £200 a-year, which, probably, came from the secret service purse of Lady Macclesfield, whose large fortune had all been re-

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\* This wandering title of Tyrconnel was again conferred by George I. on George Carpenter, a brave soldier, who fought against the First Pretender in 1715. It is now extinct. It was a policy to give these ancient Irish honours to Englishmen and favourites, as if to preclude the contingency of any Irish aspirant of the old stock making an application. Witness—together with the present example—the fate of the title of "the Earl of Desmond." After the murder of the "Great Rebel," and the death of the last earl, his son, King James gave this most princely title to a knight—one Sir Richard Preston—who was drowned; when James again bestowed it on Sir William Fielden, of German descent, a stout cavalier, who was married to the sister of the favourite Duke of Buckingham, and this Sir William's son was Earl of Desmond and Denbigh.

stored to her on her divorce, and who was now the wife of the gay Colonel Brett.

This was the summer time of Savage's life. Here he mingled in what is termed good society; and here he wrote his *Wanderer*, a poem consisting of five cantos and upwards of 2,000 lines, and dedicated, in a strain of most full-blown and fulsome adulation, to his noble host and patron. This poem, which Alexander Pope read over three times with increasing pleasure, we confess, till lately, we never had the required combination of valour and long-suffering to wade through, but merely dipped into it as into a huge finger-glass, more for the sake of flirting a criticism on the public, than from the most remote hope of finding either edification or refreshment. In this we were much mistaken, as we found matter both to admire, and to interest us. The description of Cosmo, under which name he, probably, satirized Walpole, is ably sketched, and somewhat in Dryden's manner. The following is very fresh and Georgical, and reminds one of something between Thompson and George Crabbe:—

“Windward we shift : near down th' ethereal steep

The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep :  
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll'd,  
Project long, shaggy points deep ting'd with gold ;

Others take, faint, th' unripen'd cherry's dye,  
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye ;  
Their blue veil'd yellow, thro' a sky serene,  
In swelling mixture forms a floating green ;  
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermilion shines,

And the breeze freshens as the heat declines.  
Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views  
From brown to sandy red and chalky hues.

While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,

The gifts of Heav'n in gay profusion rise ;  
Trees rich with gums and fruits, with jewels, rocks ;

Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks ;

Mountains with mines, with oak and cedar, woods ;

Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods ;  
In dark'ning spots, 'mid fields of various dyes,  
Tilth, new manured, or naked fallow, lies.

Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd, display  
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay ;  
And thickset hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,  
And berries blacken on the vivid thorn.

Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,  
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green ;  
The native strawberry red rip'ning grows,  
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.

There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,  
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd ;  
'Twixt ferns and thistles unsworn flow'rs amuse,  
And form a lucid chase of various hues,  
Many half-gray with dust ; confus'd they lie,  
Scent the rich year and lead the wand'ring eye.”

There is much of the foregoing which, as descriptive poetry, is striking, and reminds one of what Richard Wilson has done so beautifully on canvas. Had Savage always written with the same gentle and graceful reed, and not struck his hard stylus into human hearts, or with a quill plucked from the wing of some obscure bird, and moistened with the ichor of corruption, indited things so coarse and vile, that even the unscrupulous age he lived in could not but turn from them ; if, amidst his numerous invocations of muse and nymph, he had more frequently called the handmaid Refinement to his side, or besought the sober sylph Morality to guide him—his Poems would have been divested of the element of self-destructibility they contained.

During his sojourn at Lord Tyrconnel's, he addressed a poem to her ladyship, on her recovery from sickness by means of the Bath waters. Johnson speaks favourably of its imagery ; more modern tastes would smile at the old trite machinery of nymphs, and goddesses, and muses, of which it is made up ; but, no doubt, it pleased the public, and did not displease the lady.

Weary, at last, of Savage's extreme irregularities, and the unwarrantable liberties he and his jovial companions took with his servants and mansion, Lord Tyrconnel dismissed the unfortunate poet from his favour, and, what was worse, from his table ; and so, in one hour, converted the spring of kindness which had flowed upon himself, in streams of sweetest flattery, into a fountain of vinegar, from the pen and tongue of the expelled and irritated bard.

The future quarrels of these two men—the rich lord and the pauper poet—as narrated by Dr. Johnson, are equally discreditable to both, and most painful to read.

When all hope from his aristocratic kinsfolk was thus ended, Savage gave vent to his long-nourished anger against his mother, and published the poem by which he is best known and remembered. It is as coarse in

nature as it is in name; yet, with an absence of delicacy, there is the presence of amazing vigour of expression, and a terseness and appositeness approximating to some of Dryden's strong satirical sketches. It is one of the poems from which men quote traditionally—that is, the quotation has been handed down from sire to son, while the poem itself is unknown perhaps by name, and its author never heard of, like men who praise the wine they drink, but know not from what vineyard it was produced. We can all remember the late Mr. O'Connell's response to a young nobleman, who had thoughtlessly attacked him in the House of Commons, and how severely to his antagonist, and felicitously for himself, he quoted a couplet from this poem:

“He lives to build, not boast a generous  
race—

No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.”

Many really pathetic lines occur in the production, for, amidst all his patent faults and errors of the head, Savage possessed great feeling. Although living as a heathen, he oft-times wrote like a Christian, appealing to his Creator, and appearing, in various parts of his poems, to have had correct and orthodox views concerning the divinity and personality of the Redeemer of mankind, and not to have entirely neglected his Bible. Yet, alas! these gleams are like angels' visits in his pages, nor is it possible to trace any influence of a higher or more spiritual order upon the principles of Savage, or the practices of a life so unregulated and dissolute as his.

In these loose and somewhat vagrant pages, we profess not to give a regular memoir of Savage. Dr. Johnson has done this, and in so masterly a manner, as regards composition and interest, as no mind or pen could surpass. It is told of Sir Joshua Reynolds that he read this life, not knowing the author, at his mantel-piece, at a standing—“stans pede in uno”—and so absorbed was he by its style and matter, that when he had finished the last page, and attempted to remove the hand which had held the book, “he found that it was quite benumbed.”

But, though Johnson's Biography of Savage possesses all the fire of eloquence, and the indignant oratory of

the friend, the sympathizer, and the partizan, yet there are passages through it which deeply hurt the moral taste, and seem anomalous, as proceeding from the usually severe and truthful pen of Samuel Johnson. Witness his merciless castigation of Savage's mother, whom, unprincipled as she was, a Christian man would prefer rather to pity and pass by, than scourge till the blood came.

Worse even than this, is his cordial sympathy with the dreadful vengeance which Savage perpetrated on this unhappy woman, when, in his most coarse poem, he pilloried her for public insult and reprobation, so that the guilty, wretched lady was obliged to fly from Bath, and hide herself in the populous solitude of London.

Johnson's honesty, at times, *does* triumph over his partiality, but he loved Savage with much affection. He had been the companion of his youth; they had sympathized in many things—had eaten, drank, hungered, and thirsted together—had paced the same midnight street for want of a lodging, and slept on the same watchman's box for lack of a bed. Savage was the elder man by about ten years, and had seen much of fashionable and literary society. He was an intense and profound observer, and had a memory all but miraculous for what he had seen and heard. Johnson's past life was spent in obscurity among the plebeians and *bas gens* of Lichfield and Edial. The sun of the former had all but finished its course, the sun of the latter was only struggling above the horizon through the clouds of obscurity. Johnson, therefore, felt a debtor to Savage, and looked upon him as in many points his superior. He deeply pitied him also—and pity is akin to love. We may deduce how very highly he estimated his friend, by the following couplet, which appeared in the pages of the “Gentleman's Magazine:”

“AD RICARDUM SAVAGE.

Humani studium generis cui pectore fervet,  
Oh, colet humanum, te fovetque genus!”

There is both love and esteem in this distich. It appeared in the year 1738, some ten or eleven years after Savage's unfortunate and deadly affray with Mr. Sinclair, at the tavern—some time, too, after his trial before Judge Page—after his conduct to Steele; his attack on Bishop Hond-



ley; his affair in the King's Bench court, where the Crown prosecuted him for profligate writing, and where his plea was that the age was amended by showing the deformity of wickedness; which defence was admitted by Sir Philip Yorke, the presiding justice, who dismissed the suit with high encomiums on the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's writings!

After all these *égaremens*, and a thousand more, Johnson, the "good hater" and the deep lover, wrote thus of his poor friend Savage; and, six years afterwards, when that poor friend had gone to his account, Johnson gave the world the Life we speak of, as fresh and glowing with the morning lights, and tender hues, and vivid feeling of his early companionship and love for him who was more than a year dead, as if he had only just parted with him, after a long and delightful talk and walk, and given him a shake by the hand at the corner of Fleet-street.

Johnson's strong affection for the friend colours the ink with which he wrote the Biography of the man. We read of "Indignation Meetings" among the Americans: Savage had stung Johnson with the sympathizing poison of his own proper wrongs; and so Johnson wrote an Indignation Memoir.

Savage's tragedy was an early production, written in 1723, when the author was twenty-five years old. It was amended by Cibber, and by Adam Hill, the man who wrote "Tender-hearted stroke a nettle," &c., and who was a steady friend to Savage through life: the play was called "Sir Thomas Overbury," and Savage assumed the buskin and mounted the boards himself, playing the principal character, but with singular want of success. This tragedy he had composed in the very depths of his penury. Whatever histrionic talent he might have possessed, could not develop itself under such a weight of physical deficiency, as too surely must have resulted from starvation and want of sleep. All great actors, we have been told, eat heartily and lie long; and public singers indulge, on principle, in meat suppers, and porter at

luncheon; but a night cellar, or a stroll along the sides of St. James'-square, with hunger to boot, would ill fit the nerves and muscles, or the brain either, for the ease of deportment and energy of action which are essential to good acting. In the year 1777, this play was reproduced at Drury-lane, with alterations. Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote the prologue commencing with

"Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was given  
No parent but the muse, no friend but  
Heaven!"

and terminating with a compliment to—Johnson's Dictionary!—thus ignoring the friendship of the sage, while pronouncing on his book as a *chef d'œuvre*.

While living with Lord Tyrconnel, Savage had written an eulogistic poem to Sir Robert Walpole, for which the minister had sent him twenty guineas, not that he loved poetry,\* but that he was fond of praise. In this production he eulogizes Protestantism William III., Queen Elizabeth, Liberty, and King George, of whom he says—

"A prince who o'er his people great  
As much transcends in virtue as in state."

Savage probably forgot his mistresses, his harshness to his son, his boozy habits, and his tobacco pipe! The whole poem is most insincere, and halts villanously in sentiment, as do all dishonest things; yet Savage strongly apostrophizes truth in the beginning of his rhyme, which naturally begets a suspicion that he is about to indulge in the reverse; as man and wife often employ endearing epithets when they are on the brink of a matrimonial conflict. Of Walpole, Savage afterwards spoke with acrimony and contempt, styling him a "foe to liberty, and an oppressor of his country," and excused himself in the matter of this poetical panegyric by asserting that Lord Tyrconnel, who was a follower of Walpole, "*menaced*" him to do it. In afterlife he was more honest, and not so complimentary; for, it having been reported that Walpole would grant him a life pension of two hundred a year (which, however, never appeared), Savage, as usual, made his wrongs

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\* Swift called him "Bob, the Poet's foe."

publicly writing "The Poet's dependence on a Statesman." In this are some good lines. Take the following :

"Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,

To give where he has nought to hope or fear?  
No! there to seek is but to find fresh pain—  
The promise broke, renewed, and broke again;  
To be as humour deigns, received, refused,  
By turns affronted, and by turns amused;  
To lose that time which worthier thoughts require;

To lose the health which should those thoughts inspire;

To starve or hope; or, like chameleons, fare  
On ministerial faith—which means but air."

When writing the above Savage probably had Spenser's fine lines on the same subject in his mind, beginning with "Full little knows," &c.; if so, the copy falls far short of the original.

He had for about seven years received a pension of fifty pounds a year from Queen Caroline, on which he paid an annual interest in panegyric of the most unblushing nature, mingled, as was his wont, with strong allusions to his own birth, miseries, and merits. Though not holding the office, which had been bestowed on Cibber, he assumed the title of "Volunteer Poet Laureate." In his first ode on her Majesty's birth-day, he talks of the king "breathing his own soft morals o'er the state," and, to make the matter more flagrant still, he adds his hope that the muse

"— Should find all this, and make it seen,  
And teach the world his praise, to charm his queen."

Now we all have an unhappy consciousness of the morals of George II. Some of us have read Lord Harvey's memoirs of his court and of himself; and most of us are familiar with the picture, in Richmond Park, of the interview between the Duke of Argyle and the tolerant queen and wife, limned by Walter Scott, in the "Heart of Mid Lothian." To all, therefore, who know how things actually were, how utterly false and unreal must this appear; and how gross, how base, how dishonest, do such annals as these evidence the times to have been: yet, strange to say, and in the very teeth of all truth, the queen expressed herself especially

gratified with that part of the ode which alluded to the "soft morals" of her most gracious husband.

There are lines in this first ode which illustrate the occasional terseness and polish of Savage's poetry: they form a narrative of his life, and are a specimen of his powers:

"Two fathers joined to rob my claim of one;  
My mother, too, thought fit to have no son;  
The Senate, next, whose aid the helpless own,

Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone:

Yet parents pitiless, nor peers unkind,  
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious joined,  
Strip me of hope—by heaven, thus lowly laid

I found a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade."

When Pharaoh's daughter, however, ceased to live, some seven years afterwards, Savage, of course, lost his patroness; and his pension died with the royal donor.

We sketch one more picture, and the ground colour on the canvass shall be celestial blue, the hue and type of hope.

The time is morning; the place Holborn; the locality, the stable-yard of the ancient hostel called "The Blue Boar." Here stands a large lumbering stage-coach, filled with clumsy luggage, and fast filling with passengers; the horses are being put to; while under the archway through which the coach is to proceed, stands a knot of persons eagerly talking to, and intent on one who is booked for Bristol, and coated, cravatted, and equipped for the journey. This man is thin, long-faced, melancholy, saturnine, with a certain pretension to importance, which almost resembles dignity. His face wears the furrows which sorrow and misfortune plough; yet over "the pale cast of thought" come flying at times gleams of happiness and of hope. This is Richard Savage: he is going into Wales to ruralise and retrench; he is well clad, and has money in his purse, and a small pension to look to for the future, promised him by some of these faithful hearts which are beating round him here in all the excitement of a long farewell. Here was Aaron Hill, poet and projector,\* whom Swift ridi-

\* Aaron Hill's plan "whereby the nation might gain a million annually," by extracting oil from beech nuts! was published in the year 1715.

cules in his Laputan University as endeavouring to "extract sunbeams from a cucumber;" here, too, was James Thompson, who sang "The Seasons," "robust and ungraceful;" here was Wilks, of the Theatre Royal; and David Mallet, the poet, whom Johnson afterwards called "a beggarly Scotchman," in his just ire at his being the editor of Bolingbroke's Infidelity; and here was "the sage himself," and when it came to his turn to say good-bye to Savage, his large frame is convulsed with emotion, while tears fall hot and fast from the eyes of poor Savage—for Johnson had been his steadiest friend, had shared with his indigence his own scanty purse; had also been voluntarily his apologist, and they never met again so happily, so hopefully. In that inn-yard the last ray seemed to fall upon Savage's life; and on his return to London the clouds of ruin and degradation came so swiftly and darkly around him, that few traces of that most melancholy existence would now remain, had not the friend who parted with him then in tears taken up the pen in truth and pity; for all must perceive that it is by Johnson's biography alone that Savage survives.

There was enough of base and coarse ballast in his character to have sunk him beneath the surface, in spite of the tapering masts, gay figure-head, trim hull, and flowing sails, swelling to the gale of genius, which he displayed. He must have gone down, with others of less note but similar defects, had not Johnson rescued his name from oblivion. All honour to his honest, loving, generous nature for the act; for, though Religion may weep over the record, and Morality look grave, and Reason deny the *vis consequentiæ* of many of Johnson's statements; and Criticism smile at his expressed admiration of the occasional tawdrinesses or bombast occurring in Savage's poetry; yet all must admire the chivalry which led him to couch his tough strong spear in the cause of the outcast—all must acknowledge the nobility of spirit which actuated him to magnify the virtues, and diminish or forget the faults of his old companion; and while an angry world pressed round to insult his fallen

friend, who can but own to the generous loyalty and valour of Johnson, who, like the Ajaces bestriding the dead body of Patroclus, stood over the prostrate form and fortune of Savage, prepared for every attack.

At the same time, here and there the honesty and truthfulness of the biographer's mind overcome his partiality, and Johnson confesses, condemns, and deploras the desperate faults which darkened his friend's character.

And now, ere we sketch the closing scene of the life of this Unfortunate, let us glance back along these pages, and if there should be found there a touch of seeming levity, when treating of the miseries of one who says of himself—

"To such sad pitch my gathering griefs were wrought,  
Life seemed not life, save when convulsed by thought;"

we would disclaim the feeling altogether. The sorrows of Savage were too stern for any thing but tears: they challenge and command the truest pity. Without doubt, we recognise in his character traits to excite a melancholy smile—such as his vanity—his sanguineness, huge and Macabber-like—his pretension to rank, in spite of, as he says,

"The Bar which, darkening, crossed my crested claim"

—and, without doubt, we can discern in his bearing, qualities to elicit a condemnatory sigh, such as his obstinacy, his profligacy, his fierce pride, his fickleness, his ingratitude, and his occasional meannesses. Yet, when we think of the sting which poisoned his birth, and the shadow which darkened his youth—the hopes, however baseless, which his vanity blew into a flame, and which deceived him and prostrated him a hundred times; when we think of the unquestionable genius which adorned and refined him, and the pinching want and ruthless poverty which degraded him, and made him vile in his own eyes and those of others; when we see him shining amidst the wits of the coffee-house, or heading the revellers in the tavern, and then staggering down to his night-cellar to rest among thieves and vagrants, or to his wooden box to sleep, and start and shiver beneath the cold stars till morning;

when we see him come down from the high stilts of his pride into the mire of sycophancy, and bow before such men as Walpole and Tyrconnel, and all for the sake of (sueing, not in forma pauperis, but in statu poetæ,) a little money; when we trace the gradual break-down of even the affectation of moral dignity, and the mental degradation which so frequently accompanies pecuniary difficulties; when we see his pride, his impatience, his recklessness, his sensitiveness to slight or insult, all increasing inversely with the decrease of his hopes, his fortune, and his respectability; when we see the gifted Savage, with his learning, wit, memory, and fascinations—with his own estimate of what he ought to be, and his own conception of what he might be; when such a man passes before us on the stage of life, with scarce a coat on his back, or a shoe to his feet, or a hat to guard him from the weather—with no dinner to give him strength, no pillow to steep his senses in forgetfulness, no lodging to afford him shelter—with no friend whom he had not disappointed, no enemy whom he had not irritated—a solitary abstract in the world's family, with none of his blood who would call him cousin—a proud, penniless, yet most interesting vagrant, now attracting and charming by his intellectuality, now repelling and shocking by his evil conduct—his hauteur all but ridiculous, if it were not so melancholy—frequently with the abasement of penury around his person, and a mountain of pride in his heart—little else than a beggar in the estimation of the passers-by, and little less than a prince in his own conceit

—in his own fancy, independent, yet, in plain fact, most dependent; when we see him thus the victim of pride, indigence, profligacy, and sorrow—an old man before he had ceased to be young, and a broken man when his branch should as yet be green and strong—his mind apparently exhausted by its own fires, yet preserving its fever and spasm of pride to the last; now struggling upwards to the surface, now thoroughly bewildered, and not knowing where to flee to—his expedients, like his patrons, all worn out—falling, falling, falling, as branch after branch broke under him, and friend after friend departed and faded off into the distance—arrested for a debt so paltry that a working tailor could have paid it by the contribution of a fortnight's wages—and, “last stage of all,” pining, and rotting, and dying in a jail, with not a friend to close his eyes but “Mr. Dagg, the keeper”—with no one, apparently, to speak to him of a Saviour; and that it was for him, and sinners like to him, that God's immeasurable love sent a Redeemer to atone and to save; tidings which might have cast a glory round the dying man's head; when we sum up all this, we would deliberately say that history, or biography, the colours on the painter's canvas, or the cuttings of the sculptor's chisel, the poet's flight, or the tracings of the pencil, have never produced or perpetuated any record so mournful:—nor is there any annal so dark, or any memoir so full of heart-broken misery, as that of poor, unhappy, gifted, RICHARD SAVAGE.

#### ROME AND HER RULERS.

ALL nations have their prescribed duration, which they may not pass, however the period of their existence, like that of individuals, may be hidden from human eyes: they arise, flourish, decline, and pass away, leaving but a memory more or less important in the records of the world's history. How many of these have passed away since Romulus raised his castle on the Palatine hill—the

first germ of that city which was destined to link together, in a chain of gorgeous architecture, the seven hills upon which Rome now stands! How many periods—not, indeed, of one existence, but, in truth, of various—has she gone through—a metempsychosis, as it were, in which, however, the same spirit can still be recognized as animating her—a spirit that dominates, or struggles ever to dominate,

*Recollections of the Four Last Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London; Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

come its vice-rector in 1826, and to succeed, in 1828, to the rectorship, upon the promotion of Dr. Gradwell—destined to a still higher position in the Roman Catholic Church, as one of its cardinals. This is the author of the volume under our consideration, and in it he has recorded the personal experiences of two-and-twenty years' residence in Rome. A narrative from a person of such antecedents must, of necessity, be strongly tinged with a partiality for the things and the men with whom he was thus associated. One whose affections clung to every old stone of Rome's venerable monuments, "like the moss that grew into it"—who lived not only in its outward and visible life, but in that inward and spiritual existence which, to the churchman, is the very life of life in Rome, till all that belongs to her "sinks deeper and deeper into his soul like the dew, of which every separate drop is soft and weightless, but which still finds its way to the root of every thing beneath the soil"—cannot be expected to see faults or failings where less partial eyes and less engaged feelings would discover them. He cannot do otherwise than clothe and colour every thing in the purple hue which must fill his own vision. Let us, however, in the onset, do him the justice of admitting that, with this qualification—natural, perhaps laudable—and an occasional depreciatory remark, sometimes amounting almost to a sneer, at the Reformed religion—natural it may be, but not laudable—the book is written temperately, elegantly, and with a certain scholarly appreciation of literature and literary men that will commend it to general favour.

The work is neither political nor polemical, though the civil and religious position of Rome has, of course, to some extent, received occasional discussion and comment. This, indeed, was inevitable; but, on the whole, Cardinal Wiseman has judiciously chosen to occupy less debatable ground, where men of all politics and all denominations of Christianity may sympathize with him. He does not profess to write a history, nor even complete biographies, but he gives, to quote his own words, "so much of a moving picture as caught one person's eye, and remained fixed upon his memory: that portion of it which

came nearest to him touched him most closely, interested most deeply his feelings." Every page of the volume affords evidence that the feelings of the writer are engaged in all he deals with. The portions of that picture, to follow his own illustration, are all bright: sunlight shines upon every one, and every thing; the shadows and the darkness are not for his pencil. Some other limner may depict them. Yet he does not deny that such may, and must, exist in Rome as elsewhere, as everywhere—he only shuns, or, perhaps, shuts his eyes to them. Well, be it so. As he professes to be but a selector, we have no right to quarrel with him for selecting that which is most to his taste or to his purpose. Others, no doubt, will be found to fill in the darker colours with a touch, perhaps, as true to nature.

The first portrait which Cardinal Wiseman presents to us is one well suited to his taste. Veneration might well be accorded by all to the amiable and the excellent pontiff, Pius VII., who again occupied the chair from which he had been so rudely forced by Napoleon. None could withhold from him respect and admiration for his courage, constancy, and endurance during the imprisonment to which he was subjected, though there may mingle with the sentiment some feeling of sorrow for the weakness (excusable in the worn-out captive) that succumbed to the threats or the seductions of Napoleon, and gave assent to the concordat that signed away his temporal power—a weakness nobly condoned by his subsequent firmness.

Shortly after their arrival in Rome several of the English boys, and the writer amongst them, were presented to the pope. The reception was that which a father, rather than a sovereign, would accord, and, no doubt, had its full effect on the youths. We can well believe in "the gentleness, condescension, and sweetness of speech" which is recorded, nor would we detract from the grace of the act in the sovereign and the pontiff; but we would assure the writer of one fact upon which he seems to entertain a doubt, namely, "how a dignitary of any other religion would receive a body of youths about to devote themselves to the service of his creed, or

whether he would think it worth while to admit them at all to an interview." No dignitary of the Anglican church would fail to receive such a body, or any individual of them, seeking his presence and advice as a father should receive a child; but the act would scarcely seem one of condescension, or justify any particular emotion of gratitude. True, the position of the two bishops is widely different in *temporalibus* we admit, but the comparison is not of our instituting but of Dr. Wiseman's, and seems but suggested for the purpose of conveying a covert sneer. But let this pass. The portraiture of Pius is elaborately wrought, and highly finished, and we find no fault with the partiality that would bring out in strong light and high relief the fine points of his subject, leaving out the defective.

The picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence is familiar to everybody. The commentary upon it, by Cardinal Wiseman, is itself a piece of painting.

"The pose of the body sunk unelastic into the chair, and seeking support from its arms, the wearied stoop and absence of energy in the limbs and head, tell us of seventy-seven years, among which had been some of calamity and grief. And yet the hair, scarcely bearing a trace of time, or of that more violent hand which often has been known to do in one night the work of years, but black and flowing, the forehead still smooth and unfurrowed by wrinkles, the mouth not dragged down, but cleanly impressed with a habitual smile, show the serene and enduring mind with which the vicissitudes of a long life had been passed, a life of rare passages and changes—from a noble home to a cloister; from the cowl to the mitre; from the bishopric to the See of Peter; then from the palace to the dungeon; and now, at last, again from Savona to Rome. That there should be lassitude, and even feebleness, marked in that frame and on that countenance, can excite no wonder; but that there should be not one symptom of soured temper, or bitter recollection, or unkind thought, nay, not even of remembered humiliation and anguish, is proof not only of a sweet disposition, but of a well-tutored and well-governed mind, and of strong principles capable of such guiding power."

Barnabas Chiaramonti was of noble birth, endowed with a singularly mild and sweet disposition, with an

early bias to religion, due, no doubt, in part, to the teaching of a mother as distinguished for her virtues as for her birth. At the age of sixteen he sacrificed wealth, rank, family ties, ambition, and apparently earthly aggrandisement, to become a Benedictine monk, under the humble name of Brother Gregory. When Clement XIV. was raised to the papedom, Gregory, anxious to witness the ceremony of the benediction, leaped up behind an empty carriage, and was accosted by the driver in words that were afterwards singularly fulfilled. "My dear little monk, why are you so anxious to see a function which one day will fall to your lot." The authenticity of this anecdote is vouched by Cardinal Wiseman, on the authority of the pope's secretary, to whom the pope communicated it. We are not disposed to doubt it, though we look upon it as one of those random shots, a thousand of which miss the mark and are forgotten, while the one that hits is noted and remembered. A somewhat similar prediction is, we recollect, said to have been made by a tradesman to Sextus V. Chiaramonti passed through the usual courses of philosophy and theology, if not with any great distinction, at least respectably; then he became professor, first at Parma, and subsequently at Rome. He was, successively, abbot, bishop, and cardinal, till on the death of Pius VI., in 1800, the conclave assembled under the imperial influence raised him to the dignity of the papedom. His public life thenceforth, as pope, is matter of history, into which we need not enter. Pistolesi, his biographer, Artaud, in his life of Pius VIII., and Cardinal Pacca, the bold and high-hearted secretary, whose moral strength so effectually sustained his less vigorous master, have added many details of a more private nature. All conjoined exhibit Pius VII. as a man of the most amiable nature, patient under suffering, gentle under wrong, placable and forgiving, meek in the extreme, and humble in his self-estimate; and though not endowed with as much intellectual strength or firmness as the critical circumstances in which he was placed required, yet possessing a moral power of enduring, for conscience sake, in the mainte-

nance of what he considered his duty, which supported him against the pressure so heavily and unscrupulously imposed upon him; add to these, habits of life, simple, frugal, and regular in the extreme—the training of the monastery carried into the Vatican, and one has a fair summary of Pius VII.

As we have given Cardinal Wiseman's sketch of the pontiff physically, let us place beside it the moral picture by the same hand.

"It has been a generally received opinion, at least one has heard it again and again expressed, that the qualities of the heart prevailed in Pius VII. to the almost exclusion of intellectual gifts. Kindness and benevolence, forgivingness and meekness, have been the characteristics by which he has been generally known, and for which he has been universally esteemed. But, however remarkable this gentleness of nature, it was by no means an usurper of his entire character. Though not possessed of genius, nor of over-average abilities perhaps, what he had were fully cultivated and vigorously employed. It is far from being the object of this work to reproduce matter already published, or load its pages by long quotations. It will be, therefore, sufficient to refer to Cardinal Pacca's excellent memoirs for a fuller explanation on this subject. He traces, indeed, to this mistaken apprehension of the Pope's character, the afflicting collision which ensued between the two greatest spheres of spiritual and of temporal power,—the see of Rome and the empire of France. But one sentence says so much to our present purpose, and will spare so much less authoritative treatment of the subject, that it will be well to quote it. After remarking that, having been associated with the Pontiff under such varieties of situation, it would have been impossible for his character to have remained disguised from him, the Cardinal thus proceeds:—'Having, therefore, attentively studied his character, and well knowing his disposition, I can affirm that Pius VII. was a man by no means deficient in talent, nor of weak, pusillanimous nature. On the contrary, he was a man of ready wit, lively, more than commonly versed in the sacred sciences, and especially possessed of that peculiar description of good sound sense that in matters of business intuitively perceives the difficulties to be overcome, and sees everything in its proper light.'"

Pius was happy in having great ministers upon whom to lean. Pacca,

whose clear judgment so often guided him, and whose firm heart sustained him in imprisonment and in sorrow. Consalvi, whose great statesmanship guided him through many a political difficulty, and gave vigour to his administration. This last is unquestionably the most distinguished Roman of his times, and familiar, especially to the English reader, as he was the first Cardinal who, after a lapse of two centuries, appeared publicly in London, as such, on the occasion of presenting the Pope's brief to the Prince Regent. Cardinal Wiseman devotes a whole chapter to a biographical sketch of this eminent man, and he has written it in a style worthy of his great subject; the final summary is just and forcible:—

"The Pope and his minister seemed providentially made for each other. The comprehensive and energetic mind of Consalvi, his noble views and his industrious love of details, filled up that void which might otherwise have succeeded the restoration, and have created disappointment, after the admiration and love that years of exile had won for the Pontiff. The wise and gentle and unshaken confidence of the prince, gave ample room for expansion to the abilities and growing experience of the minister. Without the one the other would have been useless; and whichever failed first, seemed sure to lead to the extinction of the other. Indeed they fitted so truly together, that even physically they may be said to have proved equal. The amount of vigour, health, and power meted out to the secretary was in just proportion to his need of them. He retained them as long as they were required by him, for whose comfort and glory they had been intrusted to him."

Pius died on the 20th August, 1823, and the minister, having then fulfilled his earthly mission, in five months after, "calmly went to rejoin, in a better world, the master whom he had faithfully served, and the friend whom he had affectionately loved." Passing over the portions of this volume, which are devoted to an exposition of the policy of the Government of Pius VII., we pause a moment upon the chapter which treats of the state of literature, science, and art, at Rome, during the same period. Cardinal Wiseman is himself an accomplished scholar, and well fitted to appreciate those with whom his posi-

tion in Rome brought him in contact, for he filled, for a time, the office of librarian at the Vatican. We find here some sketches of the learned men then at Rome, which, though little more than outlines, are happy in catching the angularities which abound in the configuration, mental and physical, of scholars. There is the antiquarian, Fea, the erudite, and adust archæologist, the distinguished annotator upon Winkelmann, who could bring to the illustration of any subject a heap of erudition from every imaginable source, from classics or fathers, from medals, vases, bas-reliefs, or unheeded fragments of antique objects, hidden amidst the rubbish of museum magazines. "Day after day one might see him, sitting for hours in the same place in the library of the Minerva, at the librarian's desk, poring to the end of life over old books still"—not a very comely man, but rather looking like a "piece of antiquity, not the less valuable because yet coated with the dust of years, or a medal still rich in its own oxidization." Sharp, rough, decisive, dogmatic, who, at a glance, would decipher all the mysteries of a coin or a medal, at which others had spent hours in vain. The Abbate Francisco Cancellieri was a thorough contrast to the former: tall, thin, erect, elastic, clean and neat to faultlessness, courteous, serene and smiling; a voluminous writer upon all sorts of subjects, of whose writings Niebuhr has said that "they contained some things that were important, many things that were useful, and every thing that is superfluous." The distinguished Dr. Pappencordt, too, whose short life gave such great promise, was in Rome, at this period; but, above all, there was Angelo Mai, the great explorer of palimpsests. Of him, however, and some other notabilities, the Cardinal speaks more at large, in his memoirs of a subsequent Pontiff.

Like a good churchman, Cardinal Wiseman holds that the pulpit is one of the best indexes of the national literary taste. Though we are not disposed to yield entire assent to his views on this point, we have read with great pleasure his critical review of literature in the progress of establishing his proposition. To one statement we give our own hearty con-

currence as ear and eye witnesses—namely, the marvellous power, both of grace, diction, and gesture, which so eminently distinguish Italian preachers. More than once have we been present on an occasion, such as described by the writer, at the preaching of a very distinguished man, Father Pacefico Deani.

"Hours before the time, the entire area was in possession of a compact crowd, that reached from the altar-rails to the door, and filled every aisle and all available standing room. The preacher ascended the pulpit, simply dressed in his Franciscan habit, which left the throat bare, and by the ample folds of its sleeves added dignity to the majestic action of his arms. His figure was full, but his movements were easy and graceful. His countenance was calm, mild, unfurrowed as yet by age, but still not youthful: he seemed in the very prime of life, though he survived very few years. To one who could not, except very imperfectly, understand the language, and who had never heard a sermon in it, the observation of outward qualities and tokens was natural, and likely to make an indelible impression. Indeed, I remember no sermon as I do this, so far as the 'faithful eyes' go. And yet the ears had their treat too. The first, and merely unintelligible accents of that voice were music of themselves. It was a ringing tenor, of metallic brilliancy, so distinct and penetrating that every word could be caught by every listener in any nook of the vast church, yet flexible and varying, ranging from the keenest tone of reproach to the tenderest wail of pathos. But the movement and gesture that accompanied its accents were as accordant with them as the graceful action of the minstrel, calling forth a varied and thrilling music from the harp. Every look, every motion of head or body, every wave of the hand, and every poise of the arm was a commentary to the word that it accompanied. And all was flowing, graceful, and dignified. There was not a touch of acting about it, not an appearance of attempt to be striking."

Pius VII. was, in his way, a patron of the fine arts—that of sculpture had been almost re-created shortly before his time by the genius of Canova; but our author truly observes, that the works in painting executed during this pontificate in Rome are not worthy of Italian art. Still Pius did not a little in filling the long corridors leading to the Vatican Library with monuments, urns, busts, and statues,



while the walls were lined by him with inscriptions—Pagan on the one side and Christian on the other. To the library, too, he made considerable additions, not only of manuscripts, but of many thousands of printed volumes. He constructed a new gallery in the capital whither he removed from the Pantheon the busts of all the distinguished Italians that were therefore ranged round its walls; and, above all, he commenced that series of excavations round the ancient monuments of the city, which have been since continued with such signal results in advancing and illustrating antiquarian knowledge. Full of years and of virtue the good Pope died, on the 20th of July, 1823, the object of the steady and unvarying love of his subjects; and, upon the whole, we think Cardinal Wiseman justified in the observation—"One may doubt, if there be an instance in history, where the judgment of posterity is less likely to reverse the verdict of contemporaries."

The Papacy is now the only elective monarchy in Europe, so, when a pope dies, it requires some time ere the electors can be assembled from the distant lands through which they may be dispersed. This interval is occupied in the obsequies of the deceased pontiff—he is embalmed, clothed in the robes of his office, and laid on a couch of state within one of the chapels of St. Peter's, so that the faithful may see him and kiss his feet. After three days commence funeral rites, closed by a funeral on the ninth day. On the afternoon of that day the cardinals assemble in a church near the Quirinal Palace, and walk thence in procession to the great gate of that royal residence in which one will remain as master and supreme lord. A scene of this impressive character was not likely to be without its full effect upon our author. He has described it with a life-like vigour, picturesque and dramatic, that puts it almost within our very vision—describing, one by one, the most distinguished of that body of spiritual princes whose names are part of the history of their age, till he comes to the last portrait in his picture—

"Perhaps not a single person there present noticed one in that procession, tall and emaciated, weak in his gait, and pallid in countenance, as if he had just

risen from a bed of sickness, to pass within to that of death. Yet he was a person holding not only a high rank, but an important office, and one necessarily active amidst the population of Rome. For he was its Cardinal Vicar, exercising the functions of Ordinary. Nevertheless, to most he was a stranger: the constant drain of an exhausting complaint not only made him look bloodless, but confined him great part of the year to his chamber and his bed."

This was Hannibal della Genga, the future Leo XII. He was the son of Count Hilary della Genga, and had been taken by Pius VI. into his household. In 1793, being then only thirty-three years' old, he was consecrated Archbishop of Tyre. Subsequently he was diplomatically employed in Paris, after which he retired into privacy, to be drawn from it in order to be the bearer of a letter from the Pope to Louis XVIII., on his restoration. In 1816 he was raised to the cardinalature, and in 1820 was appointed Vicar of Rome, to become its sovereign three years later. The conclave at which the pope is elected now takes place in the Quirinal Palace. It is a proceeding unlike any thing that we know of—a part of that profound policy of the Church of Rome which has been well-characterised as "the very masterpiece of human wisdom." Every precaution is apparently taken to exclude all external influences from reaching those to whom the duty of selection is committed—how vainly so, let the annals of many an election declare. During the conclave each cardinal lives apart with his attendants in the chambers allotted to him, and every thing that reaches him, even his food, is jealously scrutinised. The first day visitors are suffered to enter—

"After that all is closed; a wicket is left accessible for any cardinal to enter, who is not yet arrived; but every aperture is jealously guarded by faithful janitors, judges, and prelates of various tribunals, who relieve one another. Every letter even is opened and read, that no communications may be held with the outer world. The very street on which the wing of the conclave looks is barricaded and guarded by a picquet at each end; and as, fortunately, opposite there are no private residences, and all the buildings have access from the back, no inconvenience is thereby created.

"While the conclave lasts, the adminis-

trative power rests in the hands of the Cardinal Chamberlain, who strikes his own coins during its continuance; and he is assisted by three cardinals, called the 'Heads of Orders,' because they represent the three orders in the sacred college of bishops, priests, and deacons. The ambassadors of the great powers receive fresh credentials to the conclave, and proceed in state, to present them to this delegation, at the *grille*. An address, carefully prepared, is delivered by the envoy, and receives a well-pondered reply from the presiding cardinal.

"Twice a day the cardinals meet in the chapel belonging to the palace, included in the enclosure, and there, on tickets so arranged that the voter's name cannot be seen, write the name of him for whom they give their suffrage. These papers are examined in their presence, and if the number of votes given to any one do not constitute the majority, they are burnt in such a manner that the smoke, issuing through a flue, is visible to the crowd usually assembled in the square outside. Some day, instead of this usual signal to disperse, the sound of pick and hammer is heard, a small opening is seen in the wall which had temporarily blocked up the great window over the palace gateway. At last the masons of the conclave have opened a rude door, through which steps out on the balcony the first Cardinal Deacon, and proclaims to the many, or to the few, who may happen to be waiting, that they again possess a sovereign and a Pontiff. On the occasion of which we treat the announcement ran as follows:—

"I give you tidings of great joy; we have as Pope the most eminent and reverend Lord, Hannibal Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church Della Genga, Priest of the title of St. Mary's beyond the Tiber, who has assumed the name of Leo XII."\*

Cardinal Wiseman candidly admits that human passions and human failings may find their way into even this sanctuary, but he asserts that many prejudiced writers have formed an unjust estimate on this head. This is a truism of which we should scarcely expect such a logician to have been guilty. The estimate of prejudiced persons is always unjust; were it otherwise, those prejudices would be

imperative, that is, non-existent. unprejudiced persons form estir of papal elections somewhat more accordance with the evidence of tory, and the influences that op in all human affairs, than, we t Cardinal Wiseman does, who per is not just in the condition to be self a very unprejudiced judge i matter. The influence exercise Austria and France on various sions cannot be gainsaid, and sacerdotal character of the ele will not protect them from thos fluences operating upon them in political capacity, and on purely tical grounds; and we fear it is very partial manner of stating t political intrigues as he does: "I may consider Austria as the t friend of religion, and best defend the Church; while those may loc France as most earnest and power attachment to the faith." Let u not forget the strong personal m that operates with all to induce the vote for the oldest and the most i of their number. This was, be all denial, the case in the electio Sixtus V., who for years previc accommodated himself, with com mate hypocrisy, to simulate a ction, the importance of which he c only have understood from a thor conviction that such a motive a have mentioned was an open principle. What, if the real feeble of Della Genga had its effect ju the simulated feebleness of Mont As such things have been, so they be again. The genius of Ro polity is unchanging.

The shattered health of Leo appeared to give promise of a i sovereignty and a new conclave i distant period. He became so ill he had to suspend all business, was thought past all recovery. did, however, recover, and all R we are told, attributed the chan the prayers of a saintly bishop at the pope's request, visited him

"He came immediately, saw the assured him of his recovery, as he offered up to heaven his own valuee

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\* Although it is a well-known fact that a Pope on his accession takes a name, by usage one already in the catalogue of his predecessors, it is n generally known that, in the signature to the originals of bulls, he retain original Christian name. Thus Leo XII. would continue to sign himse "Hannibal," and the present Pope signs "John," at the foot of the most impc ecclesiastical documents. The form is, "Placet Joannes."

in exchange for one so precious. It did indeed seem as if he had transfused his own vitality into the pope's languid frame. He himself died the next day, the 31st of December, and the pontiff rose like one from the grave."

The efficacy of "the prayer of faith to save the sick," no Christian may limit; few may be disposed to believe in the suggestion that the vicarious life-offering was accepted. Still, from one so enfeebled much vigorous policy was not to be expected. Yet he, too, has done something to commemorate. He made some steps in the restoration of the monumental edifices of the city. He commenced the rebuilding of the Basilica of St. Paul's, that had been burned down a few days before his predecessor's death; he repaired the ravages committed by the Anio, and he lent a helping hand to the progress of literature and art. Several useful financial reforms, too, were effected: imposts were abolished; the property-tax greatly reduced; and, above all, he ultimately accomplished the repurchase of the immense appanage in the Papal States settled upon the family of Beauharnais by the Congress of Vienna. Up to this time it was the custom upon the evenings of Thursday and Friday in the Holy Week to light up St. Peter's with a marvellous cross of light, suspended from the dome. Its effects of light and shade were so beautiful that it interfered with the solemnity of the time and place.

"While pilgrims from the south were on their knees crowded into the centre of the church, travellers from the north were promenading in the wondrous light, studying its unrivalled effects, peeping into the darksome nooks, then plunging into them to emerge again into a sunshine that had no transition of dawn. And, doing all this, they talked, and laughed, and formed chatting groups, then broke into lounging sauntering parties, that treated lightly of all intended to be most solemn. It made one sore and irritable to witness such conduct, nay ashamed of one's home manners, on seeing well-dressed people unable to defer to the sacred feelings of others, bringing what used to be the behaviour in old 'Paul's' into great St. Peter's."

These observations have our hearty concurrence. We have often ourselves shared the feelings which the writer expresses. We could, however,

have wished he had abstained from the sneer at "the behaviour in old St. Paul's," which provokes the retort that the behaviour at St. Peter's, even of the faithful and the native, is often sufficiently irreverent to encourage, or at all events sanction, that of the heretic and the stranger. How constantly are the chatter and the gesticulation of the Roman *cicerone* heard and seen through its solemn aisles and gorgeous chapels at the very moment when the prayer is being offered up. Leo discontinued this brilliant though popular exhibition, and had the courage also to abolish the dram-shops as a place of resort. This excited much angry feeling; and though he maintained his own course during his life, the measure was revoked in the succeeding reign. He appears, too, to have been kind and charitable, and was wont to visit privately prisons and other institutions, for the purpose of inspection and improvement.

The jubilee of 1825 was the most signal event in the reign of Leo XII., and Cardinal Wiseman, as might be expected, has expatiated at great length on the imposing ceremonials connected with it. On Christmas eve the pope proceeds in state to the great portico of the Vatican Basilica; the doors of the church are all closed, and the pope strikes the central door—which is walled up, and never opened except on these occasions—with a silver hammer; it falls inward, is removed, and the pope and cardinals enter. The other doors are then open, and the church is filled by an innumerable multitude of every rank, from royal princes down to the poorest pilgrims. Thus is the jubilee commenced. During the whole year of its continuance the theatres are closed, public amusements suspended, the pulpits are occupied by the most eloquent preachers, the confessionals by priests who speak every language, and trains of pilgrims are received, entertained, and conducted from sanctuary to sanctuary by charitable confraternities. Amongst these the most conspicuous is that of the *Trinità dei Pelligrini*, whose ample revenues were devoted in lodging and feeding for three days all pilgrims who sought its hospitality. It is alleged that in the month of November of the jubilee over 38,000 persons

There were thus entangled there. The mode of treatment is thus described:—

"The pilgrim, on his arrival at the house, had his papers of pilgrimage examined, and received his ticket of hospitality. In the evening the new comers were brought into a hall surrounded by raised seats, and supplied with an abundant flow of hot and cold water. Then, after a short prayer, the brothers of the confraternity, or the sisters in their part of the house, washed their feet, wayworn and sore by days or weeks of travel; and the ointments of the apothecary, or the skill of the surgeon was at hand, to dress wounds and bandage sores.

"Thus refreshed, the pilgrims joined the long procession to supper. A bench along the wall, and a table before it, railed off to prevent the pressure of curious multitudes, were simple arrangements enough, but the endless length of these, occupied by men of every hue, and many languages, formed a striking spectacle. Before each guest was his plate, knife, fork, and spoon, bread, wine, and dessert. A door in each refectory communicated with a roomy hall, in which huge cauldrons smoked with a supply of savoury soup sufficient for an army. This was the post of honour; a cardinal or nobleman, in the red coarse gown and badge of the brotherhood, with a white apron over it, armed with a ladle, dispensed the steaming fluid into plates held ready; and a string of brothers, at arm's length from one another all round the refectory, handed forward the plates with the alacrity of bricklayer's labourers, and soon furnished each hungry expectant with his reeking portion. Two additional rations were served out in the same manner. The guests fell to with hearty good will, and generally showed themselves right good trencher-men. Opposite each stood a serving man, who poured out his wine, cut his bread, changed his portions, and chatted and talked with him. Now these servitors were not hired, but all brethren of the confraternity; sometimes a royal prince, generally some cardinals, always bishops, prelates, noblemen, priests, gentry, and artificers. Then, occasionally, a sudden commotion, a wavy movement through the crowd would reach from the outer door, along the passage to the lavatory, just as prayers were beginning. All understood what it meant. The Holy Father was coming without notice. Indeed none was required; he came simply to do what every one else was going to do, only he had the first place. He knelt before the first in the line of pilgrims, taking his chance of who it might be.

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If any priest were in the number, he was naturally placed first; and he would probably feel more sensitively than a dull uneducated peasant, the honour, not unmixed with humiliation, of having so lowly an office discharged, in his person, by the highest of men on earth. And then, he would find himself waited on at table, by that master who coming suddenly in the night upon his servants, and finding them watching, knows how to gird himself, and passing along, ministers to them.

"Supper ended, and its baskets of fragments for the morrow's breakfast put by, the long file proceeded up-stairs to bed, singing one of the short religious strains in which all Italians can join, a sort of simultaneous, yet successive, chorus winding along, stunning to your ears at the spot where you chanced to stand, alternately swelling and fading away, as it came from one or other side of the stairs, then dying away in the deep recesses of the dormitory above, yet seeming to be born again and grow at the beginning of the line, still unemerged from the supper-hall."

It is said that persons of the highest rank came in disguise amongst the pilgrims, in order to partake of this hospitality. Leo himself, during the year, served in his own palace twelve pilgrims at table. And the Chevalier Artaud assures us that he continued this practice throughout his reign. At the commencement of 1829, Leo was drawing near the close of his life, and was himself conscious of the fact. He took leave of his secretary, Testa, saying, "A few days more, and we shall not meet again." He gave up the ring usually worn by the Pope to his maggiordomo, and after despatching some business with Monsignor Gasperini, he said to him—

"I have a favour to ask of you, which I shall much value."

"Your Holiness has only to command me," was the natural reply.

"It is this," the Pope continued, placing before him a paper. "I have drawn up my epitaph, and I should be obliged to you to correct it, and put it into proper style."

"I would rather have received any commission but that," said the sorrowful secretary, who was deeply attached to his master. "Your Holiness, however, is I trust in no hurry."

"Yes, my dear Gasperini, you must bring it with you next time."

At the next audience, Gasperini laid the inscription before the Pope,

who read and approved of it. On the 6th of February, after a long conference with the Secretary of State, he was seized with his last illness, and died on the 10th.

Francis Xavier Castiglioni, as Pius VIII., was the successor of Leo. He was a man of scholarly attainments and ecclesiastical learning. In 1800 he was ordained Bishop of Montalto, and was raised to the dignity of cardinal in 1816. In his case, too, as in that of Pius VII. (and we may add also in that of Leo X.), we are told of a prophetic intimation of this future elevation to the Papacy. D'Artaud states that when Castiglioni was once transacting some business with Pius VII., the latter said to him, "Your Holiness Pius VIII. may one day settle the matter." Cardinal Wiseman is scarcely contented to allow this little badinage—*possibly* a delicate rebuke from the Pope to some assumption of the inferior—to fall into the common category of a casual or a sagacious guess at the truth. "One does not see," he says, in commenting on it, "why if a Jewish high priest had the gift of prophecy for his year of office, one of a much higher order and dignity should not occasionally be allowed to possess it." One does not see why he should, nor yet why the pontifical sceptre should become a serpent or bud because the rod of Aaron did so: nevertheless, we would not, while confessing our own blindness, wish to limit the logical vision of another. In matters of belief, faith is the evidence of things unseen, and the eye with which to see them. Be all this as it may, the election was one which caused no surprise, though but for the interference of Austria the choice would have fallen elsewhere. Bowed down with an infirmity which soon preyed upon his vitals and tormented his life, his short pontificate did not endure throughout the succeeding year, for he died on the 1st of December, 1830. Yet short as was his occupation of the chair of St. Peter, it was not uneventful. He witnessed the carrying of the long-contested measure of Catholic Emancipation in England, while he was embroiled with Prussia upon the question of mixed marriages. The revolution of July, too, which hurled a monarch from his throne, did not fail to communicate its im-

pulse to other portions of Europe. Belgium speedily arose and cast off the sovereignty of Holland. Poland struggled to be free, but without success, and the spirit of insurrection spread to the Papal dominions. The Pope had to cope with the secret societies that plotted in Rome, against which he issued his edicts: twenty-six members of the "Carbonari" were arrested, tried, and condemned—one to death, which sentence was commuted, and the rest to imprisonment.

Another conclave, and not free from the usual intrigues and the interference of other states. Cardinal Giustiniani, in whose favour the electoral tide was setting strongly, was prohibited by the veto of Spain. Cardinal Wiseman assures us, on the authority of Cardinal Weld, who assisted at the conclave, that Giustiniani looked wretched and pining, while the prospect of the Papacy was before him, but that he brightened up and looked himself again the moment the vision had passed away. This it did speedily, dissolving into the reality of Bartolomeo Cappellari, being elected as Gregory XVI. He was a native of Belluno, in Lombardy, where he was born in 1765; entered the monastery of the Camaldolese order, in Venice, in 1783, assuming the name of Mauro; and in 1805 was created abbot of the monastery of St. Gregory in Rome, where he spent twenty years in the retirement of a man of letters, when he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal in 1826. Thus on his accession to the Papal throne, the world was still agitated by the revolutionary storm; and Gregory had to cope with it at home. This he did with some vigour. Scarce a week had elapsed when a plot, formed for the surprise and capture of St. Angelo, had been discovered and foiled by the vigilance of the government; and a few days after an attack was made on the post-office guard, with the intention of seizing their arms and ammunition, which resulted in a conflict in which many of the assailants were wounded and captured. It must be remembered that Rome had no standing army worth speaking of; that the revolutionary party were now advancing upon the capital, not to make terms, but to expel the Pope if possible, and to substitute a republic in

is his castle,' in huge letters. The bravely stood a seige of some duration, against the police of those days, and drew crowds round the house; till at length, whether starved out by a stern blockade, or overreached by Bow-street strategy, he either yielded at discretion, or was captured through want of it, and was forthwith transferred to a foreign shore."

Thus ends the first act of the baron's life—the curtain falls and hides him. Now for Act the Second :—

"Many years later, in the reign of Gregory XVI., let the reader suppose himself to be standing on the small plateau, shaded with ilex, which fronts the Franciscan convent above Castel-Gondolfo. He is looking down on the lovely lake which takes its name from that village, through an opening in the oaken screen, enjoying the breeze of an autumn afternoon. He may see, issuing from the convent gate, a monk, not of its fraternity, but clothed in the white Cistercian habit, a man of portly dimensions, bestriding the humblest but most patriarchal of man-bearing animals, selected out of hundreds, his rider used to say, to be in just proportion to the burthen. If the stranger examines him, he will easily discern, through the gravity of his look, not only a nobleness of countenance, and through the simplicity of his habit, not merely a gracefulness of demeanour, which speak the highly-bred gentleman, but even visible remains of the good-humoured, kind-hearted, and soldierly courtier. There lurks still in his eye a sparkling gleam of wit suppressed, or disciplined into harmless coruscations. Once when I met him at Albano, he had brought as a gift to the English Cardinal Acton, a spirited sketch of himself and his 'gallant grey' rolling together in the dust. When I called on him at his convent, he showed me an Imperial autograph letter, just received, announcing to him the gallantry and wounds of his son, fighting in Circassia, and several other royal epistles, written in the pleasant tone of friend to friend."

This change was due to the baron having been a fellow prisoner with Cardinal de Gregorio : he became a monk of La Trappe on his liberation, and was afterwards sent to Rome as procurator of the order.

We have already exceeded the limits which we prescribed to ourselves when we commenced, and must, therefore, omit some pleasant anecdotes which we had intended to have given. Amongst

them is one, in relation to the subject of brigandage, in which "The Painter's Adventure," in Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," is shown to have been surreptitiously taken from a manuscript of a M. Chattelton, an old painter, who had been seized by brigands in mistake for Lucian Bonaparte.

Cardinal Wiseman's volume is a very clever, a very tasteful, and a very agreeable one. It is true, it does not add a great deal to our previous knowledge—little or nothing historical—something, no doubt, as illustrative of the private life of those with whom he was brought into contact; and even the anecdotes are not all novel : for instance, that of Pius VII. and Pacca, when hurried away by General Radet, finding they had only a few pence in their purses. Pacca has long since given this story in his memoirs (as Cardinal Wiseman acknowledges); and Alison has made it the property of the world in his history of Europe. However, the book is an accession in the way of "Memoirs pour servir." But he who would use these memoirs must remember they are written by one who is a true and faithful son of that Church—a prince of that politico-ecclesiastical dominion which he candidly admits has the allegiance and love of his whole heart and intellect. Hence it is that we have throughout elaborate descriptions, eloquent and impassioned of gorgeous rites and magnificent ceremonies—processions, inaugurations, Papal benedictions, all that is sensuously impressive, all that is aesthetically captivating in a religion built up with the consummate craft of human wisdom on the simple and spiritual foundation of primitive Christianity. We do not censure Cardinal Wiseman for this. It is but the natural consequence of his own convictions and position. Nay, we cordially admit that he has, upon the whole, written with candour, moderation, and a charitable abstinence from what could hurt the religious feelings of any sect of Christians. But we admonish his readers that they see but a part of the picture—unfaithful, we are willing to concede, in this chiefly, that it is too highly coloured—unreal, because it is incomplete.

"Who writes our novels?" is what we catch ourselves saying to ourselves, after perusing a more than usually incoherent romance.

I will tell you, says a voice, hurrying us back through a year of memory, over green fields, scorched deserts, sunny meadows, and graveyards. Old scenes, dim and indistinct as the backs of pictures, grow gradually clear, thanks to the Genius of Memory. We are at a public dinner at Freemason's Hall-Society for the Diffusion of Gastronomy, or the National Numskull Benevolent Fund. Worlds of dishes have melted into air under the influence of Champagne. The Numskull Society's faces have become more than usually vacant, eager, inquiring, sociable, and ridiculous. The chairman is now of a fine carmine, partly owing to champagne, and partly owing to nervous anxiety about the dreadful speech that must be made. The toast-master, with a stern determination worthy of a better cause, has interrupted the chaotic babble of voices, and the clatter of knives and forks, by two awful coffin-making blows on either the chairman's head, or some equally wooden object. At this moment a friend nudges me in the ribs, and asks me if I "see that fellow opposite, with the imperial and the retreating forehead." I say, "I think I do; second to the man with the double-bottle nose." "Yes. Well, that (voice funereally solemn)—that is the author of the 'Autobiography of a Plagiarist,' the last new novel." The old becomes novel if you give it time. Another live novelist we saw toadying a voluble great little man about his intended trip to China. A celebrated female novelist we remarked at an evening party as a bold-faced portly woman, with a bumping hard forehead, dragging away contemptuously a sneaking little husband, whom she seemed to consider as a sort of serf, chiefly useful as an ornament in her triumphal processions. Other novelists we have pursued and continually bagged in the shape of briefless barristers, much given to the consumption of ink as a remedy for blue demons. Thin sur-

geon's wives; intellectual determined to produce as it were only a book; ambimians, fresh from sponge worn out rakes; sons wishing a larger circle than usual; fictionists, who turned a hard and cold shoulder into publishers' readers, wishing to continue their experiences; a sons, and talkative officers, less of money.

The novel of 1858 has divisions. There is the K Christian Chartist, the h pugnacious, didactic, pot then the Hughes (Tom I gymnastic, merry old boy the Bulwer, the artful, s verbose, epigrammatical, d vel; then the poetic Au right of woman novel; th Mulock, the Lord W. I worn-out Mr. Ainsworth, mob Bohemian, the sham c effete, historical, the spa caricature (D), the brillian let us get to Mr. Georg "Romany Rye" (Murray which stands so much by defy all attempts to group

It will much puzzle th rian of the year two mill in our annals universal lan physical weakness and and yet to meet with Mr. Kingsley's, in whicl (drawn faithfully from th hilates gamekeepers, ove fians, makes leaps more li mad with hemp, than a every-day man; or to books by a Bible missiona Borrow, more like Loyola gionist—like our gipsy linguist, the swimmer, th man, the pugilist, the horse pugnacious despiser of St Bowring, and the Pret this, he will say, the res conscious nervous gesticu twitter, or of real muscular dundancy? Is it what dr men to sweat their brains races and ascetic training ti turns to Cyclopean ichor, c

ing sham pretence that leads hardly little men to talk of their dumbbells and shower-baths?

Certainly (certes, as Chaucer says), our nation of humourists never produced a more unique specimen, a more complete solitary Dodo, than Mr. J. Borrow, author of the "Bible in Spain," a book that clergymen read, but with averted or semi-reluctant head. It is not, however, every staid wearer of black and white, who in white and black can recount how he fought flaming Tinmans, broke horses, chaffed with Thurtell, the unfortunate brave (a model of whose back still delights our artist students), or twitted Jesuits. Few of the cloth, thank Heaven! are so audacious, so mystic, so desultory, so defiant, so allegorical. Mr. Borrow strikes out with such energy and force, that at first we suppose him rather injured, till we discover that a natural combativeness urges him to a sort of knight errant, universal tournament against Scott, critics, Jesuits, anybody; so he can work his flexors and extensors, and enjoy a certain animal intellectual exertion. His first book, "Lavengro," eccentric as it was, was written in such pure, nervous English, and was filled with such strong-humoured individualities, that we were almost beginning to hope that a sort of compound of Bunyan, Gil Blas, and Smollet, had arisen, to twit the world with strange scenes of Bedouin gipsies, who tented in green dingles; of maniac Methodists, who believed that they had sinned the unpardonable sin; of Thurtell daredevils, of crooning old apple-women, whose only books are blessed Moll Flanders and the Bible; of insolent hairy Tinmans; of romantic dandies. Here was a rich vein—in a word of mysterious alchemic, magnetic-eyed Petulengros, of that sacred, wistful, Isabel Berners; of rough-handed, hard-reading Romany Ryes; of wily grooms, subtle landlords, bullying coachmen; but, alas! these two volumes of Romany Rye bring no ripening fruit, but rather nipped and cankered bloom, crotchety, rambling, clever, disappointing, scatter-brained insolent dogmatism about the Zingali language, about the prowess and brain-work leading no whither (to speak in Carlylese) of the writer evidently getting old. Mr. Borrow's age is a petulant old age, like King Lear's: a restless, discon-

tented, turbulent, peevish, old age; an old age that flings slippers at you, and curses, and worries. There is nothing venerable, or calm, or reflective about his old age; it is an old, sour, winter-April age. The man who has given away so many Bibles has forgotten those great precepts which it contains—"Blessed are the peacemakers;" and, "Forgive as ye would be forgiven."

There is an old Saxon heathenism working in Mr. Borrow's East-Anglian blood. Let him purge it and cool it before death come, and find him still sawing the air and brandishing his fists. In a word, this second issue of the great gipsy linguist's autobiographical novel is not equal to the first; it is less racy, it has less originality, it is more mannered, and is more contentious, self-asserting, insolent, impudent, unchristian, and paradoxical. It is strong, but it is feverish, Bedlamic strength, tearing its own flesh; it is querulous, when no one chides; pugnacious, when no one cares to fight. The characters are no longer as in the old Romany—robustly eccentric. They are now mere humours. One man is the shadow of an impossible Jesuit; another the shadow of a madman, who learns Chinese from the characters on teapots, and does not know what is a clock.

In his first volume we expected to find some fragments at least of autobiography; we thought we detected them in the wilful, dreamy post-youth, who will learn Smith's work, and insist on teaching his gipsy mistress the troublesome Armenian declensions. We knew that the author's mind must at least be reflected when we found his puppet, his large-limbed moving doll, calling Popery Buddhism, and not merely sneering at, but trying to knock down every thing. To our astonishment we were told that, be the story autobiographical or not, it was certainly allegorical; that the long-armed, fibbing, flaming Tinman, that hard-hitting Appolyon, was Dr. Whewell, the small omniscient who speaks encyclopedias, and whose very adieu is an epigram. We heard, moreover, that such a man was a great divine, such an one the divinely small; and now, in these two volumes, with the exception of such good scenes as the Horse Fair, where Romany meets a great Hungarian, lampoons some stingy nobleman,



and bores all the jockeys with Magyar, every thing is in an allegorical fog, which, in the prosy and tiresome appendix, turns into good, ribald, newspaper English prose, fired at every thing and every one. Mr. Borrow began by eccentric, most amusing, missionary travels in Spain, devoted to gipsy-taming, horse-riding, and Bible-distributing. He followed up his dark sayings with an able, doubtful, and sometimes coarse work on gipsy manners and traditions, which might have come from the author of "De Lunatico Inquirendo." Next came his robust, murky novel, and now these four volumes of angry, self-assertion, storyless, brideless, almost witless. Vexed critics, feeling hurt, begin, therefore, now to pick themselves up, and boldly assert that Mr. Borrow does not know Sanscrit, is a smattering linguist, is a blatant, noisy, bullying Ishmaelite, whose gipsy talk is mere gibberish. Will no dweller by the green banks rise to defend him?

Our female novels gradually group themselves now in our review. There is not a publisher now but begins to believe—not from politeness, but from his ledger—that women are not very bad writers of novels. Miss Mulock's success with "John Halifax, Gentleman," drives this unreflecting, narrow-minded race of beings into the serious belief (for they never judge by any thing but the last success), that women will only read women's novels. They tell you so with protruded lips, and serious, dreamy, bilious eyes. This is their absurd, beggarly argument. Women are the chief readers of novels. They do not want story or adventure, dash, colour, or power. They want woman's feelings anatomized, explained, as women only fancy they can explain them (seeing one side of them pretty closely). They want men's thoughts, and hopes, and sorrows, too, regarded from the women's tender, sensitive, indoors, unreal, pleasant point of view. Women, being for the most part, indoor, idle, and at the same time, craving the *sal volatile* of intellectual excitement (having no great field for thought or action out of the world of feeling) keep, in London alone, some thousand small, buttoned boys daily going to and fro from Mudie's to Belgravia. At cushioned windows, in downy carriages, on scented sofas, on eastern ottomans, they sit and

drink in the dream of thank God, a healthier and food than it used to be!—indeed, and tonic sometimes almost as medicinal as a

Now, no one venerates the full heart of women more than the electric instinct that, in man's heavy, slow-moving power, seems almost godlike; erring; but still we must tinge aside the unmeaning forms) that woman, whatever of domestic art she may ever achieve the first place novel. The world has been we must all remember, son years, to our certain knowledge yet millions of good mothers, wives, and sisters as there there has appeared no fearer of starry secrets, no false speare, no female Milton Plato; and, therefore, from experience, we make bold to will never be a female Cervantes, Fielding, Scott, or Dickens shall have grave pictures of pink and white, heroes, and things; but no Raphael or Milton. The physical system of women not bear such a strain of. They have not the insight can have the grasp. They know life, because the past life; they do not know the wretched. They do our police-courts, gambling camps, cabins, and such part of man's life, in the more respects, is passed. They along the beaten way; through few adventures; they do it; they do not suffer even live in hothouses, glazed as they judge of how man by how man treats women they only know how men they live in a small wall where they know little of the glories and wealth; they have few conquerors, among have griefs, but they are as we are; they may write poems, but they will not classic novels. Now we take as a comment Scott's "Woman's Story" (Hurst et al), a clever, poetical, strange mature woman's novel, extremely real, and almost impossi-

sant reading, and worth eating up to the very rind, though occasionally mouthy and diffuse. In the first place, it is spoiled by being told by a third person—a nobody; a shadowy, characterless friend of Mr. Lyndsay's family—a great observer, as unlike the authoress we started with as needs be. Now this is all nonsense: your quiet nobodies are dull nonentities; your real note-taking mental spies are soon discovered, not to be treated in that sort of family way which is only another phrase for selfish indifference and neglect. The fact of this writer being a nobody is insisted upon with pertinacity by Mrs. Hall, the more and more foolish and improbable it appears; she rubs and rubs till the spot will break out on the skin. Had she told the story in her own omnipresent person, all this rude machinery might have been got rid of.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyndsay reside near the Fir-grove, "on the broad bold heath of Hampstead," (is the poet of Killarney growing quite Cockney?) The writer gloats on the deep grey shadowy common of Finchley, near London, mighty L, "gorging the vale of the sweeping Thames" with masts and palaces. Mr. Lyndsay is narrow-minded, morose, and mysterious. Mrs. Lyndsay is a "snappish, fidgetty little woman," always finding fault with somebody. Mr. Lyndsay dresses badly, and is subject to sudden mental spasms, evidently implying some early misdeed that is to clear up. He has an Irish groom, one Jerry, fond of the family, disposed, without provocation, to tell family broils, and drone about his horses. Unexpectedly this ill-tempered, wrong-headed, Mrs. Lyndsay becomes the mother of a girl, whom she pampers, pets, and spoils. Then comes a sketch, in loose water-colours, of a sea-side village, on the Sussex coast, near Arundel Castle; or, as Mrs. Hall would say, "the stately castle of Arundel." Nobody and Helen (the child) go on a visit there to the Middletons. Mrs. Lyndsay's relations. Mrs. Middleton is the perfect, saintly, Christian lady. The daughter, Florence, is perfection—the foil of Helen, the dark poetess, the proud, the wilful, the intractable. Helen is imaginative; is roused by the ballads of one Mary Ryland, a cripple mantua-maker, who stands out white and pale

against the gaudy-coloured old maids and gossiping majors of Hampstead, some thirty years ago. The Lyndsays' firm breaks, and there is a disagreeable frantic scene with the foolish, wrong-headed Mrs. Lyndsay, who had set her mind on Helen's "cutting out" her rival, Florence, her saintly cousin. Lyndsay, who appeared a fool, turns up a brave, honest man, and pays twenty shillings in the pound. Jerry is turned off. Things, however, get worse and worse, and the selfish wife, petulant and tormenting, determines to leave her husband, who is driven by her violence into a fit (a well-written scene). Helen, the impressive, stays with her sorely-wounded father; the mother packs up the china and limoges, and departs. Perpetual bickering had hardened her naturally unfeeling nature into brutality.

The mother and daughter suddenly leave Hampstead stealthily, and are lost sight of. Helen eventually turns up as a rising poetess of the day, giving an opportunity to Mrs. Hall to say many smart, stinging things of literary people, and to sketch some celebrities, while a suspicious Mr. Marley has fallen in love with Florence. Nobody meets Helen again. She has now sculptured marble hands, and a finely-moulded throat.

Helen has determined to pay off her old father's debts, to prove that the mind has no sex, to snub man, and earn the immortality which follows literary success. She must yet endure many more storms and bitter hail blasts of grief and affliction. From the first, however, there is a flaw in the diamond. Intolerable pride drives her scornfully to receive the praises of great people, who look upon art and such things secretly as only a superior sort of dancing-dogism. She becomes the lion of a season; the centre of all eyes—the core of the restless no-whither world; the Queen Solomon that all the foolish virgins and fuzzy queens of Sheba of a jammed, hot, elbowing soiree, nudge and strain to see. Lion-taming missionaries, heroes who have surrendered cities, heroes who have taken them after some years labour, and other London padded, lipping Herculeses of the club, ogle or flatter her. So far so good. There is here moral purpose, or rather morals without much purpose, and good careful writing by

a lady who has seen literary society, and can describe it. The bad training of a genius by a mysterious, quiescent father, and a vulgar, silly mother, is brought out with pathos, and due attention to hits. We see Helen growing up into no belief in any standard of truth. She has grown blind to all difference between black and white. She acts no longer from principle, but from passion. Her trials and final electrical return to goodness are mixed up with smart sketches of the oddities of Irish serving people; glimpses of literary people, Wordsworth, egotistic, L. E. L. seen only by us for a moment, as a lightning flash, and other less names—some rather maliciously clever caricatures. The vulgar Mrs. Major Cobbleton is amusing and hearty; and as for Jerry, the Irish servant, when he flings himself down with his link before Helen's carriage at the opera door, or when he tells long yarns about "the troubles," and how he was hung and cut down, we like him because he is faithful, enthusiastic, and himself.

Mrs. Hall has strong words for things she dislikes, and gives her feelings about such dislikes, thinking them arguments; and they are just as good. "At clubs," says our authoress, "men indulge in selfish luxuries beyond their means; there they go to meet their friends; there they go to drink or play." Such is a specimen of her objections. Indeed she puts in that proud female Ishmael's (Helen's) mouth some very bitter words, true as they are stinging. She is hard upon white lies and absolution. It is a strong scene where that mysterious man of evil, Marley, who revenges himself on Helen for her father having deceived his mother by a false marriage; he is, in fact, Mrs. Lyndsay's natural son; throws his toils around his wretched sister to induce her to help him to marry Florence, threatening her if she discloses his real position to unmask her, and prevent her marriage with the son of a proud woman of rank. This knot and complication, though melodramatic, is grand at the moment of the dreadful struggle, when Marley threatens if Helen does not give him sign and agreement, to deprive her of her husband, to drive her successful play from the stage, and make her a stained outcast for ever. Helen is

ready for any sacrifice but  
She is struggling between  
of the good spirit and the  
angel when Jerry rushes  
nounces the arrival of two  
for Marley, who runs to the  
and breaks through, and  
Helen is saved. There is gr  
in the way, the victory o  
the terrible victory over  
self once won—how the  
poetess—the genius—deligh  
herself, and own her guilt  
before Florence's father,  
proud, aristocratic mother  
aristocratic lover. She se  
delicate skin with sharp  
bitter wailing penitence.  
back the growth of the g  
her life; and with heart p  
emerges from the fiery p  
and better. Her self-relia  
more human and loving-  
had said that she would  
sacrificed or pent up in a  
pitied becomes elevated  
and that is the moral of  
Need we relate the end of  
Marley turns out to have  
rested for forgery, and,  
manner of all novel villain  
himself to save the jur  
Helen, too, turns out, afte  
timate; for Marley's moth  
her intrigue with Mr. Ly  
pears to have been marrie  
of course, is pensioned, a  
turns out a clever old maid  
brated authoress, famous fo  
up for the truth at all ha  
at all times. The last we  
friends of the novel is (t  
get interested, in spite of  
tasies) in an appropriate t  
the sward in front of the  
esplanade, on a lovely day  
Soft-hearted women lov  
things comfortable and hap  
There is Mr. Middleton,  
hand on a bath-chair  
Florence, still broken in b  
slowly convalescent. By  
walks Helen, busying her  
with the invalid's shawl.  
we are mistaken in fancyi  
in this work a sort of *laur  
poris acti* passing over our  
She derides modern im  
societies, "that would as  
down a cathedral as look a  
is indignant at fast young  
girls who call their father

nora." She is a strong-minded woman, who feels about their grievances. Her blow here is such a clean-cutting one that we must example it for Aurora Leigh's benefit.

"So busied is the particular sect about real or imaginary grievances—so eager to overturn the laws of God, and to make a new position for themselves—so busy about certain 'rights' as to become quite oblivious of certain duties; in fact, strange as it may seem, they desire to be considered men in all things except their responsibilities. I have, not, however, heard how they intend to dispose of the marital question, or the duties of maternity."

Well put in, Mrs. Hall! Straight from the shoulder—good nervous hitting, enough to knock any strong-minded woman out of the [wedding] ring.

The usual want of organization—ground-plan and scaffold-making—is, however, wanting, in no small degree, to the full success of Mrs. Hall's clever Anglo-Irish story. Many of the cleverest thoughts seem after-thoughts, and are shaped out suddenly and fitfully. Marley is a mere black shadow—a purposeless villain, with no reason in his madness; and what is worst of all, the turning point in Helen's life—her consent, from mistaken and guilty pride, to his schemes upon Florence's affections and fortune—is told in a weak way, long after it has happened—a most reprehensible practice, a feeble distortion, a fault like the Greek mode of relating, instead of acting, the catastrophe. There is a strong imagination that, while it preserves truth to itself—what painters call breadth, local colour, and harmony—makes strange things appear real. The Woman Story, it is no story to say, is worth reading. Mrs. Hall's story is a pre-Raphaelite domestic picture, with its nervous spasms, and situations of love, and guilt, and repentance, enforced upon us by the adjunct of carefully-painted carpets. You can see the red and the cords, the squares and the yellow.

Now we have "Freida the Jongleur" by Barbara Hemphill,\* author of "Lionel Deerhurst," which is quite

in the old plate-armour style, but yet has much merits, and is interesting, because its unrealities and impossibilities are softened and mellowed by the light of a powerful imagination. It does not begin very promisingly with its murky, Machise sort of villain, Charles de Valois. It begins not after the Miss Bronte familiar style of Riverston—"I had been a fortnight in London;" or James's, "One morning in December, two horsemen might have been desried;" but like an historical essay, "Towards the close of the thirteenth century, Charles Count de Valois repaired to Munich, in pursuance of some political treaties which Philip le Bel." Nor do we much warm at the meeting of the "hero of many a hard-fought battle" with the hazel-eyed Roman Juno, Beatrix Visconti; nor is the flight of Beatrix with the handsome Knight Templar much more exciting than the dull propriety of one of Sir Charles Eastlake's academic pictures. The final sacrifice that burnt up the voluptuous order of errant knights, Mrs. Hemphill deliberately assigns to this elopement, believing more than we do in hidden and causeless events, rather than in long lines of progress, or sequences, such as history now points to. The author mixes up with Freida the Saxon Jongleur, the Pagan, the itinerant Fanny Ellsler of the Richardsons of that day. We need scarcely say that she appears in drawers of white Persian silk, clasped by elastic gold armlets, or that over those bewitching drawers comes a robe of the azure silk of Damascus.

Freida the Jongleur is a shadowy, incoherent, black and white business—always animated, sometimes amusing, but never sound, natural, or true. The figures are of the royal Madame Tussaud school: their robes are tinselled; they move by clock-work jerks; and they are full, we are quite sure, not of blood, but of sawdust.

About that incoherent newspaper-report sort of novel, "Howard Plunkett," by Kinahan Cornwallis, the less, we think, we say, the better. Shipwrecks, houses of correction, paracides, end with the hero coming suddenly heir of the Bandum estates

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\* We lament to say that since the above critique was written the talented Irish author of "Freida the Jongleur" has deceased.

(part of the scene is in Wicklow), and going in triumph into Kinsale Castle with his bride. A worse mixture of New York, Ireland, and Australia, we never met with.

"Cuthbert St. Elme; or, Passages in the Life of a Politician" (Hurst and Blackett), after this, is like passing from the rush of a boxing-night pit into the sweet air of a Belgravian drawing-room. The characters are real and probable—not crowded and vulgar—dramatic, distinct, and thoroughly made out. The writing arises occasionally to epigram, as when a small diplomatist's mind is said to be a succession of pigeon-holes, or when a crafty man's laugh is described as a mixture of the dog's and hyena's. The young peer and the literary adventurer are well contrasted—the sinful beauty and the pretty heroine, the mysterious Russian and the selfish politician, are all tinted from life, rather than inventions. The book is slightly written, but is full of smart, fashionable sketches, which pass before you like magic-lantern slides. There is no great prophetic foresight in the thoughts or opinions—no foretelling of change; the poor are hidden away behind the silk curtains; the quotations are stale French ones—*effete*. There is not much heart; there is a great deal too much of the old *zoco co* metaphor.

"He gazed through the long arcade of life. All seemed straight and smooth before him; but ages succeeded ages, through the gloomy passages. The way brightened, and he knew not where the light should glimmer."

But we must close our article by a notice of Lady Ponsonby's successful novel, "The Two Brothers." This lady has the artist power of constructing a

story. She interests and holds you; she instructs as much as she amuses. She describes truthfully and transparently, and writes pure sound English. She has poetry: wit sparkles at her command. Her sentiment is genuine, earnest, and powerful; she does not try to mix scent with God's maydew. She writes with finish, completeness, and unity; she sees clearly, and describes what she sees; she has no screaming passion about her; nor do her characters bellow or go mad. In short, in all they do and say there is a quiet, gentle tone.

As we are about to rise from our table, a green book, covered with gilding, catches our eye: it is a reprint of poor Gerald Griffin's "Tales of a Jury Room,"—stories supposed to be overheard by an inquisitive stranger, who has accidentally got locked up with a refractory jury. Some of them are rather dull, others run over with the real mountain dew of redundant Arabian-Irish fancy. They excel in freshness, but are loose and free in style.

"Halloa! what are these books there?"

"If you please, sir, a basketful of novels from Grafton-street for *reviewing*. I think the porter as brought them was swearing like a trooper, because they are so heavy."

"Very well (sighs), that will do." What have we here: "Cream; or, the Autobiography of a Thief" (it should be plagiarist), by Charles Reade. A sketchy, audacious failure, with a bad tone. "Wild Oats," by Captain Wrexall. A Bohemian novel, rough, but amusing.

But the dreadful word "*finis*" comes down on us like a chopper, and we shut up our desk.

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#### THE STATE OF DONEGAL—GWEECORE AND CLOUGHANEELY.

WITHIN the last twelve months public attention has been a good deal directed to the condition of a part of Ireland previously but little known, and we now propose to present our readers with a brief outline of those occurrences which have made famous the wilds of Gweedore and Cloughaneely. And the subject is an important one; for in this obscure corner of Ireland a flame is being kindled which will, if unextinguished, spread

far and wide, and shake the rights of property, if not defy the power of British law.

The districts of Cloughaneely and Gweedore are situated in the north-western part of the county Donegal. They include the two parishes of Raymunderdony and Tullaghobegly, and comprise more than 80,000 acres. The total number of inhabitants is about 9,000. The ocean extends along the whole of the north side of these dis-

brought over, and throw on a soil so like that of their own Highlands.

But there were others in these districts who could not tamely submit to the introduction of strangers, and these strangers Protestants. The Roman Catholic priests had lorded it over the native Celts of Gweedore and Cloughaneely with a despotic sway that would seem incredible to those who know it not by personal observation. So vigorous a part did these priests take in the government of the district, that they withheld the rites of their Church from any of their flock who ventured to break the tenant-right rules; and they were, and we believe still are, in the habit of holding a court of arbitration on such questions.

Excited by feelings we shall presently explain, the peasants began a system of outrage, which is without a parallel. Night after night the Scotch sheep disappeared by tens, twenties, and even hundreds, and for some time no trace could be found of their bodies.

In the southern limits of these districts, in one of the most desolate spots of the British empire, where great mountains enclose a gloomy sheet of water, and no tree or shrub refreshes the eye, wearied with the wild desolation of grey rock and purple heather, and with no human habitation near to relieve the oppressive loneliness, one of the Scotch shepherds had taken up his abode. One night, December 10, 1856, a large number of armed men surrounded his house, and demanded that admittance which they were able to enforce. The shepherd was unarmed, and his wife, a gentle matron, was suffering from illness; no resistance could be made, and the men rushed in. Some searched the house for concealed arms; one, with presented pistol, demanded her husband's watch from the sick woman, while the others required the shepherd to swear, on a book which they took for a Bible, that he would within a fortnight quit the country. This outrage excited the police to strenuous efforts, and from this time forward numbers of sheep were found mutilated and slaughtered in various ways. Many were found drowned in Altan Lake; the throats of others were cut. As many as eighteen were found buried in one hole, with sods of turf between

each row of six. Some were and others tied in pairs, so could not move, and thus we to death. A body of police was in the shepherd's dwelling Lake, and forty-six others were to the small force already in try—not, however, without. One morning the next was thrown into excitement: news that a barrack which been finished for the reception of police force had been so undermined that it tumbled and a significant rumour was through the country that if a policeman was set to guard the destruction of the obnoxious would not be abated.

The Grand Jury of the county made a presentment against the Gweedore and Cloughaneely outrages were committed to recompense the sheep for the losses they had sustained, the collection of the impost as to suppress the outrages called for it, an additional party was sent down, whose expense also charged on the district sum amounting altogether to £2,400 was levied. Large rewards were offered for information of the perpetrators; the resident lords and magistrates were their efforts to maintain the police were active and zealous, endeavouring to put down the thousands of men, women, and children *must* have been familiar with the plans and movements of the killers, and yet to the present the system of outrage is not

Though we do not accuse the Catholic priests of instigating people to these outrages, yet not absolve them of the guilt of instigating the peasants against the lords, the Protestant shepherds, the administration of the support of this, we have only to those addresses which the gentlemen have published and which we shall analyze.

The names of the Gweedore and Cloughaneely priests first publicly known from their connection with a petition which was presented to Parliament a strong case against the landlords of these

these warm-hearted peasants. All the landlords of these districts, save one, simultaneously deprived them of their mountains, giving them to Scotch and English graziers for sheep-walks, and, at the same time, doubled, trebled, and in many instances quadrupled the rents on the miserable patches left them."

The second sentence evinces a reckless disregard for truth. "All the landlords, *save one*, simultaneously deprived them of their mountains." There are eleven landowners in the district who have tracts of mountain in their possession.\* Of these eleven, *only four* set an acre of land to any Scotch or English shepherd. The remaining seven are unable to decide which of them is the one honoured by the priests' exception. The statement that all the landlords "doubled," &c., their rents is simply untrue.

We are next told that the mountains were "peopled with sheep." We fear that these reverend gentlemen are slightly confused in their views of the pastoral office and its objects.

Then there follows an attempt to persuade the public that the Scotch sheep perished naturally, or through the neglect of the shepherds—

"But sadder still, the strange sheep imported to these mountains throve not. Last winter was very prejudicial to sheep, particularly under Scotch treatment—the Donegal mountains [perhaps this is a misprint for *mountaineers*] proved treacherous, and their tracts devious to strangers. The sheep recently placed on this strange pasturage were prone, from natural instinct, to wander, and the Scotch shepherds were surprisingly negligent in the duties of their calling. The natural consequence was, that large numbers of the sheep strayed, large numbers of them were lost in bog-holes, and large numbers perished through the inclemency of the winter and the want of proper care."

Do the reverend gentlemen mean to persuade us that the sheep, weary of their wanderings, cut their own throats—tied stones round their own necks, and drowned themselves—cut off each other's heads, and then lay down in layers and buried themselves neatly?

The steps taken to prevent the sheep from being prematurely turned into

mutton, is made matter of cal capital, and affords fuel for flame of religious hatred which reverend gentlemen think it to kindle—

"During the penal laws, &c. that Grand Jury levies were raised on Irish Catholics for losses sustained by Protestant merchants at the Catholic powers, with whom might happen to be then at must have been in the same way in order to recompense these losses to Scotch and English graziers, and the unjust Grand Jury was obtained against these Celts."

That the payment of this tax has heavily on many of the peasantry one will think of denying. If a crime is committed and which cannot but be known to the neighbourhood, those are surely unjustly punished who shield the perpetrators; and it may be added that the custom prevalent in these parts of hoarding up money for purchase of the "good-will" of farms, renders needless for the country people any part of their property to pay tax.

We have made diligent and judicious inquiries relative to the alleged sale of food, cradles, &c. to the peasantry, for this purpose, and failed to discover a single instance.

Not content with general remarks, the reverend gentlemen venture a little into detail. They would have acted more sagaciously if they had kept to generalities.

"There are at this moment a great number of people subsisting on sea-weed, cockles, or any other edible marine produce which can be picked up along the sea-shore and scraped off the rocks."

Observe that this was written on the 18th of January, a time when it is well known that eatable crab or cockle could be obtained for love or money. As for 800 people subsisting on sea-weed, this is physically impossible. Such a diet would produce dreadful disease, and the districts are remarkably free from disease. But the people in Clough and Gweedore are very partial to sea-weed as a "kitchen" to their

\* See *General Valuation of Ireland; Union of Dunfanaghy*. Dated 25th September, 1857.

This composition is signed by ten Roman Catholic priests; and as these gentlemen afterwards scout the unimpeachable evidence of the Poor-law Inspector and others, on account of the distance at which the witnesses live from Gweedore, we append to their names the distances at which those who are non-residents live, according to their own mode of reckoning, viz., from the Gweedore Hotel :

John Doherty, P.P., Carrigart, Rossgull, 20 miles (at least).

Hugh M'Fadden, P.P., Falcarragh, Cloughaneely.

Daniel M'Gee, P.P., Bunbeg, Gweedore.

John O'Donnell, P.P., Dungloe, Rosses, 12 miles.

John Flanagan, P.P., Rathmelton, 22 miles.

Hugh M'Fadden, c.c., Allsaints, 33 miles.

James M'Fadden, c.c., Falcarragh, Cloughaneely.

Bernard M'Monagle, c.c., Dunfanaghy, Doe, 15 miles.

John M'Groarty, c.c., Cashelmore, Doe, 19 miles.

Hugh Cullen, c.c., Rossgull, 20 miles (at least).

The publication of this Appeal was vigorously carried out: nearly every newspaper in Great Britain inserted the edifying details into which the ten priests had "ventured."

Most of the Roman Catholic papers swallowed the tale at the first gulp. The landlords did not then think it advisable to publish a contradiction, preferring to await a regular investigation either from the Poor Law Commissioners or from Parliament.

The account given in the House of Commons by Lord Naas, of the Poor Law Commissioners' investigation, which took place immediately after, is so just that we cannot do better than transcribe it from the pages of the *Times*, of April 23:—

"The Poor Law Commissioners, acting under the direction of the late Government, very properly ordered an inquiry to be instituted into the truth of these allegations, and the officer selected to conduct the investigation was Mr. Hamilton, a public servant of great experience and ability, who had been employed under the Poor Law Board throughout the whole of the famine. Before Mr. Hamilton arrived in the district the board of guardians of the union in which it was comprised, viz., the

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Dunfanaghy Union, met and the following resolution:—'T seen with regret and astonish the newspapers an appeal signed by Roman Catholic clergymen set a dreadful state of destitution existing in this union, we ourselves called on, as the guardian poor, both from our own knowledge and upon inquiry, to state that statement is quite false and without foundation; and we think we are out in this by the fact of the twenty-two paupers in the union from the entire union.' As of the incorrectness of the statement that had been made as to the state of the people, the guardian board that in the month of February were only twenty-two paupers in the union, they recommended that, as they had been published for the raising money, the Poor Law should be instructed to inquire into the facts on the spot. Mr. Hamilton proceeded with his inquiry, and as many persons as he could to give evidence. Among the clerk and master of the workhouse he stated that only twenty-two persons had applied for relief since the harvest, and they were all ad no applications for provisional relief had been made at the workhouse.

"Mr. Hamilton added, he had been at every house, either inside or in pits outside the premises, and he saw an abundance of the cattle in the fields throughout the district, and there were no takable marks of cattle in any dwellings."

We might have supposed that the sworn evidence of fourteen able witnesses, in opposition to the assertions even of ten Roman Catholic clergymen (of whom only ten resided in these districts), would have induced sensible people to forego the tale of destitution.

The sagacious Daniel used to say, "Give a lie a start, and you'll never catch it," notwithstanding every proof of the absence of fact for these fictions, large sums have been given to "relieve the peasantry."

Sympathy, of a sterner, suggestive character, was sent across the Atlantic. We copy from a Catholic newspaper, a letter from the Roman Catholic Bishop, Mul-



gate the clothing, bedding, and domestic arrangements of hundreds and thousands of "perishing Celts;" and they may find it difficult to decide between the assertion of ten priests (of whom only three are resident), and the sworn contradiction of fourteen witnesses, of whom six are resident in these districts, and seven of the others either residents in the immediate neighbourhood of Gweedore or Cloughaneely, or officially responsible for their well-being.

But no one is so dull as to be unable to ascertain the truth or falsehood of statements which can be proved either by the simplest inquiry, or by a tolerable map.

We need not follow these reverend gentlemen through their attack upon the credibility of the witnesses examined by the Poor Law Inspector. They assert that, with a single exception, these "were one way or other interested in favour of the landlords of these districts." Those of them who *are* resident are not to be believed, because they are themselves either landlords or tenants—in other words, because they *are* resident; while those who *are not* resident are not to be believed, because they *are not* resident;—an objection which might, as we have before seen, be adduced against the evidence of seven of the priests themselves.

It would have been difficult for Mr. Hamilton to find witnesses who were neither resident nor non-resident in these districts.

At the Spring Assizes, in Lifford, the venerable Baron Pennefather had expressed his regret at the lawless state of these districts, and had sharply reproved those spiritual guides who were, to say the least of it, making no effort to restrain the agrarian outrages.

His lordship is thus elegantly alluded to by these reverend gentlemen :

"The poor blind, old baron, of himself can be no authority whatever. . . . They (the grand jury of the county) covered their foul deeds with the rough skin of the landlords : and then this blind old Isaac poured forth plentifully his benedictions on them, and as plentifully his maledictions on all who endeavoured to check their cruelties."

We really think that the public character of those gentlemen who are attacked in the following passage

(with which this address contains a sufficient refutation of the charge brought against the

"At present we will repeat on behalf of these helpless oppression; and we most explore you, our fellow-countrymen the more your enemies are to crush them, the more y required to sustain them.

"The Grand Jury is against the Poor Law Commissioners them; the judge of assize them. All are leagued with oppressors. Will you, the champions of the good, be against them then, continue sending us to alleviate their sufferings. For the God of charity will bless we will feel deeply grateful; it will prove to the world that the of their enemies against the humble priests—who stand their defence, are not credible worthy of credence, and are riers to arrest the tide of charity steadily and strongly to reinvigorate the helpless victims oppression and tyrant laws."

Thus, then, do these reverend gentlemen take upon themselves the position of champions against of property and the laws of the land. To what misstatements and distortions they have descended in out their purpose, we have seen; and when we reflect upon that these agrarian outrages on, unchecked and unpunished, spite all the efforts that have been made against them, we think established the assertion we we set out—that "in this corner of Ireland a flame is kindled which will, if unextinguished, spread far and wide, and endanger the rights of property and defy of British law."

But, perhaps, the strangest of all this strange business remains to be told. Charitable people in the quarters, shocked at the lawless state in which the peasantry are reported by their priests to be, have made generous contributions, amounting, we believe, to more than £2,000. £2,000 is a great boon to a poor people; no one will deny; and we should have been delighted to see the Gweedore and Cloughaneely parishes enriched, if the money had been obtained truthfully, and for the purposes stated. But this ill-gotten

been expended in a way that we can hardly suppose was intended by its kind donors. So lately as Easter Sunday the priests gave notice that no one was to receive any "relief," except those who had paid "sheep-tax."

Now as not a single person in the parish of Raymunterdonny had been implicated in the sheep-killing, or paid tax thereon, the inhabitants of one of the two parishes for which money had been collected were excluded from any share of it. We remember hearing, some years ago, that a man was concealed and maintained for several weeks by the peasantry of a Western county, because he represented himself as a murderer fleeing from justice; but it was found that no such murder as he represented had ever been committed, and the pseudo murderer was hunted out of the country, the people saying, "The dirty fellow! an', after all, he had done nothin' to deserve our kindness."

The inhabitants of the greater part of Cloughaneely had done nothing "to deserve the kindness" of their spiritual guides, so notwithstanding their published misery, they for some time received nothing, while men possessing more than a dozen head of cattle were "relieved" from their starvation because they had paid sheep-tax.

But since the 22nd of April "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream." On that day Mr. Bagwell asked for a Parliamentary Committee to inquire into the state of these districts. The landlords gladly heard of this opportunity of being set right with the public by an impartial inquiry, and through the county member, Sir E. Hayes, expressed their readiness to submit to this very unprecedented investigation. Since that day, the priests, who had previously confined their liberality to the taxed townlands, have flung about their largesses with the most open-handed profusion. They have sent emissaries through the country in all directions, inviting, nay, urging Protestants and Roman Catholics alike to accept clothes, meal, or money. This liberality will, no doubt, raise the popularity of the priests to the highest pitch, and make the peasantry if possible more than ever their ready tools. But we question whether those who gave their money for the relief of

starving and persecuted Celts, will be quite satisfied at the reckless distribution of it to multitudes in (for their rank) most comfortable circumstances—to people utterly unconnected with the mountains, and not even tenants of the maligned landlords.

Some days ago, the board of guardians of the Dunfanaghy union held a meeting, in order to lay before the public an account of the state of the district. All the members attended except Lord George Hill and his sub-agent, Mr. Robertson. Mr. Hamilton, the poor-law inspector, was present, and interrogated the guardians respecting the condition of the people. The names of the gentlemen who replied to those queries sufficiently guarantee the accuracy of their answers. Mr. Wybrants Olphert occupied the chair, and to questions put through him, the guardians unanimously stated that during the winter no unusual poverty or privation had characterized the district. Fourteen of the persons present affirmed that the potato crop of last year had produced more than the average, while three gentlemen estimated it at a full average only. There was a still more significant fact mentioned, however, regarding the state of the present crops. The query was as follows: "Have the people cropped their farms this spring as well as usual?" To this it was unanimously replied: "The farms are as well cropped as we ever witnessed." Another interrogatory was: "Are you acquainted with any families living on unwholesome food, and who are in really destitute circumstances?" To this it was answered that there had been but one mendicant woman in the union for a long period, who refused to go into the workhouse; and she, strange to say, had not been considered by the dispensers of the "Gweedore fund" a fit recipient of the bounty of the subscribers, who meant to relieve pressing and peculiar distress in the wilds of Donegal.

Furthermore, perhaps the most striking point brought out by this investigation had reference to the daily wages paid to labourers in the parishes where the 1,500 families were said to be driven to the extremes of starvation. The remuneration of the agriculturist is always, and properly, considered a fair test, if not the best test, of the condition of a country. Now,

in the "destitution" townlands, according to the evidence of the Dunfanaghy guardians, "employment is abundant, and "there is an advance in the rate of wages!" When asked what sum was paid to labourers, one of the guardians stated that he had to pay *two shillings a day with diet!*

A parliamentary paper has just been printed, showing the expenditure for the relief of the poor in each union in Ireland during the past year, and the total number of persons relieved during the same period, in and out of every workhouse. By quoting the names of the unions in which the largest numbers were relieved, and in which the poundage was heaviest, we shall best come at our point. Belfast relieved 6,812, and expended £16,718; Cashel, 2,291, and disbursed £5,751; and so on with other places, the lowest unions in point of numbers relieved, and money spent, BUT ONE, were, strangely enough, Skibbereen (of unhappy memory) and Belmullet;

in the latter of which the paupers of the year numbered 100. The one union lower than and lower than every other land, in the numbers relieved expended, was *Dunfanaghy* amid the scenes of unpare appalling destitution, there seventy-eight individuals were during the twelvemonth for even at the season when the poverty was said to be at the the total number in the v was only twenty-four, in infirm, and several deserted.

As a conclusion to the arrangements we have grouped, we may state that the districts of Magheraclog, Ahork, and Meenaclady, where females were represented to be on the brink of the grave from want of food, there is not a single being on the workhouse board the activity of the guardians to discover one candidate for the rations, male or female, old

#### TRAVEL IN MEXICO.

CENTRAL North America is one huge palimpsest. Ruins of vast extent cover its interior. The story of ancient cities, of proud palaces, of magnificent temples, of an architecture that is unique in its style, of sculpture, which in its execution equals anything that Greece ever produced, but is, in its conception, wholly original, survives but in the fragmentary, fast-fading characters in which the lords of this lovely land once wrote the history of their civilization. Who were they? Whence came they? What did they? Answers to each of these questions are to be found, doubtless, in those numerous stony records covered with a hieroglyphic, to which a larger induction of examples might betray to us the key. Yet these records are fast perishing. Here are pages on which no learned eye has ever looked. Tangled forests have covered whole volumes of such records. The rank luxuriance of the tropics sufficed, as Stephens tells us, to plant a thick growth of trees—

some of them twenty feet in on a space that one short year had been laid bare for invasion. How dense, then, is the shade! Nature has flung over these of the lords of Mexico! Let appear there, but of moderation to him who has been a with the Alps, because the from a table-land whose height over the sea level than that of Mount Ceniz, Gothard. Such a model of ancient architects of Central seem to have chosen for their structures, and terraces, whose altitude equals some of the of modern works, were employed merely as a platform effect to the aspiring towers were made to spring from the this has only insured the ness of their destruction. Not all the more easily scaled the on which they placed the and converted the whole one wooded knoll. Fair,

*Mula.* By G. F. Von Tempsky. Longman and Co. 1858.

from our author's narrative, why we are still so ignorant of the country in which he travelled. His book might be called a history of the "adventures" of a traveller in Mexico. He narrowly escaped being murdered by bandits; by mere accident was not scalped; ran the risk of acquiring a confirmed stutter, or dislocating his jaw in the laudable but perilous attempt to pronounce Maya words; whilst here and there he hints darkly at certain dangers from "dark eyes," into which he acknowledges "he looked," and the memory of which disquieted him.

M. Von Tempsky sailed from California in company with a motley assemblage of diggers and adventurers. He lands at Mazatlan, and introduces us to a Mexican *meson*, or hotel. The chief article of furniture, the bedstead, has, it seems, scarce any claim to be so called, were it not that it has "four legs, supporting either a few planks, nailed together, or a frame of wood, which is interlaced with cowhide." This is placed in a room, lighted by a hole near the ceiling; a corridor runs along the series of rooms, which form four sides of a quadrangle. Here he puts up till he could make arrangements to travel with safety inland.

Our travellers shortly afterwards set out on foot. They were lightly equipped. A *serape* or blanket, revolver, bowie knife, and rifle, constituted their accoutrements. Fifty times were they obliged, in one day's march, to cross the same river, sometimes wading up to their armpits; and at night, when they reached their destination, after a homely but voracious supper, they wrung their wet *serapes*, wrapped themselves in them, enjoyed a last cigar, and went to sleep, in company with some hopeful pigs, in the front corridor of the house which gave them shelter. The hydropathists will not be surprised to hear that thus "packed" they had a refreshing slumber, and rose before day-break invigorated, and resumed their journey, rising into the region of the fir and oak, and again descending to St. Lucia, where they procured a guide. Their escort was desired by a Spanish-American, whom the author must introduce:—

"On the morning before starting,

José, our muleteer, came and said that there was a person to travel in our company; I must see the personage before I decide. Immediately a lean man appeared before me, I formed myself of my health, he ceased to say he was a tailor, no employment, and wished to go to Durango. Never in my life, in my own country, which is full of fine specimens of the class, did I complete a beau ideal of a tall, lean figure as a needle-and-thread as any thing could be; and an incomparable melancholy smile, an unrewarded merit—all combined to possess me in favour of the party. I told him to get ready. He merely to wrap his *transparence* more closely around him, took from behind his ear, and bore affirmative of his having completed the necessary arrangements to go of the world."

The route for the next day was not of interest. They passed a scene of Indian atrocities. They saw posts and blackened walls in spots where houses had been. One of these half-consumed houses the party took up their quarters for the night. One room had escaped destruction; they betook themselves to it, and themselves down to sleep; the muleteer recounting tales of cruelty, as a lullaby.

"Towards morning," says the author, "we were suddenly awakened by fearful cries; we jumped to our feet. It was yet perfectly dark, and we heard a half-stifled voice at the corner of the loft. With my revolver sheathed, between my teeth, and a knife in hand, I crept stealthily to the corner. Holding my breath, I gazed at last the suffocated face of our tailor. Immediately I struck me that he might be dead by night-mare. A hearty knock, plied to the least bony part of his person, awoke him from his slumber on his seeing a dark figure before him, he was thrown into a fit of howling. His yells for mercy, fearful, that our muleteer, the unearthly noise, rushed to his aid, belaboured him mercilessly with a flood of Spanish compliments, and he accompanied his blows with our tailor that his bugbear was a countryman, and no Indian."

That the danger from Indians was not imaginary, the author found amply proved a case

of the infantry; at times a little better; but to see *spurs on bare feet, in stirrups*, would make such soldiers the laughing-stock of the most beggarly Cossack."

His arms are as bad as his uniform is unimposing. In the management of them he is without dexterity. "His strength," says a great authority "is in his legs!" It would seem so. Our author was present at the entry, amid shouts of derision, of a detachment of 200 of these heroes, who had run away from fifteen Comanches! Nor let it be supposed that the Comanche is distinguished for his courage. Thompson who, as United States Ambassador to Mexico, could compare this tribe with the other more northern hordes, tells us, in his own characteristic manner:—"Of our western tribes, the Comanches are the most cowardly; the Delawares frequently *whip them five to one*." Yet these barbarians have been known to ride into the suburbs of Durango, lance some men, carry off a few women, and retreat, without a scratch, to their distant homes. Such is the spirit of the "Spanish Mexican!" The officers seem to be little better than the men. Taken from the same class in general, they are as cowardly, while as a consequence of their new-born rank, they are more overbearing. Our travellers had a *rencontre* with one of these heroes, which is highly amusing. It was at a ball that they met this specimen of the Zaccateccas band of heroes, in blazing uniform:—

"He was," says Von Tempsky, "the admired of many a fair one, to whom his noble bearing contradicted clearly the doubt as to the courage of him and his comrades. He seemed to be anxious to confirm their favourable opinion by some act in accordance with it. He surveyed the ball-room from one end to another, applied occasionally some stimulants to his budding valour, and seemed at last to have selected his man. He sidled up to my friend, who, at some distance from me, was engaged in conversation with some acquaintance. The reason that probably caused this choice of a victim was twofold; my friend was a small man, besides being a foreigner; and seemingly alone amongst a crowd, never very enthusiastic in favour of any European. To make the story short, he cast derogatory reflections on foreigners in general, and on the one before him in particular. The scene became interesting and hopeful. I came up in time to hear him assert, with loud emphasis

that (*entre mis manos han muleses, &c.*) by his hands had lishmen, Germans, French, and others. In a moment sidled close up to him, whisked thing in his ear, and gave him the handle of a pistol, in an instant pocket of his coat. The tall, with wondrous suddenness, paleness replaced, for a moment, flushed colour; but immediately himself again; he cast a look of able fierceness on the smiling and—retreated."

Possibly the hero spoke but the truth. Represent these varied nationalities now fallen by his hands, as a yo can, at that very moment, we fell by the hands of three ambushed assailants outside the room door. He had excited lousy of another by dancing with his sweetheart!

Once more the Mexico meets us in M. Von Tempsky. It is when, with all the stance of war, a gallant square the travellers to demand reports. Upright honourable fettered in their movements marauding savages go to Mexico is not the only cause much of the revenue of the expended in maintaining a army to dog the steps of the while bandits ply their violence. It is time to whether able-bodied soldiers might not be more nobly than in peering into carcoining perquisites out of it is not many months since was stopped at the Portuguese, and a troop sufficient the duty, put all the in the utmost annoyance, and perhaps than the fees appointed by chancery—for what? The part? It was very dear at The trouble of examination Why take that trouble? tion on their route? 7 piece of swindling,—for hours after the carriage second time?) and was allowed just as ill-looking as duty at the gate. North are obtuse we know, but seem about equally honourment that authorized and the troop that helped Neither conferred any benefit

said to be the same with those found in the Lake of Amatitan. Is there, it is asked, a subterraneous communication between these lakes? It is a curious fact that this lake of Atitlan is entirely surrounded by rocks and mountains. There is no outlet for its waters, and bottom has not been found with three hundred fathoms. It receives several rivers, yet keeps its level! Until its altitude has been carefully ascertained, we see no reason to question the theory that there may be a communication between it and the Volcan de Agua. This latter seems to us one of the most wonderful of nature's wonders. It is a lofty conical mountain, higher probably from its base than any other in America. It is called by the Indians Almolonga, or the Mountain of Water. In the year 1541, the chroniclers tell us, at two o'clock on the morning of the 11th of September the vibrations of the earth were so violent that the people were unable to stand; the shocks were accompanied by a terrible subterranean noise, which spread universal dismay; shortly afterward, an *immense torrent of water* rushed down from the summit of the mountain, forcing away with it enormous fragments of rocks and large trees, which overwhelmed the city of Guatemala Antigua. There is no tradition of this mountain having ever emitted fire; there is no calcined matter or other mark of volcanic eruption anywhere in its vicinity. M. Von Temp-sky has calumniated this cool-headed monster when he attributes to it any of the blame of the earthquake which he experienced, and which he so well describes in the latter part of his volume.

Travels in Mexico and Guatemala without an earthquake, would be as absurd as a season in the Alps without an avalanche. The Note-Book of a Traveller in San Salvador, especially, should have lithographed on each page an extract from Lady Sale's Diary—"Earthquakes as usual." Our author was let off very cheap. His first experience of this appalling phenomenon was during dinner, at a *table d'hôte*. A tailor (in Guatemala, we are warned, "a gentleman") was the lion of the party, and, whether as a wit or a butt, excited a good deal of laughter:—

"When," says Von Temp-sky, "sudden, somebody shook the walls shook, also the mighty beams supporting and twisted about, as if we were under the influence of a company stared at one scarcely a face looked fur-warrant the impeachment having played a trick upon Another heave, and ever-able, and what we might before immovable, swaying creaking, a rattling, and a ous growl, upset the every thing, and, above bipeds—of most of them, away they rushed, pell-m court-yard, leaving the p standing smoking in the table. *A few old stagers r-cinated, apparently, by the the smoking good cheer, an as much cheer of their could conscientiously make This encouraged some of us also keeping up appearance with a sort of sea-sick feeling sickly smiles, we revenged the pudding, by dissecting bowelling it, though choking mouths full.*"

Another shock soon followed then he confesses:—

"This was no laughing matter all felt exceedingly sick; we keep our positions on the had to hold on to walls, door down-frames, that had as much support as we had."

They had to leave the court-yard, and take to and—

"There we were soon," as bueued with the terrible serious earthquake. From all the of the inhabitants had come most spacious places, where crossed one another, or a l or open place enabled them as far as possible from the houses. There they were on pale and despairing, praying some loud, some low; and there a heart-rending yell cordia, Domine!" would be hundred faltering tongues."

The shocks continued every fifteen minutes during days! Not much real injury; but all business was suspended the community lived un-

## POOR PURSE.

BY THE BRADLE OF BRAY.

Oh ! if I had money galore,—in store,  
I'd just build a sweet cottage,—no more ;  
In a deep-vallied glen, far away from rude men :  
But when will that time be,—ah ! when ?  
And when the sunrise came to open my eyes,  
I'd forth with the bees, and the bright butterflies,  
And my children all fresh from their sleep :  
And we'd cull brightest posies,  
Sweetest wall-flowers and roses,  
And our hearts in blest gratitude steep.  
Oh ! they say that great wealth is a curse,  
But, what's worse,  
My heart is too big for my purse,  
Poor purse !

Oh ! if I had money galore,—in store,  
I'd open the lattice, and widen the door  
Of my heart and my mind, and all human kind  
I'd invite to come in, and a true welcome find.  
From sunset to dawn I'd seek out the forlorn—  
Lean poets, wan artists, frail daughters of scorn,—  
Oh ! I'd hurry all in to the feast ;  
And we'd hail one another,  
As sister and brother,  
Till the bright sun of hope came to gladden the  
Oh ! they say that great wealth is a curse,  
But, what's worse,  
My heart is too big for my purse,  
Poor purse !

Oh ! if I had money galore,—in store,  
That cottage should ring from the roof to the floor,  
With glad voices of joy from old man and boy—  
From age, with her crutch, to the child with his toy.  
And the warmth of the heart should melt out the cold  
Which they say is the soul and the spirit of gold :  
That is—to the mean and cold-hearted.  
And our hearts should arise,  
To our God in the skies,  
Each night when my guests and I parted.  
Oh ! they say that great wealth is a curse,  
But what's worse—  
Far worse,  
My heart is too big for my purse,  
Poor purse !

will be so satisfactory, or so much to the point, as the case of another college; and such cases are not few, nor is the support they give our view at all equivocal.

With two exceptions at Oxford (Christ Church and Oriel), and one at Cambridge (Trinity College), the *heads* of houses at these universities do not enjoy so large an income as the senior fellows of Trinity, Dublin.\* The average income of these senior fellows in the year '51 was £1,870; while that of the heads of houses at Oxford was, as we have seen, only £1,100; and that at Cambridge still less. The proportion of the senior fellows' income to that of the most junior fellows in Dublin is as sixteen to one. What it is in most of the English colleges we have not data to determine; it is, however, nothing approaching to this. In many of the colleges the distinction of senior and junior does not seem to exist among the fellows. Where it does exist it never puts such a difference of income or of authority as in Dublin. One of the worst cases of inequality found by the Oxford Commissioners was that of Brazenose. In this college, which is but poorly endowed, they found the senior fellows receiving £500 each; the juniors, only £80. Moderate a sum as the former was for a senior fellow, the Commissioners recommended that it should be reduced to £300, in order to enable the junior fellowships to be raised to £150.

The precedent of Trinity College, Cambridge, is peculiarly applicable to its Dublin namesake, as the latter institution was founded strictly on the model of the former. The statutes and the governing body are nearly the same in both; the first five provosts of the Dublin college were Cambridge men; and at the present day there is but little difference between the realized property of one and the other corporation. Trinity, Cambridge, derives from lands, houses, and funded property, some £32,000 a-year. Trinity, Dublin, from the same sources, about £36,000. Now, of these sums what portion in each case do the senior

fellows divide? The answer is worthy. The seniors at eight in number, receive all or one-eighth of the whole at Dublin, *seven* in number upwards of £10,000, at the whole considerably *g* one-fourth. This striking is due chiefly to the fact that bridge the renewal fine degree fees, are thrown in mon chest; while at D fines, averaging £6,000 sacred to the provost and fellows.

But another instructive got from Trinity, Cambridge fellows in this College are of tinct classes, and the following exhibits the proportion which come of each class, and the master, bears to that of fellows. The latter income £100, in order that the be given as per centages—

Master,	.	.
Senior fellows,	.	.
9th and 10th fellows,	.	.
Next 6 fellows,	.	.
35 major fellows,	.	.
10 minor fellows,	.	.

Compare this scale with the Dublin University, in highest grade of the tut less than half, and the lower the fellows less than a tw income of a senior.

The most important college, after Trinity, is All the junior fellowships college are equal in value value is half that of a seniorship.

At Emmanuel College, the following table gives annual sums received by and fellows respectively:

Master,	.	.	8
Senior of the seniors,	.	.	2
Senior fellows, each,	.	.	2
Middle fellows, each,	.	.	2
Junior fellows,	.	.	1

It will not be amiss now the Queen's Colleges, founded by Robert Peel, and inquire what statesman thought a judi

\* We derive this weighty fact from a comparison of the figures Reports of the three Royal Commissions. Some few of the English refused to give the Commissioners any information as to the amount of their revenues. Possibly there may be among these some instances enjoying as large an income as a Dublin senior fellow.



vision of labour. But to erect these consultative and collective functions into the whole necessary duty of a senior fellow, and to imagine that there is no obligation upon him to take his part in discharging the other duties of his place unless he be specially paid for them, is a mistake which few are likely to fall into or to sympathize with, outside the charmed circle of the Board. There was some reason, indeed, for attaching an extra salary to the offices when the whole income of the senior fellow was the modest statutable salary that is now almost lost in his ample revenues; but that day is long past, and the senior fellow must henceforth learn that the noble income he has obtained fixes on him the obligation to take his turn at whatever offices of labour or responsibility the college requires at his hands. Let the offices rotate among the seniors as at present; or let the last member who has arrived at the Board serve in the most laborious office, and succeed to that next above it in case when a vacancy occurs; or let any other equitable plan of dividing the labour be appointed; but the senior fellows will not attempt, if they are wise, to go on allotting to themselves handsome incomes for governing the college, and, at the same time, refuse to do the work which this governing implies, unless a second salary be employed to sweeten the toil.

Our fifth and last principle is the obvious one—that in whatever proportion the senior fellows' income is reduced, in the same should his retiring allowance. At present this pension is £1,200 a year, the average income of the active senior fellow being upwards of £1,800; but if the latter sink to £1,200, which is the utmost the institution can at present afford, and which indeed will always be quite enough, the retiring allowance should be fixed at £800. The senior fellows, of all men, cannot complain of the proportion here adopted, as they themselves adopt a much more economical one whenever any officer, not a senior fellow, retires. When Dr. Wm. Allman, the professor of botany, retired at an advanced age, and after thirty years' service, they fixed his retiring allowance at £100 per annum, this being *one-sixth* of the annual income of the professorship. There was a greater economy in this low sti-

pend than the Board, we are tempted; for the old gentleman of the harsh treatment he preyed on him so that he had to draw a second year's pension.

It may be objected, however, that no senior fellow would retire who could contrive to avoid or two troublesome offices in rotation round the Board as he had no office more arduous than that of auditor, for example, of senior dean, or librarian, he resign his £1,200 for another not much more of a sinecure yielding two-thirds of the present. There is so much force in this objection that we think it will be found that retirement at a certain age, say seventy, should be compulsory.

There are some incorporeal offices, like the senior fellows' robes, which have been fixed high, and which keep them in a certain position. The value of a senior fellow's professorship or divinity, which the parish always held, is worth £1,700 a year. Readers are aware that this was attached to the post, and that the most competent man in the body of fellows, whether junior or senior, might regard it as a sinecure. This reason, to which we attach no great weight, is equally good if the post were to be paid by an amount equal to that of the senior fellowship.

Guided by these several considerations we offer the following as measures as affording a justice of existing claims, and as a means to restore and preserve the credit and reputation of the University.

1. We would restore to the "mon chest" the portion of the fees now paid to the provost and fellows, including among the fees of the senior proctor.
2. We would reduce the fees of the provostship, as of the registrarship, and by £400, £150, £300, £1,200, respectively.

These sums, together with the estimated value of the other offices, would place £3,800 in the chest, available for educational purposes.

3. We would appropriate of this sum to raising the salaries of the six non-tutor fellows.

College, and their official duties require only an office or two, with a servant's apartment. Being thus indulgent to themselves, they cannot object to a similar extravagance on the part of the junior fellows, and, accordingly, almost all of these absorb an amount of accommodation utterly disproportionate to their wants.

Besides the rooms wasted by non-resident fellows, the new lecture-rooms erected in the College Park have set free a number of chambers hitherto used as lecture-rooms, and estimated by the Commissioners as capable of accommodating seventy students. This is, perhaps, an overestimate; but there can be no difficulty in now giving the scholars their chambers rent-free.

10. The expenditure involved in the reforms suggested in 3, 4, 5, and 6, amounts to £2,200.

The items are as follows:—

Non-tutor fellows and fellows not in full classes, .	£1,000
Honor lecturers, sub-lecturers, and honor examiners, .	500
Professors, about . . .	700
Total, . . . . .	£2,200

This, subtracted from the £3,800 proposed to be taken off the senior fellows and provost, will leave a sum at present amounting to £1,600, and which on the decease of the retired senior fellow, and the retirement or promotion of the professor of English law, will amount to £2,100, available for multiplying or for improving the inferior College prizes.

Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the most effective manner in which this money can be applied. The principal proposals which have been made on the subject are as follows:—

First, to found twenty-one University scholarships of £100 each, free of duties, or of obligation to residence, and open to candidates of all religious denominations. Three of these to be awarded each year to the first senior moderators in mathematics, classics, and natural science, respectively.

In favour of this scheme it is urged that these prizes will encourage young men of promise to go to their professions at once, instead of wasting their time as private teachers in College, and will be a most valuable help to them during the first and most

difficult years of their career. One serious feat scheme would be, that it fallibly entail the throw of the seventy foundation sch candidates of various religious denominations, as it would be open the valuable prize to a senter or Roman Catholic. A humbler one was confined to of the Established Church.

An objection to it on grounds is, that by endow moderators highly and at all, these latter would be being wholly neglected. an equal degree of competition be effected by prizes lower or lasting for a shorter term. Finally, that among the to be encouraged, divinity ought be included.

The second proposal might though not all, of these. It is to found twenty university scholarships of £100 a-year to be awarded each year to moderators mentioned in the existing scheme; and a fourth answerer at the regius proficiency's examination. To of theological scholars and thus created, should be ex privilege, now confined to that of being presented to the livings; the presentee has however, two years, at least in the active duties of a parson.

To both of these plans there is raised that they ignore of the existing statute that, by a provision of the still in force, these scholars to be improved from time the same proportion with and junior fellows' colleges according as the revenues of the college increased; that the in scholarships, and of all of the kind, is to help a man college, and not to begin his after he has left college; present scholarships, owing reduced value of money, fall and that until they are raised point contemplated by that it is unjust and impolitic new scholarships, or create them on the college funds.

This is the view, which we can judge, finds most favour the scholars and ex-scholars.

the position of a scholar and that of a junior fellow, or between their respective connexions with the college, practically repeal this clause by destroying the reasons of it; for the peculiar functions of a fellow bring with them corresponding payments, and these payments constitute, in all cases, the bulk of his income. The salary, in fact, is one-half of the scholar's emoluments, but only a small part of the fellow's.

The £2,000 which the reforms we have proposed would place at our disposal would suffice to raise the salaries of all the existing scholars—the seventy foundation and the twenty non-foundation—to £40 (Irish) a-year.

The only objection we have heard urged against this application of the surplus is, that a scholarship of £40 Irish, with commons, chambers, and free tuition, would be too valuable a prize for a student of two and a-half years' standing. The competition for the prize, it is alleged, is not sufficiently severe to entitle the successful candidate to so considerable a reward; and there is danger of preventing or superseding habits of industry, by placing him in so very easy a position.

Without denying that there is some force in this last consideration, or questioning the important advantages which would flow from the institution of University scholarships, we incline strongly to the opinion that the cause of education would be best served by conceding the statutable rights of the existing Scholars, and carrying out the original intention of those foundations. The competition for scholarships will increase with the value of the prize; and we do not think eighteen scholarships per annum one too many for the average class of 300 students which enters the University. It is not alleged—and we do not see that it could be alleged—that ninety scho-

larships, improved in the way we propose, would overburden professions by tempting you a university who would engage themselves in the hold that, as long as the prizes are the better.

We are happy to find strengthened in this high an authority as Mr. Smith, Professor of History. In a recent paper on Oxford Reform,\* Mr. Smith attaches great importance to the measure which has taken place of the various scholarships at the great seat of learning. "The opening of the scholarships serves in one passage, to increase of their value, out to the university the value of the country." In another largely increased number of the open scholarships will give many more poor men of talent." I add, that such prizes do directly what Mr. Goldsmith truly says the open fellowships do—namely—they cheapen education to all students ture to the nation.†

If the scholarships of Trinity College, Dublin, were now instituted as new foundations, possibly a wiser scheme might be devised than any of those we have been discussing. The scheme appears to be the one proposed by the Rev. Dr. Graves would abolish the "ship examination"—a stage, as our students are undoubtedly, *over-examined*—give a certain number, each year, to the best answers in the "little go" examination. This excludes the student's second year. Thus the assistance

\* *Oxford Essays for 1856*. John W. Parker and Son, London.

† We invite the attention of the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, to Mr. Smith's summary of the educational reforms effected of late years:—"The fellowships and scholarships generally are opened to merit and value of the scholarships and exhibitions are greatly increased. The institutions of the colleges are assimilated to those of other English universities. The obsolete monastic codes are either swept away, or made subject to the same—namely, to abolition—with the consent of their visitors; the colleges have been more fairly distributed between the different grades of the students."

‡ The germs of this scheme are proposed in Dr. Graves's suggestion to the Royal Commissioners of 1851 (Evid. p. 320).

We have no means of ascertaining what the matriculations have been in the years 1851-57, inclusive, but the Calendars for '55, '56, and '57, give the A. B. degrees for those years, and from these we may infer, allowing four matriculations for three A. B. degrees, that the average of the former for the three years subsequent to the Report of the Commissioners, was 427.

We refer our readers to an interesting passage in the Oxford Commissioners' Report (p. 17), to show that there has been as little falling off in the matriculations at that university, during the last thirty or forty years, as at Cambridge.

After informing us that, from 1840 to 1850, the matriculations averaged 400 annually, the passage concludes with the remark—"There are at this moment more students in Oxford than at any time in the last two centuries." And a little further on, the Commissioners endorse a statement of the Hebdomadal Board's, "that the number of educated persons sent forth annually by the university has been considerably increased, in a ratio, indeed, exceeding that of the increase of the population of England and Wales during the same period;" and "that the number of persons now existing, who have been educated at Oxford, must be between 4,000 and 5,000 more than were living thirty years ago."

The Oxford Report was written in April, '52. The matriculations for the years '52-'57, inclusive, give 382 as their average; a falling off certainly, but nothing like what has taken place in the University of Dublin.

From all which facts we infer that the decline which we observe in the matriculations at Dublin is due, not to external causes, such as public calamities, which act occasionally and are succeeded by intervals of prosperity, but to an internal cause, a faulty system, namely, of administration, which diverts the great resources of the institution from their proper uses, and which sacrifices the efficiency and the reputation of the College to the aggrandizement of a few of its members.

We can well understand why this phenomenon of the decline in the matriculations has not attracted the atten-

tion it deserved. The various society interested in the maintenance and progress of the University interfere, naturally supposing fellows will take due care of tuition on the prosperity of their incomes depend. But the fellows are of two classes, the junior: the latter, who depend on the prosperity of the College, voice in its control; while the former, that governs the College, are affected in their incomes by the mismanagement of the masters. The backbone of a scholar's income is his "composition renewal fines." With this a minor items secured to him, even if he shall have realized a good deal as most of the members of the Board have done out of the incomes which they enjoyed in their first years of their fellowship; need he care for a falling off of entrances, which, even if it amounted to annihilation, could reduce his revenues by an inconspicuous fraction: one-sixth at most. The Board appoint an assistant professor of Italian and Spanish; suppose the fellows, on discovering the point, and endeavouring to cancel the appointment, are involved in a lawsuit which with a retiring douce professor, costs the college a thousand pounds. Let it fall into a common chest. Nobody suspects the working juniors, the professors, the scholars, and the fellows generally. Suppose the college private "grinding" is introduced among the worst paid of the fellows; and that the first consequence of this is, that each declines the honor-lectures on the subject he is master of, and accepts a lectureship only in the subjects in which he would expect difficulty in getting private pupils. Who suffers from this but the college? Who have private fees to pay to supplement the defects of the instruction, and the fellows depend on the state of the market which diminishes, of course, as the expense of the education is increased? Again, who suffers but the students and the fellows, when the four offices called "sub-lectureal" contrary to the express pro-

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